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Harper's Magazine

VOLUME 185

June, 1942 November, 1942



88479

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

1942

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Harper's *Magazine*

THE CASE OF THE TEN NAZI SPIES

BY EDWARD C. ASWELL

AT about eleven o'clock on the night of March 18, 1941, two oddly assorted companions were observed walking together in Times Square, New York City. One was a short man with hunched shoulders, a ruddy, intense face, full sensuous lips, a long nose, and small eyes set too close together. Every now and then he would turn his head slightly to one side with the quick, jerky motions of a bird and glance sharply about. His bearing suggested alert watchfulness. The other man was older, and obviously had enough self-assurance for the two of them. He held himself as straight as though he had a steel rod for a backbone, and looked neither to right nor left, but marched ahead like a man preoccupied with weighty business who knew where he was going and precisely how long it ought to take to get there. He was tall, dark, stern-eyed, and his lips were so hard and thin that they were just an old scar slashed across his face. He was carrying a briefcase.

As the two started to cross Broadway against the lights the tall fellow forged

ahead with such determination that he failed to notice a taxicab bearing down on him at high speed. He saw it just in time to leap from its path into the middle of the street, but darted in front of another cab coming from the opposite direction which struck him a crunching blow. Police whistles sounded shrilly, traffic stopped, a crowd gathered round the prostrate form. For a moment the short man was stunned by the sudden catastrophe; but he quickly pulled himself together, snatched up his companion's briefcase, and disappeared into the crowd.

The victim was rushed to St. Vincent's Hospital, where he died within twenty-four hours without regaining consciousness. In one of his pockets was a Spanish passport in the name of Julio Lopez Lido, so the Spanish consulate was notified and took charge of the funeral arrangements.

Perhaps that would have been the end of it, and the whole thing might have been dismissed as just another automobile fatality if the short, nervous man had not become panicky right after it hap-

pened. From the blood in the street he knew Lido had been injured seriously. Suppose he died? He had saved his companion's briefcase, but what about the baggage which was in Lido's room at the Hotel Taft? Suppose the F.B.I. got hold of that? Perhaps the suitcases contained evidence that would betray who Lido really was. Also there might be clues that would point to himself. In the morning perhaps he could get the Spanish consulate to claim the baggage and hold it till a safe plan could be worked out, but meanwhile something ought to be done, and quickly. So a few minutes after he had left his companion lying in the street the short man stepped into a telephone booth and called the Hotel Taft. He said that Mr. Lido had met with an accident and asked the hotel to take good care of his baggage. When the voice at the other end asked questions he hung up without identifying himself.

Until that moment the management of the hotel had had no reason to be suspicious of Mr. Lido. He had registered only a few days before, from Shanghai, China. But the anonymous telephone call struck the night manager of the Taft as queer. He notified the police, and the Public Administrator immediately took possession of Lido's baggage and later turned it over to the F.B.I.

The little man's fears proved to be well founded. Lido's baggage contained many interesting things. There were clues which eventually put the F.B.I. on the trail of the short man, who turned out to be named Ludwig. Other clues revealed Lido to be no Spaniard at all, but Ulrich von der Osten, an officer in the German Army and a very important spider in the web of Nazi espionage.

Receipted hotel bills and stubs of steamship tickets showed that von der Osten had recently arrived in this country from Japan, where he had spent considerable time. He had come over on a ship which had put in at Honolulu. It had stopped there long enough to enable him, either by his own efforts or, more likely, with the help of spies operating on

the spot, to obtain some highly confidential information. On the stationery of the steamship line he had written it all down—a two-page report giving the Germans exact particulars about the defenses of Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field. It ended with a reminder that his findings would be of special interest to "our yellow friends." He had promptly dispatched the letter containing this report, but it had been intercepted and was already in the hands of the F.B.I. They did not yet know the identity of the spy who had sent it, for he signed himself "Conrad." Through specimens of von der Osten's handwriting and other clues found among his effects it was conclusively established that he had written the damning document.

Von der Osten had come to New York to direct the work of Ludwig and other spies. After registering at the Taft he had lost no time settling down to business. He had got in touch with Ludwig, and Ludwig had introduced him to a married couple named Walter and Helen Mayer and to various other "friends" of his. Among these others was an eighteen-year-old girl, Lucy Boehmler. She had been acting as Ludwig's secretary and to her he had entrusted some of the most secret details of his work. Von der Osten was going to need a secretary too, so Ludwig recommended Lucy for the job. The three of them had lunch together one day in a Manhattan restaurant and then went to von der Osten's room at the Taft. Von der Osten sent Ludwig out to buy a map of the United States, and when he returned the two men pored over it and made plans to take an automobile trip together along the Atlantic seaboard.

All this had been accomplished in the brief interval between von der Osten's arrival and his accident. On his death Ludwig set about carrying out the plans they had concocted between them.

Why a spy of von der Osten's caliber should have kept in his possession documents which revealed so much of his activities is hard to explain. Of course

incriminating papers can be destroyed easily and quickly when the need arises. There are always matches at hand, and flush toilets are convenient inventions too. But so far there had appeared to be no need to destroy anything. Von der Osten felt safe. He was in a strange country, totally unknown, traveling under the protection of his Spanish passport. He had been careful to do nothing that might arouse suspicion. It had never occurred to him that his dangerous career could be ended, and one of the most active spy rings in America eventually broken up, by a weapon so unmilitary as a New York taxicab.

II

It was some months before Ludwig and eight of his fellow spies were finally rounded up by the F.B.I. Catching a spy is a tricky job and takes time. It may require weeks of hard work to run down clues that will, in the end, lead you to your man. And even after you have found him you can't simply rush in and nab him. You first have to shadow him to see who his accomplices are and you have to gather enough evidence to convict the whole ring. Only then can you spring the trap with reasonable assurance that, once caught and tried, they will all be kept out of circulation.

Almost eleven months after von der Osten's death seven of the nine spies were brought to trial in a Federal Court in New York City presided over by Judge Henry W. Goddard. Two of the nine had pleaded guilty. One was Carl Hermann Schroetter, captain of a fishing boat, who had spied on shipping. The other was Ludwig's secretary, Lucy Boehmler. The remaining seven claimed they were innocent of any wrongdoing, so it was up to the government to prove its case against them.

This was the first spy trial held in the United States after we entered the war. It began February 3, 1942, and lasted five weeks. The evidence presented was voluminous, filling more than two thou-

sand pages of the record. As Mathias F. Correa, the able young U. S. Attorney, said in his summation, every type of evidence that is permissible under our law was introduced. The documentary evidence alone consisted of some three hundred exhibits, and each of these exhibits was shown to the jury to inspect and study. I was a member of that jury and saw and heard it all. As the story of these spies was unfolded before us it was like the unraveling of the most exciting detective yarn—but with the immense difference that this was real, and the issue at stake was nothing less than the safety of America.

The trial occurred just at the time when the Japanese were winning the battles for Singapore and Java; the newspapers had space for little else and did not report the trial adequately. That was a great pity, for the case is one that we Americans need to ponder well, for three reasons:

First, the evidence laid bare the whole diabolical plot and system of Nazi espionage in this country. It was amazing to see how much territory these spies were able to cover, and the ease with which they gathered and transmitted to Germany and Japan information vital to the defense of the United States was sometimes terrifying.

Second, the evidence also revealed the effectiveness of the F.B.I. in dealing with espionage. There is reassurance to be drawn from the F.B.I.'s superb efficiency and teamwork in this case.

Third, the case illustrated dramatically that in this total war, which has already let loose among us a new and insidious weapon that Mr. Correa called "total espionage," any one of us may at any time be called upon to lend a hand in smashing it. Two of the most important developments leading to the arrest and conviction of these spies—I have already mentioned one of them—came about through the voluntary action of private citizens whose suspicions had been aroused and who promptly reported the circumstances to the proper authorities.

III

Among the early items of evidence submitted at the trial was von der Osten's report on Pearl Harbor. Then came the incriminating contents of his baggage, as well as various things found on his person, which linked him to these defendants. There were the receipted hotel bills and ticket stubs, and much more. There was the map of the United States which Ludwig had bought. There was a folder of matches bearing the name of George's Diner in Ridgewood, Long Island, and a diagram drawn sketchily in pencil to show one who did not know the way how to get to this restaurant from New York. Later evidence proved that George's Diner was the place where von der Osten had met Ludwig and his "friends."

Day after day for five weeks we of the jury sat where we could observe the seven defendants. It was fascinating to watch them. At the time of their arrest, as all the evidence indicated, they had been pretty badly scared. Since then they had spent enough time in jail to calm down and collect their wits. Now they were having their day in court. They were in the spotlight, and most of them were enjoying it. Just take a look at them as we saw them.

You'd never guess it, but the insignificant-looking little man with the sandy hair, almost bald on top, the long nose, the close-set eyes, the quick, nervous manner, and the permanent grin on his face is an agent of the dread Gestapo. On the first day of the trial he was identified by an eyewitness as the short man who was with von der Osten the night of the accident. He is Kurt Frederick Ludwig, forty-eight years old, born in Fremont, Ohio, taken to Germany as a small child, brought up there, married there, with a wife and three children living in Munich. He had visited the United States several times in the 20's and 30's, and when he finally returned here as a spy in March, 1940, he came on an American passport and posed as a

salesman of leather goods. One of the first things he did was to get in touch with the German-American Bund. From the membership of that organization he picked willing helpers and whipped them into an efficient team of spies. These Bundists include most of the defendants on trial with him, as well as others named in the indictment who have returned to Germany, and also Ludwig's secretary, Lucy Boehmler, who, after her arrest, agreed to testify against him and the others. Long before von der Osten arrived to supervise their activities and to co-ordinate their work with that of other groups similarly organized, this particular spy ring was a going concern, functioning smoothly under Ludwig.

Clearly Ludwig is the key man here. The newspapers, with their fondness for resounding clichés, called him the "master mind." But you need only to look at him to know that he is no master mind. The master mind behind this case is in Germany, and his name is Heinrich Himmler. Ludwig has been Himmler's faithful slave, carrying out his orders and sending back whatever information about us Himmler wanted. He has done it with incredible thoroughness. This called for tireless activity, cunning, shrewdness, and caution; and as one observes him throughout the trial and sees the telltale grin stay fixed upon his face as the damning evidence piles up against him, one realizes that Ludwig represents a kind of twisted and terrible perfection. He is exactly what he appears to be—something Hitler has created in his own image—a sly little egotistical fox of a man—precisely the kind of insignificant-looking little Nazi that Himmler needed to do his dirty work.

Beside Ludwig on the prisoners' bench sits a younger man in his early thirties, René Froelich—black hair, long nose, dark eyes that squint and blink with a nervous tic. Born in Dresden, Germany, he had been in this country some years when, in February, 1941, he was drafted into the American Army. He

was already working for Ludwig, so this suited him well. Sent to camp at Fort Benning, Georgia, he was able to supply Ludwig with details of camp organization and morale. Later, at his own request, he was transferred to Fort Jay on Governor's Island, in New York Harbor. This was better still. Now he could see Ludwig and the others frequently in his free time. He was assigned to duty in the Fort Jay hospital. There patients were admitted from various camps in the surrounding territory, and each day a list of new admissions and discharges was made out and placed on the desk of Froelich's commanding officer. Froelich, as clerk to this officer, was supposed to remove the day-old lists. He did, and passed them on to Ludwig. They were very useful, because if a list showed that Lieutenant John Jones of the 76th Field Artillery had been admitted to the hospital from Camp Dix, then Ludwig was able to report to Himmler where the 76th Field Artillery was stationed. Froelich also supplied Ludwig with innumerable books and magazines—technical publications about aviation and defense production, as well as service journals of the Army and Navy which he had ordered on hospital stationery. When he took the stand Froelich claimed that he had been in the subscription book and magazine business for several years before he was drafted, that he carried on his business as well as he could after he went in the Army, and that Ludwig was merely one of his customers. On cross-examination he was pressed to name some of his other customers. He was able to recall only four to whom he had ever sold anything.

On Ludwig's other flank in the courtroom sits another black-haired man with pointed nose and little beady eyes sunk deep in their sockets. This is Karl Victor Mueller, aged thirty-six. He looks like a Tyrolese peasant, with a prematurely old face and deep furrows in his brow. He walks with a shambling gait, his whole body leaning forward, his head bobbing with each step, like an old man

climbing a mountain. Indeed, he is a mountaineer, born in a small Austrian village, but he has been in the United States long enough to become a naturalized citizen. His loyalties, however, are not here. He wants to go back to the old country; has applied to the German authorities for a "reimmigration permit"; and has answered a questionnaire, stating: "I would accept any work at all which I could perform in the interests of the Fatherland." Meanwhile the best thing he could do in the interest of the Fatherland was to help Ludwig in various ways. For example, he accompanied Ludwig and some of the others on visits to defense plants and airports on Long Island. He also went with Ludwig on an automobile trip to Washington. On the witness stand Mueller draws comic relief from his heavy accent, and acts the clown, while Ludwig, watching intently, doubles up with laughter and almost falls out of his seat at Mueller's droll claim that they were just a couple of innocent tourists with a camera. His clowning cannot disguise the fact that on the way down they stopped off to inspect Annapolis, and before returning they crossed over into Virginia to have a look around the new Washington airport.

The only woman among the defendants is Mrs. Helen Pauline Mayer. Looking about twenty-five, she cuts a striking figure in her well-tailored clothes, and her rosy face, framed by light wavy hair, is rather pretty in a sharp way—though her eyes are too small for beauty, and are too close together; her nose too long and bony and pointed. (Note how the facial pattern repeats itself in these first four.) Helen Mayer was born in this country, but her husband, Walter Mayer (named in the indictment as a co-conspirator), is a true-blooded German citizen. In April, 1941, Walter Mayer and another co-conspirator, Heinz Hillebrecht, left the United States to return to Germany by way of Japan. Walter Mayer had been working closely with Ludwig, as the evidence showed, and Ludwig fixed things with the Ger-

man consulate so that Walter could go back. Ludwig sent word to his superiors in Germany (the letter was in evidence) that Walter knew about his activities and was entirely trustworthy. The Mayer home had, indeed, been the common meeting place of these spies; both Helen and Walter had assisted Ludwig in every way they could. For example, Helen had a key to Ludwig's mailbox in the General Post Office, and when Ludwig was on a trip she would get his mail for him. But in the early summer after Walter left, Ludwig complained to the Gestapo (again we saw the letter) that Helen was pining for her husband and was not as useful to him as she had formerly been. As a matter of fact, Helen was beginning to get frightened. Ludwig was coming to the house too often, and she had reason to believe that it was becoming dangerous to have him there. The F.B.I. had just rounded up a bunch of spies in Brooklyn, and this had sent shivers of cold panic through Ludwig's gang. Then too the original plan had been that Helen was to follow Walter and join him in Japan, but the State Department had refused to give her a passport. Did they suspect something? Helen was beginning to guess the truth—that agents of the F.B.I. already had plans of their own for her future.

Another defendant is Hans Pagel, a short, fair-haired youth with a round head, a smiling moon face, and plump apple cheeks. He looks harmless enough, and reminds you of those jolly German hikers you used to see all over Europe dressed in shorts, with knapsacks on their backs and gay feathers in their hats; but like those hikers, who prepared the way for Hitler's invasions, Pagel is not as harmless as he looks. He has been deeply impregnated with Nazi ideas and no one has worked more assiduously for Ludwig than he. His special assignment was to cover the waterfront, watching ships at the docks and reporting on the lend-lease cargoes taken aboard for England. (About halfway through the trial Pagel surprised the court by

changing his plea from "not guilty" to "guilty." That made it four down and six to go.)

On the bench beside Pagel, until Pagel eliminates himself, sits his closest friend, Frederick Edward Schlosser. He is a tallish, light-complexioned lad of twenty, with a rather open face and eyes that are frankly troubled, as though he were still wondering how in the name of God he ever got mixed up in all this. But he knows how it happened. He had been a district youth leader in the German-American Bund, which meant that from the start he was not unsympathetic to the Fatherland. He was born in New York, but has visited relatives in Germany. Pagel was engaged to Schlosser's sister, and the two boys saw each other all the time. Pagel was working enthusiastically for Ludwig and kept urging Schlosser to join him. On the witness stand Schlosser said he had refused and had never helped Ludwig in any way. But before the grand jury he had told another story. There he admitted joining with Pagel to spy on shipping. There he also admitted giving Pagel, for Ludwig, part of an anti-aircraft gun made in the defense plant where he worked. Moreover, it was proved that Schlosser allowed himself to be used as a go-between for letters which Ludwig wrote to Pagel in Schlosser's care. His contribution to the spy ring was less important than that of any of the others, but he played out to the end the part assigned to him—and in this he was like all the rest. In "total espionage" there is a place for everyone.

The most interesting spy of the lot is Paul Borchardt. His role was something special, as we shall see. He does not sit with the other prisoners but has a place beside his lawyer at the defense counsels' table, as befits his rank of major in the German Army. He is now fifty-five and obviously a man of many talents. During the First World War he served with the German Army in Arabia and the Middle East, and later was a professor of military geography in Munich. There, as he testified, he was a "disciple" and in-

timate associate of General Haushofer, the man who invented "geopolitics" and created a technical school to train Nazi spies and fifth columnists, and the man who, more than any other, drew up Hitler's plans for conquest. That is Borchardt's background, yet he was admitted to this country early in 1940 as a refugee. He reported back to Germany that we Americans are stupid people. From the expression on his face throughout the trial, that seems to be what he is still thinking. For five weeks he sits listening attentively, his bald head with its fringe of gray hair slightly bowed, his keen, cold eyes rolled upward, the corners of his mouth turned down, his whole face frozen into a look of weary disgust.

IV

The government's chief witness was eighteen-year-old Lucy Boehmler, born in Stuttgart and brought to this country thirteen years ago. She had a phenomenal memory. She was also a girl of uncommon beauty, in the classic German pattern. Her blond features were regular, and so perfectly modeled as to suggest a budding Brünhilde; yet there was a cool, withdrawn quality in the face, a certain aloof immobility, which at times gave one the illusion that she was not flesh and blood at all but an ancient Teutonic image of a girl cut in polished marble. Perhaps it was fear that produced this effect—fear of reprisals for what she was telling. More likely though it was some essential cold-bloodedness in her nature. She said she took up spying for the fun of it, and fun for her was danger. She gave every appearance of being a girl who would scorn to be afraid of anything. Whatever it was that sometimes made her face a mask, it was an extraordinary thing to see in one so young.

But then, Lucy was in all respects an extraordinary witness. For three days she was on the stand. In a voice so low that we of the jury, only a few feet away, had to strain to catch her words, she told

the whole story of this conspiracy, out of her own knowledge and deep involvement in it. On cross-examination the lawyers for the defense—there were three separate batteries of them—tried to break down her testimony. Lucy got her back up then and spoke out loudly, angrily—and they did not crack her at a single point. What's more, later testimony documented her story with overwhelming proof.

Just what did these spies do, and how did they do it? Not long after von der Osten's death, in April and May, 1941, Ludwig made the scouting trip which the two of them had planned. Up to this time the F.B.I. had not yet succeeded in running Ludwig down, so he was still able to operate freely. He made the tour in his own car and took Lucy along. They covered the Atlantic seaboard from New York to the tip of Florida and visited almost every navy yard, army camp, and air field in the entire region. Ludwig carried his camera and snapped pictures. In his reports to the Gestapo he said it was a great help to have the girl along. By himself he might have attracted attention, but with Lucy beside him they seemed to be just ordinary tourists.

The technic of obtaining vital information was simple. Arriving at an army camp, for example, they might be stopped by a sentry at the gate, but they knew the right answers to gain admittance. Once inside, they would look around and size things up. There were always plenty of other civilians about, visiting relatives or friends among the soldiers, so these two were not conspicuous. In friendly fashion they would stop a soldier walking by and ask a few harmless questions. The soldier would go out of his way to be nice to them. After all, soldiers didn't often get a chance to talk to a girl like Lucy. Ludwig of course showed warm interest in the welfare of the Army, and by the time he and Lucy left they would know all about the camp—what outfits were stationed there, what States the men came from, what their morale was—everything. Lucy would

then take notes, and later Ludwig would write up the information in a report to Himmler.

Lucy testified that there was only one place which they tried to get into without success. That was the naval air station at Pensacola. Ludwig was indignant about it. There is nothing a spy appreciates more than a friendly and co-operative attitude, and he had found it everywhere but at Pensacola. Except for this he reported to the Gestapo that it was a fine trip and most enlightening.

Perhaps it will be enlightening to America too. Such proven facts as these should help us to understand the way things were with us before December 7th, and why we were caught off guard at Pearl Harbor. We had been off guard a long time.

Soon after returning from his tour with Lucy, Ludwig went south again, this time alone. He drove to Tennessee, where he witnessed and reported on the much-publicized U. S. Army maneuvers being held there that spring.

Ludwig's steady stream of dispatches to Germany during the period of his activities covered almost everything you can imagine. There was information about the technical details of guns, aircraft, and other weapons of war. He had a lot to say, for example, about the Douglas B-19 bomber. He was also deeply interested in the work that was being done in the Grumman and Brewster airplane factories, and in the Sperry plant that was making the famous bomb-sight. These places were on Long Island and Ludwig made frequent trips out there in his car, always taking some of his helpers along. Here the girls came in handy again as "window dressing." Grumman was expanding and putting up a new factory, and Lucy testified that they rode by frequently to check up on the progress of the building. Ludwig wanted to know how soon it would be turning out planes. He reported to Germany on defense contracts, the rising tide of production, and strikes in defense industries. He sent information on the

temper of public opinion in the country—how we were feeling about the war, and how we were divided over the President's policies. He was forever clipping newspaper items on such matters and got the others to help him. The clippings were mailed overseas as fast as they came in. This was "total espionage," so everything was grist for his mill.

Almost every report he sent abroad was packed with information about shipping in New York harbor. He told what ships were in port, and at what docks; what registry they were sailing under; what markings or distinguishing features each ship bore; what cargo was put aboard (airplanes, tanks, torpedo speed boats, etc.); and, if he had been able to find out, he stated when they were sailing and where they were bound. If there could be any doubt for what purpose he sent such information he removed it himself. In one letter that was intercepted and introduced in evidence Ludwig told the Germans that the S.S. *Ville de Liège* was reported in the New York papers as having been sunk by a submarine. To this he added: "Many thanks."

For obvious reasons, our own public was not told about the sending of U. S. troops to Greenland until they had safely arrived. Ludwig, however, knew it before it happened. In a report to the Germans, fortunately intercepted, he stated that the S.S. *America* was about to sail as a transport. He told how many troops were aboard, where they were going, and exactly how the ship was painted.

In the evidence were many photographs found in Ludwig's possession at the time of his arrest. Lucy had testified about the camera, and here was ample corroboration. There was no telling how many other photographs he had sent to Germany. The ones we saw were chiefly views of New York. They had been developed in strips, several to a page—pictures of almost every powerhouse in Manhattan, of all

the bridges, of the docks and waterfront. There was even a picture of the Federal Courthouse in which the trial was being held. Skyline views also showed the formation of the buildings around the more military objectives, and one doesn't need to be a Sherlock Holmes to guess the purpose for which these shots were made. To disguise the purpose, however, in case the prints should fall into the wrong hands, Ludwig had scattered through the series a number of pictures showing girls in bathing suits and such objects of the amateur cameraman's delight as Grant's Tomb and the Lincoln Memorial in Washington.

Problems of sabotage also fell within Ludwig's province. While the trial was going on, the *Normandie* burned at her pier in the Hudson River. Official inquiries have since concluded that this disaster was caused by carelessness, yet we saw there in court a report on the *Normandie* which Ludwig had sent to Germany as long ago as April, 1941. Ludwig had been in custody more than five months before the trial began, so there could be no inference that *he* set the fire. Just the same, his was not the only gang of spies operating in New York, and his report established the fact that the Germans had been actively interested in the ship for some time.

A clearer instance of sabotage activities concerned the Grumman Aircraft Corporation. One of the assistant foremen in this plant was a man named Alfred Feil, who had been born in Germany but had become a naturalized American citizen. He was an old friend of Helen and Walter Mayer, and saw them frequently. There was no evidence or implication that Feil is disloyal to this country, but he was certainly "used" by his friends, the Mayers, who introduced him to Ludwig. Feil was an aviation enthusiast, loved his work, and liked nothing better than to talk about it. And it suited Ludwig and the Mayers perfectly to let him talk, putting in a question now and then to direct the conversation. Lucy testified,

and Feil himself appeared as a witness to confirm her statements, that on one occasion Helen Mayer asked Feil if he couldn't do something to slow down production at the Grumman plant. When he said no, Helen accused him of being "a very bad German." She also said she would report him to her husband, then on his way back to Germany, and that Walter Mayer would see to it that the Gestapo took care of Feil.

How Ludwig was paid for his manifold services to the Fatherland was interesting. He would receive a message to go to some place at a given time and meet a stranger whose appearance would be described. Once, for example, he was instructed to go to Childs Restaurant on 34th Street and to look for a man carrying the *New York Times*. Ludwig followed directions and saw a man at a table holding the *Times* up before him as if absorbed in reading it. Ludwig took the vacant chair, and the two men greeted each other as friends and talked a while. Then the stranger slipped Ludwig an envelope containing money. That was the way it always happened, and the presumption was that the mysterious strangers came from the German consulate. Ludwig got sums ranging from \$50 to \$500 at a time. Certainly he didn't grow rich from his spying. In fact, he seemed to be chronically hard up. He had promised Lucy a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, but she said she never got it. On at least two occasions Ludwig had to borrow from the Mayers. Several of his letters to the Gestapo complained that his expenses were heavy and that he deserved better pay than he was getting, but, so far as the record went, he never got a raise. It must have been love of his work that kept him at it.

V

This spy ring used three principal methods of transmitting the information it gathered:

First, by confidential courier. When Walter Mayer and Heinz Hillebrecht left

for Japan and Germany in April, 1941, they were entrusted with messages. That was an important part of their mission. Later, when Helen Mayer was preparing to join her husband, Lucy testified that Ludwig asked Helen to commit to memory certain information about the Douglas B-19 bomber.

Second, by short-wave radio. Ludwig owned a powerful short-wave sending set which was produced in court, knocked down in many sections. The F.B.I.'s radio expert testified that it was a very powerful apparatus, capable of sending direct to Germany. Ludwig also had in his car a short-wave receiving set which Froelich had helped him buy. That too was in court. It was very elaborate. No member of the jury had ever seen one like it. With that in his car Ludwig was able to receive instructions from abroad while he was on his trips.

Third, by ordinary mail, though the devices used were so unusual as to make that term a misnomer. Let me explain:

No letters were addressed to Herr Heinrich Himmler, Gestapo Headquarters, Berlin, Germany. Nothing as straight as that. All mail intended for Germany and Japan was cleared through neutral countries. Certain names and addresses in Spain and Portugal, in Argentina, and in Shanghai, China, were used for this purpose. Lucy said that these addresses were nothing but maildrops: the letters were sent on from there to their real destinations. One such name that turned up over and over again on the envelopes of Ludwig's intercepted letters was that of Manuel Alonso in Madrid. Lucy said that mail sent to Alonso was destined for Himmler.

No letter was ever signed with the right name of the person who sent it. Each important spy in the combination had a key name. Kurt Frederick Ludwig signed himself "Joe," and sometimes the others referred to him as "Joseph" or "Josefa." Paul Borchardt was "Robert." Hans Pagel was "Bubi." Ulrich von der Osten was "Conrad" or "Connie." So too the return addresses on

the backs of the envelopes were always fictitious. To avoid arousing suspicion by having such a steady stream of letters going out to the same foreign addresses in the same handwriting, Ludwig frequently got Lucy, Helen Mayer, or Mueller to address the envelopes.

A constant risk was that letters would be opened and examined by the U. S. postal authorities, the F.B.I., or the British censors in Bermuda. Ingenious devices were used to get round that danger. Look, for example, at this letter, which is like many that were produced in court. If you are a British censor you open the envelope and take out its contents. It is an ordinary piece of paper, typed on one side of the page only, and it appears to be a business communication from a New York exporter to one of his customers, a certain Manuel Alonso in Madrid. Part of it reads:

Your order No. 5 is rather large—and I with my limited facilities and funds shall never be able to fill such an immense order completely. But I have already many numbers in stock, and shall ship whatever and whenever I can. I hope you have no objections to part shipments. . . . The No. 852, 853, 854, and 857 are not so very easy to obtain now. . . . Please give me more details about the merchandise to which our customers have any objections. Since they are paying for it, they are entitled to ask for the best. From the paying customers I take any time criticism—and I also should appreciate your suggestions for improving the quality and delivery.

That seems harmless enough. Unless you know the ways of spies you'd never guess that this is double-talk, which, when translated into plain English, means that Ludwig is saying to Himmler:

Your instructions to me in communication No. 5 call for a lot of work and will take some time to execute. Remember that I have only a few people working for me, and not too much money. I already have some of the information you want, and shall send it at once. The rest will follow as fast as I can get it. . . . The No. 852, etc. [code numbers for special subjects Himmler wants to know about] are harder to run down now than they used to be. . . . You say that some of my reports are not detailed enough, or not clear. Sorry about that. Tell me exactly how they fall short. You are paying

me to spy for you, and I want to do the job right. I shall appreciate any instructions you can give me that will improve my work and make more certain that my reports will fool the censors and get through to you.

Now turn the sheet and examine the reverse side. It is perfectly blank, or so it seems. But if you are the British censor and send that letter on its way you will be putting into the enemy's hands many facts and figures which he needs for his plans against you. That "blank" side of the letter is literally packed with military and defense information. It is written in invisible ink. Once it reaches its destination someone will run a hot iron over the sheet or hold it briefly over a gas flame, and the secret writing will turn brown and become clearly legible.

Fortunately, the British censors knew what they were up against. Several members of the censorship staff at Bermuda were brought to New York and appeared on the witness stand to identify letters they had intercepted from this spy ring. Thirty-four such letters were introduced in evidence. The laboratory experts at Bermuda had subjected them to various tests and had succeeded in developing the secret writing very clearly. The British had then co-operated fully with the U. S. Department of Justice, sending on the letters for the F.B.I. to study. Now we of the jury saw them and read each one.

Most of the secret writing was in Ludwig's hand, but some of it had been prepared by Lucy Boehmler. If Ludwig was on a trip he might send Lucy a report on something and ask her to "inform Marion Pon." Lucy knew what this meant. Marion was the code name for Himmler. Pon was the code word for secret writing. Ludwig was telling her to send the information to Himmler in secret writing.

As she testified, Ludwig had instructed her in the method. It was simplicity itself. You take a pyramidon tablet, dissolve it in an eyecup of water, dip a toothpick in the solution, and write.

As it dries it vanishes, but any form of heat will bring it out. When arrested, Ludwig had several bottles of pyramidon tablets. The F.B.I. wanted to know why he carried so many. He said he was subject to chronic headaches. The headaches, however, could not account for a little packet found among his effects containing a broken eyecup and several toothpicks stained slightly brown on the ends where they had very obviously been dipped in something.

Another fascinating medium that Ludwig used for his communications and records was code—a very scrambled code. First he would write out what he wanted to say, partly in English, partly in German, mixing up the two languages as much as possible. He would put scattered sections of this gibberish into a numerical or alphabetical cipher. Other sections of the message would then be conveyed in what seemed to be meaningless lines and scratches. The result looked very baffling, but the code expert of the F.B.I. was equal to the task and broke it down. He took the stand to explain it. If you happen to be an expert in such matters, a cipher is fairly easy to break; so he first worked out Ludwig's system for that and decoded those parts of the message. Next came the queer lines and scratches. That turned out to be a form of German shorthand called Gabelsberger, invented in 1834 and now obsolete. So he tackled that and solved it. Now the message was merely a mixture of German and English, and when the German parts were translated the whole meaning stood revealed.

To identify the authorship of the many letters and documents in the case the handwriting expert of the F.B.I. was called to the stand. He had made immensely enlarged photographs of known specimens of Ludwig's handwriting, and from these he demonstrated Ludwig's peculiar style of writing, which was in a small, neat hand combining both script and printed letters in an unusual way. Thus he was able to prove convincingly just which things had been written by

Ludwig. The same procedure was used to pin down the writings of the other spies. Similarly, the several typewriters owned by these spies had been examined, so that it was possible to prove on whose machine each typed document had been written.

In a thousand details the evidence showed that the F.B.I. had left no loose ends hanging. By the time they were through there was not much they didn't find out about these spies.

VI

Toward the end of June, 1941—not quite a year ago—a bunch of German spies operating in Brooklyn was rounded up by the F.B.I. This gave Ludwig's gang the jitters. Ludwig, Froelich, and Borchardt knew some of the people arrested. In fact, Ludwig himself had had a very close call. He had made an appointment to meet a man named Scholz, a member of the Brooklyn spy ring, at a certain bookshop in the Yorkville section of Manhattan, and he arrived to keep the engagement only to see two strange men precede him into the store. Cautiously he entered and went to the back of the store, where he pretended to examine the books. The strangers were agents of the F.B.I., and before his very eyes Ludwig saw them arrest the man he had come to meet. Ludwig then felt a sudden urge to be somewhere else, and vanished.

Throughout the early period of his activities Ludwig seems to have carried out his assignments in the conviction that he was too smart to be caught. Lately, however, he had often had the feeling that he was being followed, and had written to the Gestapo that he was having to hump himself to keep ahead of "the competition." (These spies always referred to the F.B.I. and the U. S. Military Intelligence as "the competition" or "our competitors.") Ludwig was right: he had been under surveillance for some time. At the trial an F.B.I. agent testified that on the afternoon of June

17th he had shadowed Ludwig and followed him to the Battery, where he met Froelich, the soldier, as he got off the Governor's Island ferry. Froelich gave Ludwig a package. The agent trailed them all over town, observing everything they did till near midnight. Among other things he saw them go into a German movie house on 96th Street which was showing the film, "Victory in the West." When they came out he shadowed them till they parted, then followed Froelich back to the Governor's Island ferry.

Ludwig was now badly scared by what had happened to his Brooklyn friends. He wrote to the Gestapo that it was so hot in New York he thought he'd go to the mountains for a rest. So, early in July, he skipped town. He hid for several weeks at a summer camp called "Lutherland" in the Poconos of Pennsylvania. From there he kept in touch with Lucy and other members of his gang by letter, and on one occasion Mueller drove Helen Mayer and Lucy to Lutherland to visit him. Pagel came to see him twice. Ludwig also managed to keep posted on the latest developments in the Brooklyn case. He and the others were anxious, and the nature of their concern was made clear in a letter Froelich wrote to Ludwig about Scholz. "I am sorry for our friend," said Froelich, "and I hope he will be able to go thru the ordeal without cracking up." Some of the arrested Brooklyn spies *were* "cracking up" and telling what they knew. This filled Ludwig with righteous anger. He wrote several letters to Himmler, one of them in code, reporting which ones were making "unpleasant statements"—in order, as he said, that the Gestapo might take reprisals against their families.

This sinister touch shed a revealing light on the behavior of Ludwig and his fellow-defendants at the trial. Mr. Correa, the U. S. Attorney, stated that of all Ludwig's gang only Lucy had volunteered to help the government in any way. Even the two others who pleaded

guilty refused to give evidence against their confederates. Ludwig himself outdid them all in this respect. He alone refused to go on the witness stand. When the government finished presenting its case against him his counsel rested without offering one piece of evidence or testimony in his defense. Ludwig knew the Nazi system of reprisals too well to risk uttering a word. He had a wife and children still in Munich.

When Froelich took the stand he told a touching story about the period of Ludwig's self-imposed exile at Lutherland. Froelich hinted delicately that he himself had been very much in love with Lucy Boehmler. While Ludwig was away Froelich sent Lucy several post cards (and he *did* send them—they were in evidence) asking her to meet him at various places when he was on leave. The government contended that Froelich, like all the others, had the wind up and wanted news of Ludwig. Froelich insisted that it was love—nothing but love. Time and again he tried to meet Lucy, but she never kept the appointments. When he could stand the pangs of his passion no longer he sent a final desperate plea—but Lucy stood him up again. It was more than he could bear, he said, so he had a nervous breakdown and had to be confined as a patient in the psychopathic ward at Governor's Island hospital. It was all very tender and sad.

The government, however, proved unsympathetic to this tale of young love unrequited. An Army captain from Fort Jay was called to the witness stand. He testified that on July 23rd, the day Froelich had his attack of nerves, the agent of the F.B.I. who had seen Ludwig and Froelich together came over to Governor's Island for the purpose of identifying the soldier. In the company of officers at Fort Jay the agent had visited the barracks. Soldiers off duty were lying on their cots. With the officers beside him, the agent walked slowly down the line, looking for a familiar face. At the foot of Froelich's cot the agent paused. Froelich seemed

to be asleep. Suddenly he awoke and, startled, raised himself up on his elbow. If he did not recognize the agent, at least he guessed shrewdly who the man in civilian clothes was. The nervous breakdown that followed was genuine enough. It was sheer panic. So Froelich was sent to the psychopathic ward, and when he recovered sufficiently from his fright they put him in the guardhouse to await the F.B.I.'s further need of him.

VII

The net was drawing in. Ludwig decided that the Pocono Mountains weren't far enough away from New York for his peace of mind. Indeed, the whole United States suddenly seemed an unhealthy place. He felt homesick for Germany. He made up his mind to go back there—and the sooner the better. He would hop in his car and drive to the Pacific Coast, where he hoped he could catch a boat for Japan and safety. So, quietly, at the end of July, he slipped into New York to wind up his affairs. Then he headed west—alone.

Not quite alone, for the F.B.I. men were right behind him. All the way across the continent they never let him out of their grasp. One agent would follow him a day or two, then pass him on to another. A surprising number of them appeared at the trial. They came from as far away as Seattle and they accounted for every move Ludwig made on his epic flight. It wasn't till he reached Chicago that he realized he was being followed. From that point on he became a desperate man running for cover. Agents testified that he often drove his car at eighty miles an hour. The tactics of his pursuers baffled and terrified him. To his confederates in New York he sent brief notes full of his mounting panic.

He did his best to outdistance the men who were shadowing him. Sometimes he thought he had succeeded in throwing them off. All one day he might go without seeing again the silent, watchful face which he had caught a glimpse of

yesterday in a car behind him, and which he felt sure was that of an F.B.I. agent. Had he shaken them at last? By evening he was confident he had and he began to feel his old cocky self again as he drove into some town on the prairies and went to a hotel for the night. Then all at once, there in the lobby, he had the chilling sensation that eyes were watching him again. But this time the eyes belonged to a new face and he did not know which one of the men in the lobby it might be. *Mein Gott*, were they everywhere? He didn't know about their relay system.

They made a fine showing in court, these agents of the F.B.I. They were young, intelligent, sure of themselves in a quiet, competent way. All of them seemed to be college graduates, and each man had had special training in the work he was assigned to do. They had the straight, clear eyes, the firm jaws, the steady look of men to whom life is a perilous adventure and who are not afraid of it. They had obviously had Ludwig just where they wanted him. They could have closed in on him at any time, but there was no hurry. Like a molting chicken whose tail feathers are blown away in a high wind, he was shedding valuable evidence all across the continent, and they were diligently picking it up behind him. If he stopped in an express office to send a package they claimed it in the name of the government. If he went into a post office to mail a letter they were behind him and either got the letter almost before the stamp was dry or else let it go through so that the effect on Ludwig's accomplices could be observed. All this evidence was produced in court against him.

By the time Ludwig reached the Rockies his money was running short. From Denver he wrote a shrill appeal to Lucy for help: "The competition is very bad," he said—and she sent him twenty dollars. That was all she could do for him now. Like every spy in a hot spot, he was on his own. Unless he could think of some way to save himself, he was lost. He was

carrying in his car an accumulation of papers and documents which he had hoped to take out of the country with him. They would be dynamite if he were caught. He didn't know of course how much evidence the F.B.I. already had.

One hot day in August—it was the 21st—he drove into Yellowstone National Park and took a cabin for the night near Mammoth Hot Springs. The F.B.I. men were there too. One of the agents testified that Ludwig remained in his cabin till after dark. Then he came cautiously outside, went to his car, and carried back into the cabin an armful of papers. He made several trips back and forth between car and cabin. Soon afterward the agent observed smoke curling from the chimney. Ludwig was obviously burning things in the little stove with which each of the Yellowstone cabins is equipped. The agents let him burn away.

Early next morning Ludwig got in his car and drove out of the park. Two agents then entered the cabin he had occupied and examined the contents of the stove. Many of the burned papers had been reduced to powdered ashes, but some of them, though charred black, had not completely disintegrated. The agents removed all the charred fragments and carefully packed them in cotton in some twenty or thirty cardboard cartons. These were then sent for analysis to the F.B.I. laboratory in Washington. There, infra-red photographs were made of every scrap. This had the effect of bringing out any writing or typing which was not visible to the naked eye. Enlargements of these infra-red photographs, together with all the cartons containing the original fragments, were produced in court. They showed clearly that the papers Ludwig had burned were full of military information. The fact that he had tried to destroy this evidence was proof of guilty knowledge, if further proof of that was needed.

After leaving Yellowstone, Ludwig made a final effort to shake off his pur-

sucers, who had caught up with him again that same day at Butte, Montana. In Missoula, Montana, he expressed a suitcase and a portable typewriter to Seattle, left his car in a garage, and dashed off to catch a bus that was just leaving for the Coast. The Federal men, however, were not to be so easily outdone. They had seen him board the bus. Now they took possession of his car and found the short-wave radio receiving set already mentioned. Then they telegraphed ahead. On August 23rd an agent met Ludwig's bus at Cle Elum, Washington, and placed him under arrest. A little later the F.B.I. claimed his luggage at the express office in Seattle. After that it was a simple matter to round up his confederates in New York.

Among the things found in Ludwig's luggage were his camera, together with the photographs previously described, and his equipment for secret writing—several bottles of pyramidon tablets, the packet of stained toothpicks, and the broken eyecup. There was also a copy of a book, *Winged Warfare*, by General H. H. Arnold, head of the Army Air Corps. The F.B.I. had unearthed in Froelich's locker at Fort Jay a copy of a letter he had written to the publishers of this book ordering two copies of it. The second copy was also accounted for. It had been found among the effects of the dead von der Osten. Ludwig of course was searched, and his pockets yielded an exceedingly interesting little black notebook full of jottings in his characteristic small hand. Some of his notes were in mixed numerical code and Gabelsberger shorthand. When the F.B.I.'s code expert translated these memoranda some of them proved to be the names and addresses of Ludwig's gang in New York. There were also the names and addresses in Spain, Portugal, Argentina, and Shanghai which had turned up so often on the intercepted letters.

Ludwig was held in bail of \$50,000, which he could not raise, and was lodged in the county jail at Spokane until ar-

rangements could be made to bring him back to New York. Meanwhile he was put under the watchful eye of a deputy sheriff who had been sworn in as a temporary U. S. marshal. This Spokane officer appeared at the trial and gave some very interesting testimony. Ludwig said to him, he stated, that if the American Government valued him at \$50,000, he was sure he would be worth an equal sum to the Germans. How would his jailer like to earn that much money? It would really be easy. Both of them could slip away together and escape to South America. There he promised that his deliverer would receive his reward. The deputy sheriff duly reported this to the F.B.I., who instructed him to play along with his prisoner and see what might come out of it. He then went back to Ludwig and said he had thought it over and believed he could arrange things, but first he needed some guarantee that the \$50,000 would really be paid him when they got to South America. Wasn't there somebody in this country who could make a deposit on account? Why, yes there was, said Ludwig; and he instructed his jailer to make a long-distance call and ask for \$200 "for Joe" from a certain man at a certain address in New York. . . . It was the name and address of Paul Borchardt.

VIII

Borchardt's role in this conspiracy had been a very special one. He was no common garden variety of spy. All of Ludwig's other co-defendants at the trial testified that they had never seen Borchardt before he was arrested. But Lucy had seen him. In April, 1941, Borchardt had received from Germany a letter in double-talk commiserating with him on his neuralgia; and advising him to try "Joseph's remedy" for his pains. Shortly after this Ludwig instructed Lucy to take a small package containing pills for secret writing to 577 Isham Street in upper Manhattan, give it to a Mr. Paul Borchardt, and say that "Joe

sent it." She did so, and that was the only time Lucy saw him.

On the witness stand Borchardt admitted that he had used pyramidon tablets for secret writing, but claimed that he had written in that fashion only to his wife and to an old friend, and only about personal matters. His wife was still in Germany, an Aryan in good odor with Hitler's regime, while he was a refugee who had had to flee for his life because he was blighted with Jewish blood. Letters to Germany were opened by the authorities, so he had had to communicate secretly with his wife and his old friend in order to keep from compromising them.

Borchardt spent a number of days on the stand telling his own story. He said he had been born into the Jewish faith, but in 1908 he was converted to Christianity and baptized a Lutheran. In 1923, after he had married his wife who was a Catholic, he himself had become a Catholic. He stated that he was still a Catholic and dutifully observed the tenets of his faith. His family had been well to do and had educated him for a career in the German Army. He was an officer in the First World War, serving in Arabia and the Middle East. His specialty was military geography, and he had published a long list of scholarly monographs on subjects in this field. After the war he had the rank of major and taught military geography in Munich. All went well with him until Hitler came to power, when he was deprived of his teaching post and stripped of his rank in the army. Then, in November, 1938, the Jew Grynszpan assassinated Ernst vom Rath, first secretary of the German embassy in Paris. That was the signal for a general round-up of Jews in Germany. Borchardt said that because of his Jewish blood, and in spite of his past services to the Fatherland, he was sent to the concentration camp at Dachau. He hinted darkly of terrible experiences there, but was not specific—such things were too painful to talk about. Somehow he managed to obtain his release from Dachau. Then, with the con-

nivance of his old friend, who had a post in the German Government, he escaped from his native land and found refuge in England. He identified his influential friend as R., but refused to tell his last name.

From England Borchardt had come to the United States in February, 1940, aided by a Catholic committee in New York which had been set up to bring Catholic refugees out of Europe. In New York he had made few friends. True, he had met Ludwig, but not as Ludwig. One day, only a month after he arrived here, he had received a call from a man who said his name was Joseph Kessler. Then Kessler came to see him in the house where he lived in a rented room. They talked a while and Kessler gave him \$250. Kessler was the man he now knew to be Ludwig. Borchardt said he did not ask who had sent the money; he assumed it had come from his wife in Germany. There was nothing strange in that. The families of refugees had to be careful and must use devious ways to keep in touch with their loved ones. Besides, his friend R. had written that someone would bring him money, and Kessler had just arrived from Germany.

He admitted that he had seen "Joe Kessler" frequently after that first visit. This was natural. After all, he was a lonely man, spending most of his time cooped up in his room. There he had carried on his scholarly pursuits as well as he could. Kessler seemed a pleasant and amusing fellow. They got to know each other well. Kessler came to see him many times, and they would lunch or dine together at various restaurants. Kessler even invited him out to a summer cabin he had on Long Island. Their friendship, he maintained, was purely social.

When he received the letter advising him to try "Joseph's remedy" for his neuralgia that had not seemed strange to him either. It was reasonable to suppose that his wife or his old friend R. had investigated a man to whom they had

been willing to entrust money. And if his wife or R. had somehow learned that Kessler possessed materials for secret writing, he was only too glad to avail himself of the opportunity Kessler's generosity had provided for communicating freely with his wife and his friend at last. Kessler had proved generous in other ways too, giving him presents at Christmas.

Had Borchardt ever had occasion to visit the German consulate since he had been in New York? Yes, he said, he had had to go there to arrange a bothersome private matter. After his escape from Germany his wife had been forced by the Nazis to divorce him. He produced in court the divorce decree to prove it. In Germany this sort of thing was a frequent occurrence among Aryans married to Jews. He and his wife both understood the situation and bowed to it, although they had not let it affect their love for each other. After the divorce the Nazis tried to get hold of some property in which he had a part interest in Berlin. To save it, he had transferred his interest in the property to his wife. It had proved very complicated and had involved the signing of many legal documents. This long-drawn-out business had compelled him to make a number of visits to the German consulate, but he had never gone there except to straighten out his private affairs.

Since he had been in this country he maintained firmly that he had never done anything against the interests and welfare of the United States. If the man he had known as Kessler and who was now revealed to be Ludwig had actually been engaged in espionage, he (Borchardt) had never seen or suspected anything of the sort. He was the innocent victim of a harmless association. Why should he, of all people, help the Nazis? Were they not the very ones who had ruined him? So far had he been from wanting to harm the country which had given him asylum that, very soon after coming here, he had gone to Governor's Island and had offered his trained mind

and services to the head of the U. S. Military Intelligence there. His offer had not, unfortunately, been accepted.

Borchardt's story was moving. On cross-examination it also turned out to be very ingenious—but not ingenious enough. Mr. Correa had some questions and went back over Borchardt's testimony bit by bit:

"You say you were born into the Jewish faith?"

"Yes."

"Then it was brought out that in 1908 you were baptized in the Protestant faith?"

"Yes."

"And then, still later, I think it was 1923, you became a Catholic?"

"Yes."

"*When* did you become a Mohammedan, sir?"

With that surprising question Mr. Correa handed Borchardt a paper inscribed in Arabic and asked him if he had ever seen it before. With a wry smile he admitted that he had, for it was something the F.B.I. had found when they searched his room. Shown to the jury, together with a translation, it turned out to be a legal document dated 1913 attesting that Paul Borchardt had appeared before an Arabian court and, renouncing all other faiths, now professed himself to believe only in Allah and his prophet, Mohammed; in witness whereof the said Borchardt was received into the Mohammedan faith and given a Mohammedan name.

In response to further questioning by Mr. Correa, other enlightening facts came out. Borchardt admitted that he had a cousin who is a high officer in the German Army, now in active service. It appeared, then, that the Jewish blood which Borchardt said had brought his own military career to an abrupt end had proved no handicap to his cousin. When asked about this, Borchardt explained it by saying that Hitler had made his cousin "an honorary Aryan." Was Borchardt also "an honorary Aryan"? His story that his own military

career had been ruined when Hitler came to power was shaken by an admission that he remained an intimate associate of General Haushofer down to 1938.

It was true that Borchardt had indeed been in Dachau—but only for sixteen days. Dachau is the place of horror to which men are sent and never heard from again; but in sixteen days Borchardt was out. He promptly received a German passport and went to England, as a stepping stone to the United States. We of the jury saw the passport. It was the kind that is issued to German Aryans. It did not bear the large official "J" that the Germans stamp on passports for Jews. This meant, as Borchardt admitted, that he was not held up by Nazi officials at the border, as Jews usually are. His way, he said, had been made smooth by his mysterious friend R.

The meaning of all this now became clear. In 1913, in preparation for the war that broke out the following year, the Germans had sent Borchardt into Arabia to do the sort of work that Lawrence did for the British there. To make himself acceptable to the Arabians and better able to accomplish his mission, Borchardt professed to become a Mohammedan. And now the Nazis were following the same pattern. In 1940, in preparation for the war with the United States that was to begin the next year, the Germans sent their old experienced operative to New York. How could he be made most acceptable and effective here? The answer was obvious. He would have to come as a victim of Hitler. So they qualified him for that role. They sent him to Dachau for a few days, then speeded him on his way, a full-fledged "refugee." A divorce from his wife would lend further protective coloration, so that was arranged with the complete understanding of both parties and Borchardt got his decree to prove the "fact." The deception of the Catholic committee was cut from the same piece of cloth as all the rest. As for the mysterious money which Ludwig gave

Borchardt, even Borchardt himself admitted that it came from Germany. Perhaps Ludwig got it, as he got his own money, through the German consulate. As the trial went on it became increasingly evident that the German consulate had been deeply involved in the activities of this spy ring.

IX

The government called as a witness a Mr. Walter Morrissey. There was no clue to explain to the jury his connection with the case.

He was a lean American type, a working man by his appearance, and a little uncomfortable in his best Sunday clothes. But if he felt any initial embarrassment at being the center of all eyes in the courtroom, he quickly got over it. He identified himself as a boiler-room engineer in the Whitehall Building at 17 Battery Place, where the German consulate had had its offices.

In March, 1941, Mr. Morrissey testified, members of the consulate staff came to him to arrange for burning some papers. He agreed to take care of it and started a fire in an auxiliary boiler for this purpose. The Germans brought down great masses of papers tied up in bundles. He said he cut the cords and examined each bundle to make sure it did not contain a bomb. There had been one bomb explosion in the building, so he was taking no chances. Then he tossed the papers into the furnace. When all the bundles had been thus disposed of, the Germans went back to their offices. Mr. Morrissey then got busy. He had been careful to throw the bundles into the furnace in such a way that they had cut off the draft and almost smothered the fire. Now he raked out the papers. Those on the outside of the heap had been burned or charred, but the solid mass inside had hardly been damaged. After putting them into a large net bag or "onion sack," he telephoned the F.B.I. that he had something which he thought would

interest them. Two agents drove down and took the bag away in their car.

Mr. Correa asked the witness whether it had been his own idea to do what he did. Mr. Morrissey replied: "Yes sir; I took it upon myself as an American."

Note that this incident occurred during the same month as that other voluntary action by a good citizen—the call to the police made by the manager of the Hotel Taft the night of von der Osten's accident.

Among the papers thus saved from destruction was one introduced in evidence. It was a radiogram in cipher sent by the official German radio station in Berlin to the New York consulate. Decoded by the F.B.I. expert and then translated from the German, it instructed the consulate to notify Paul Borchardt to burn a letter he would receive from his friend R. dated February 20, 1941. The radiogram was dated February 17, 1941. The code expert explained that the German word, "*brennen*," which he had translated "burn," could equally well be translated "scorch" or "singe" or "heat."

Borchardt had told an elaborate story to explain that his visits to the consulate had never been official, that they had been concerned only with personal and private business. "Private" was right enough. With typical thoroughness someone in the consulate had written in German across the bottom of the radiogram that Borchardt had been "summoned" to come in on the date the message had been received, and the consulate thought that the evidence had been consumed in the furnace.

Borchardt had refused to identify his mysterious friend R. except to say that he was an official in the German Government whom he had known for years. The Nazis would do something terrible to R., he said, if they found out who he was and learned of his connection with a refugee from Dachau. Yet in this radiogram the German Government was not only aware of the connection between them, but even knew that R. was *going*

to write Borchardt a letter three days before he did write it. And the German Government was so concerned about the safety of its "refugee" that it was either telling him about an urgent message in secret writing which would be made legible by scorching or singeing, or else—and more likely—it was warning him to burn a letter which would be too dangerous for him to keep in his possession. Actually, he did destroy it.

From this point on let us say no more about the German Government. It will be easier and simpler to adopt Borchardt's familiar term and just call it R. Actually this mysterious R. stood for something very special in the German hierarchy. R. was most certainly an officer of top rank in the German Army. In the same way we can think of "Robert," the code name by which Ludwig referred to Borchardt himself, as an abbreviation for "German Army's man," or member of the German Military Intelligence—for that is what Borchardt was proved to be.

The relationship between Ludwig and Borchardt was a very curious one. They schemed together for a common cause, helping each other when they could. At the same time each had his own work cut out for him. Ludwig, the Gestapo agent, had a job of routine espionage to do. Borchardt, the old army man, was on a special mission—to worm himself into the U. S. Military Intelligence. When Borchardt offered his services at Governor's Island he was told neither yes nor no, but was kept dangling in hope. Borchardt discussed the problem with Ludwig. One of Ludwig's intercepted letters reported that "Robert has connections with our competitors, who offered him a position, and I told him to take any decent job he could get." Naturally. For if Borchardt had succeeded he would have been more useful to Germany than ten Ludwigs.

Perhaps this knowledge made Ludwig jealous. Perhaps on Borchardt's side there was something of the military man's basic contempt for the Gestapo. What-

ever it was, the two men didn't really like each other. There was an intercepted letter from Ludwig to Himmler belittling Borchardt's abilities and complaining that Borchardt was no longer co-operating with him as fully as he should. To complete the picture, Mr. Correa asked Borchardt whether he had ever written to his friend R. about Ludwig. Borchardt said positively and repeatedly that he had done so only once, in April, when he had told R. about getting materials for secret writing from Ludwig. Very dramatically Mr. Correa then produced an intercepted letter which had been withheld up to that moment. It was dated July 17, 1941, from Borchardt to R., and was about Ludwig. Borchardt had also testified about other correspondence with his wife in which Ludwig was discussed in the most unflattering and contemptuous terms. Thus Borchardt was caught in a flagrant and repeated lie, and both spies were also caught spying on each other.

If there could be any doubt in anybody's mind about the relative importance of the two spies, the German Army had none. Ludwig was certainly acting under instructions from higher up when he assumed the name of "Joe Kessler" in all his dealings with Borchardt. There was a calculated reason for it. If Ludwig got in trouble, Borchardt could say he didn't know him and would not be involved in Ludwig's downfall. So too Borchardt was obviously under orders not to get mixed up with Ludwig's helpers, who were mere volunteers and therefore not wholly trustworthy. And he kept clear of them, except for his one meeting with Lucy Boehmler.

X

When Ludwig reported to the Gestapo that the F.B.I. was after him, strange things began to happen. Borchardt received a message in double-talk from his faithful R. It said that Borchardt had better take care of his health and stop

running round with young girls like Josefa. In plain English: "Ludwig is hot. Keep away from him."

To this Borchardt replied reassuringly in kind. Ludwig was then in hiding at Lutherland, and Borchardt wrote the letter to R. which he had denied until he was confronted with it. It said, in part: "As for my girl friend Josefa. I have slowly but certainly drawn myself away from her. . . . Prostate enlargement would not bring about a second spring. . . . I told her entirely openly that nothing could be said of a marriage. . . . She understood this quite well, gave me her new address, and disappeared."

Borchardt was as good as his word. His landlady testified that in June, after the Brooklyn spies were arrested, Borchardt had come to her and said that if Mr. Kessler called at the house or telephoned again she was to tell him that Mr. Borchardt was not in. She said that Mr. Borchardt had been a quiet gentleman, staying in his room and writing most of the time. When she cleaned the room she had noticed there were always lots of newspaper clippings and maps on the table. After Ludwig was clearly "hot," Borchardt destroyed his maps. He admitted it. He insisted of course that they had been quite harmless. He was a geographer, and what is a geographer without maps? He had destroyed them, he said, only because he feared they might be misunderstood. Mr. Correa assured him that the F.B.I. would have understood them perfectly.

Why didn't Borchardt also destroy the Arabian document? That seems strange at first glance, yet to Borchardt it was logical to keep it. The Mohammedan business had happened a long time ago; it had no apparent connection with his mission in America; and he clung to the document as a scholarly German clings to titles and past honors and loves to be called "Herr Doktor."

But to go back to his landlady: She testified that Borchardt came to her a

second time, in August, and said it was too bad about poor Mr. Kessler—he had been killed in an automobile accident. Borchardt showed her a newspaper clipping about an accident, and with it a photograph of the man who had been killed, and Mr. Borchardt said it was Mr. Kessler's picture. But it was *not* Mr. Kessler's picture. Mr. Kessler had come to her house many times, she knew his face well, and it didn't even look like him. She couldn't imagine why Mr. Borchardt had shown her that picture.

But the reason was now clear. At that time Ludwig was in full flight from the F.B.I. and was going to be caught. Borchardt wanted to plant the seeds of doubt and confusion in the mind of his landlady, whose intelligence he underestimated, so that she might hesitate to identify Ludwig if she were called on to do so. It was a crude trick and it didn't work. There in the crowded courtroom she picked out Mr. Kessler. He was Ludwig all right.

The jury, after five weeks of listening to the evidence, did not take long to bring in its verdict of guilty against all the defendants. Later the spies were brought before Judge Goddard in two separate groups to receive sentence. Lucy Boehmler was given the lightest

sentence in consideration for her voluntary help to the government—five years in Federal prison. Schroetter, the captain of the fishing boat who had pleaded guilty but refused to give information or testify against his fellow-spies, received double that. (Later, within a few days of his arrival at the Federal prison in Atlanta, Schroetter committed suicide by slashing his wrists and hanging himself with a sheet.)

The seven remaining spies were sentenced on a different day. Schlosser got twelve years. Helen Mayer, Mueller, and Pagel were sentenced to fifteen years each. Borchardt, Ludwig, and Froelich were given the maximum penalty allowed by the law—twenty years each.

A New York newspaper reported the sentencing of these seven under the headline: "Lucky Spies Get 117 Years." And why were they lucky? Because, although they had caused the sinking of ships and done everything possible to help Germany and Japan and to injure the United States, they had been arrested and their spying careers had been ended before Japan and Germany declared war on us; and so, because of this legalistic distinction without a difference, they had escaped the death penalty.



JEW, ANTI-SEMITES, AND TYRANTS

BY STANLEY HIGH

THAT the Jew is on the spot is no news for the Gentile and no novelty for the Jew. He has been more often on than off the spot ever since the reign of Justinian the First in the sixth Christian century. Since the 1870's, when modern anti-Semitism took hold in Germany and Austria, he has been there almost continuously. Hitler further transfixed him.

Neither, by this time, should it be news that the spot the Jew is on is to some considerable extent of his own making. If it were not of his own making he could escape it. But the Jews do not escape it. No Jew escapes it. The harder he tries the more he stays where he is. That has been true for as far back as we know anything about him. It was never truer than, with anti-Semitism waxing, it is to-day.

But to-day there is this difference. To-day the effort of the Jew to shed his unshakeable Jewishness or to escape its consequences is not only fruitless. It is unnecessary and it may be disastrous. For the Jew is being attacked to-day not merely for what he is accused of being, but also for what he actually is. That may be the most promising thing that has happened to him since the Dispersion.

For in the present crisis the issues involved in what the Jew has always represented have turned up at the top of the world's docket. The Jew is on the spot. For him it is the same spot. But this time he has company. He has the considerable company of all those who, like him, love freedom and hate tyranny; who desire justice and hate exploitation; who

believe mankind can build a world community that is fit for free men to live in; and who are now fighting because they will not take a dictator's "No" for an answer.

Thus for the first time on so vast and potentially conclusive a scale the Jew can be what he always has been—with trumpets and banners. This may not deliver him forthwith from all his troubles. But it will fix their source and nature, identify his enemies, join him to his friends, and make his Jewish cause something bigger and more important than Judaism—as in essence it has always been. In such a case for freedom-minded men the yellow badge with which anti-Semites mark the Jew will be no stigma but a ribbon of honor.

Meanwhile, on the old, inconclusive level, the debate goes on. To every argument against the Jew the Jews have answers. They are pat, factual, and conclusive. Some of them are semi-official. A few, recently, have been prepared by peripheral Jews who have put disarming emphasis on the fact that though they are in the community of Semites they are not of it. All told, these considerable materials ought to do. But they don't. They are answers; but not the answer. Anti-Semitism, which was never more widespread in the United States than during the past five years, has not been diminished by them.

Save for the self-satisfaction which may accrue, it is not particularly convincing to ascribe the present state of affairs—as

some Jews do—to congenital Gentile perversity. It is no apology for the perversions to which Gentile flesh is heir to say that this particular one is too highly specialized and has for too long survived while other selective animosities have had their day and disappeared to be thus summarily checked off against the streak of evil which, admittedly, is in us.

Nor, unhappily, can the guilt be wholly fixed on Hitler. To try to fix it wholly there is to ignore too long a past. In regard to the Jews, as in divers other matters which we are now engaged to settle, Hitler is the evil instrument of evil forces which—though he has employed, enlarged, and buttressed them—he did not create. The going will be tougher for the Jews if Hitler wins. One gathers from current anti-Semitic literature that our all-out anti-Semites hope that Hitler will win. But their cause is far from lost if he does not. They aim to turn war weariness, disillusionment, and suffering to sufficient anti-Semitic account to make the going tougher anyway.

If this is true the Jew should know by now that the cause lies not simply in the venom of his enemies but also in himself—not any current self, but the ancient and, for Jew and Gentile alike, the unshakable self of Judaism. For the woe of the Jews is the Jew—the unmistakable, unchanging, miraculously eternal Jew. He, more than any other of the races of man, is not only his own burden bearer, but his own burden.

Intuitively or otherwise, the Jews' oppressors have often known this better than the Jews. Basic, long-run anti-Semitism, as distinguished from the hit-and-run slanders by which the mob is started, imputes little to the Jew that is not Jewish. The world being what it habitually has been, and the Jew being what he always is, it was inevitable that the two—through so many centuries—should have been afoul of each other.

But this did not happen because of the reasons ordinarily assigned. The reasons ordinarily assigned vary in time and place. Under the Inquisition the Jew

was accused of profaning the mass and was manhandled therefor. In nineteenth-century Russia the ritual murder accusation was the pretext. In western Europe, immediately after the First World War, publication of the soon exploded but still current *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* served the purpose. Hitler's anti-Semitism has had numerous strings to it—chief of them being the Jewish-Bolshevist allegation.

Currently in the United States the most articulate anti-Semites are the after-dinner kind. They dislike the Jews in varying degrees for various reasons. Apart from the way they feel, there may be some basis for what they say.

Some Jews are undeniably loud. They do seem to flock together—which makes them louder. Real estate operators in my town tell me that, for a number of allegedly good reasons, real estate values would suffer if the Jew were let in—which, in so far as the prevailing mores can prevent it, they are not. Some Jews push and elbow. Toward redcaps, bell-boys, clerks, nurses, and others who serve them there is a widespread belief that some of them are not very considerate. I have business friends who insist that on the commercial side some of them bear close watching.

That these and other faults may also be Gentile faults is true. But it is irrelevant. Except in the eschatological sense, the Gentile is not up for examination. Whatever the precise ratio of shortcoming between Jew and Gentile, the Jew might do better to acknowledge something more than his just share, take what remedial measures he can, and move on to more important business.

The more important business is basic anti-Semitism—which this catalogue of phony crimes and minor irritations decidedly is not. If it were, no Gentile would be particularly disturbed and no Jew would need to be. In that case it could be put up with until education and assimilation got in their ameliorative work and the phenomena disappeared beneath the ensuing smoothness,

No—the Jew has not been hounded for the better part of the past thirteen centuries because of fiction about ritual murders or because he shoves in the subways or, even, because he “killed Christ”—an assertion to which Jews are inclined to give fantastic overemphasis. He has not been hounded for these reasons both because these reasons have not mattered that much for that long, and because he has often been hounded in times and places where they did not matter at all.

I have not been able to find that a lack of social graces or too much economic acumen figured in the Inquisition. Ritual murders—or religious accusations of any other kind—were no important part of the anti-Semitism that flourished in the first decade of this century in France; and are no part whatever of the anti-Semitism of Nazi Germany. I have seen painstaking studies of anti-Semitism in the United States and have conducted one myself. I have yet to see any evidence that the story of Christ's crucifixion has had any considerable effect on its rise or that the efforts now under way to modify that story in the interest of inter-religious harmony will cause its appreciable decline.

These are not anti-Semitism. These are its fronts. The fronts change. The thing that age-in, age-out has remained unchanging is not the pretexts, but the anti-Semitism. That makes it one of the most amazing phenomena in the history of human relationships. It is much too amazing and unique to be dismissed by seasonal explanations drawn from the headlines. The fact that lies back of the changing headlines and back of all the changing fronts and pretexts is that the basic reasons for anti-Semitism have never changed.

II

Anti-Semitism is a recurring form of reaction against the struggle of Western man for religious, political, and economic emancipation. The Jew has been hated because the sources of that struggle are in large part Jewish; because inspiration

from Jewish sources has been one of the chief things that have kept it going; and because, even when the Jews themselves have tried to quit the fight, they continued to stand as its ubiquitous, distinguishable and, therefore, disturbing symbol.

That is why Jewish persecutions have always been the handmaidens of tyranny. Tyrannies, to be sure, are chronically intolerant. But the subjects of their intolerance vary with their dangers and ambitions. Toward the Jew however the intolerance of tyranny is unrelieved. With him—if tyranny gets its hands on him—it is always the same, woeful story. He is never made an exception.

That was true in the period when the absolutism involved was that of the Church. Freedom, then, went by the name of heresy. Heresy was a failure to submit to the prevailing tyranny—which happened to be ecclesiastical. The Jews, *ipso facto*, were heretics and, with varying degrees of harshness, they were treated accordingly. With rare exceptions, this is the only way they were treated. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, in particular, they were expelled, hounded, and massacred across the face of Europe. In the sixteenth century they were officially consigned to the ghetto by the Papacy.

There was no considerable break in this routine of persecution until the Church's absolutism in secular affairs was loosened. In England it was the liberalizing influence of Cromwell in the mid-seventeenth century that ushered in an era of relative Jewish tranquillity. Throughout most of Europe the Jewish lot did not much improve until the liberating events of the late eighteenth century.

Since then—and particularly since the rise of modern anti-Semitism in the 1870's—anti-Jewish feeling and persecution of the Jews have risen and fallen exactly as the struggle for religious, political, and economic emancipation has waxed and waned. In the past seventy years anti-Semitism has been the indispensable instrument of the forces of

reaction. It has served them coming and going: offensively as a way to get power; defensively, as a way to keep it.

It revived in Germany, not as is sometimes alleged as a result of the 1873 financial collapse, but as a product of the effort of the aristocracy, the agrarian capitalists, and the reactionary clericals to stem the tide of democracy which—spurred by the spreading influence of the Manchester school of liberalism—threatened to sweep the country. Its roots in Austria and Hungary were of exactly the same ultra-nationalist, ultra-reactionary sort.

In Russia at that time anti-Semitism was still the official policy of the government. Jews were confined to ghettos and treated as aliens. But liberalism filtered into Russia from western Europe and—with the same ungodly combination back of it—a savage offensive was launched against the Jews.

A pogrom broke out in western Russia on Easter eve, 1881. The mob violence that followed was bloodier than anything which had been visited on the Jews since the Black Death massacres in the fourteenth century. As usual, the means by which the mobs were incited were incendiary fabrications wholly unconnected with the real issues or the real parties involved. On the side of economic reaction this outbreak was engineered by Russia's land-owning classes—incensed and frightened by the recent emancipation of the serfs. On the side of political reaction it was the handiwork of the Slavophiles—who had drunk of Hegel's disruptive philosophy of race superiority and were alarmed at the signs and portents that the beginnings of economic freedom would lead to greater political freedom.

There was another resurgence of violent anti-Semitism in Russia at the end of the century. It was the same story. Constitutional reform was on the way. The rapidly increasing industrial proletariat was getting dangerously articulate. In all of this, anti-Semitism served as cover for an anti-democratic counter-offensive.

In Rumania—where the Jews remained under official discriminatory disabilities until 1919—modern anti-Semitism was wholly the creation of nationalist politicians. As an over-all screen for their opposition to democracy, they preached a hodge-podge gospel of German derivation designed to prove that government should be exclusively in the hands of indigenous, Rumanian "Christians."

In France modern anti-Semitism did not seriously flourish until the 1880's. It reached its culmination in the Dreyfus case in 1894 and thereafter. It was fashioned and foisted on the country by the Church, enraged at the free-church policy of the Republic; by the closely allied royalists, who wanted a restoration; and by the army, which had become a catch-all for the nation's reactionaries.

After the First World War anti-Semitism was first turned to large-scale account by Adolf Hitler. But its revival antedates him. The fabricated *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*—purporting to prove that the Jews are party to a vast conspiracy to rule the world—were rescued from Russian oblivion in 1919 and published in Germany. This "revelation" became thereafter the law and the prophets for that increasing company of Europeans who were frightened out of their reactionary wits at the prospect of what the Russian Revolution might do to their capitalistic *status quo*.

There is no record in Hitler's shady Austrian youth that any such prospect as this disturbed him. In fact there is a good deal of evidence that his youthful anti-Semitism was a retroactive product of the fecund imagination of his maturity. At any rate, he was—and is—anti-Semitic for precisely the same reasons as were his political and economic forbears and colleagues.

"My Jews," he said to Rauschning, "are a valuable hostage given to me by the democracies. Anti-Semitic propaganda in all countries is an almost indispensable medium for the extension of our political campaign. You will see how little time we shall need in order to upset

the ideas and the criteria of the whole world, simply and purely*by attacking Judaism."

What Hitler boasted he would do he almost did. Anti-Semitism, in his diseased wake, has become—in the past ten years—an international epidemic. Its symptoms, as I have pointed out, are various. But the nature of the disease and its source are everywhere the same.

In Spain and Latin America anti-Semitism is the work of the die-hard, anti-democratic Falange party. In France—before 1939—it flourished in the upper-bracket salons of the appeasers and got to the streets in such anti-Republican outfits as the Croix de Feu. Oswald Mosley's clock-reversing Black Shirts—most of whom, unlike their American kinsmen, are now interned—were the out-in-front anti-Semites of pre-war Britain. But there, as in France, potent aid and comfort for these brawlers were derived from certain sections of the jittery but more prudent aristocracy.

Anti-Semitism in the United States is of the same piece. From Father Coughlin, the Ku-Klux Klan, and the Christian Front on up in the social scale to the long bars of our "best" clubs, the barest scratching of an economic or political reactionary almost unfailingly produces an anti-Semite. The same thing works almost as well in reverse. Apart from complaints against the Jew which arise from characteristics which—as with the Gentile—time and tenderness will heal, it can be said that anti-Semitism of the all-out German variety does not exist in the United States—any more than it exists anywhere else—except as it grows out of the ambitions and the fears of those who believe we have gone too far, and must, at all costs, be prevented from going farther along the road of religious, political, and economic emancipation.

It is the result of no quirk or aberration that the Jew is thus pounced upon. The enemies of freedom have understood, generally better than its friends, just what has to be beaten and whom, if the clock is to be turned back. They hate

the Jew because in his history and his loyalties, the Jew stands for and is the personification of everything that they stand against; and because, in his manner of life and, more recently, his leadership, the Jew has contributed far more than his proportionate share to those emancipating enterprises which promise to make the world safe for freedom.

III

The heaviest responsibility that the Jew has to bear is his gift to the world of the Old and New Testaments, the Prophets and Jesus. Encompassed in those gifts are the form and substance, the life and breath of the struggle for freedom which the powers of the world have most desperately sought to suppress.

Guttersnipes, who serve an anti-Semitic purpose without knowing what it is all about, may call the Jews "Christ-killers." But authentic anti-Semites—with their established order to look out for—hate the Jews for no such reason. They hate the Jews not because they killed Christ, but because they produced Him. They know what short shrift can be made of their scheme of things if the succession of Jewish principles and prophets in which Jesus stands takes hold and gets going.

The area marked out by those principles and prophets is history's most fought over moral terrain. It extends from the God who cursed Cain for shrugging off his brother's blood to Moses, whose fame rests on his leadership of a slave rebellion; and Elijah, dubbed by the King a "troubler of Israel"; and Amos, who spoke uncomfortably at Bethel; and Isaiah, an aristocrat who walked with the proletariat; and the Prophet of the New Testament who, in the words of the High Priest, "stirs up the people" and, with His own words, has been stirring them up ever since.

It is true that, by diligent search through the world's wisdom literature, much of what these Jews said can be found elsewhere. But nowhere else where they have been said have they laid

such fighting hold on mankind. More amazing even than our failure to make them good has been our inability to escape them. The need to escape them has been in every Christian century the first necessity of the tyrant. For that necessity the Jew, more uniformly than anyone else, has had to suffer.

He has had to suffer not because he was more militant or more Christian than the Christian, but because, until Hitler made the plunge, frontal attacks on Christianity have generally been held to be imprudent strategy; because Christianity, as currently organized, was frequently too valuable an instrument of tyranny or reaction to be blunted; and because to hit the Jew was a way to hit at the substance of Christianity without destroying the advantages that might accrue from its form.

But historically, the Jew did more than give to the world something which large segments of it have ever since wanted to get rid of. He went on from there and, by his loyalties and manner of life, and in defiance of the powers that were trying to shake him, set up a society of his own based on the precepts and principles they were trying to shake.

It cannot be said that the Jewish character and the nature of the Jewish community are entirely a result of the diligence with which the Jew has worked at his religion. Too many Jews for too long have not worked at it at all and too many other influences have been at work. But it is a remarkable fact that these extra-religious influences have frequently served to accentuate the very qualities which were most emphasized in the Jew's religion, and most abhorred by the forces of Gentile reaction.

Tyranny assumes that there is a right and a wrong side of the tracks and no bridges. Whether his field of operation is religion, politics, economics or all three, a good deal of a tyrant's time is consumed in seeing to it that no bridges are built. The Jewish religion originated—in the view of the contemporary world—on the other side of the tracks. For most of the

time since—by the stigma the Jews have been made to bear, by the ghettos in which they have lived, by the outlawing and persecutions they have suffered—it has stayed there.

But the Jews have not stayed there. Given half a chance—and half a chance is more than they were usually given—they have built their own bridges and crossed the tracks. That doubled their offense, for, from having believed that the disabilities imposed by the world were unjust, they have gone ahead against fearful odds and proved that they were untrue. As a result of what they have achieved, there is more in Jewish history to hearten the underdog than in any other segment of human experience.

Moreover, in the political area, tyranny—ancient and modern—has been narrowly nationalist. Its walls have been bounded on all sides by barbarians, or in the more recent streamlined version by those who are worthy only "to stew in their own juice." All manner of pretexts have been used through the ages to give force to this exclusiveness. Latterly Hegel, Nietzsche, and Rosenberg have given it what some people like to call philosophical sanction. In any event, it is a doctrine which has been of immeasurable use to those who had ideas of conquest, or who, having conquered, desired to keep out infiltrating influences which might spoil the fruits thereof.

But since the Dispersion the mind and spirit of the Jew have never been thus corralled. Despite the tribalism of much of the pre-Christian history of Judaism, it was not a part of the teaching of his prophets that they should be. "Blessed be Egypt my people," said the supranational God of Isaiah, "and Assyria the work of my hands and Israel mine inheritance."

This internationalism the Jew has never been able to escape—partly because it was a part of what he believed, and partly as a consequence of the way in which, since the Dispersion, he has been treated. His line has gone out into all the earth. Across all manner of bitter

boundaries and at great peril and sacrifice, he has been his brother's keeper. He has been—at one and the same time—a loyal member of both a national and an international community. Hitler and his kind know what they are up against. They know that some little fire for the crusade for that larger and more inclusive society of which men have dreamed is bound to be kept burning so long as there are any Jews about. For keeping it alive—at their own hearths in their own ghettos—the Jews have suffered.

They have suffered, for the most part, unresistingly. That fact also belongs in their "indictment." The God of the world in which the Jews lived has most of the time been on the side of the heaviest battalions. It was part of the prevailing philosophy of force to keep Him there. But the Jews never had any battalions. In fact they got along—and miraculously well—by the exercise of those non-violent virtues which, so it suited the world to maintain, could best be got along without. That put them afoul of the princes of the established order at another point.

It is not to be wondered at that from an ancient schooling of such a sort the Jew emerged into the modern and, until recently, freer world as a champion for the rights he had always believed in, yet never had. I do not like the philosophy of Karl Marx. Neither do most of the Jews. But there is something eminently fitting in the fact that a Jew—unable, despite Gentile upbringing, to shake his Jewishness—should have given so great a lift to the proletarian upsurge in the modern world.

The reactionary attack on the Jews in the late nineteenth century in Europe was no case of mistaken identity. The Jews were in the forefront of the liberating movement that swept Germany after 1870. They had a large hand in the rise of democratic thought in Austria and Hungary. They were out ahead in the prolonged effort for constitutional reform in Russia. Out of all proportion to their

numbers, they helped to establish the trade-union movement throughout Europe; they were involved in every effort to extend political freedom, and, after the First World War and particularly in Germany, were invariably, aggressively, and with great intellectual effectiveness on the side of democracy.

Nor have the anti-Semitic reactionaries in the United States been missing the target in the nearly ten years in which, with increasing zeal and venom, they have been packaging the Jews and the Roosevelt reforms. There is no good purpose served—in fact the purpose served is a very bad one—by trying to disprove that most Jews have been for the New Deal, and that a large number of them have had an important part in it.

The majority of Jews have been overwhelmingly for the New Deal just as they have been for other progressive movements. They have been for it because—as a consequence of what they have believed and experienced—the New Deal, for all its faults, appeared to be another chapter in what they have always been for. They may have been wrong. Perhaps the New Deal will turn out to deserve no place in the push toward greater freedom. But the Jews have been there because they have thought it deserved it and—in such a case—they could not be anywhere else.

Neither is there any profit in attempting to discount the charge that, for all they were worth and with all the strength they could muster, the Jews of the United States were against Hitler and for the democracies in this war long before the United States got into it. They were. They would have been for the democracies even though there were no Jewish score to settle with the Nazis. They would have been for the democracies because, by all the accounts of what they had to say on similar issues, that is where their own prophets would have been, and where, by that devotion to freedom which has been flogged and pounded into them for thirteen Christian centuries, the Jews themselves want the world to be.

It is not likely that anti-Semitism will entirely disappear from the world this side of the millennium. But thanks to the age-old consistency of the Jews and to the clarifying openness of their modern enemies, the issues involved in anti-Semitism, its rise and fall, are now too plain to be missed. Until that far off, divine event when the last fight for freedom is won, the Jew will probably continue to bear the brunt of the hatred of all those who aim to put a ceiling to the things that man aspires for and sets out to be.

To-day, however, the Jew has a comfortably large legion of fellow-travelers. They are not Jews. They are Gentiles who are going his way. Their number includes those Christians who believe in the Christ of compassion and brotherly

love and who refuse to wash their hands, Pilate-wise, of the meaning of that Christ for this world. It includes all of us, of whatever race or creed, who believe that democracy without mutual tolerance and equal opportunity and active good will is not democracy at all but fascism. Now that we are at war with tyranny, that number should include every authentic American. To such Americans, the stigma that the Jew bears is no stigma. They know that the Jew is branded, not for having for so long been a Jew, but for having for so long been right. Whatever promise the future holds for them rests in the hope that—through this present, vast travail—enough Gentiles may be as right, and with as much tenacity, as the Jew has been and is.

HEADQUARTERS

BY MARK VAN DOREN

BLEAK order and impromptu
 Quiet: the made hush
 As telephones intensely
 Listen and files flap;

As on their hooks the papers
 Straighten, gravity's yawn
 Relaxing the bent word:
 No prisoners taken;

Smoothing to a smile,
 Erroneous, the warning;
 Or to disaster's placard,
 Death window in a wall.

Who knows? Not they, the orderlies,
 Not he, lieutenant-colonel
 Of cavalry, who whistles
 Meanwhile to far horses.

Adjutant, he sends them,
 Anciently, the high cheer:
 The Regiment, and taps out
 Courage on a cold desk.



ONE WAY TO CRIPPLE JAPAN

THE INFLAMMABLE CITIES OF OSAKA BAY

BY CHARLES L. McNICHOLS AND CLAYTON D. CARUS

JAPAN's early victories have proved her strength to be just what competent observers predicted long before this war began. On the fighting front she has an excellent general staff, a superb infantry, and a fanatical will to win. On the home front she has a disciplined, hard-working population that willingly shoulders its present burden of toil and privation because of a firm belief that the Emperor's army and navy will keep the home soil inviolable and at the same time continue to win victories afield until the Japanese attain their predestined place as world rulers.

On the other hand, her aviation has not been effective unless it has caught the enemy sound asleep or in greatly inferior numbers. Her artillery is not good and her naval gunnery is bad. But her great weakness is at home—in the concentration of all her vital industrial production in a few small areas very vulnerable to aerial bombing.

We propose to show one way in which bombing operations—already begun—can be effectively continued.

The largest and most vital of these concentrations is in the Osaka Bay district, in which are located about half of Japan's heavy industries, including ship-building and the manufacturing of motors, engines, and railway equipment, as well as a major portion of her chemical, electrical, textile, and machine-tool industries.

To get a rough idea of the concentra-

tion of both production and population in this area, imagine the lower end of Lake Michigan as Osaka Bay, with Chicago's three and a half million people crowded into about a quarter of her present area (the city of Osaka); with all of Detroit's industries and all of her population moved to Gary, Indiana (the city of Kobe); and with Pittsburgh and Toledo jammed together into a twenty-square-mile area around Chicago Heights (the city of Kyoto).

Owing to the great influx of workers for war industries, the present population of Osaka, Kobe, Kyoto, and their several contiguous suburbs is probably seven million, of which nearly five million live and work in one- and two-storey paper-and-plyboard houses packed together almost wall to wall in the older, central sections of the three cities.

These cities are highly vulnerable not only to bombing but to the easiest and cheapest type of bombing—the broadcasting of many small incendiaries over a comparatively wide area by a few large, long-range planes flying above anti-aircraft fire.

The Germans tried this "area bombing" over London and after some initial success abandoned or greatly modified it because the percentage of the London area that is covered by combustible structures was too low. All the accounts in technical publications agree that about fifteen per cent of London's metropolitan area is covered with buildings

that are inflammable to a greater or lesser degree, while eighty-five per cent is parks, pavement, bodies of water, and fireproof buildings. So out of a thousand incendiaries dropped at random over the London area, only one hundred and fifty would hit anything that might burn.

Furthermore, it was discovered that about half of these one hundred and fifty bombs would glance off brick walls or steep slate roofs and burn out harmlessly on the pavement below, leaving only seventy-five individual problems for the fire wardens. And because London is primarily a brick-and-plaster city—in which only its wooden beams, wooden floors, furnishings, and stored goods are inflammable—most of those seventy-five incendiaries (out of the original one thousand) would fall in places sufficiently fire-resistant to allow vigilant fire wardens to deal with them by methods now widely known before a real blaze could be started.

In places that are a hundred per cent inflammable, say in a waste-basket full of crumpled paper, none of these methods would work because a thermite-magnesium bomb—the most effective type—would set the paper ablaze practically at the instant of contact, and certainly during the first minute when it would still be violently ejecting flaming thermite.

We will put the average inflammability of London structures at twenty-five per cent, which is probably too high. At all events it is low enough so that the watchers can often delay attempts to isolate or smother an incendiary until after the first violent phase of combustion is over and the magnesium case is burning placidly at a mere twenty-three hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

Yet in London, where the average coverage is only fifteen per cent and the inflammability of that coverage is twenty-five per cent or less, much damage was done by incendiaries alone until a considerable part of the population was assigned to duty as fire wardens.

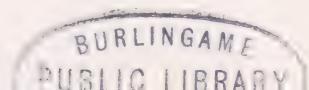
II

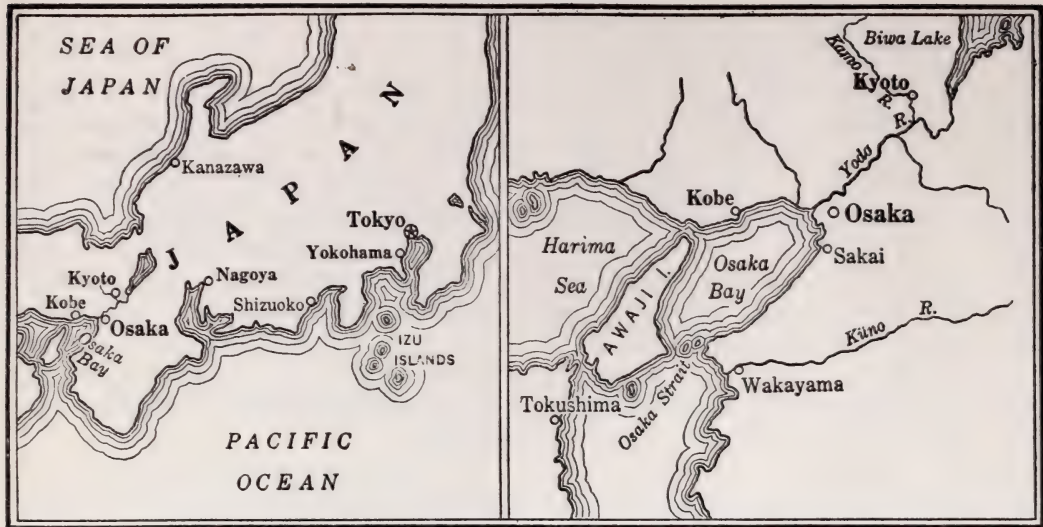
In its fire-resistant qualities Tokyo compares much more favorably with London than do the other great Japanese industrial cities. After the great earthquake and fire of 1923 authorities in charge of reconstruction cut a hundred new wide streets through Tokyo, established fifty new parks and squares, and saw to it that throughout the central section of the city a number of fire-proof, earthquake-proof buildings were erected.

The Japanese could not afford to build a completely modern city, and the standard wood-and-plyboard houses sprang up all round the modern buildings. But the parks, the wide streets, and the occasional rows and blocks of modern buildings are all effective fire-breaks. Further, they reduce Tokyo's combustible coverage to about twenty per cent—as against London's fifteen. The inflammability of much of that coverage is far higher than London's—probably three times as high—but there is no likelihood of causing a city-wide conflagration in Tokyo with a few cargoes of incendiaries.

An effective bombing of Tokyo would be a costly multiplane job, involving precision bombing of limited objectives such as the central station, the naval arsenal, shipping installations and several scattered industrial areas, as well as widespread incendiary bombing. The same applies for the adjacent Yokohama area which has been widely modernized since the big earthquake.

About half way between Tokyo and the cities around Osaka Bay is Nagoya, a very important port town and industrial center with a wartime population approaching two million. Most of Nagoya's large industrial installations are quite new and the greater part of them are housed in modern buildings, such as are now common in the Tokyo-Yokohama area. But much of Nagoya's small industry and about seventy-five per cent of its population are housed in





squat flimsy Japanese structures crowded together on narrow cluttered streets in the central section where there are few parks or other open areas. The average combustible coverage in Nagoya is around fifty per cent—higher in the central district. The over-all inflammability of this coverage must be about sixty per cent. In other words, out of a thousand incendiaries scattered across Nagoya, five hundred would hit something that would burn, and probably more than three hundred would start fires before any preventive measures could be put into effect.

But none of these cities offers such a combustible target as the cities of Kyoto, Kobe, and Osaka.

Kyoto, lying at the inland apex of the vital Osaka Bay triangle, with a wartime population of a million and a half, has an over-all roof coverage that is somewhat less than Nagoya's, probably forty per cent, because in Kyoto there are several open areas—parks, temple grounds, and the like—and some comparatively wide streets. But except for these the coverage is very high, notably in the slums about the main railway station. The inflammability is high because there are very few modern buildings. Most of Kyoto's industry is carried on in family dwellings or structures of similar type. Before the war with

China a large part of the population made ornamental objects of brass and iron and a great deal of lacquer and cloisonné work. Then one after another of the narrow streets in which these artisans lived and worked was barred to foreigners. The supposition is that the metal workers are making parts for arms and transport equipment and that the former manufacturers of lacquer are making explosives.

An American business man, returning from Kyoto late in 1940, said, "I don't know just what they're making, but it explodes frequently."

Kobe lies on the bay west of Osaka. Its wartime population is about a million and a half and it is Japan's largest shipbuilding center. Kobe's older districts, such as the Shinkawa section with its five- and seven-foot streets, are appallingly crowded, but that part of town that has been built up along the hills to the north is fairly open. Perhaps sixty per cent would be high for Kobe's over-all roof coverage, with eighty per cent along the water front.

In Osaka congestion approaches the unbelievable. Its three and a half million people, five hundred thousand buildings, seven thousand factories—not counting innumerable home industries—are crowded on the mud-flat delta of the Yodo River.

On the map Osaka looks as though it should be fairly impervious to widespread fires because several arms of the Yodo run through it and the whole area is crisscrossed by what the guidebooks call "navigable canals." The fact is that all but a score of these canals are navigable by pole-push sampans only, and many of them are eight to ten feet wide. Osaka's streets are almost as narrow. Many of the "through" streets are fifteen feet wide and the by-streets are rat-runs where a large man can thrust out his elbows and strike the buildings on either side. Even the famous Shinsui-bashi-suji, the principal business thoroughfare, is no wider than some of the streets in the old quarter of New Orleans.

The central section of Osaka is particularly devoid of parks and other open areas. There is a strip of grass and a double row of trees along the bank of one of the larger canals, paralleling the principal business district, that is called a park. Many Japanese propaganda pictures show these trees with a couple of modern-looking buildings in the background with some such title as "Modern Osaka, the Chicago of Japan," to give the impression that this city really is modern, but most informants who have spent some time there report that there are not more than a hundred Class A buildings in the whole town. These include the plants of the two great newspapers, the *Osaka Mainichi* and the *Asahi Shimbun*, a few stores and commercial buildings, and certain recently built units of the larger industrial plants.

After some considerable calculation we have determined that the combustible coverage in the twenty-five-square-mile area that is the central section of Osaka is eighty per cent, as opposed to fifteen per cent for London. This might seem to be too high, even for Japan, but an American student who climbed the Tennoji pagoda while it was being rebuilt following a typhoon a few years ago, wrote, "Looking either toward the river or the bay I saw a choppy sea of

dirty gray roofs. No street or canal was visible anywhere." The same student puts the combustible coverage at ninety per cent, with the statement, "About ten per cent of the area is canals. All the rest will burn. Most of the streets are covered with cloth or mat awnings and cluttered with carts, drays, push-carts, packing cases, and even piles of merchandise. In those districts where there are yards or gardens in the rear of the houses, you find them used for catch-alls for any kind of combustible trash that can be used for fuel. The wartime fuel shortage has made everyone a trash-hoarder."

The combustibility of Osaka's buildings is likewise very high. Most of the large industrial concerns that have modern fire-proof units have built them in the outlying districts. The typical large factory in Osaka proper is a crowded hodge-podge of obsolete buildings, some brick veneer, some plain wood, some plastered inside and out with a sort of mud-lime stucco. Beams, joists, and floorings are entirely of wood. A picture in the *East Asia Economic News* of November, 1940, shows a huge generator under construction in an Osaka electrical works and, while the background is fogged out to obscure detail, board floors and wooden beams are quite discernible. A former employee of a similar plant—one owned by the great Mitsui family—referred to it as a "fire-bug's dream."

Furthermore, wartime expansion has placed a premium on building space, and hastily erected temporary buildings have been crowded in wherever there were a few square yards of open ground.

From this and other data, it appears that the average inflammability of the large industrial plants—barring shipyards and foundries—must be fifty per cent. In most textile and chemical plants it will run higher. But the larger part of Osaka's industrial output comes from small electric-powered home industries housed in wood-and-paper buildings in what may be loosely called the residential section.

No matter how devoid of all other conveniences, every shack in Osaka is wired for electricity and the vast network of open wiring over the city is another major fire hazard.

Typical is the house of one Toya Miyaki, visited last year by an American student. Miyaki-san was a sub-foreman in a plant which manufactures railway locomotives. He had a son who was at that time a sergeant on the China Coast, where graft and looting were very good. His wife and daughter-in-law ran a thriving sweatshop at home, with the aid of three electric sewing machines and two poverty-stricken female relatives from the country, making pants for the army. Miyaki-san was therefore quite prosperous by local standards, as attested by the fact that his family ate rice rather than barley and had fish nearly every day. Though his home was packed into an endless row of similar houses on a fifteen-foot street, it was by no means in a slum, for it enjoyed the luxury of a garden in the rear.

In detail, the house had a tile roof of rather low pitch supported by beams that rested on good stout poles set into the ground at six-foot intervals, with one permanent and three removable walls. Below the roof was a ceiling of heavy paper, soaked in fish-oil to keep out the damp. Between the roof and ceiling was a space of no great height that was the abode of the ubiquitous Osaka rats and was filled with the paper and straw nests of undisturbed generations, for they were removed only at rare intervals when the ceiling was renewed.

The permanent wall was wood, covered with mud-lime plaster. The other outer walls and all the inner partitions were light wooden frames covered with the same sort of heavy paper as the ceiling. They resembled, roughly, the scenery "flats" used on the stage. In some homes a very thin wood veneer takes the place of the paper, but that is frowned upon by the police, for the usual police spy-hole can be made through a paper wall with just a poke of the finger.

There were many of these screens so that the house could be divided into several small rooms in winter. Whether they are in place or stacked against the permanent wall, they make a real fire-hazard. Almost equally inflammable are the straw mats, the wooden floor, the piles of cotton, kapok, or *ersatz*-fiber bedding stuffed away in various cupboards, and the piles of cotton piece-goods the women were sewing. The only objects of household furnishing not a hundred per cent combustible were a few dishes, the medieval brazier—a box lined with fire-clay universally used for cooking and heating—and the equally primitive bath heater. The big family tub was made of wood.

The American was proudly shown the garden. It contained a clump of bamboo, some bushes, a tiny fish pond, and several large stacks of old packing crates and waste-paper—fuel for the bath heater. It was surrounded by a seven-foot fence, another indication of the family's prosperity. As the neighbor on the right was in the mat-weaving business—one of the commonest occupations in Japan—his side of the fence was stacked high with straw and millet fiber. The neighbor on the left made plywood by gluing together incredibly thin sheets of wood veneer. His back yard was crammed with material. Across the ten-foot canal in the rear was a house whose inhabitants wound armatures for electric generators. Rolls of insulated wire and kegs of shellac were everywhere.

Across the street in front was a house that had been transformed into some sort of a chemical plant. The American did not dare ask what was made there, but a sign said "No Smoking" in Chinese characters, Japanese script, in German, and in English. At least the English words were there in March of 1941.

III

A two-pound thermite-magnesium bomb drops out of the sub-stratosphere

at a terminal velocity of three hundred and fifty feet per second, with a striking force of several hundred pounds. The thermite core ignites when it hits, and burns for about sixty seconds at the blinding heat of forty-five hundred degrees Fahrenheit, spitting flaming metal forty or fifty feet through slots in its case. Thereafter the magnesium case burns for ten or fifteen minutes at twenty-three hundred degrees, generating enough heat to ignite dry wood several feet away.

Such a bomb would go through the Miyaki roof like a bullet through butter. The paper ceiling and the interesting collection of rats' nests would light up like a Roman candle at the instant of contact. The whole house would be afire in a matter of seconds. If the bomb fell either in the street or the back yard there would be better than a fifty-fifty chance of a fire being started in the initial, or fire-spitting stage when no one can approach it without grave danger of incineration; for in every direction there would be combustible material within range of the ejected thermite.

In a really congested neighborhood, crowded with buildings from the bank of one canal to the next, with only shoulder-width runway between, the chance of the bomb starting an immediate fire is just about as good as if it fell into a full waste-paper basket.

Osaka has a large and experienced fire department. It also has a wind that blows almost continually, varying in direction with the seasons. About a quarter of a mile from the Miyaki house is one of the hundred-foot observation towers that thrust themselves above the unending expanse of house roofs all over the city. One of the four watchers on the tower would spot the fire immediately, and thereafter it would be a race between a half dozen little man-drawn hand-pumpers, hose carts, chemical-wagons and the wind to determine whether that one two-pound bomb would burn several acres of Osaka.

There have been some mighty conflagra-

tions that had much less vigorous starts. In 1910 a woman knocked over a cooking brazier and eleven thousand homes were destroyed despite the fact that it was raining. In 1912 another small blaze got out of control, jumped several of the widest canals, burned all day and all night and wiped out the southwest section of the city. There have been plenty since, but details on fire losses are no longer published.

Of course it would be impossible for the energetic little firemen to save anything of the Miyaki property, so they would immediately start pulling down all the buildings in the path of the flames, and by this method, plus vigorous pumping and squirting, they might be able to stop the fire from spreading downwind beyond the first sizable canal. If two fires started in that district they would have to split their force and attack the second, with a diminished chance of success.

When an American asked an Osaka fireman what his company would do if it had three simultaneous fires on its hands, he said, "I don't know. They only teach us how to deal with two fires."

Both local and imperial authorities have realized the peril of incendiaries. Concrete firewalls have been built in Osaka and Kobe and probably Kyoto, across the prevailing winds. But since incendiaries dropped from a great height scatter widely, it is doubtful if these walls would be very effective in preventing a city-wide conflagration.

If one of our B-17 or B-24 bombers scattered its normal load of two thousand incendiaries across Osaka, with its eighty per cent coverage and an average inflammability for this coverage of at least seventy-five per cent, it would mean twelve hundred immediate fire problems for the fire department, as opposed to the one hundred and fifty a similar cargo would cause in London, and each problem would be at least three times as serious.

Admitting that if Osaka were destroyed by fire some very important units,

such as shipyards and steel mills and the modern buildings in the commercial district, would suffer little damage—the same goes for Kobe and to a lesser degree for Kyoto—nevertheless its industrial output would stop. The plants that were not destroyed could not function when their workers were destitute, without shelter, and numb with that particularly stupefying mass-hysteria that besets the Japanese after a great disaster.

Furthermore the feeding and sheltering of a couple of million destitute workers—and there would be nearer four million if Kyoto and Kobe could be burnt at the same time—would place Japan in an appalling dilemma. Her only reserves are those she has built up to supply her invasion armies. Her transportation system is already greatly overburdened with the task of moving army supplies. She would have the choice of diverting supplies from the army or doing without a large part of the industrial production that is itself vital to the army.

When these cities in the Osaka Bay district can be burned depends on when we can base our B-17 or B-24 bombers within striking distance. That is not a subject for comment, but the optimum season would be in midsummer during the hot weather that follows the heavy June rains. Usually this lasts two months, between July 15th and September 15th. Heavy showers do fall in this period, particularly in the afternoons from two to five, but there is always a succession of hot, dry days when the summer monsoon brings in from the ocean no more than a high, thin mist that hides a high-flying plane from the ground but permits outstanding landmarks to be seen from the plane.

On such an evening five four-motored bombers coming over Osaka crosswind on parallel courses a half mile apart at an altitude of twenty-five thousand feet or better, both for their own safety and to permit a mile dispersal of each bomb-load, could well-nigh blanket the area

with ten thousand incendiaries which, according to our calculations of eighty per cent coverage and seventy-five per cent inflammability, would cause about six thousand widely scattered fires. Under conditions then prevailing it would be doubtful if any human agency could check half of them.

In Kyoto one plane over the section east of the Kamo River and two covering the west side could do a most effective job.

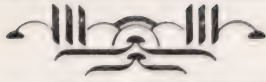
Kobe, where the vital congested industrial district skirting Hyogo and Kobe harbors is hardly more than a mile wide, could be effectively covered by two bombers.

The cost to us in men and planes of the destruction of this, the most important industrial area in Japan, would be infinitesimal in comparison with the results achieved; for there need be comparatively few planes in the attack and they could operate at a height which is well above the effective range of any anti-aircraft guns the Japanese are known to have, and above the ceiling of Japanese pursuit planes.

In any case our flying fortresses have already proved that they can take care of themselves in the air against whatever the Japanese send up against them.

The loss of civilian life in Osaka would not be as great as that caused by German demolition bombs in England's industrial centers, and certainly not as great as the Japanese demolition and fragmentation bombs caused in Chinese cities. In Osaka the canals can be a refuge from fire and the tidal flow is sufficient to keep the water from becoming unbearable. In some of the slum sections of Kobe and Kyoto where there are no canals the suffering that an incendiary attack would cause is terrible to contemplate.

But the fact remains that this is the cheapest possible way to cripple Japan. It will shorten the war by months or even years and reduce American and Allied losses by tens of thousands.



A TRY FOR THE ISLAND

A STORY

BY PAUL HORGAN

I WENT up to Colorado one summer when I was a boy to visit my cousin Jack Winterhood. I didn't know him very well, but his mother was my father's sister. She was a widow who taught the rural district school in the country of the South Fork of the Rio Grande. I stayed with her and her son, who was a year older than I. They lived in a white painted farmhouse set in the greenest field I can remember on the flat land by the big river which ran past their place two hundred yards away.

What a river! It came rushing grandly down through the open tunnel of rock, and the water was the color of daylight reflected in a dark mirror. One branch of the river came from the west and the north. The other came off Wolf Creek Pass to the south. Where they came together there was a point of land that narrowed as the division between the streams. But off the tip of this point there was an island. It was a long spit of land not very wide across. The river was deep and full of silvery rapids on both sides of it and below. But above it, by a curious roil in the meeting of the two mountain flows, there was a deep black pool which turned slowly and mysteriously like a magic lake, lapping delicately at the island's upper end.

My cousin Jack Winterhood was a calm, active boy with brown eyes and a pale freckled face and short-cut brown hair. He had flecks of yellow light in

his eyes, and when he was thinking something over he would simply regard me, and those flecks would seem to kindle with deliberation and justice, and when he decided what he thought or would do he spoke crisply, and I could never do other than his will, for it seemed to me to have been so inevitably arrived at.

The narrow-gage D. and R. G. railroad ran through that valley, along the river course, in and out of canyons. It fed the gold- and silver-mining camps up in the mountains to the west, and it hauled cows back to the plains and connected at junctions for reshipping on broad-gage railroads to the markets of Texas and Kansas. One of the main delights of that summer was to play along the right of way where the miniature engines and cars went trolling by. In that green canyon country, where bare rock looked so silvery in the sunshine, it was music to hear the whistles of the D. and R. G. engines come beating ahead against the Rocky Mountains, and to hold your breath and listen again for the echo that would follow sometimes when the wind was right, and to hear mixed with the whistle the sound of the river slipping fast, fast, through the green and clear-cut channel with the hushing sound of silk.

I remember the station, painted ochre-yellow with a dark-red shingled roof. It stood in a miniature park of grass and flower beds filled with cannas that drank the sunshine and turned

scarlet among the coal-black shadows of the station house. My cousin Jack introduced me to the agent's son, a boy our age named Ted Barksdale. He regarded me as a native of another country when he heard I came from New Mexico. He thought I should speak nothing but Spanish and ride a burro and eat chili peppers. When I protested that I was an American just like him, and that New Mexico was only a hundred miles away, he would laugh and say that he would understand me if I'd say it in Spanish.

Ted was the cleanest-looking human being I ever saw. It was a quality of his skin, which was smooth and the color of the softest brown buckskin. His eyes were pale blue and below them were rolls of flesh in a perpetual expression of merriment. His hair was buckskin-colored too but on the yellow side. He seemed all of a piece in his coloring. And he was this too in his character. I think he was near to what an Indian of the great prairie days must have been like.

I was there only two weeks that summer, with my Aunt Winterhood and those two friends. We did an awful lot during such a short time. Ted got his father to let us all three ride up to Creede on a freight train one time, and we faithfully stayed in the caboose because that was the condition of our agreement. Every time the train crossed the river we could feel the trestle trembling with not only the weight of the cars but the black hurry of the river itself. We all felt bigger than usual in the tiny caboose of the narrow-gage.

We sat and listened to Tode Chedester, the brakeman, who was the most evil-mouthed man I ever heard. He told us stories and rhymes and vicious chronicles, all with a hesitant zest which was deceptively modest. It was just the manner to make us think we were hearing about "life." He went on until Mr. Richards, the freight conductor, came into the caboose. The conductor was

a family man who carried round in his pocket a volume of the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, in which he marked passages that struck his stern fancy. He read this one aloud to us:

"By fire, by anvil-strokes, by the hammer that breaks the flinty rock, God played miner, and blasted you out of the rock, and then He played stamper, and crushed you, and then He played smelter and smelted you, and now you are gold, free from the rock, by the grace of God's severity to you."

In this sentence the conductor found himself.

My aunt often made us packages of food and sent us off for a day's tramp, following the river. One day we climbed so far that we caught sight of the tremendous falls of Wolf Creek Pass long before the wagon road could have shown them to us.

My cousin Jack was planning to be a lawyer and to live in Denver, which was grander in his dreams than London or Paris or New York. He used to ask me if there was any capitol dome in any of *those* cities covered with genuine gold? It is hard to understand now how much the sound of the name Denver could bring alive in the West of my boyhood, but I remember how Jack Winterhood sounded when he used to say it. Jack was a worldly boy even then, in a sense that I never thought of being or that Ted Barksdale never even heard of.

One day I asked Jack about the island at the confluence of the two rivers that ran together like liquid obsidian.

"There's nothing on it."

"Have you ever been on it?"

"Lots of times."

"Has Ted?"

"Sure. He took me the first time."

"Is it hard to get there?"

"It's hard or easy, depending."

"How do you mean?"

Jack explained. You could go to the west end of the island and swim across the backwater there, which was no trick at all. You had to cross the South Fork of the river to do it, and the most conven-

ient way was to walk over the railroad trestle on the open ties, with the water running beneath. That was the easy way, if the longer.

"What is the other way?"

"The other way is to go about a mile and a half west along the main river past our house, and when you get opposite *this* end of the island, why, to try and swim it there. Do you remember how it looks there?"

"Yes," I said, recalling the willow-laced banks and the fall of the meadow to a pebbly shelf of shallows where the trout played in and out of rays of sunlight on the polished stones.

"I remember how it looks there," I told Jack. "Have you ever swum it? Has Ted Barksdale?"

"You can't get to the island unless you swim."

"Yes, but did you ever swim the rapids at the east end?"

"We always went by the west end," said Jack.

"Where the pool is?"

"Yes. By the pool."

"Has anybody ever gone the east way?"

Jack gazed at me with his lawyer look, keen and yet absent-seeming, the yellow tips of light in his eyes dancing with thought. His nickname was "Judge" even as a boy.

"Well, not exactly. There was a fellow here named Hound-dog Cooley who tried it."

"Did he make it?"

"Nope."

"Why? Did he turn back?"

"Nope."

"Well, *what* did he . . . ?"

"We fished him out of the Rio Grande eleven miles farther down the next morning. He was cut up pretty bad. Lot of rocks in that water."

"Oh."

"It can be done though, I believe. Hound-dog was drunk and he took it on a dare."

"Oh."

"I've always meant to try it. I'll tell

Ted you want to try swimming the east way to the island."

"I didn't exactly say that."

"You sounded pretty interested."

The simplest thing is often the hardest for a boy to say. My cousin Jack Winterhood had it in his mind, at first out of orneriness, and then out of conviction, that I was dying to swim the Rio Grande at the confluence there, and the next time we were together with Ted he said:

"The Mexican wants to go to the Island by the east way."

"You don't say," exclaimed Ted. "Has he ever so much as glanced at it?"

"I have, of course I have," I said, "but I never said I actually wanted to swim it. I just wanted to see what was on the island."

"Why don't we?" asked Ted with a rise of his brow.

"Well, we've meant to often enough, haven't we?" said Jack. "All right. Since my cousin from Mexico really wants to," he added, "I feel it only meet and fitting that we do our best to entertain him. I believe we ought to go to-morrow and swim the east way, and spend the afternoon on the island. There'll be nobody around to bother us. We can leave a note under a stone and then of course on returning we can always pick up our own note, and tear it up and nobody'll ever have to bother with it."

"A note?" I asked, but I knew he meant that in case we never came back somebody would find the note and discover what we had tried and at what we had failed.

I couldn't tell whether they were nervous about it, and I searched their faces. So far as I could see, they were unconcerned.

Later that same day Jack was hunched down over a book in the front room of the Winterhood house, and I said to my aunt that I thought I would go for a walk by myself. She looked at me and asked if anything was troubling me, and in her eyes I saw my father's look—she

was his sister—and I had a lump in my throat; but I assured her that everything was fine, and that I was having the best summer of my life visiting her and Jack and Ted Barksdale this way.

I went out and drifted to the river. I watched the willow shadows creep across the glassy flow as the sun fell, and when it was chilling to dusk I came to the point on this bank opposite the east way to the island. How black the rapids were! What white ruffles they made! How stony the roar of the waters when I held my breath and turned my head to listen! A mocking bird was somewhere about, and his powerful pipe was doubled and made into song by the echo off the river. I was surrounded by the rocky dark of mountain and canyon.

We shall never make it, I thought. I must persuade them that it cannot be done. Remember Hound-dog Cooley, I will say, and what happened to him; how would you like to be found eleven miles downstream gashed by the rocks?

Yet all the next morning I could not speak. We were going to meet before noon, take a lunch from my aunt, and our swimming trunks, and set forth. Ted was in high spirits and Jack was solemn, as befitted one who would enter wholly but not lightly into a pact with death. I thought that they were deliberately not looking at me, and I believe that I must have shown my misery.

It was a bright summer day. The air in those mountains was like a mirror for the sun, so clear, so golden. We walked the same way I had gone the evening before.

About noon we were there, and Jack said we would eat our lunch first, then lie down for forty-five minutes to take a nap and digest our food, and then we would try it. I asked what we would do with our clothes. He said we would leave them in the willows with a couple of stones on them, where we could find them when we returned. As he lay down he took out an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Ted and nodded to him to read the page within it.

Ted glanced at the paper and with perfect indifference returned it to Jack. I could imagine what it said. The sunshine cleaved the broken river with swords.

We lay down to our naps. Once during that awful restfulness Ted drowsily asked Jack if he thought their things would still be on the Island from the last time they'd gone there—over the west pool of course. Jack replied that he imagined so. A few minutes later with sudden energy Jack raised his head and said to me:

"You can *swim*, can't you, Pete?"

I said I could.

He sighed with elaborate relaxation, and went back to his nap.

I was so tired from anxiety and from choking on my own words that I fell asleep. The next thing I knew Jack and Ted shook me, and danced off down the narrow shelf of sand and pebbles to the water's edge, calling to me to hurry and come on. It was time to start.

They had put their clothes under the flat stones back of the willows a little bit up the bank. I put mine there too and saw the envelope, the "note," on which Jack had written "To Friends of Judge Winterhood, Ted Barksdale, and Peter Rush, July 27, 1892." I was suddenly overwhelmed with gratitude and pity for being included with their names on this mortuary document. But they were calling me, standing in the sunshine and shivering by the river's edge.

The water was icy cold. We waded upstream gingerly until we should be opposite the deepest and yet most powerful channel. Jack's purpose was to launch into the current and fight diagonally across it, until by perfect timing we should be deposited on the very last tip of the island, and of safety.

There was still time; but I could say nothing. The river flashed in our ears and in our eyes.

Jack began to run with the clumsy gait of one in tugging water. It was like gathering himself for the final plunge. The

sun was hot on our backs. The island had a thick screen of willows and scrub cottonwoods facing us. Beyond that lay what we were seeking. I didn't know what it was. I caught my breath when Jack plunged, and then Ted, into the black glassy run of the current. They swam powerfully and with valor, and were taken away it seemed to me so fast that I thought they were lost from the very first. In obedience to something they left in the air, in my mind, behind them, I came to the same place and I plunged in, and I too was lost; for the bearing motion of the river swept everything else out of me. I beat with my arms and I kicked and I hugely drank in air when I could, and I felt the mindless flow of the water, of the earth, of Nature; and it seemed to me the very essence of death.

"No!" something cried to me. But there were two ways to make that answer.

I turned and buried my head in the current and, given might by the fear in my breast, I kicked and beat my way back to the shallows I had left behind me.

I turned round sickened with what I must see, and at what I saw my heart sank, but not the way I had expected it to.

On the edge of the island, dancing in front of the rustling green, were Jack and Ted, yelping like Indians and motioning me to come; why did I not come, what was I doing there, and look where they were! Come on!

"Come on!" they shouted and swept the water from their bodies with their palms.

It took them a few minutes to realize that I was afraid. When they knew that, they produced themselves as triumphant proofs that the east way could be swum. Come on! We can't wait here all day! . . .

I nodded and shook my head. I had tried it, they knew that, why did they keep making me have to try it again?

They were laughing and playing in the highest of spirits. They had earned the right to play. They boxed together and

danced apart and turned to me and exhorted. I could hear hardly a word. But I knew everything they were saying and meaning. Jack shook hands with himself at me in the air above his head. Ted put his hands together, pantomiming the act of swimming, and gravely indicated that that was how it was done.

I was shaken with the most crippling of agues. It was one within me. I wrung my hands and said no with my whole body. Two were strong and successful, and one was afraid.

They finally looked at each other, shrugged, and shook hands, as if in witness. Then, dripping with sunlight, they broke against the willow screen on the island, fought the green fantasy of the boughs for a moment, and were gone into the interior. They had done all they could. I was alone with the river.

Then I knew that I must join them. To belong is the strongest of all our forces at times. That was why I couldn't speak the night before or that morning. It was worse, alone. I didn't know whether my hunger was going to be greater than the river's.

I tried to swim with long, powerful strokes and to be intelligent about not holding my breath, but to drink deeply of the air when I could and expel it as deliberately. The first time I looked up toward my goal it seemed like a vision drowned, all wavery and slowly moving. But I knew in a moment that a wind was bearing against the willow screen on the island, and I saw sharply that I was going downstream past it. No, I said, and squeezed my eyes shut, and rolled from side to side in the current, as if to bore my way through it like an auger.

It could not take forever, I knew, until the results would be clear.

But when I saw myself more than half-way across, and the island still tapering a little way below me, the conviction turned round, and I shouted in my heart that I could make it. Come on! they had cried, over and over. I dug a tunnel with my buried head and I beat the slipping, slipping water, and my breast

felt like breaking open, like the bottom of a wooden ship whose ribs are beating upon rock, while the waves drove after life within.

My breast was stabbed with pain, and I coughed for air and shook and looked up, and I was myself like the ship on the rocks, lying on a jagged stone, and I could stand up and wade the rest of it, to the wild grass along the island edge. In my breast there was a deep cut from the rock and the blood was washing down. I touched it with my fingers and, in some ceremony forgotten and remembered from what primal impulse, I put my bloody fingers to my tongue and tasted the cost and the proof of triumph. Dear river, I have beaten you, and I love you, I said in my blood. I stared at the golden-blue sky and I suppose what I felt was thanksgiving not that I was alive but that I had dared to die.

The island was boat-shaped. I tried to walk as well as I could down the center. The sand was white and deep and hot under foot. I startled a bird or two. I turned my head to listen. Everything was washed out of silence by the slide of the river on each side of the island. So I did not hear them and they did not hear me when I came upon them at what would be amidship of the island.

Jack and Ted were sitting on the sand, playing blackjack with a withered old deck of cards. They had lighted cigars in their mouths, and the smoke was pale-blue in the sunlight. They had the air of being perfectly at home, sure of seclusion, like members of a club. Half-buried in the sand to keep it standing upright was a pint bottle partly full of whiskey. For poker chips they had piles of those tin disks which are used to give broader spread to the hold of short nails used to tack tar-paper over pine boarding. They had a perfectly settled look, as if their present comforts and refreshments were the most natural thing in the world in that small wilderness. I was shy for a second about intruding: they seemed to have forgotten my existence, and I then thought—why shouldn't they

have forgotten my existence? And this was enough to make me sail forward out of the thicket with a yell and sit down before them.

They jumped up and yelled back. They began to fall all over themselves telling me about "their" island, and how often they came, and what they had, see: the wooden box which they kept buried when they were not here, but which they could always find; it contained their things, their cigars, matches, the playing cards, the whiskey (come, I had to have a pull at the bottle), the tin poker chips, a rather sandy hank of licorice, some reading matter, and an old leather case made like a cylinder.

They gave me a cigar and lighted it, and we all sat down again. They taught me to play blackjack, generously handing me a lavish pile of tin chips. I won for a little while, which seemed to delight them all over again. There seemed to be nothing of theirs of which I had not rightfully now earned my due. When we were tired of playing poker Ted said to Jack that, since I belonged on the island now, "How about the telescope? Why don't we show that to him?"

Out of the box they got the old leather case and unstrapped the cuplike top, and drew out an old brass telescope tipped with rusty black leather. My eyes swam and my mouth watered at the sight of such a treasure. It was evidently the choicest thing they owned too, and they handled it lovingly, passing it back and forth.

"Sometimes we spend whole Saturdays here on the island," said Jack, "looking through this glass at everything around here. Try it."

He handed it to me. I went to the edge of the island and they followed. I put the glass between the branches and looked out over the fields across the river. What a world bloomed before my eye in the silver light of the lens, a curious and beautiful halo of blue and yellow around all objects. They let me sweep up and down the valley with the glass, smiling at my exclamations. But at last Ted took

it away from me and said that it was fun, and all that, but what was really interesting was to set the glass on a spot—any given spot—and lie down on your belly and watch. Just watch. Any spot. He'd bet ten dollars if you watched long enough that something very interesting would come to pass right there, no matter where you plopped your eye. He said that was the way they used the glass. It was a serious scientific instrument and should be respected as such.

We settled down with the glass. They made a carriage for it out of heaped sand. Jack trained the lens on a miniature bay in the opposite bank of the river—the side we came from. Leaves hung over it, and shallow water idly backed up into it. Shadows on the grassy bank made it look cool and damp and remote. You could barely notice the little bay with your naked eye. In the glass it was like another country made visible. Nothing moved in my vision.

"Just leave it there and keep looking. Chances are you'll catch something," said Ted.

Jack yawned. But he had good manners and he knew that the telescope experiment wouldn't be as much fun if he went to sleep and could not be reached with reports if something interesting did come into the lens. So he sat hugging his knees and chewing his cigar, and seemed to be thinking, as Ted Barksdale never seemed to do.

After a while, Jack said:

"Do you remember the way Tode talked that day we all rode up to Creede in the caboose?"

Ted nodded.

"Well," said Jack, "I have decided that if I ever hear him talking like that again I will stop his mouth."

This was a striking promise. I turned away from the glass and stared at my cousin. He was frowning splendidly, his eyes with their yellow flecks flashed with sober spirit. Ted looked happy, like a fawn-colored puppy, lean and big-pawed.

"Why, Judge? I thought you were

enjoying all the dirty stories as much as we were," said Ted.

"Yes," said Jack, sternly, "I suppose I would laugh as loud as anybody if he started sometime again; but I think now that I would have to tell him to shut up."

"Why?" asked Ted lazily, rolling over on the sand.

Jack hesitated, looking round with his light-kindled eyes.

"Well," he said at last, "it wasn't only that Mr. Richards came in and began spouting sermons to us. Though of course that was proper. I just have decided that it is within our power to choose our characters. I just don't think Tode is a very admirable individual. I don't think he would do as my Mexican cousin just did, just to prove to himself that he could do it."

Ted looked at me with the impersonal smiling eyes of a forest animal, a deer perhaps.

"And besides," said Jack, "I like the kind of talk that Mr. Richards can do better than Tode's. I am going to study law, and when I stand up and open my mouth you will be stunned at the magnificent things that will roll out."

He got to his feet.

"Did you ever read the Webster-Hayne debate?" he asked.

Ted Barksdale laughed.

"You needn't laugh. We have a set of books at home of the best speeches of all time and I have been reading them. The other afternoon I memorized something. Listen."

He turned and walked off a few steps, and then faced us in an attitude, and began to declaim in a loud voice, but with great deliberation:

"But, sir, the coalition! The coalition! Aye, 'the murdered coalition'! The gentleman asks if I were led or frightened into this debate by the specter of the coalition—'Was it the ghost of the murdered coalition,' he exclaims, 'which haunted the Member from Massachusetts, and which like the ghost of Banquo, would never down?'"

Jack's voice rolled sarcastically forth, and he scowled, revealing his belief that great oratory and anger were indivisible. These words of Daniel Webster were like meat and drink to him then.

Ted sat up and stared, as I did. Jack tried his powers and we were enthralled. Denver! How could Denver one day fail to bow before him, with its pure gold dome, the famous men and women posed by the iron balconies of the ten-storey court of the new Brown Palace Hotel, the cavernous mirrors of the old Windsor Hotel, the superb teams pulling flashing carriages down the mud-and-cobble streets!

"'The murdered coalition!' Sir, this charge of a coalition, in reference to the late administration, is not original with the honorable Member. It did not spring up in the Senate. Whether as a fact, or as an argument, or as an embellishment, it is all borrowed. He adopts it, indeed, from a very low origin and a still lower present condition." Jack showed, with his hands as well as with his growling voice, how low. "It is one of the thousand calumnies with which—"

Here he forgot. He held his command with lifted arm while his eyes roved back and forth, searching for what came next. He snapped his fingers for it to come to him out of the void. But not wasting too much time on a mere lapse, he shook his head impatiently, and returned to what he believed the character of Webster to have been like, and jumped ahead to his tremendous conclusion, speaking slowly and with a fine-grained irony that held us transfixed.

"—It is the very cast-off slough of a polluted and shameless press. Incapable of further mischief, it lies in the sewer, lifeless and despised. It is not now, sir," (he glanced at the imaginary president of the Senate, a lightning dart) "in the power of the honorable Member to give it dignity or decency by attempting to elevate it, or introduce it into the Senate. He cannot change it from what it is, an object of general

disgust and scor-r-n. On the contrary, the contact, if he choose to touch it, is more likely to drag him down, down, to the place where it lies itself."

Ted and I were spellbound when Jack finished and could only look at him with open mouths. He rubbed his short-cut hair and in his modest voice he tactfully brought us back to the present. He said:

"I just don't think I have room in myself to entertain *both* Tode and Daniel Webster in my studies."

Ted was too excited by the performance to sit still. He got up and ran off a way, yelling and slapping his hips, bounding like a dog. It was, in its way, a real tribute to an eloquent communication. Jack and I laughed in delight at him.

"I can't make hide nor hair out of what you recited," said Ted, when he settled down again, "but it certainly was pretty the way you did it, Judge. . . . What about our books, in the box over there?"

"That *is* true," said Jack. "I had forgotten them."

"What books?" I asked.

"Just some dirty books we've got. . . . You haven't looked in that glass for a long time. You might be missing something."

I turned back and set my eye and called out at what I saw. In the silvery gray field of the telescope, a round picture cut forward out of another world, I saw a big striped snake trying to swallow a fat frog. He had the frog's left leg in his gullet, and was struggling to enwrap the other one. The frog was struggling slowly. Slowly the snake was working. The mortal combat went on with slow intensity and the blades of grass in which they moved showed up clear and bright and stiff in the lens. Jack and Ted came and looked, and we all hated the snake. We pulled for the frog, watching the sun-fixed struggle as helpless partisans.

"You should have watched!" shouted

Jack. "Maybe we could have thrown stones and scared him off if we'd seen it start!"

The lens was so faithful and so powerful that we could see the snake's eyes like drops of dew, black with a pin of light in them. As he worked and swallowed, his eyes would roll from sight and then as he relaxed they would show again. The frog's eyes seemed to look nowhere and everywhere. The snake coiled himself elegantly about the frog's body to reduce it if he could into a palatable shape. The river ruffled past in the miniature bay, and at one point in his sliding efforts, the snake's tail wove in and out of the laplets of water behind them. Now the battle seemed halted. They rested a moment, perfectly still, locked in their parable of life and death. I could not take my eye off them and the others let me keep the glass.

"What was that!" I cried suddenly.

"Where?"

"Something came across the glass, a shadow. . . . There it is again!"

Jack looked along the telescope as if to see with his own eye what I was seeing in the brass tubes. But it was Ted who saw it first.

"Look up!" he whispered loudly. "It is a hawk, he's sailing around to make a dive. You must have seen his shadow when he came down before."

We looked up and there in the white sunlight was the superb bird. He was sailing down in a narrowing ring, and I had seen his shadow waft over the tiny meadow where the snake strove and the frog strove so silently.

"Watch!" said Ted. Even before the hawk dropped he knew when it would; many the hawk he had had in his days outdoors.

"Use the glass!" whispered Jack to me.

I looked. The clash of claw and beak and feather was tremendous in the lens—the black beating shadow with the golden flecks of feather, the white breast, the green whip of the snake. I saw the sharp, elegant talons make their clutch, and the cloudy wings batter the ground

for a second before the heavy rise into the sky. The hawk's scowl in the powerful head flashed once into vision. The snake curled and relaxed, curled and relaxed, but was taken away, and the frog fell free on the grass and remained panting. Its white throat vibrated like a little drum.

I moved away from the glass and told them to look.

The hawk climbed and climbed. . . .

Jack used the glass on the frog, and said:

"He's trying if he can move. . . . There he went. He jumped into the water. I'll bet he's glad!"

So were we.

Ted was true to himself when he said:

"Golly, I wish I'd had my rifle with me; I'd sure potted that hawk on his way up. I could do it easy from this distance."

Jack said, "Well, that is the law of wild creatures. They take what they are. But *we* may say for ourselves what we shall be."

He went over to the box.

"What're you doing?" asked Ted.

Jack nodded but did not answer.

He picked up the gray-looking paper books I'd seen in the box, and with exaggerated ceremoniousness, he carried them to the edge of the island and threw them into the river. They floated rapidly off downstream.

Ted shrugged. "Well, I had read them all, anyway," he said.

"Let's all have another drink," said Jack.

There wasn't much whiskey in the pint bottle. We passed it round. We all choked on it and swallowed it and felt important and secure in our island league.

They showed me how things were stowed away in the box and how the box was fastened and how the box was buried. They told me that I was now privileged to come here and use the box at any time. They said they had built the box, using Mr. Barksdale's tools at the freight house.

It was turning chill with the lessening light. The water already looked dark, like shining mineral.

Jack said when we were ready that we would go back by the west pool, where there was hardly any current to speak of.

"We have earned the easy way," he stated, like a judge handing down a decision.

We ran through the little trees to the other end of the island. The sky was still white over us, but the ground was blueing with shadow. The pool was black and calm, its surface turning in a slow wide wheel. We dived in and crashed across to the other bank and climbed up on a cool green field.

That was where the river made a Y, and we had landed where the two arms came together. We still had to cross the leftmost arm of the Y to reach our clothes and be on our home side of the river fork. It was now twilight, and the fields were quiet. A few hundred yards off was the D. and R. G. trestle. We were going to walk across that to the other side. Just before we reached it we heard an engine whistle. It came from behind us, up the canyon. We might not be able to beat it across. We crouched below the cindery embankment and waited till it came. It was a combination freight and passenger train, and it was on us before we knew it, trembling the earth as it went by above

us, clouding us with steam, and adding to the fall of night with its heavy soft-coal smoke. It sailed on the slow grand curve which the tracks made approaching South Fork. We stood up when it had passed and saw the red and green caboose lights drifting evenly through the dusky distance. I thought of Tode and the freight conductor within, and of their two wills.

We hopped on the ties across the trestle, came down to the branchy cover of the other bank, following it to our flat stones. Jack said "H'm," when he lifted the stone and found the envelope he had left there. With a kindly sort of indulgence of ourselves as we had been a few hours ago, he tore it up, and we dressed.

We started back toward the houses across the fields. There were a few lights showing. We suddenly felt hungry and cold and were ready to go our separate ways. When we reached the freight house where there was no trace of the important little train that had just passed through, we paused and said good-by to Ted Barksdale.

"Well, Judge, one thing more," said Ted to Jack. He said that there would be no further point in speaking of me as a Mexican since I was no longer a foreigner. They shook hands on that point. Jack and I went on home to his house.





THE REVOLUTION IN HOUSE-BUILDING

BY DOUGLAS HASKELL

WHAT the war is doing for building is exemplified fourteen miles north of Baltimore at Middle River. Since 1929 this little crossroads settlement has been the site of a Glenn Martin bomber plant. Up to the past year the town had a population of less than 2,500; but in March, 1942, the Martin plant was employing upward of 40,000 workers, and Mr. Martin was predicting that the town would soon have 125,000 inhabitants. The bomber plant has expanded so much that it now covers roughly seventy-three and one-half acres—an area more than eight times as large as New York's Washington Square.

All the dwellings which have been built to house the families dependent upon this plant have been constructed in a special way; they have been prefabricated. Twelve hundred are Government trailers, brought in by the Farm Security Administration which has also built dormitories for 600 single men. Of the more permanent houses, the first 600 were privately financed by Martin; since then the Government has supplied 1,200 "demountables." More dwellings by the thousand are still to come.

For this extremely rapid growth, Middle River obviously needs a comprehensive plan; it cannot merely spread in the old-fashioned way at random; and the responsibility is now in the hands of an FSA consultant and the Maryland State Planning Commission.

So Middle River is based on a new kind of industry and is a new kind of town. It has a new kind of house and

is getting a new kind of plan. It provides striking evidence of changes which are revolutionizing American building. The rapidity of its expansion has demanded rapid and efficient construction methods which have opened the flood-gate of industrialization; the mass and the speed of the effort, together with a new mobility, have necessitated the development of new unified instruments of planning, administration, and finance. There, in a nutshell, is the story of our emergent capacity for construction. We are having our first experience with building mobilized.

The demands of war have necessitated an unprecedented expansion of the nation's industrial plant. The total volume of industrial construction during 1941—in the 37 States east of the Rockies—was almost twice as great as the previous record total made in 1920. By mid-summer no less than 302 construction jobs had been completed under the Government program.

As an example of what is involved in the erection of a single large war establishment, *Architectural Forum* listed the following ingredients that went into one powder plant in Indiana: "5,500 acres of land; \$88 million; 571 new and separate buildings; 110,000 feet of new water lines; 12 miles of sewer lines; 44 miles of roads; 61 miles of new railroad; 13 miles of enclosing fence; 65 contractors at work, located in 13 States and the District of Columbia; eight subcontracts in excess of \$1 million; 25,000 site employees; a special post office to handle their 10,000

pieces of daily mail; 5,000 automobiles parked in the employees' lot, with licenses from 36 different States; 300,000 pounds of linters a day to supply the plant when complete and operating—enough cotton string to race two kites to the moon."

To put together such an assortment of items in six months has required the services of architects of a new type—not skyscraper builders, but equally bold. Glenn Martin's architect is Albert Kahn. The son of immigrant parents, Kahn grew up with the automobile industry in Detroit, built its plants (which the "real" architects were happy to relinquish to the "office boy"), and wound up with an organization of his own that has built factories on all six continents to an aggregate value of over a billion dollars. This does not count the two-billion-dollar program in Russia, under wildly primitive conditions, which the American organization directed and in part designed, and which created the present industrial backbone of the U.S.S.R.

Although such a war plant as Albert Kahn's Navy unit at Glenn Martin's is as fine a sight as an American may wish to see, the design methods are as rigidly industrialized as the building methods; indeed, the two are telescoped so that steel is already under fabrication before the contracts for the envelope are closed. The 440,000 square feet of the Navy unit were ready for machinery just eleven weeks after the order to proceed had been given!

This remarkable speed stands in sharp contrast to the traditional slowness of building. Plants with a floor area of a million square feet (about 23 acres) are not uncommon, and Ford's new bomber plant covers close to 100 acres; yet a number of these plants have been built in less than 100 days, one in only 68 working days. The secret of course is standardization; the bulk of any factory is made up of standard "bays." A bay is the space between four columns; once the spacing of the columns, their height, and the method of skylighting have been determined, the rest is mere multiplica-

tion; the steel cost can be estimated by the pound.

But we had fast factory building before the war; what is new is the speed-up on the same lines *in the construction of homes*. Say that a small factory can be finished in 57 days; the demonstration has been made in the field that an acceptable house to go with it can be assembled in 57 minutes. It happened at a town in Texas. A great new airplane factory was located there for reasons of strategic dispersal and was about to drop 11,000 workmen and their families on a town of 1,595 people. So the Federal Works Administration dispatched its energetic assistant administrator, Colonel Lawrence Westbrook, to erect a 300-house nucleus for later amplification by private enterprise.

The contractor was allowed just 100 days to finish his 300 houses. So he acted like an enterprising American. He employed as collaborating architects Roscoe P. DeWitt of nearby Dallas, and Richard J. Neutra and David R. Williams of Los Angeles, men who combined local knowledge with experience in the special art of designing for multiple reproduction. Then the contractor got three circus tents and set them up on the site. In the first he stored his materials to keep them dry. In the second they were cut to pattern and stacked. In the third the numbered parts were dropped into their appointed places on accurate templates or "jigs" where they could be nailed together without error—a job almost anybody could do. Thence, in the form of large panels, they were trucked to the foundations. The time of 57 minutes, 58 seconds, for the final bolting was not exactly typical; it was a show, a race between two teams (50 men each, counting the water boy); but something has happened when a building job is done in the spirit of a rodeo! At the end of the hour the winning crew had their house ready, complete to the publicity lady in the bathtub and the Fuller brush man at the door.

Such "jig-table," "jig-time" house pro-

duction is of course incomparably faster than the average of all war building, even if you stretch that record-breaking hour into two or three days; its significance is merely that for 1941 it represented the *new attainable speed norm* in the field. In quality if not in speed the performance is already being radically surpassed; production in 1942 is moving from improvised tents or shanty jig-tables into local production plants. Further industrialization is being hastened by larger Government orders. In January a record-breaking \$163,000 was appropriated for 42,000 "demountable," and hence also "prefabricated," houses.

II

Speedy house-building has a history that reaches, as a matter of fact, far back into the Yankee past. Only the words and the forms are new. Virtually every American who lives in a wooden house is already using one of America's greatest contributions to the industrialization of building. These wooden houses of ours are not the houses of the Pilgrims. They are the result of invention which translated the old Pilgrim frame—an affair of individually shaped, large, widely spaced timbers, carefully notched, fitted, and pegged—into radically different terms suited to the power mill, the handsaw, the hammer, and the common nail. In 1840 these houses were something new. They were ridiculed for their "balloon" frame without which, as Sigfried Giedion has recently reminded us, Chicago and San Francisco could never have arisen as they did, from little villages to great cities in a single year.

Now that, after a lapse of a century, we are once again building cities in a day, it is inevitable that industrialization should make further strides. The 1940 and 1941 "defense" houses set the carpenter's saw to power and put his modified 1840 frame on the jig-table, thus giving our traditional "prefabrication" its ultimate speed-up. The next step, which is already being taken in a number

of 1942 war-construction projects, is to leave traditional methods behind altogether and to produce houses *entirely by modern engineering*.

Engineering, unlike prefabrication, completely disregards existing methods. It seeks for an exact, comprehensive, and advanced—even an ideal—statement of requirements; it seeks to meet them with the most efficient conceivable production; both the process and the product may have to be wholly redesigned.

With real mass production in prospect, private and public research agencies have put millions into engineering every aspect of the house, but the process can be most easily explained here in terms of structure alone. For the first time in our history we are introducing a whole series of new structural principles into common houses. They come over from airplanes, ships, planetaria, bridges. A short article cannot deal with the more esoteric experiments nor with the various "igloos," whether of metal stamped out like automobile fenders or of concrete hardened into a shell over an inflated half-balloon. Two house types must suffice us—less spectacular but now actually being produced by the thousand.

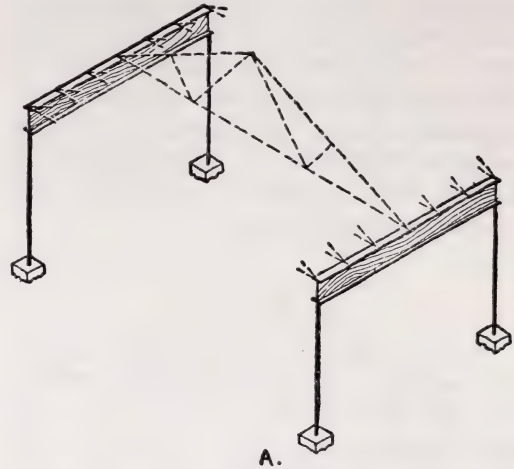
The first of these is based on some experimental work done in 1935 and thereafter at the Forest Products Laboratory, translating airplane structural principles into house-structure. Without going into lengthy technicalities, we may simply say that the trick was to make the covering help the frame. Floors and ceilings are designed to help the joists; the inner and outer wall covering is designed to help the studs inside. In each case the covering membrane—the "wall" or "ceiling" or "floor"—is built up of large, tough, and fairly rigid sheets of plywood. Success depends upon having this membrane *glued* to the frame. (This was impractical before the advent of strong, waterproof, stable phenolic glues.) Careful gluing produces a bond that welds the frame and its covering into one continuous indivisible single-acting unit; it is all "one piece." The frame and the

covering together become what engineers call a "box girder," in which the stresses are not carried, as hitherto, by the frame, but are carried backward and forward through framing and "skin"—hence the principle is called the "stressed-skin" principle.

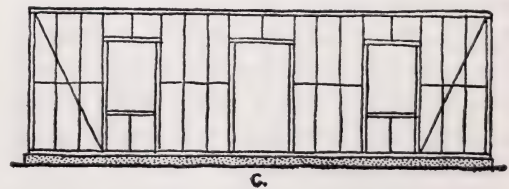
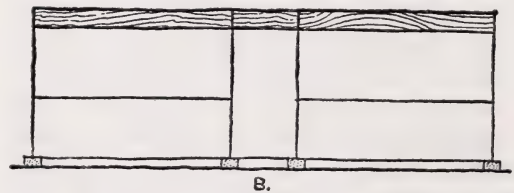
This structural use of the house-skin makes it possible to employ a much lighter frame than traditional design would permit. In practice the framing, whether for floors and roofs or for walls, is built in the shop in large panels which are then joined together at the site. "Stressed-skin" houses are being built by the thousand in plywood; but the largest individual producer is the manufacturer of a wallboard that is made out of waste newspapers.

The second house type is exemplified at Middle River. The research upon which the Glenn Martin houses are based was done at the Pierce Foundation by engineers who thought not in terms of setting up a house and then insulating it, but of finding an ideal insulation and protection, and then supporting it. These houses are the nearest thing yet found to an effective, inexpensive sheath of insulation held together by an engineered frame. This sheath is a three-ply sandwich of fiber-board in large sheets coated on both sides with a thin hard layer of asbestos-cement. A single thickness of it does the job of six conventional wall and ceiling elements: the plaster finish inside, the lath to hold up the plaster, the insulation fill between the studs, the sheathing boards for strength, the paper to keep out the wind, and the outside boarding to shed the weather. This material has been used in "pre-fabrication" since 1932, but not with so ingenious a frame. As the diagram shows, the roof is carried entirely by a pair of long deep beams supported only by posts set at wide intervals. This resembles bridge or skyscraper framing, except that the beam is built up out of timbers and plywood instead of steel. Underneath this beam the wall has nothing to carry but itself; it is merely a

"curtain wall." The wide spacing of the posts leaves the designer free to place his doors and windows with almost unrestricted freedom. The framing method, by separating out the functions of the various members, uses far less material than a standard frame, fewer pieces, and fewer but more accurate operations.



Above (A) is a diagrammatic illustration of the way the beam is supported on widely spaced posts. Below, (B) illustrates the lightness and economy of an engineered frame in contrast with (C) the ordinary house frame.



To date, unfortunately, the war has not carried such engineering far past the shell of the house. Heating and plumbing and furniture and equipment are mass-bought but are far from integrated. This is not good engineering; nobody redesigns an airplane fuselage without reference to the motor. But some progress has been made; our shortage of metal

is a blessing in disguise, for it has already brought about acceptance of emergency plumbing standards which, with no benefit of invention, save approximately 100 pounds of metal in an ordinary small house. Since our war output of houses this year can scarcely fall below 500,000, the total metal saved will be at least 50 million pounds, or enough for no less than 2,500 ten-ton tanks! Real engineering applied to household plumbing might double that tank corps.

Labor has a difficult problem to face: in the building field to date the whole labor set-up has been based on the prefabrication methods of a hundred years ago; and the fact that swift revision is essential does not make it comfortable. There was one bad flare-up in the so-called "Currier case" when a bid based on pseudo-prefabrication, and lower by \$1,350 per house than bids by other companies, was turned down in order to appease the old-line building trades unions. At Indian Head, Maryland, where the Public Building Administration last year set up 650 houses in a test of "prefabrication," some of the competitors who had hurdled the other problems had their product damaged by untrained freight handlers or stepped on and warped by the none too friendly erection crews employed by local subcontractors. (To-day the Government makes the manufacturer responsible for the erection.)

However there has come quite a shift in long-term attitudes of labor since the organization of CIO with its definite acceptance of the industrial environment. In Sweden trade unions withdrew their opposition to prefabrication upon realizing that only mass production would supply needed shelter to labor, and many a quiet step forward is being taken here in America behind a screen of noisy face-saving declamation.

III

Between this war and the last there is a striking difference; to-day the nation

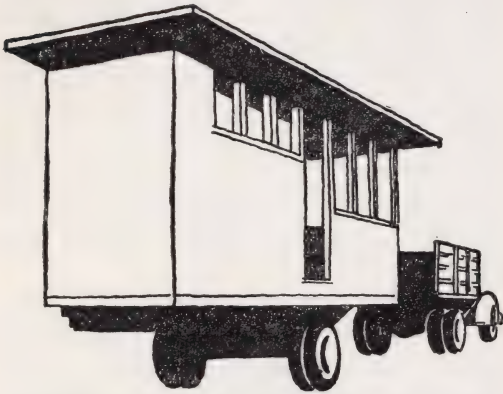
has six times as many automobiles as it had in 1917. Impermanence is a part of any war boom; but this time it has been compounded with mobility.

The Tolan Committee of the House has filled twenty-three volumes of hearings on the subject of industrial migration. Normally, the Committee found, the annual number of migrants crossing State lines looking for jobs is 4 million. By mid-1941 the "defense" boom had added 2 million more. Congressman Tolan estimated that the war migration would soon add up to 4 million. In some localities the problem was extreme. Because of a new war plant, Charlestown, Indiana, grew in a few weeks from 800 to 18,000; San Diego expected that by spring of 1942 its population would increase by 100,000. Through other sources it is estimated that the number of industrial workers in Wichita, Kansas, will be multiplied *twenty-five times*, and in Detroit work forces may shortly increase by 300,000. In no other country is there this phenomenon of moving labor-armies, because no other country has the cars.

On some points the testimony before the Tolan Committee was almost unanimous. The American industrial workman does not often have his heart set on a house. More often his hopes are for a car and perhaps a trailer. The reasons are not sentimental. A typical migrant to Hartford, Connecticut, said he was earning \$40 a week but could find no house within his means. He was paying \$20 a month on a trailer and \$12 a month trailer-park rent including his electricity. Considering the war workers who have paid \$8 and \$10 a week for a turn on a "hot" bed, who can say that this man was not ahead? His family was cramped but he could at least take his trailer with him. For the hordes of flocking migrants a shelter solution in terms of permanence is entirely out of the question.

Building's first impulse has been to meet migratory labor with a migratory house. Terms such as *dismountable*, *temporary*, and *mobile* have become familiar.

A *demountable* house is one designed to be taken apart, moved, reassembled; it usually looks like an ordinary house. A *mobile* house is one that can travel intact, or nearly intact, on wheels either its own or borrowed. The most practical one was engineered at TVA. It slices like a cake. The finished exterior unit (30 feet long by 22 feet wide) divides into four sections. In the shop these sections are built on casters for easy loading on a truck. Each weighs about 3 tons and travels nicely on the highway, fully equipped with its share of the finished floors, walls, ceilings, roof, electric wiring, bulbs, plumbing, bathroom and kitchen fixtures, windows, screens, doors, kitchen cabinets, electric cooking plate,



Trucking a fourth of a TVA house to location

or electric refrigerator. At the site the sections are rolled down on to the foundation, and four men bolt them together with long tie-rods and complete the assembly in half a day.

Demountable and mobile houses both have to be prefabricated to be good. It is false economy to build either one as a merely *temporary* structure; on the contrary, the more often they move the more ruggedly they must be built.

But the toughest problem in connection with demountable and mobile houses centers in their hook-up with community utilities and services. Streets, sewers, water supply, schools, police and fire protection, shopping centers, and movies raise difficult problems in a mobile-housing program. Brilliant work

has been done by what might be called the new shelter arm of the Government—the FSA. We have already mentioned its trailers and dormitories, its “demountables” and its city plan at Middle River. Actually, it has had less money to spend than most of the Government agencies that have dealt with war shelter construction; but it has achieved some of the most important results.

FSA started back in the early days of the New Deal as the Resettlement Administration. Its job was to resettle idle workers on the land. This was an unprecedented assignment, calling for the most economical type of rural house. So Resettlement set up a thoroughgoing bureau of house-building research. Then new policies appeared and Resettlement was called upon to create more or less self-contained satellite communities; its famous Greenbelt towns gave it a command of advanced large-scale community planning. Then once more there was a shift of attention, this time to “sharecroppers” and tenant farmers. Helping them to homes by the use of their spare-time labor, the Farm Security Administration (for that was its reorganized name) was able to remain outside the great battlefield of union controversy as it worked out the most economical—although pitifully primitive—of all projects in prefabrication. Fate seemed always to be sending FSA into projects, and among people, for whom nobody else cared. That left its technicians relatively free, though challenged by a need for strict economy. Somehow the agency attracted technicians who were able to keep human sympathy realistic. So when the problem shifted again, to the “Joad” families from Oklahoma, FSA turned to what is perhaps the most vigorously creative group of architects in America—the one at San Francisco—for young men to design the latest form of American pioneering community: the camp for the rural worker and the rural migrant.

It was this experience in readiness and economy that FSA brought into its build-

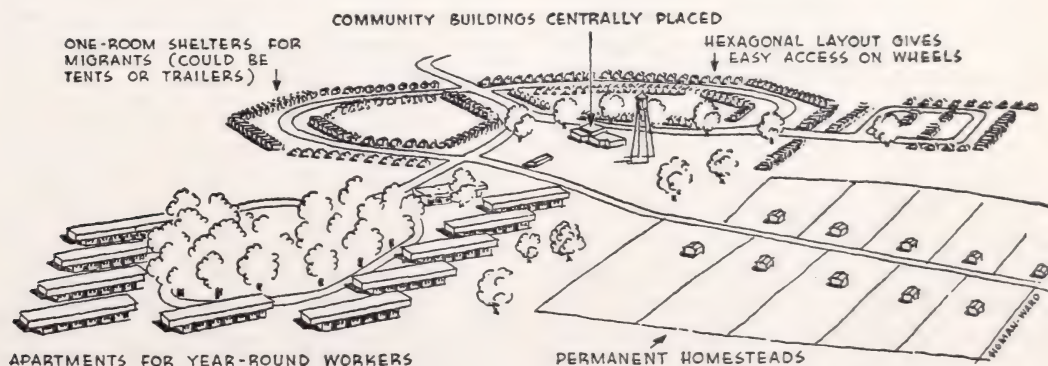
ing for the war. The very first job it undertook linked its new field to its old one; farmers dispossessed by the huge government purchases of land were resettled on large-scale modern farms. In the industrial field it has worked with brilliant resourcefulness. For the munitions workers at Radford, Virginia, houses of rural types were placed on nearby farms under an arrangement which will permit the farmers to acquire them cheaply after the war for their own use in permanent farming. Elsewhere FSA has tackled problems that were wholly migratory. With a detachment of about five thousand trailers it has gone trouble-shooting on the war sites of worst congestion. Its management of its own trailer camps sets a standard of order and decency in a field in which the lonely migrant is especially helpless. Like a corps of Army engineers which improvises bridges and roads in the field, FSA has made strong moves to minimize if not to lick the problem of permanent house "attachments." Some of these it simply put on wheels; it devised trailer clinics, trailer showers, mobile power generators, and demountable electric light and power lines. It has also built dormitories for single men and women, and a number of community buildings.

To convey the idea as a whole, however, it is still necessary to go back to one of the rural camps built in the Southwest before the war. These camps for the "Joads" combined migratory, semi-

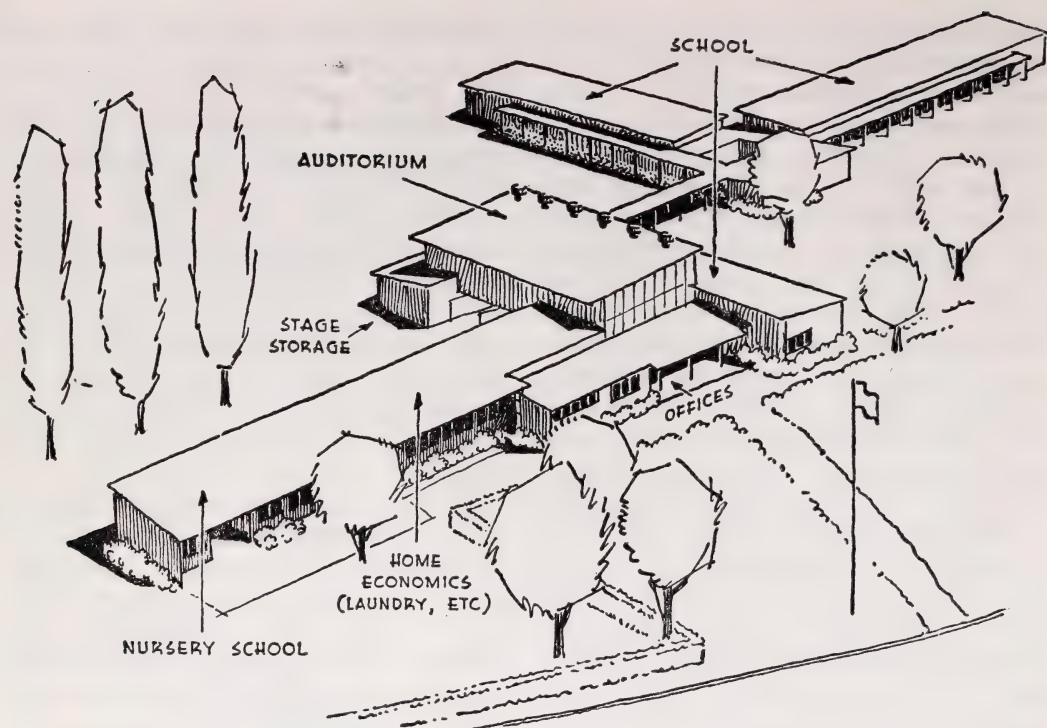
permanent, and permanent shelter types in an ordered and functioning scheme. The trailer pattern in such camps is usually in some variant of the concentric hexagonal arrangement which faintly evokes the circle of the old covered wagons on the plains. The arrangement is highly adapted to fluid wheeling. Community facilities are at the center. The groups of two-storey apartments and individual homesteads off to one side present no conflict to the tents and trailers simply because neither is treated shabbily and neither is treated with pretense.

In these most inexpensive of layouts for the most tentative of people there is no feeling of "barracks." The same feeling pervades the community buildings for the war communities. The cocking of simple roof planes has occasionally been made to yield more visual interest than many a Washington architect has extracted from whole book-loads of classic. Rows of galvanized ventilators on one of the auditoriums make rhythm better than the finials of many an ambitious Gothic church—partly because ventilators mean more. Well-considered timber trusses, though cheap, enliven the interiors. There are no frills, but wall shapes and roof shapes, window shapes and door shapes (which are the bone and muscle of architecture) have been handled with imaginative care.

Included in these community buildings



The drawing is an air view of Yuba; but a group of imagined homesteads has been added to include another ingredient of the typical FSA plan



FSA Community Center at Woodville, California

are washrooms, toilet rooms, laundries, isolation wards, first-aid stations, power houses, sometimes a school, and always a social-room meeting place. Such a coupling of the "town" meeting room and school not with statues or fountains but with the sanitary facilities that put water behind the ears, makes anybody with a democratic temperament feel pretty hopeful about future America. The Joad children loved that shower house!

Starting with Middle River, we have traced a great reactivation of building. For the first time in our history, building production is undergoing something like

a national mobilization. Prophecies are hard to make at a time like this, but it would appear that the badly needed industrialization of building had been definitely put under way. Of course there have been troubles: just as a motor racks a faulty frame to pieces at high speed, so speedy building has revealed the backwardness in our methods of planning and finance. So progress has been compelled in these matters too; but that is a separate chapter. The nation that won its fame building the skyscrapers is at work again, but the job of building everybody a decent place to live in has a far broader and worthier aim.



RUSSIAN OVERTURE, 1910

BY ALBERT SPALDING

EARLY in 1910 I made my first trip to Russia. A free-lance manager, half-German, half-American, by the name of Magnus, heard me play in Paris, liked my playing, and thought that there was a field for exploitation in the largest European country. He had had some managerial experience there, his most recent success having been the tour of Isadora Duncan, who had danced repeatedly to crowded houses in St. Petersburg and Moscow and had aroused great enthusiasm.

Magnus had never managed a fiddler before, but he was not unmusical and he had a number of good contacts in Russia. He offered me a contract, modest from a financial standpoint: I was to be paid a net fee of two hundred roubles per concert with a minimum guarantee of twelve concerts. All traveling expenses and the cost of accompanist were to be sustained by him. It was not a contract destined to make one rich overnight, but at twenty-one I was dazzled by the mere prospect of spreading my wings toward that land of fable and fancy.

I traveled via Warsaw. Magnus had arranged for an orchestral appearance in the Polish capital as a prelude to my first introduction to Russia proper and he was at the station to meet me when the train pulled in. It was early in the morning, but there were enough streaks of gray light filtering through the dirty skylights to disclose a scene of depressing squalor. In all corners of the overcrowded station unkempt, unwashed

figures stood, sat, and lay in a kind of sprawled confusion. They looked, and were for the most part, unmistakably Hebraic. It was as if the combined ghettos of the world had disgorged themselves and this Warsaw station had been appointed as the assembly place for the next trial of their patience and their fortitude. There was something deeply poignant and touching about these unfortunate people. It was not a pretty sight. But though it was a picture of abasement, of despair, the abasement was not without a certain sense of proud dignity, and the despair was relieved by streaks of unbreakable courage.

I stood watching them while my luggage was being sought and collected. These activities did not move swiftly.

"Let's get out of here," said Magnus, impatiently, when the last bag had been found; "you must be longing for a bath and breakfast after your long trip." Quite true, I was; but curiosity is perhaps a still stronger human impulse.

"Tell me," I asked, "is the Warsaw station always as crowded as this?"

"You mean the Jews?" said Magnus—there was a slight Teutonic curl to his lips as he spoke—"yes, it is typical. They crowd in here coming from Heaven knows where and going to—Hell knows less—I sometimes suspect that they are neither coming nor going, merely staying. They do not trouble one much, for this is one country where they are taught to know their places. Did you ever," he added with an unpleasant laugh, "see so many dirty beards in your life?" I

gave him a quick glance. Decidedly, I thought, I do not quite like you.

We rode in a horse-drawn droshky to the Hotel Metropole. In the cold gray light of a January morning Warsaw did not appear an attractive city. Some few fine buildings could be singled out among many of a nondescript, characterless nature.

Can it be, I wondered, that it is a special quality in peoples that gives homogeneity and a definite stamp to the places they dwell in? If this be so then it is a quality utterly lacking in the Poles. Their peculiar and impatient genius runs in other channels.

The hotel was large and opulent. Not many of the personnel were yet awake. I had come to a land where late and not early hours were kept. However Magnus had quite a Prussian way of demanding and commanding, so it was not long before I luxuriated in a steaming hot bath to be followed by delicious coffee and crescents.

My room was comfortable, probably too comfortable. I asked the price. It was high. I decided on more modest quarters, more in keeping with the junior fees I was to receive, and Magnus applauded my prudence. He gave me furthermore a number of valuable tips for economic procedure. "Did you notice," he asked; "no, of course you didn't, that when I ordered our breakfast I asked for two glasses of coffee—not two pots of coffee?"

"But they brought us pots!"

"Yes! That's just the point! Their æsthetic values would not allow them to serve coffee in a glass. But when the bill comes it will be quite a different matter."

"How so?"

"If I had ordered pots of coffee we should have been charged one rouble apiece for them. By ordering glasses of coffee we get and enjoy the pots but we pay merely twenty kopecks apiece. A net gain of one rouble and sixty kopecks on the deal."

"I can't see any sense in that."

"My dear fellow," laughed Magnus, "no one comes to Poland or Russia to see the sense in anything. Unless you are going to enjoy being bewildered, dismayed, enthralled, overwhelmed, you have most certainly come to the wrong corner of the earth. Above all, do not try to make two and two add up to four. Your calculation will be wrong. Guess at five or seven or some other indivisible number. The Slavs are psychic people—" he paused a moment—then suddenly: "What year is it?"

I spoke too quickly: "Nineteen ten!"

"You are wrong! Here it is still December, 1909."

Of course I would stumble into that trap—the old Julian calendar thirteen days in arrears of ours.

Magnus, triumphant, could be magnanimous. "That," he admitted, "was a mean trick. I always use it when I can. But I can promise you many other upsets of similar character. Be prepared to enjoy the element of surprise!"

The concert in Warsaw went well. I played with the orchestra two concertos, the one by Beethoven and the Tschai-kovsky. As encores I played some unaccompanied Bach and, with piano, an interminable series of shorter numbers. When rehearsing with the pianist I had thought to prepare a maximum of three or four. "Not enough, not enough," he protested. I had learned not to question these dicta, so we arrived at the hall with an entire sheaf of short pieces. I found to my astonishment that I was destined to play them all—a round dozen or more!

Two days later we took the night train for St. Petersburg. It was not late when we got on board, but we decided to turn in. "It's only on trains," remarked Magnus, "that one has the chance to go to bed early in this country. We might as well make the most of it." We did. The beds were as comfortable as promised. The cars were well heated; overheated in fact and hermetically sealed. It would be sacrilege to temper

the precious warmth by any outside ventilation. I stifled a protest, resigned myself to insomnia from suffocation—and went promptly to sleep.

II

Arrival at St. Petersburg station! What a deception. No pomp and circumstance. Absence of color and trappings. An assortment, it seemed, of hastily assembled sheds, unsubstantial and unpretentious in character, betokened a junction point in some remote province rather than the famed capital of the Tzars of all the Russias. Once outside the station, however, we began to discover what the reality was.

The morning was somewhat advanced, but there were few signs of life about. The broad streets carpeted with snow bore little traffic. Some few sleds were moored to the station on this sea of snow and ice. Asleep, upright, and in charge were strange figures that looked like bearded bears. Two of them reluctantly awoke to slow action after much admonition and prodding.

"Yes!" said Magnus, in answer to my unspoken question, "these are our conveyances. Luggage will go in one, we in the other. And they are not," he added, "from the circus. All drivers look alike here."

"How do they get such figures?"

"They sit and they eat and they sleep. Sometimes in extreme youth they may procreate—although I doubt it. It entails too much energy!"

"But even so . . ."

"Even so—and besides, it is a matter of clothing. Over their regular attire they bind themselves round and round with a kind of thick quilting until they have approximated the shape of an orb from which a pair of arms and a head unrealistically protrude."

The little sleds proceeded at a reasonably fast speed along the vast and deserted streets. The horses at least seemed to be thoroughly alive and awake. And so was I. It was, after all, a city of splen-

dor, a city of color, even if the breath of life were not yet stirring. Gay, sometimes garish domes stood out in vivid blue, red, and green like intrepid bubbles above the gray, white, and ochre-colored buildings. There was a delicious tang in the air. The clarity of atmosphere had a crystalline transparency. The canopy of the heavens seemed to have been elevated much higher in these northern reaches. I felt no sense of cold.

We arrived at the hotel where the welcoming "glasses" of coffee were soon served—coffee which seemed to have a special flavor.

The Hôtel de l'Europe was a combination of European comfort and Asiatic ostentation. Its guests by subtle implication were made to believe that a sojourn there was achieved not by means of roubles and kopecks, but by influential favor. The sense of one's own heightened importance was inescapable. The food was marvelous. I shall never forget the first array of hors-d'œuvres opulently set forth on the serving tables in the room adjacent to the dining hall. It was a meal—several meals—in and by itself.

"Another timely tip of economic importance," admonished Magnus; "if you wish to enjoy a good meal and spend kopecks instead of roubles, follow me; do as I do."

He ordered a vodka.

"But I don't like vodka—and especially at noonday!"

"Patience, you idiot! You don't have to drink it. Watch me and follow suit!" Following suit, I furnished myself with a generous plate on which I proceeded to heap the following items: smoked fish, vegetable salad, cold game, mushrooms in cream. Delicious, incredible, economic. All we paid for were the vodkas—forty kopecks apiece. If you wished for more you ordered a second vodka. For the repeat the price was reduced to only thirty kopecks.

We went to the Théâtre Michel that night. This was the permanent French repertory theater. In addition to its

own excellent stock company there were guest artists frequently summoned from the Comédie Française and the Odéon in Paris to play star parts. You could go every night in the week and see a different play each time. I enjoyed these performances immensely.

"They've got to be good," asserted Magnus; "the Russian public is spoiled by the finest acting standards in the world. Wait until you see the Moscow Art Theater."

The next day seemed almost endless. I was to play my first concert that night at what seemed to me the outlandish hour of one A.M. Magnus had certainly been right about the Slav reluctance to go to bed early. To fill up the day I had a rehearsal with my accompanist—an excellent musician by the name of Douloff—took a walk, lost myself, and got back to the hotel only through the clairvoyancy of some sled drivers. That evening I found to my relief that there was no ban on after-dinner practicing in my room; no one would go to bed that early. I shaved and dressed for the concert about midnight.

On arrival at the club where I was to play I found the medium-sized concert room already thronged to capacity. Everyone was in evening dress. Everyone was talking animatedly. Some had come from late dinners, some from the theater or ballet. The hall, square and wainscoted with dark wood paneling, promised good acoustics. There was no stage—only an improvised platform perhaps one foot high which served as an elevation for the piano and solo performers. There were several other artists who had been engaged to perform, among them the opera singer, Maryz Koussnetzoff, tall, dark, good-looking with a brittle kind of beauty. She sang with great ease, sometimes masking the natural hardness of her tones with a sudden shift of voice production. It was as if she had in reserve an invisible hood which, at will, would mute with a husky throatiness a tone that otherwise was blatantly clear and on the verge of harshness.

My turn came after hers. I was tingling with a kind of nervous excitement that is not exactly fear and yet is threatening to the control and steadiness of a bow arm. It seemed impossible that much notice would or could be taken of an unknown fiddler following the acclaimed performance of an obviously favorite prima donna.

Magnus had wanted me to start off with some brilliant pyrotechnics, Wieniawski or Sarasate. At the last moment I decided otherwise and began on sober, low-in-key material. Some old Italian masters, Corelli, Tartini, and a simple little sonata by Handel. It was a wise choice. I felt sure of it from the first austere phrase. Koussnetzoff had ended her group with the most spectacular roudades and fireworks in the coloratura arsenal. The audience longed for repose. And who can give it in such stately measure as those majestic old Italians?

Even before I had finished my first piece I could feel running through the audience that wave of sympathy which is such an extraordinary source of strength to the performing artist. You cannot see it—you cannot easily describe it. But its presence—or absence—can often spell the difference between victory and defeat. There were no set programs. The artists announced their numbers *a piacere*. I had reckoned on playing for fifteen or twenty minutes at most. I played for an hour. In the meantime several members of the audience left their seats and formed a ring round the piano, some of them following the pianist's score, others fingering the extra music I had brought; and with the end of each piece there would be shouts for more, with specific requests. I glanced several times at Magnus. He nodded back—urging me to continue. It was apparent that he was more than satisfied.

I had never known such spontaneous enthusiasm. It seemed as if, all at once, everyone there had become a personal friend. I played well; who does not play well under such conditions?

Introduction followed introduction. Eager, extravagant compliments. Could it all be true? But at three A.M., I reflected, for once in a lifetime let's be recklessly self-indulgent and believe it. It fits so perfectly into the picture.

III

It was on that occasion that I for the first time met Prince Serge Wolkonsky—an aristocrat in the true sense. I had noticed him sitting near the front row of the audience—the fine philosophic head with aquiline features accentuated by a pointed dark beard—utterly absorbed in the music. He was not among the first who precipitated themselves to express Slavic enthusiasm. His terms of praise were more measured, but carried a note of deep feeling. He said, "Your music moves me strangely. I would like to know you—to talk with you. Will you dine with me to-morrow—No! I know you cannot, for you are to play again. Magnus has just told me. The next evening then?" Would I? Of course I would.

"He is a good friend to have made," Magnus whispered to me. "I will tell you more about him later on. In the meantime you must play some more."

"Serious or gay?" I asked.

"Well!" said one, "it is rather late. Let us be gay with a Polonaise!"

The Polonaise went with gusto. Then suddenly it was decided that we should go and finish the evening at the Islands.

"The Islands—what Islands?" I wondered and speculated how far into the morning we were to proceed before the evening could be rated as ended.

On the Islands, it appeared, were situated night resorts—restaurants of ultraviolet rays. You reached them by driving your sleds on the Neva River itself. We arrived sometime before four A.M. The night life was just then at its maximum and we were royally entertained. Caviar, buckets of it, like gray gleaming pearls. Champagne in magnums—mere quarts would have been disdained on the

Islands—and the gypsy players! The gypsy singers! The group and solo dancing! Such playing, such singing, such dancing. No!—really, a St. Petersburg evening must certainly encroach on the morning before it is satisfyingly terminated! It was six o'clock when we returned to our hotel, and that seemed all too soon. I was much too exhilarated to feel tired. None the less I slept soundly on until two o'clock the following afternoon.

After our mid-afternoon breakfast I reminded Magnus that he was going to tell me something of Wolkonsky.

"In Wolkonsky," said Magnus, "you have met one of the great gentlemen, one of the rare figures of Europe. He is something of a student, a philosopher, a poet, a musician. He has been until recently Intendant at the Marinsky Theater. His title and his wealth of not inconsiderable dimensions are the least of his attributes. He is, indeed, that type—now fast vanishing—an important amateur and patron of the arts. In reality he belongs to the fifteenth century rather than to ours."

It was quite true, I thought; it was as if a portrait by Sebastiano del Piombo had suddenly come to life in the odd masquerade of modern dress.

"This evening," continued Magnus, "you will meet some of your 'old' friends of last night, but for the most part it will be a totally different group."

"Shall I play the same pieces?"

"Yes! by all means begin with your old Italians. I wondered at first if you were not knocking too modestly at the doors of recognition, but they seemed to swing wide open. You can't do better than repeat the process."

"Will Wolkonsky be there?"

"Perhaps! But in any case you will meet Alexander Stolypin and his sister Madame Offrossimoff."

This Stolypin was the brother of Peter Stolypin, the ultra-conservative prime minister who was so cordially hated by the radical elements and distrusted by the intelligentsia. Alexander, on the

other hand, was by nature more of a liberal although he edited a conservative paper which supported government policies. The sister, Mme. Offrossimoff, was a thorough liberal. It is said that when she and her elder brother met—which was not often—there was a tacit understanding that neither would make any mention of politics. She interested herself chiefly in agricultural progress and reforms; lived simply and adored music, as did Alexander for that matter. Peter rarely attended concerts.

That evening was a replica of the first, except that the atmosphere was more sober. Instead of beginning after midnight, the concert was scheduled for the very early hour of ten-thirty. Apparently agriculturists felt it necessary to grant some value to daylight. The interest and enthusiasm were just as heartening and again I played more than I had expected to. The inevitable group again circled round the piano—the semi-formal, semi-intimate atmosphere was established. Introductions followed.

Alexander Stolypin, ponderous, florid, expansive, slow in gesture and speech; his speech more related to gargling than to articulation; his deep laughter a kind of cavernous rumble; his dark and luxuriant beard an advertisement of untamed vigor—he was a personality that imposed itself by sheer weight.

In sharp contrast was Constantin Skirmunt, the spare, dapper, ascetic-looking Pole whose clean-shaven face looked curiously like naked marble beside the hirsute fringes affected by the Muscovites and whose crisp staccato speech was like the clarity of Arizona atmosphere after the density of London fog.

Skirmunt was at that time a member of the Council of the Empire. How deeply his interests and loyalty were engaged in this activity it would be impossible to say. He was ardently and unmistakably Polish and I rather think that he paid lip service to imperial business in much the same manner that Irish

members of Parliament of the nineteenth century attended British interests. The pattern of Polish patriotism is not altogether unlike that of Ireland.

Skirmunt had an enigmatic personality. Under a patina of exquisite manners there was maintained an aloofness, a distance, registered by a kind of invisible device. The nearest approach to warmth was when he talked about music, for which he had a passion. He asked me if I knew Paderewski. Indeed, I did. I must have said the proper things for the glacier appeared to begin to melt.

"Ah, yes! He is a great pianist. But he is far more than that. Something of the inarticulate soul of Poland expresses itself through him—some day, some day—perhaps . . ." But then, as if checking something he should not say, "Will you not dine with me? When and where?"

Slavic hospitality was prodigal. From the invitations of that evening alone I could have dined out each night for the following two weeks.

The next evening I dined with Prince Wolkonsky. He took me to a famous restaurant—Donon's—which was something of a counterpart to the Parisian restaurant Voisin. There were no gilt or gaudy trappings about Donon's, no music, nor entertainment. It was quite unlike the swanky eating places which in the entrance halls displayed aquariums from which the customer selected (presumably) the very sterlet which was later to be served to him. It was above all an eating place *par excellence*, where sepulchral quiet, like that of a London club, promoted pleasant conversation. Wolkonsky was a delightful conversationalist. I found that he knew my country, having represented Russia at the Congress of Religions held in Chicago during the World's Fair of 1893.

"Ah! those Chicago ladies! They seemed to take life—and incidentally themselves—very seriously," said Wolkonsky.

"I have no doubt that you came in for a great deal of lionizing."

"I was no lion," this with a twinkle,

"rather I was a Daniel in a lion's den, but without Daniel's wisdom or his initiative. Even my feeble attempts at humor, tried only once or twice, came to abortive ends. For example, one evening I turned to my hostess at dinner and said, 'They tell me that the social population of New York is precisely four hundred. What then in your estimation is that of Chicago?' She paused a moment—as if the matter required deep thought—and said slowly, 'I think, Prince—that *we* are eighty.' I wondered," added Wolkonsky, "how much farther west I must travel before having it announced to me that 'We, Prince, are seven!'"

Wolkonsky interested himself exhaustively in where I had played, where studied, what books I read, my knowledge of pictures.

"There is in your playing," he said, "a distinctive quality that is quite different from any I have previously enjoyed. You know, the refreshing sensation one has in reading the first phrases of a new author whose originality of style impresses one. It is like the promise of new land one has not yet visited. I knew from your first phrase that I would want to visit the country peopled by your thoughts."

I do not remember what we had for dinner. I'm sure it was excellent; but memory had other pleasures to focus upon. The Prince's talk that evening presented vistas for the future and filled me with determination. If I could only have twenty-four hours a day for twenty-four years to work!

IV

The Russian may be an escapist from the routine and imposition of practical matters but he is prodigal with his time and energy when the compelling urgency of a new idea awakens him. The Russia I saw did not—as Magnus had warned me—always make sense. It was the stronghold of stark absolutism, yet behind closed doors one could hear aston-

ishing excursions into the realm of liberal thought, as I learned a few evenings later when I dined at Madame Offrosimoff's.

Her home was as plain as she—and as somberly furnished. She was tall and gaunt; her leathery complexion was stretched taut over absurdly high cheekbones, her chin square and determined, and her figure stiff with angles. What humanized her was a pair of keen, intelligent, friendly eyes—eyes tired from tragedy, but with an abiding faith in goodness. I was glad to find myself seated next to her at the dinner table. She loved music and we talked some about it, but above all she wanted to question me about America. She asked me many things concerning agriculture. Alas! I knew little or nothing of it. As a matter of fact she, who had never been within three thousand miles of our shore, enlightened me about many things which I should have known and been proud of. I asked about the reforms she was advocating in Russia.

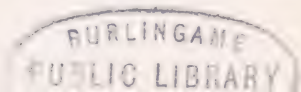
"It is the slowest kind of work," she complained, "and we only progress by inches where there are limitless miles to cover. Real serfdom still persists."

While she spoke I found myself noticing her hands. The large and generous palm had sensitive tapering fingers which mutely and almost imperceptibly punctuated her speech as they tapped the tablecloth. It was a minute muscular escape of the energy which drove this otherwise immobile figure.

Was it not true, I inquired, that serfdom had been abolished by Alexander II even before the Civil War ended slavery in our own country?

"Yes! That is true, but actual serfdom continues in spite of the emancipation on paper. The peasant will never be a free man until he works on soil he can call his own. We have all too few of these. There should be millions of them. There shall be millions of them."

The lady at my right sighed: it was a Slavic sigh—I remembered my manners and turned to her. We had some initial



amenities and then I discovered that she wanted to talk about her health—or rather lack of it. Of course, I reflected, this species is to be found in all lands.

"I suffer abominably," she mourned, "*Maladie du coeur*—there is nothing to be done for it."

She lit another cigarette. "I smoke too many of these," she explained, "sixty each day—they are bad for my heart."

"Why do you smoke so much?"

"Did you not know—all Russians are impractical—it is their destiny—I shall perhaps die very soon."

This prediction seemed to comfort her, so I made no comment.

"You are a musician," went on this desponding voice; "if I am well enough I shall come to hear you. Do you not play soon at the *Salle de la Noblesse*?" Yes, it was to be the following week.

"Well, I shall try to come. I shall not enjoy it as I should. The lights are too bright. They hurt my eyes. And if you play well I shall not sleep that night. I often have insomnia. Please! You do not smoke?"

No! I had not yet started. In fact I was rather appalled at such a prospect.

"But you will in time! And you will smoke too much. All musicians do. It is very bad for them."

I decided I would put it off as long as possible.

"I see," she went on, "that you are not a fatalist. But I do not think that you can escape your destiny. I understand you perfectly. We meet for the first time. Perhaps we shall never meet again. But what does it matter? If we do meet again I know that you will be less cheerful than you are now—" Then, suddenly, "Are you a virgin?" she asked.

I decided not to enlighten her. I found that it was not at all necessary. She proceeded from her infinite clairvoyancy to describe incidents in my life of which I had until then been unaware.

"But in fact," she pronounced, "men remain in their hearts strangely more virginal than women."

I was grateful for this back-handed diploma.

"You must come and see me," she invited. "Perhaps I shall not receive you. I shall not feel well! But come nevertheless."

It was an advantage that I did not pursue!



HAS THE AUTOMOBILE A FUTURE?

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON AND JOSEPH L. NICHOLSON

AT 1:31 in the afternoon of February 2, 1942, a Pontiac automobile was taken from the assembly line of General Motors Plant A in Pontiac, Michigan. It was the last passenger car made before the shutdown and the conversion of the industry to the manufacture of planes, tanks, and munitions. The papers were saying that automobiles had come to the end of an era.

That was true enough, but the end of an era meant more than the fact that the war had shut off automobile manufacture. The blackout of production only anticipated a crisis that had been threatening the industry for years. During a period of twenty years, when the automobile was becoming an essential in the operation of our society, the design and manufacture of cars had been aimed at the weaknesses of human nature. To an increasing degree utility and efficiency had been pushed aside to make way for ornament and display. Automobiles were driving down a blind alley. How were they ever to get out again?

In 1941 there were 28,875,000 passenger cars registered in the United States, as against 16,750,000 in the rest of the world. Americans had more cars than they had telephones. Transportation employed more than four and a half million trucks and 150,000 busses and the use of both was increasing with great rapidity. A series of huge industries had been built up on the automobile—the manufacture of the car itself, tires, petroleum, automotive transport, and road building—which, in 1940, at a time of

widespread unemployment, required the labor of more than six million persons. Enormous sums of money had been made in the business. In 1928, before the payment of taxes, General Motors made a profit of more than 330 million dollars, the greatest profit ever made by any corporation anywhere. In 1939 petroleum and automobile manufacture led all industries in sales; more than three and a half billion dollars was spent in that year for petroleum products and almost three billion for cars. Beyond this there were thousands of businesses of all sorts that depended on the automobile in one way or another. In a word, the automobile had become the mainspring of the American economy. In some respects the car makers were well aware of this and in the early days of the New Deal they were wont to exhort the President to do nothing that would threaten the industry, since—in their view and that of many others—the fate of the country depended on it.

What effects the war will have on transportation can only be guessed at at this stage, but it is plain that the authorities have a healthy suspicion of where one great jam will come. On the 5th of March Leon Henderson said that the government would be doing well if it could assure the operation of 7½ million passenger cars—one-fourth of the cars in the country—over the next three years. He didn't say anything about the fact that in 1941 more than 14 million cars were owned by persons who earned less than \$30 a week. Most of those

persons had to have their cars in order to earn a living. The need for low-cost transportation had been met only inadvertently—through the used-car market. The manufacturers, in building new cars, had concentrated on satisfying the public hunger for style and display. The American people had loved the splendid-looking cars which were offered them; but in this policy of the manufacturers lay the crisis. Either this country will be defeated in this war or will win it. If we win, then at the end of the war this crisis must be resolved. The purpose of this article is to show how this crisis came about and what an extraordinary opportunity is open to the industry.

II

Essentially the gasoline automobile is what it was when it was put together in Europe toward the end of the past century. In America the pioneers were three mechanics. Charles Duryea, who worked for a bicycle company in Chicopee, Massachusetts, made the first gasoline car in this country in 1892; the second was planned by Elwood Haynes and constructed in the machine shop of the Apperson brothers in Kokomo, Indiana, in 1893; the third was built by Henry Ford, the superintendent of a Detroit electric-light plant, in 1893. But actually these men had been anticipated by other men abroad.

Gottfried Daimler of Stuttgart patented an automobile in the 80's. Between him and the firm of Panhard and Levassor, who bought the French rights to Daimler's creation, lies most of the credit for the automobile as we now know it. They were responsible for the combination of clutch, gears, and differential; they devised pneumatic tires, they used leaf springs. Independent suspension had been tried on a French steam car in the 70's. Four-wheel brakes are of European origin; so is the Diesel engine—one of the promises for cheap motive power in the future. The rear-engined car, so often talked about, has

existed in Europe for years. Daimler put the engine there in the first place before Levassor brought it to the front end of the car; later it was pushed back again in the air-cooled rear-engined Tatra car, successfully manufactured in Czechoslovakia before the present war. The rear engine was one of the principal features of the Volkswagen which Hitler promised to his followers. The chief invention contributed by the United States was Charles Kettering's self-starter which General Motors brought out in the Cadillac in 1912. For the most part American automobile makers have been satisfied with refining the principle of the engine and chassis that the Europeans gave them. The genius of the Americans was shown, not in design, but in production.

Most of the ideas on which the American automobile industry was built existed by 1900. Of the individuals who exercised a decisive influence, perhaps the most important are R. E. Olds, Henry Ford, and W. C. Durant, all of whom are alive. Ford, more than anyone else, was responsible for the realization of Eli Whitney's dream of interchangeable parts. It was because of Ford that the farmer didn't have to "send off to the factory" but could get his parts at a crossroads store. Olds, as much as Ford, was preoccupied with the idea of a cheap car; in 1900 he built 1400 of the famous Curve Dash Olds—an incredibly large output—which sold for six hundred dollars apiece. Olds also had ideas about the rationalization of manufacture, and one of his men, C. B. Wilson, laid out a rudimentary system of progressive assembly which Ford—and later Knudsen, Chrysler, and others—elaborated and refined until it became the most prominent feature of American industry. Durant was the young and successful wagon salesman who had the notion of consolidation—the notion that by manufacturing a series of makes a car maker couldn't lose. It was Durant who turned the infant Buick into a success in 1904 and then went on to organize

General Motors in 1908 out of the Buick, the Cadillac, the Oldsmobile, and other cars. "Cartercar has a friction drive; maybe that will be what the public wants," Durant is supposed to have said. "Elmore has a two-cycle engine; maybe that's the answer to motor car popularity. I want a lot of different makes so I will always be sure what people want."

Durant's remark revealed a lot about the state of the industry. The woods were full of promoters, inventors, and mechanics who would get hold of a good feature, build a car round it, and then spend the last of their capital to ship the car to the New York Automobile Show and hope for orders and success. A visitor to the show thirty years ago could always anticipate a fresh batch of novelties. At the 1910 show, for example, the Owen Magnetic introduced left-hand steering; the torpedo body, already common in Europe, was exhibited on the Franklin and other cars. What the visitor really saw was a European engine and chassis which the promoter had improved in some detail, hoping to make a fortune out of his "new" car. Sometimes he did; more often he didn't—up to 1942 some 1,481 different cars had been devised in the United States; but his car remained substantially the European original. Where the promoter's feature was successful it was promptly copied by other makers. This simply meant that as years went by American cars came more and more to resemble one another.

For the most part Wall Street was apathetic to the automobile; the bankers had no faith in a world where the Acme, the Moncrief, the Ideal, and the Zentmobile were born in winter and junked the next spring. The truth was that the car builders were completely different from most Wall Street types; many of them were plungers, and speculators, but of a different kind. George Perkins of J. P. Morgan & Co. was so enraged in 1908 when Durant told him that "the time

will come when 500,000 automobiles will be manufactured and sold in this country every year" that the banker left the room and refused to talk business further. Durant's hunch was right but his vision seems to have included no more than a prospect for a huge market for cars. There is no evidence that he ever thought about what would happen if the country became *dependent* upon cars.

In 1908 the horse and the railroad had scarcely felt the effect of the automobile. There were 90 million persons in the country and only 194,000 cars registered. But people knew about cars and they wanted them. A year later, in 1909, Ford finally fixed on Model T after a number of years of floundering and indecision, and it was Model T that did as much as anything to bring about the dependence that Durant hadn't speculated on. The early cars of the 90's—the Locomobile and the Stevens-Duryea for example—had been luxury vehicles, copies of European cars and advertised as having European features. Their makers had never got beyond the notion that the automobile could be sold only to the rich. Ford and Olds seem to have realized that, though there were few persons who could pay \$5,000 for a car, there was a growing middle class that was accumulating money and could be persuaded to pay a thousand—or less.

In Model T's first year, 1909, the total production of *all* makes of cars was 123,990, almost as many as the total registered; total registration of course represented all the cars that had ever been made in the country, minus those that had been junked. From 1909 production began to mount with ever-increasing speed and Ford's production was most regular of all.

idea; he said no patience with the luxury tation. Ford that he was selling transportation. Furthermore, his theory was the lower the per the quantity produced down. And so rice could be hammered prices tell the story was. These F.O.B. 1909-10 and 1916-17 of Ford between

\$950....	18,664 Model T's
780....	34,528
690....	78,440
600....	168,220
550....	248,307
490....	308,213
440....	533,921
360....	785,432

This was not the only sign that the automobile had moved out of the luxury class. The clamor for good roads had finally forced the Federal Government into highway construction in 1912, and a year later Carl Fisher, the Prest-O-Lite manufacturer, began the campaign for a coast-to-coast road to be called the Lincoln Highway.

Then came the War. At first, during the war prosperity that followed 1914, the progress of the automobile could be seen most clearly in the rise of production figures. The output jumped from 569,000 cars in 1914 to 969,000 in 1915 and then made a wild leap to 1,617,000 in 1916, throwing Durant's prediction into the shade. In the latter year there were 215,000 trucks registered in the country and production was growing. With the entrance of the United States into the war it was discovered how essential those trucks were. Under the pressure of a railroad car shortage, every available truck was pressed into service. The dazed road engineers of New Jersey watched the new highways, believed to be "semi-permanent," being pounded to pieces by traffic the like of which they had never seen. Furthermore, and quite suddenly, the gasoline tractor had become extremely important, because of war labor shortages on the farms. As for cars and trucks, they couldn't be turned out fast enough.

The price of cars rose until, in 1919, the automobiles sold for almost twice the price of 1916—the Studebaker, for example, climbed from \$1,085 to \$2,150 and the Ford from \$365 to \$575. Everything was sailing along in wonderful style for the manufacturers long after the boom, which had begun with the return of the Army, Armistice and then collapsed.

III

The auto makers had not anticipated the smash in 1920. All of them had enormous production schedules and were going right ahead. But the price of everything, cars included, had got higher than could possibly be sustained and, all of a sudden, people quit buying. Eventually, by dint of savage price-cutting, the car manufacturers dug themselves out of the mess and with the start of the great boom era automobiles boomed too. But things were different.

A whole series of population shifts had been set in motion by the War and the trend continued. The urban pattern of the nineteenth century was that of a tight and self-sufficient community—the original settlement expanded. Nearby towns were feeders to the cities. But with the War began a wholesale exodus from the cities to the suburbs. "They're moving to the country," was the common phrase. People left town because they wanted to own homes, or so they said; they wanted to pay lower taxes, have their children grow up where there were "trees and grass," they wanted "better schools," and the city was "oppressive."

These people were moving out; those who had moved in during the War to get jobs in munition industries stayed on, living on the fringes of the cities. This growth at the city's edge was accompanied by decay at the heart that brought abandoned slum and factory belts that ringed the old City Hall and business districts. In the twenties municipal officials began the loud complaint that never stopped until the war shut them off in December, 1941. Between 1920 and 1930, for example, while old districts of Manhattan lost inhabitants, the population of Nassau County (adjoining New York City on the Long Island side) increased 140 per cent. In St. Louis it was gloomily observed that the old city might have to be abandoned altogether.

During these same years thousands of young people left the farms and came to

town; other thousands of Midwestern farmers sold out, put the family in the Ford or the Buick, and set out for Los Angeles to spend their declining years. The drought, the dust storms, and the fall of farm prices gave a final and terrific impetus to the migration that was draining the prairie States.

But the automobile makers were not particularly concerned with these changes. They were after production, a problem that wasn't a problem any more. The automobile plants and the assembly lines had become the wonder of the world and Germans, Japs, Englishmen, and picked men from the Soviet Union came to study and learn how to do it. Fordism was a familiar word in the industrial dictionary.

The question was no longer how to make the cars but how to sell them. In all the years up to the War, despite the ups and downs of the business, there had never been a selling problem. More people had wanted cars than there were cars to be had. The price was "cash!" and often customers had stood in line for months, having to be satisfied with vague promises of "delivery maybe next fall." In November, 1915, Hugh Chalmers had addressed a convention of 600 Chalmers dealers and in forty minutes had taken orders for his entire 1916 output of 13,000 cars at a wholesale price of \$22,000,000.

So, as the depression of 1920-21 lightened and the boom years began, the auto makers found themselves in this position—behind them the second-hand cars were piling up and what was to become a big used-car industry was getting started. There were customers for those cars, customers who wanted to pay no more than \$200, \$100, or even \$20. And the great cities were now so sprawled out that many of those customers had to have those second-hand cars to get from where they lived to where they worked. That is, a large number of the persons who had to have cars to earn a living could pay no more than a used-car price.

To the manufacturer the used-car lot was essential if he was to sell new cars. In front of him was a market consisting of the dwindling number who could pay cash and the great crowd who could only pay a fraction of the sales price.

The first category of persons was no problem. It was the other which required thought and effort if the dream of greater production was to be realized. The problem was solved in this way—through installment selling the car makers were able to reach the customers who couldn't pay cash. As for the man who owned a car, he or his wife could be persuaded that the car he had was out of date. "Many may wonder," said Alfred Sloan, "why the automobile industry brings out a new model every year. The reason is simple. . . . We want to make you dissatisfied with your current car so you will buy a new one, you who can afford it."

The adoption of installment-selling technics came about in a rather circuitous way and against the bitter opposition of the banks, which regarded installment borrowing as spendthrift improvidence. It began on the Pacific Coast in 1913. In 1915 the practice was taken up successfully by John Willys and in 1919, largely owing to the insistence of John J. Raskob, General Motors set up its Acceptance Corporation to finance such sales. Thereafter Ford, Chrysler, and the smaller fry went into the financing business. By 1925 there was more than two billion dollars' worth of installment debt for new cars in this country and nine hundred million dollars' worth on second-hand cars.

IV

Was the automobile a necessity or a luxury? For thousands of people circumstances of employment were making it a necessity; the industry—except for Ford—was trying to combine both ideas. The notion was acceptable to the public in that time when poverty was about to be driven from the land and when two

cars in every garage seemed a reasonable aim. The best was none too good for the American citizen, said the car makers; let him have transportation and swank combined. And the citizen was willing.

The chances were that Cadillacs were forever beyond most citizens, no matter what was done with time payments. But what about a medium-priced luxury? In November, 1924, the Hudson Company brought out an Essex coach for \$895. This master stroke was promptly imitated by the other car makers and the touring car was done for. Two years previously, in March, 1922, William Knudsen—who had done so much to develop Ford's assembly-line technic—was hired by General Motors and put in charge of Chevrolet. The result was a prolonged battle with Model T which finally ended in 1927 when Model T quit. During the first four months of 1927 the output of Chevrolet was 360,000 cars against 306,000 Fords.

The ideal of medium-priced luxury was now established. On the one hand were installment-selling technics; on the other there was style appeal. From now on the selling argument was pitched on power and swank; automobiles had engines that were wasteful of gas and furnished more power than was needed; the stylists were brought in to work on color and upholstery and metal trim and glass.

But very little was done toward reducing operating costs. Never in the United States had an automobile been designed from a functional standpoint. The Europeans had originally put a gas engine in a carriage meant for horses and American makers had never done more than refine the original contrivance. The self-starter had been added, a more powerful engine put under the hood, steel bodies had replaced wood, demountable rims had eased the pain of tire-changing, but it was still, under all its sheen and enamel, essentially the old cinder buggy.

An English automotive engineer at a

Congress commented sourly on these developments: "For too long it has been a common experience that a new vehicle, of which every part was known to be excellent, would prove a disappointment on the road. Generally this meant that in the few weeks before production started there was a desperate rushing to and fro with springs of various rate, wedges for adjusting the caster, bending bars for variously distorting the steering linkage and so on. So that while the new model was announced to the public with a great blare of trumpets as the final triumph of a group of superior intellects, the poor engineers would be wondering whether it would stay on the road." In the discussion which followed these remarks another engineer was moved to say: "With regard to the inaccessibility [of the engine] of American cars I cannot agree that it is a matter of deliberate policy to prevent the user from tampering with the machinery. It is my impression that the designer draws a picture of what he thinks will sell; then he pours in the mechanism and hopes for the best."

It was style appeal that finally brought about what one automobile man called "the perversion of automotive engineering." The manufacturers, early in the twenties, brought in the stylists, who of course were not engineers at all, and set them to work. At first their designs were repudiated by the engineers as impossible. But the pressure of competition was acute and eventually the engineers gave way, here on one point and there on another until, at length, they were all but pushed aside. Originally the engineer had been on a level with the chief executive and the sales manager. In the early days the three functions might be combined in one person. But those days were gone; now the engineer had to accept the stylist's dream and somehow make it work.

The public was unaware of all this. Quite apart from any question of utilitarian necessity, the automobile had become a psychological necessity to mil-

lions of Americans. With the assistance of time payments, almost every man could now own his own locomotive. When the Lynds got to Muncie in 1923 to collect the material for *Middletown*, they found the preachers railing at automobiles and people saying "I never missed church or Sunday School for thirteen years and I kind of feel I've done my share" and "We'd rather do without clothes than give up the car." Ten years later, when the authors went back to Muncie to revise their work, they found that 10,000 persons left town every Sunday in automobiles and more than 3,000 persons depended on local automotive plants for their jobs.

Home ownership lost its attraction. A real estate man in Minneapolis came to the conclusion during the First World War that the belief in home ownership was gone. He sold every dwelling that he had and put the money into corner lots on the fringes of the city and sat back to await the coming of the filling stations. Thousands mortgaged their homes to buy cars. Ten years later, during the depression, it was common for young people who were buying both home and car on time to give up the home and keep the car.

The banks were no longer hesitant; not with the finance companies reaping a golden harvest and calling themselves "the nation's transportation bankers." People were urged to borrow; incidents are recalled of bank-lending officials urging people to borrow more than they asked for, to take \$300 instead of \$200. Some years later the National City Bank in New York installed the Muzak system in the Personal Loan Department, which dispensed sweet music to please waiting customers. "What tunes are played when the note falls due?" asked a wisecracker. "The banker to-day is not preaching the gospel of his predecessors of fifty years ago," said a banker. "Their philosophy was 'Save, regardless of how you live. Do without necessities and essentials if you have to, but save!' . . . Happily, bankers to-day advise people to

save on an entirely different basis. . . . The banker has long recognized the difference between the spendthrift and the fellow who uses most of his money to improve his standard of living. . . . So far as industrial progress is concerned, it is generally agreed that the United States is years ahead of any other nation in the world. More of its people enjoy such comforts as automatic heat, electric refrigeration, and air conditioning than any other people. Then what of the fellow who preaches 'Don't buy until you can pay cash'? His is a good philosophy, but, fortunately for industry, millions in America do not follow its teachings."

The small-town merchants had mixed feelings about all this. They had agitated for good roads before automobiles existed; they wanted the Saturday trade all right; but they weren't all getting it. The *National Retail Clothier* told about a local store whose Saturday sales had in the past disposed of 150 suits and overcoats. In 1923 only 17 suits and overcoats were sold at that sale—while the car agency across the street disposed of 25 cars, on time, the same day. The reason was, "We'd rather go without clothes than give up the car."

It was in the midst of the great style wave—in 1927—that Model T quit. Ford had felt the pressure of style and color for some time. He had gone on cutting prices—in December, 1924, the price of the Model T roadster (without rims or starter) had reached the record low of \$260. Early in the twenties, for the first time in years, he had begun to spend money on advertising. But other cars looked better than Model T, offered more luxury, and were crowding him badly.

What was Ford to do? He had disdained luxury and said that he was selling transportation. He was in possession of one of the largest integrated industrial plants in the world—geared to produce one thing with men trained to make that one thing. If he was to quit making Model T he had two choices. He could set his men to the design of a com-

pletely new car, a true engineering job that would take advantage of every new development that had occurred, and then make and sell it for a really low price. He could come through at last with "the \$300 car." The base market for this car would be those persons who, in one way or another, actually had to have cars in order to make a living. The other choice was to do what the rest were doing, aim for volume with a medium-priced car which essentially was like the other cars. He made the second choice. When Model A finally appeared in December, 1927, it proved to be a medium-priced "replacement" car. All talk about \$300 and selling transportation was over.

Having made the choice, the industry stuck to it. By the close of 1929 there were 23 million passenger cars in the United States. Four and a half million of them had been made that year and about 70 per cent of them were sold on time.

V

The role of the automobile in the depression was peculiar. Of course the industry suffered with the rest; Michigan was the place where the bank holiday began and Detroit was full of jobless men. But in a strange way the automobile was taken both as a scapegoat and a cure. Moralists told stories like this: "Is it true," said the onlooker to the man in the breadline, "that your family is starving?" "If you don't believe it," was the reply, "I'll drive you over to our place and you can see for yourself that there's nothing in the house to eat." On the other hand, before the fact of unemployment was admitted people would say, "A man can always get a job at a filling station," and after the fact became admitted people argued that the cars would get us out of hard times.

It would have been easier to argue that cars, trucks, and tractors had altered the landscape almost beyond recognition. Between 1915 and 1941 eleven million horses and mules had vanished from the

farms and along with them other millions of horses used in the towns. A third of American farm land used to pasture and grow food for these animals had been released for other purposes. The consolidation of rural schools had revolutionized the mechanics of elementary education. By 1940 there were 93,000 busses carrying 3,967,000 school children every day. By 1939 long-haul busses carried almost as many passengers as the railroads—215,236,144 passengers for the busses against 219,923,055 for the trains! Of course the number of passengers taken away by privately owned passenger cars were, in the eyes of despondent rail men, as many as the sands of the sea. In 1940 there were more than a million trucks on farms and the getting of crops to market was dependent on trucks. A long list of cities including Atlanta, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Los Angeles, Hartford, and Grand Rapids received all their milk by truck. With long-haul freight, the trucks were gaining steadily on the railroads and by 1940 the trucking industry employed four million persons. In the case of specific businesses, trucks had practically superseded rail freight altogether. At the Pratt & Whitney aircraft plant at Hartford, for example, nine-tenths of the materials received came by truck and the whole of the product shipped went the same way.

In addition to this evidence of the deep hold that the automobile was getting on the American economy, there were other developments that came with the depression. The need to save money boomed the tourist camps. By 1940 there were 20,000 of them in the country, double the number doing business in 1935. Another phenomenon was the trailer, supposedly invented in 1929. The trailer was originally regarded as an ingenious device for vacation use; but by 1940, with more than 600 trailer manufacturers in the business, it had been discovered that many people bought trailers because of what they believed to be necessity. Many of these persons were skilled workers, constantly on the move

for jobs. By October, 1941, a government official estimated that as many as 50,000 migrant defense workers owned their own trailers. Near Alexandria, Louisiana, for example, there was a town of two thousand trailers, with trailer grocery stores and churches and a trailer post office. An entire settlement of this character could pick up when one job was finished and move on to another.

But the clincher that showed what the automobile had done was the continuing sprawling out—begun during the First World War—of the great industrial and urban centers on the Coast, in Texas, and from the Great Lakes eastward. Between 1930 and 1940 the parent municipalities of Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and St. Louis showed absolute declines in population. When defense production began it was soon seen that by far the greater number of war contracts must go to these same proliferating and “disintegrating” urban centers. An analysis early in 1941 showed that 85 per cent of the war contracts were going to twelve States. Where the contracts went men looking for defense jobs followed.

Numerous persons, aware of the huge amount of automobile traffic in the country but ignorant of the character of the great migrations, had clamored through the depression years for the construction of six national toll highways, three to cross the country from east to west and three from north to south. The tolls would pay for the road construction and the building would provide for tens of thousands of the jobless. The publication, in April, 1939, of the Bureau of Public Roads’ remarkable report exploded these notions.

The report showed that, relatively, the amount of transcontinental traffic was a mere trickle and that the six great highways, if built, would be “useless.” The great bulk of the traffic—and it was increasing every year—was in the neighborhood of the urban centers or back and forth between them. Here was where most of the 27 million cars were traveling

in round trips of less than fifty miles. The junction of Routes 21, 25, and 29 near the Newark, New Jersey, airport was called the worst point of traffic congestion in the country. By July, 1941, the daily average traffic volume there was 100,000 cars. The average value of the cars was \$197; more than half of them belonged to families with less than \$30 a week to live on.

This was the state of affairs when, in November, 1941, the rationing of tires was announced; production of cars had already been cut, and on January 2, 1942, the word was given that after February no more cars would be made at all. There the industry was: in the center three giant corporations—Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler—trailed by a handful of independents—Studebaker, Nash, Hudson, and Packard. Round them were grouped two hundred companies manufacturing automobile parts. In 1941 the industry had turned out 3,750,000 cars, a bigger output—save for 1937—than in any year since 1929. In 1941 more than 70 per cent of the cars on the highways had been bought on time; 25 cars sold were second-hand to every 10 new cars that found buyers. Now “the era was over.”

The era might be over but the necessity for cars was not. When the luxury cars are taken away and the middle-priced cars that are used mostly for recreation and the cars that are used mostly for convenience, such as meeting the 5:40 every night, it will still be found that there is an irreducible minimum—and a big one—necessary to operate the the country during a war. Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and other towns have taken their old street cars out of storage; there’s a limit to them and very few new electric cars and busses will be built. Demand for transportation in the big centers is increasing. In Baltimore, for example, in February, nearly *all* the workers in the big Martin aircraft plant went to work in cars. The Pennsylvania Railroad runs right by the plant, but the management, under the pressure of war

transport problems of its own, said that it would be impossible to provide the 10 locomotives, the 100 coaches, and the 30 train crews that would be needed for the 60 trains a day that the employees of *this one factory* would require. In Michigan it was expected that the Ford aircraft plant would employ more than 50,000 workers when in full operation, and that most of them would have to commute from Detroit by car. Practically all of the thousands who work at one big aircraft plant in Texas come and go by car. These are war contract operations. If we are to feed ourselves and send food to others there is a limit to the number of the trucks that can be given up by the farms, tires or no tires. There are 48,000 communities in this country completely dependent upon highway transportation; 872 cities have no means of mass transportation other than busses.

VI

What had the manufacturers been doing during the ten years that preceded the February, 1942, Day of Judgment? For the most part they had given themselves up to a stylists' bender. Year by year the eccentricities of design increased. Just before the end preoccupation seemed to be focussed on more florid and fantastic radiator grilles and the problem of putting eyelids on the headlights.

The debasement of the automotive engineer had been brought to such a pass in the late 30's that he was put to it to make the new cars run as well as the old ones. The wrenching of machinery to fit the stylist's shapes had almost reached its limit. Of course all this while the customer had been getting more power, more weight, and a longer wheel base for his money, as these figures show:

WEIGHT			
	Ford	Chevrolet	Plymouth
1929.....	2336 lbs.	2500 lbs.	2380 lbs.
1941.....	3121 lbs.	3090 lbs.	2889 lbs.
HORSE POWER			
1929.....	40	46	45
1941.....	85	90	87

WHEELBASE			
	Ford	Chevrolet	Plymouth
1929.....	103½ inches	113 inches	108 * inches
1941.....	112 inches	107 inches	117½ inches
* Estimated.			

From the point of view of low-cost transportation, wherein was the intrinsic merit of these increases? There wasn't any.

The passion for getting the body close to the ground had caused more mechanical distortions; the introduction of small wheels made braking difficult. Hoods drawn out to exaggerated lengths concealed engines that appeared relatively tiny when exposed. It was estimated that non-collision accidents had increased 13 per cent since the engine had been put over the front axle. The automobile was approaching the dinosaur stage with windshields that were all but impossible to see out of.

Now circumstance has junked the dinosaur while the necessity for cars remains. What are the prospects when manufacture is resumed? Will the car makers, fearful of change and risk, decide to start in again making dinosaurs? There will be a huge market waiting for any kind of car, the used-car supply will have been much depleted, millions of cars will have been junked. Will the customers be given what they had before or something radically new?

A great deal will depend on the outcome of the war. If a large part of the national income continues to go into armament, if there is a long decline in the standard of living, then cars will have to be cheaper. Some things are certain. The old assembly lines and machinery are gone; when cars are made again it will be done from scratch. This will provide the opportunity never known before really to design a car. If that is done what sort of a car will it be?

What is now available—or will be available—for the manufacture of a new car? In the first place, the Germans have already shown that with aluminum and magnesium a strong car can be built that weighs a third less than American

models. The German MGM car was such a one; it made remarkable speed records in 1938 and in 1939. In this country, under war pressure, the production of aluminum and magnesium is being enormously expanded. Aluminum production in 1935 was 119 million pounds; it was about 600 million in 1941 and more millions are coming. Though the demand for civilian planes will no doubt be very great, still the chances are that the aluminum supply will be so huge that the automotive engineers will have all they need.

Little has been done to bring the efficiency of the automobile engine up to the standard of the airplane engine. The weight of some plane engines is only one-sixth of the weight of a car engine per horsepower. The automobile manufacturers certainly have an opportunity here to exercise their ingenuity. The materials and the knowledge are available to build a light, powerful engine that will climb hills and produce the speed to cruise at 50 to 60 miles an hour and not waste gas doing it. The two principal opportunities are for the improvement of the engine using high-octane gas and for the adaptation of the Diesel engine to passenger car use.

The search for new body materials has led to the trial use of various plastics. Ford has already cast body panels from plastic and if the material so far has shown serious shortcomings, no problems are involved that appear insoluble.

Experimental work in design has been going on for years. One of the best-known entirely new cars was the Scarab, designed and built by William B. Stout in 1935. In this car the air-cooled engine was moved to the rear, the driver put over the front wheels, the ceiling hoisted, the body sealed and air conditioned, and chairs used instead of fixed seats (all but the back seat, which was so contrived in its dimensions that it could be comfortably used as a bed).

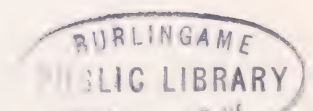
Recently Mr. Stout has been at work

on still another new car, very light in weight, built in sections of plywood and other light and strong materials with a 40 horsepower engine that will make 50 miles on a gallon of gas. Mr. Stout believes that the second-hand car lot can be put out of business with this car if dealers stock not only parts but body pieces and engines for replacement as well.

Mr. Stout is an example of the sort of inventor who puts numerous automobile men into exasperated rage, since he is perpetually trying to do "the impossible." He has worked at every sort of automobile job. He built the first internal-strut cantilever plane in America, the first commercial monoplane, the first all-metal torpedo plane for the Navy. He has experimented with all types of mechanical locomotion. Automotive engineers will sometimes grunt "poet" at the mention of his name and then grunt the harder when the distortions of their own vehicles are pointed out. Yet it is from men like him that the new cars must come.

But the biggest changes of all are likely to come from the enforced co-operation of the plane and automobile industries in war production. Automotive engineers have to work on planes now; plane designers are discovering a great deal about automobile manufacture. It has been argued that the auto manufacturers are fed up with the troubles of their own industry and are glad of the chance to show how planes can be mass-produced, that plane engineers marvel at the ossification of automobile design and only await the end of the war to show how a real car can be made.

The economics and the politics of the post-war era will largely determine whether we shall get the car that the engineers are now able to make. But cars we shall have to have and if Ford is too old and other manufacturers are hesitant, then, since car making will start from scratch, perhaps some younger men will show what can be done.



POEMS OF A TENNESSEE FARM

BY GEORGE SCARBROUGH

I HAVE A LONELY HEART

I HAVE a lonely heart. . . . I pitch and toss
The sun-sweet clover in the wind for drying;
The shadowless, cool wind is at a loss
To understand, I know, why I am crying.
I shoulder up my fork and move along
The slanting field to work another stubble.
The beautiful, soft wind is clean and strong.
I have a lonely heart. . . . I cry my trouble
About the grass roots and the wild, sweet clover,
I water down the fragrant summer dust;
The beautiful, cool wind is blowing over—
It is no time for weeping, yet I must.
I have a lonely heart. . . . My heart is saying,
“What is the good of one man in the haying?”

CUTTING SOD-LAND

UNDER the bright disk the frog's blood was much brighter,
In sod-land rested five years, farmed in one.
I must confess my heart was something lighter
Before the harrow brought the frog's blood gleaming in the sun.

Bright as a scarlet flower sudden to the eye,
I must confess the blood leaped from the furrow,
Dazzled the clod with light caught from the sky
Mingled with light turned from the black-dark burrow.

Even the burrow itself showed its intense surprise
To find in its shallow room the harbor of such color.
Even as I turned down my sickened eyes,
Steadied the quaking heart, the ground at my feet was duller
Than sunlit field had ever shone before
With something wild and puzzled, something pale,
With finding out of that bright drip and pour.
I must confess now, now I must not fail
To make a full confession. Bright was the harrow's power,
Bright were the twelve disks driving, pulling in the sun:
Polished and bright as a white-flint quarry tower,
In sod-land rested five years, farmed in one.

Yet bright as the disk, the frog's blood was much brighter;
Spilled on the earth, undarkened by the ground,
It cried to my heart, it wept for an hour much lighter,
It called for the wind and sun with an endless, scarlet sound.

AN INDIGO BIRD IN THE GOLDEN RYE

I SAW as I was passing by,
 And life, I found, was in the seeing,
 An indigo bird in the golden rye.
 The bird in the rye was fleeing, fleeing.

*I saw as I was passing by
 An indigo bird and a basic head
 Of yellow, fundamental rye.
 If I remembered Reuben dead*

*When I was passing by that stand
 Of golden crop, that fleeing blue,
 It is the way that I'd command,
 Lost heart, to be remembered too.*

CUTTING CEDAR POSTS

OUT where the bluff was not a bluff at all,
 Only a wall of stone up to the waist
 Or thereabout, I felled a strong, dark tree.
 I found therein so strong a smell and taste

*Of cedar wood, my teeth were set on edge
 Against my lips, my teeth ached in my jaws.
 I swung my axe in pain among the boughs,
 I dressed the trunk, not taking any pause*

*Until the tree was straight along the ground
 And honey-colored rings caught up the light
 Along the top where heavy limbs had been.
 I piled them up; the heap was dark as night*

*Out in the sun. I took the one-man saw
 And knelt in leaves to cut the post-lengths out:
 I sawed them evenly, I split them so
 That none was left to wear an awkward snout*

*To add work to the holes. The dust was wild
 In honey-colored fans upon the ground;
 The waist-high bluff was split across the face
 Where the dark tree had leaped and slithered down.*

*I took my saw and wedge, I took my maul;
 With one last glance, I took the ridge road in.
 My teeth were easy now—my heart was hurt
 To see the place where that strong tree had been.*



A CAREER FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

MANY college girls are casting about, wondering in what direction they should turn after graduation. They may vaguely remember reading in the newspapers that student nurses are needed—fifty thousand of them in 1942. But as a class they do not yet realize that they themselves may be well equipped to meet this shortage; that there is important war work waiting *for them* in the hospitals on the home front.

Even before Pearl Harbor the hospitals could not fill ten thousand staff positions that were going begging for want of qualified graduate nurses. Yet they managed in 1941 to take care of ten million patients—an ever-increasing load. To-day, as they are stripping their staffs to send nurses with our armed forces overseas, the situation is still worse. Tomorrow, as more thousands of nurses are called out by our growing Army, it will become acute.

Let such an epidemic as we suffered in the last war strike us, or an air raid on one of our coastal cities, or a sabotage blow in a war-production center, and then it will be too late for young women to rush into nurses' uniforms. "Nurses wanted *now*" is the cry. Nurses' aides, part-time volunteer workers, will be of some assistance; but most needed, says the Nursing Council on National Defense, are well-educated mature young women who will become student nurses and, after a four to six months' probationary course, take the place in the wards of graduate nurses who have been called to military duty.

All of this the college senior may read in the newspapers if she is not too busy studying for examinations, but it may make little impression on her. Volunteer as a nurse's aide in the summer—why not? But go into nursing as a profession and immolate herself in a hospital? All sorts of doubts assail her.

Perhaps she would think twice about nursing as a career if she were told the story of a group of college women who were drawn into the profession by the last war. In the summer of 1918 five hundred graduates of 117 different colleges collected on the Vassar campus to take a pre-clinical nurses' training course. Doctors were there from Harvard and other medical schools, as well as the finest teachers in the nursing profession. Enthusiasm and patriotism ran so high that more than half of the 500 entered nursing schools in the autumn, pledging themselves to stay with the profession at least for the duration. They reached the hospitals just as the influenza epidemic broke out, and that was a test of their fortitude. But they stood by and when the Armistice released them from their pledge, 169 chose to continue their nursing course, despite the unevenness of hospital training in those days. Now, twenty-four years later, these "Vassar Campers" are directors of leading nursing schools and public-health agencies. Though most of them were attracted to nursing by the chance of war, the Vassar Campers are now among the most fervent advocates of nursing as a rewarding profession for college women.

Last summer, before we were at war, a similar ten-weeks' camp was hastily organized on the Bryn Mawr campus. Of the 30 college graduates who attended, 22 have since entered nursing school. There too enthusiasm ran high. "At last we feel useful," said the pre-clinical students; "we know that we are preparing to do work that is important." Unexpected abilities were developed; for example, a girl who had majored in Italian at Bryn Mawr took honors in the science courses, so keen was her interest, and now is continuing her course in a famous hospital school in the East. This summer a similar camp on a larger scale will be held at Bryn Mawr.

I asked the chairman of the Nursing Council's recruitment committee why girls who have had from two to four years of college are especially wanted as student nurses. "Because," she explained, "they are more mature, they can grasp the science courses more quickly, can be depended on in such emergencies as we may face during the war, and after completing their course can advance more rapidly in the profession." For teaching and administrative positions as well as for public-health work a college degree is now required.

None of us knows what the post-war period will be like, but it is a safe prediction that well-qualified nurses will be needed in large numbers. We still have in this country 857 counties without a single public-health nurse and many urban communities are poorly supplied. Inevitably we are moving into a collectivist society so far as welfare agencies are concerned. Public-health nursing can be expected to become as important a field for college women as teaching, and perhaps more important than social service *per se*.

The present need is patent, the future opportunities for service are clear, and a reasonable hope of economic security in the future is not to be discounted. Still, large numbers of college girls are not likely to be attracted to the profession, even in the stress of wartime, so

long as they think it is a little beneath them; and undeniably many of them do think so. Perhaps this fact and the reasons for it and the answer to it will bear a brief examination.

II

Nursing, it must be admitted, has had its ups and downs as a life work for women. The brilliant and gently bred Florence Nightingale raised it to the status of a profession when she forced the British military authorities to establish minimal nursing and sanitary standards in the Crimea, and when she founded at home nursing schools under the direction of nurses, not doctors. For years nursing and teaching were the two fields open to women who wished a career of their own, but only the courageous and the consecrated left sheltered homes to become nurses.

With the advent of the First World War many leisure-class women wanted to become military nurses overnight, but although in this country a certain number were allowed to go to France as nurses' aides, the burden of the work had to be carried by the professionally trained. Thus the War momentarily raised the prestige of the profession. But simultaneously it released the energies of women in many other directions at home; and after the War college women were able to pour by the thousands into all manner of jobs in business. Faced with this growing competition in opportunity, the profession of nursing had hard sledding during the nineteen-twenties.

It suffered from many disadvantages compared with the new jobs open to women. Some hospitals conducted training schools not worthy of the name, admitted students indiscriminately (including candidates with less than a high-school education), worked them long hours in the wards, and gave them in return little supervision and classroom instruction. As a result many of the nurses they turned out were ill-prepared or ill-qualified, and they soon became as dis-

contented with their lot as patients and doctors were with their performance. The economic impasse which the profession had reached by 1930 was described in an article of mine entitled "The Crisis in Nursing" published by *Harper's Magazine* in July of that year.

Faced with the crisis, the leaders of the profession—women who compare well with Florence Nightingale in intellect and vision—redoubled their efforts to raise teaching standards and the level of professional practice. Since their position was socially and medically sound, they won their fight. But they worked so quietly that the public has remained almost unaware of the reforms that have been achieved; the impression has remained in many minds that nurses have to go through a slavish and humiliating training, and that the profession offers such meager rewards and privileges compared with business that a girl with good education and high spirit would do well to shun it. This impression has not made it any easier for the profession to attract the best talent during the past two decades.

Meanwhile, however, actual conditions have vastly improved. There is still a wide range of difference between the superior nursing schools and the inferior, but all of them now require at least a high-school education. The directors of the better schools are well-educated women and the old battle-axe type of superintendent of nurses is on her way out. Daytime hours of service in the wards do not exceed forty-eight a week in a majority of the schools. Maids and porters do the cleaning, and hospitals no longer depend on student nurses to carry the entire nursing load in the wards. Fifteen years ago the majority of hospitals which conducted nursing schools had not a single general-duty nurse on their pay rolls, as distinct from supervisors and teachers and special-duty nurses employed by private patients. In 1941 the hospitals were employing 109,000 staff nurses, and jobs were available for many more. Thanks

to the rapidly growing group-hospitalization plans, the hospitals have had a steadier source of income and have found it possible to increase their pay rolls. During the war, it is true, the ratio of staff nurses to students will have to be cut down, but training conditions in the hospitals will remain much better than they were fifteen and twenty-five years ago.

The most important development of recent years has been the rapprochement between the colleges and the schools of nursing. To-day most schools of nursing, in States where the registration act permits, give from two to nine months' credit for suitable college work, thus shortening the usual three-year clinical course.

The colleges on their side have come to recognize the educational content of clinical hospital work. A new chapter in nursing was written in 1922 when the Yale University School of Nursing, subsidized by the Rockefeller Foundation, was organized on a collegiate basis, and in the Middle-West the Western Reserve School of Nursing was founded by Mrs. Frances Payne Bolton, now Congresswoman from Ohio. Since then other schools have formed university connections, among them two of the famous old schools, Presbyterian and New York Hospital. There are now all told seventy-five schools of nursing affiliated with large and small universities and colleges, some offering a better clinical course than others. They give a four- or five-year combined course leading to a nursing diploma and a baccalaureate degree, and accept students who have had from two to four years' work in other colleges.

As the catalogue of the Russell Sage School of Nursing puts it, "Nursing has become a highly skilled profession requiring a wide background of knowledge and broad sympathies, as well as technical skills. . . . The demand for such nurses is greater than the supply."

A significant trend is the close integration between the school of nursing and the college of liberal arts at a number of

the Midwestern and Western institutions. Students of the University of Washington nursing school are eligible for Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Xi. There, as at the Universities of Minnesota and Wisconsin, student nurses are frequently sorority members. The very fine University of California nursing school draws its students from the Berkeley campus as well as from the State's junior colleges, and always has a waiting list.

In the conservative East nursing has risen more slowly in the college girl's scale of values, but a certain number of girls, frequently daughters of professional families, have always gravitated toward the famous hospital schools at Johns Hopkins, Massachusetts General, Presbyterian, Bellevue, and New York Hospital. Of recent years an increasing number of Eastern college girls have been attracted to the Yale School. Yale admits only college graduates, has a broad curriculum emphasizing psychiatry and public health, gives a Master's degree in nursing, and places its graduates in excellent positions. There are no dormitory rules since the girls have the status of graduate students; hours of duty are shorter than in the old-style hospital schools; and the student nurses have a lively social life at Yale. If you were to meet these Yale students as well as college girls in other training schools and young graduates now practicing you would agree with me, I think, that they are an attractive lot, sure to enjoy their share of gaiety.

College girls who have gone into nursing are very much like other college girls, except for the fact that they are surer of their sense of direction. Several graduates of Smith and other Eastern women's colleges in training at Presbyterian admitted to me that their classmates had felt sorry for them when they went into nursing, but added that now they feel sorry for these classmates who have ended up in a secretarial school for want of a more promising career. I talked too with a number of older girls who had turned to nursing after trying

business, teaching, or social-service jobs and finding them wanting.

III

Mores change only when prejudices are broken down. Sometimes this happens overnight when enough leaders of the younger generation give their stamp of approval to such work as department-store clerking. A change of attitude toward nursing is overdue.

For one thing nursing has been looked at a little askance because we in this country are inclined to think any form of personal service demeaning. Even if the personal service calls for knowledge and a carefully acquired skill, we are likely to rate it lower than a routine white-collar position which may call for little gray matter. Aware of this psychological barrier, I asked student nurses who were college girls whether the more unpleasant aspects of bedside nursing had at first gone against the grain with them. A few admitted that they had had to get used to this side of nursing, but a surprising number insisted they genuinely liked bedside care. Doubtless as nursing becomes better understood as both a science and an art, the old prejudice against it will disappear, just as has the English social prejudice against surgeons, who at one time were ranked almost alongside barbers.

Any vocation is judged by the people who follow it. In no other profession that I can think of is there such a wide range of difference between individual members. There are 450,000 registered nurses in this country, and there is no denying that many are the poorly qualified products of the old type of training school. On the other hand I have met more than a few graduate nurses, both young ones just beginning to practice and older ones in positions of authority, who rank with the finest women of my acquaintance. They seem to be, I must say, happier and better adjusted than some women lawyers and doctors, who for all their ability are frustrated to a

certain extent by masculine prejudice.

I have a woman lawyer*friend, a decided feminist, who thinks that any college girl seriously interested in medical science might better become a doctor than "take orders from doctors all her working life." Certainly the girl who is interested first and last in medical science should try to be a doctor if she can afford the time and money that it takes. But the intelligent girl who has just as great an interest in people as in medical science—or perhaps greater—can and does find deep satisfaction in nursing.

It is true that some old-school tyrants among doctors still like to call nurses "handmaidens" and to shout orders; but they are usually the ones who are not too sure of their own ability. Several prominent New York physicians with whom I have talked say that a good nurse needs to be given very few orders: she knows in advance what to do. Nurses and doctors work in parallel but not conflicting fields. They are engaged in a co-operative enterprise. At Johns Hopkins this enlightened attitude toward nurses was taken from the very beginning by "the great four," the Doctors Welch, Osler, Halstead, and Kelly.

The idea that a nurse's work requires little knowledge or mental capacity is a widespread and singular misconception. Not only is there a vast amount of information to be absorbed—and a continuing need to keep up with the march of medical and nursing technics—but the graduate nurse must have this knowledge at her fingers' tips. A blood transfusion, for instance, if given intravenously drop by drop, may take from four to five hours, and during this time the nurse must watch unceasingly for danger symptoms which would necessitate ending the transfusion. This is only one type of case where the nurse shares with the doctor responsibility for the patient's life.

The practice of nursing is no more static than the practice of medicine. A glance through the pages of the *American Journal of Nursing* reveals how many nurses are developing new technical pro-

cedures. Only recently an Australian nurse, Sister Elizabeth Kenny, was recognized by the medical profession for her revolutionary treatment of infantile-paralysis patients. Instead of immobilizing arms and legs in splints, she kept patients exercising the affected members, with astonishingly good results. In this important field of orthopedics the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis now gives fellowships to nurses for advanced study.

Feeling effective is the key to happiness in any sort of work. Public-health nurses regard their field as the most rewarding, since it gives wide scope for initiative and the exercise of judgment and offers contacts with every group in the community. This is true of the "trouble-shooters" who are now being sent by the Federal and State governments into crowded war-production areas, where they may find themselves establishing immunization clinics, advising the mothers in trailer-communities about sanitary conditions and child care, and playing a vital part in preventing the outbreak of epidemics. It has long been true of the nurse midwives of the Frontier Nursing Service who carry their kits in saddle-bags in the Kentucky mountains; of such "nomads of the profession" as the Yale graduate who travels far and wide in Montana hunting down tuberculosis cases and giving health instruction in every community she visits; and also of those who work in city tenement districts, where they face every day a new challenge not only to their professional skill but to their tact and social understanding.

Yet I have found other college women—both older and younger—who prefer institutional work. The director of nurses of a famous hospital told me that to her a hospital is a universe in itself, a kind of grand hotel of life: she finds herself in constant touch not only with her students but with doctors and surgeons, research workers, patients from every walk of life, and on the outside the leading citizens of the community.

Nursing calls for courage—perhaps

the greatest of all human qualities—and may offer for the taking as exciting a life of adventure as any young woman could want. Read the letters of a Yale graduate from Changsha, China, where she had her first baptism of bombs in 1937; read the stories of the Army nurses who stuck to their posts on Bataan up to the bitter last day—women of whom one reporter wrote, “courage is too weak a word to describe their conduct”—and you will agree that we who remain safely at home can scarcely imagine the exaltation of soul which comes from facing death as selflessly as do these soldiers of the professions of healing.

IV

College girls who see this article may say that they would not mind being heroines, but if they enter nursing school they will have to look forward to several years of dull and conscientious duty in a hospital at home. Yet college girls with whom I have talked are finding nurse's training anything but dull; they are fascinated with the new world that is opening up before them.

On the practical side the college girl who goes into nursing is making a sound economic investment in her future, all things considered. In the depression that may follow the war there may be a surplus of nurses, but it is not likely that there will be a surplus of college-trained nurses for the public-health jobs that will have to be filled. The training costs less than that for any other profession, since the student nurse during her hospital residence pays for her maintenance by her service in the wards. While tuition runs higher in the collegiate schools, it ranges in the good hospital schools from \$100 to \$250 for the three-year clinical course, and some scholarships are available.

After graduation nurses earn an income that compares well with that of other professional groups, even if it is not high. A study made several years ago showed that nurses earn a median of

\$1640 a year, as compared with \$1485 earned by librarians, \$1373 by teachers, and \$1400 by other professional women. A study of the earnings of college graduates in nursing would show a considerably higher income median, since many hold administrative positions.

On the debit side it must be said that nurses who have passed their most active years sometimes find it hard to get work. This is particularly true of nurses who have dropped out of their profession and of those who have failed to keep pace with it. Personality difficulties may also be a bar to a nurse, just as they may handicap a woman in business, if not always in a public-school system where tenure is the law. Good health is an essential and old age security may be a problem to nurses, who as a group have not the pension protection that teachers have. Yet it is a fact that an increasing number of public-health nurses are acquiring civil service status, while others may provide for their later years by taking advantage of the Harmon Association's annuity plan.

Security, unhappily, is a relative thing for all of us these days. So it behooves the college girl, who is fortunate in the education she has had, to look over the field with an eye to her own abilities. Not every college graduate, it goes without saying, would make a good nurse. Aptitude is as important as education. Desirable qualities are mental capacity, earnestness of purpose, a sense of responsibility, tact, patience, courage, a sense of humor, adaptability. The most important quality which a nurse should have is “empathy,” which means in plain English the ability to put yourself in the other person's place. A nurse should be outgoing, more of an extrovert than an introvert.

To-day's younger generation are more realistic than the last war generation. They are wary of being sold a bill of goods, skeptical of flag-waving. They want to be useful in the war but they know that it will finally end, and that they must be prepared to live in the

strange new world that will follow the peace. Sensibly, they want to find work that will have meaning in peacetime as well as in wartime.

Young people who are socially conscious—and I believe there are far more to-day than there were twenty-five years ago—want to serve humanity in some constructive way. A nursing course taken in one of the better schools can be a stepping-stone to such a career. Should a girl marry, as many nurses do marry, her professional training will have prepared her for the responsibilities of

homemaking more definitely than any other vocation could. In any case it will fit her to be of definite value to her community, no matter where she lives, either as a volunteer or professional worker, and it will equip her to make a genuine contribution to democracy. When the war is over Surgeon General Parran foresees "we shall need nurses and doctors in untold numbers to prevent complete collapse of a prostrate world." In the meantime the college girl who enters nursing will be meeting a real and urgent war need.

THE CENSUS TAKERS

BY CONRAD AIKEN

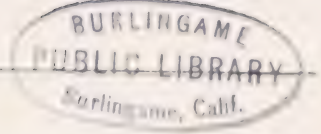
STRANGER, did you ever play ball in a vacant lot?
 Can you lend us the loan of a match or spare us a dime?
 Did you hear of the murder? Would you like us to show you the spot,
 Or like us to re-enact, on the spot, the crime?

Did you play ground-cricket by the light of the stars with a stick—
 Tapped from the kerb and tipped out of sight in the sky?
 Was the street ever covered with straw when your mother was sick?
 Will you visit the funeral home, and alone, when you die?

Over which shoulder, stranger, do you squint at the moon?
 And where is the ferry, that meets you at half-past six?
 What time is it now by the heart—too late? too soon?
 Will you hurry and tell us? That river, down there, is the Styx—

And we are the census takers, the questions that ask
 From corner and street, from lamppost and sign and face—
 The questions that later to-night will take you to task,
 When you sit down alone to think, in a lonely place.

Did you ever play blind man's buff in the fading light?
 How many hearts did you break—and what else did you do?
 The census takers are coming to ask you to-night.
 The truth will be hurrying home, and it's time you knew.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE BROADCASTERS?

THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE "MONOPOLISTS" WHO DO NOT
CONTROL THEIR OWN PROGRAMS

BY BERNARD B. SMITH

FOR the better part of a year the radio industry has been in turmoil. One of the great networks has brought suit against another; the Federal Communications Commission has charged that the entire existing system of network broadcasting is monopolistic in character and has taken steps to curb it; two of the broadcasting companies in their turn are carrying to the Supreme Court a suit to enjoin the application of the Commission's network rules; the U. S. Department of Justice has brought suit against those same companies under the terms of the Sherman Anti-Trust law; a number of Congressional committees have conducted independent hearings on various aspects of the controversy, and a member of the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives has proposed that Congress investigate the Federal Communications Commission, charging that its chairman "is guilty of a monstrous use of power and is rapidly becoming the most dangerous man in the government."

Amid all the bitterness, the charges and countercharges in this bewildering series of events, there is only one factor which should concern the radio-listening public, and that is *the preservation and improvement of network broadcasting in the public interest*. Let this, therefore, be stated at once: the public interest will be served not by breaking up the networks, but by increasing their responsibilities and their

control over their own radio programs; by compelling them to extend network facilities where the existing ones are insufficient; and, finally, by accomplishing this through sound regulatory legislation rather than through lawsuits which threaten the very existence of the networks.

Taking a glance backward, it is clear to almost everyone that it is to the networks we owe a large share of the improvements in the technical aspects of broadcasting. It is quite true, as the FCC points out, that there are remote areas of the country which are still entirely without network broadcasting services, and that in certain other areas available services are insufficient. What is not equally clear to everyone, however, is that as long as network broadcasting derives its principal financial support from the sponsorship of radio programs by national advertisers, network facilities will be extended only if advertisers require such extension.

It seems pretty clear that the networks have been operated primarily in the service of the advertisers rather than in the interest of the public, and it is in this fact, rather than in the allegedly monopolistic character of the industry, that the basic deficiencies of American network broadcasting have their origins.

The networks, in order to induce the large national advertisers to purchase their facilities for the sponsorship of national

radio programs, have worked out a system of discounts which sharply reduces the time-costs for those advertisers who employ the greatest amount of broadcast time in a given year. In addition, the national advertiser who purchases the facilities on a network for a continuous hour of broadcasting pays in proportion substantially less for this hour than an advertiser who purchases only a fifteen-minute period. And during the daytime fifteen minutes constitute the standard period.

Thus, for example, Procter & Gamble will purchase a full hour's time on a network; it will then break this up into four fifteen-minute segments each of which advertises a different P. & G. product with a distinct radio program. Procter & Gamble, however, pays for this time upon the basis of a full hour program. When, therefore, a small competitive company having only one product to sell desires to advertise its product on the air it will find that its cost for a fifteen-minute period of network time over the same stations and at approximately the same time will, after all discounts have been allowed, be as much as fifty per cent more than the allocated cost of such a fifteen-minute segment to Procter & Gamble or General Mills. If, nevertheless, this smaller manufacturer should persist and decide to spend a premium of fifty per cent more than his competitors, he would be likely to find that the best broadcast hours of the afternoon on the principal networks had already been contracted to such dominant companies as Lever Brothers, General Mills, General Foods, and Procter & Gamble. In fine, he could not—even at a premium—purchase equally desirable time in which to deliver his commercial message to the American public.

It is, therefore, not surprising that the crowding out of the smaller advertiser as a commercial sponsor of national network programs has become a pronounced phenomenon of network expansion. Thus in the five years from 1937 through

1941, while the network revenue of the largest broadcasting company increased over fifty per cent, the number of its commercial advertising sponsors decreased almost twenty-five per cent; and by 1941 eleven advertisers accounted for over fifty per cent of the network revenue of all the national networks in the United States.

The networks are not to be condemned for such situations, for it is only by encouraging large firms to use radio as an advertising medium that network broadcasting has received the financial support which made possible its phenomenal growth and advancement. Nor, for that matter, can we criticize the conduct of the national advertisers; for in the keenly competitive climate in which they operate, uncontrolled by adequate government regulations, these advertisers must seize upon every available advantage in order to keep their trade names and shibboleths ubiquitously and incessantly before the public. In fact, despite the purely commercial character of their enterprise, they have provided the nation with some of its finest radio fare.

But there are further difficulties. For example, if a small independent manufacturer, using only a single fifteen-minute period for network broadcasting, should develop an excellent radio program, and through this means achieve notable success in spite of being confined to a less desirable time-spot, it rests within the power of the network upon the expiration of a thirteen-week period to terminate its contract with that company in obedience to some powerful competitor. It is true that networks have not been known to employ such tactics. Nevertheless, under existing unregulated network broadcasting, the network may at its own pleasure refuse to renew the time contract of a legitimate small advertiser. To-day, when drugs, soaps, and grocery products depend in vital measure upon radio advertising as a means of keeping their trade names before the public, the power of the net-

works to take away the broadcast time of a given advertiser and to grant such time to others is almost a power of life and death.

Furthermore, under existing network practices, the cost of advertising depends to the very largest degree upon the skill of an advertising agency in obtaining for an advertiser a radio program of great popular appeal at the lowest possible cost. If, through a stroke of good fortune, an advertiser should acquire at low cost a radio program which achieves great popularity, its cost of advertising will become substantially lower than that of its competitors in the same field. For advertising costs are measured by the ratio between the aggregate cost of the program (the charge for broadcasting time plus the fees for the performers and other talent) and the total number of persons who are listening to the radio program in the course of which the commercial message is broadcast. The number of listeners is approximated by test samplings and surveys made by such companies as Crosley, Inc., and C. E. Hooper, Inc.

Thus General Foods, several years ago, at relatively low cost introduced a radio program known as "The Aldrich Family" which now attracts one of the three or four largest radio audiences that listen to any program broadcast in the United States. Any competitor who wishes to reach an audience of similar size must build a program round radio entertainers of such national attraction as to make the cost of the program almost prohibitive; and even then it could not be certain that it would reach an audience comparable to that of "The Aldrich Family." Accordingly the value of radio advertising depends not only upon the amount of money appropriated, but largely on the advertiser's good fortune in finding a program that will attract a nation-wide audience.

Between the hours of 7:30 and 8 o'clock every Sunday evening the F. W. Fitch Company advertises its shampoo

over the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company. This half-hour is sandwiched between two of the most popular half-hour radio programs; for at 7 o'clock on Sunday evening the Jack Benny program is on the air, and at 8 over the same network the Charlie McCarthy program is broadcast. The F. W. Fitch Company, taking very natural advantage of the tremendous popularity of each of these costly programs, devotes this half-hour to a simple, low-cost musical program, relying upon the recognized habit of that segment of the listening audience which—desiring to hear both the Benny and the McCarthy programs—refrains from dialing off the Red Network during the half-hour period between them. As a result the Fitch program draws a radio audience altogether out of proportion to its cost and entertainment value, and the F. W. Fitch Company enjoys a tremendous economic advantage over its competitors because of its stroke of fortune in having acquired the right to broadcast during this half-hour period. Its competitors must spend tremendously more in order to present a commercial advertising message to an audience of comparable size.

There is scarcely an advertiser of any significance in the country who would not offer the National Broadcasting Company a substantial premium over its standard rates to acquire this particular half-hour. Yet because of those same self-imposed limitations which restrain the networks from terminating a contract with a small advertiser who has evolved a successful fifteen-minute program, NBC will continue to renew its contract with the F. W. Fitch Company as long as the company desires.

Working under such a system, the broadcasting companies cannot exercise real control over the programs broadcast on their networks. Their contention that they provide balanced programmatic fare is refuted by even a cursory examination of their actual program schedules. The truth is that the decision as to whether or not a radio

program shall be presented over network broadcasting depends not on the network's opinion of the program's worth but on the advertiser's opinion about its effectiveness in promoting the sale of the laxative, dentifrice, or breakfast food he produces.

Such radio programs are developed and produced either by independent producers retained by advertising agencies in behalf of the advertisers or by the radio staffs of the advertising agencies. Many of the agencies would welcome a change in network practices which would relieve them of the production of radio programs as a prerequisite to the efficient conduct of their business. But until such time as the broadcasting companies are required to be solely responsible for the programs presented over their networks, a successful advertising agency has no choice but to continue to maintain—or employ the services of—a skilled and resourceful radio production staff.

When the broadcasting companies assume such programmatic responsibilities these experienced production staffs can create and produce programs in behalf of the networks. The agencies cannot in any sense be held accountable for a lack of balanced radio fare, for no one agency or combination of agencies controls all of the programs on any of the networks. On the other hand, the only control that the networks assume over commercially sponsored programs is to assure themselves that their content is neither politically partisan nor offensive to the general public.

The broadcasting companies speak tenderly of the educational sustaining programs which they provide without profit to the stations comprising their network. Yet during the period of greatest "radio attendance," from 7 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. each evening, we find few such programs. These most valuable broadcast hours are now owned almost exclusively by advertisers of drugs, foods, soft drinks, cigarettes, soaps, and beauty preparations. We have yet to hear of a network terminating

the time-contract of a national advertiser in order that it may supply the nation with a half-hour sustaining program of intellectual significance.

The degree to which control has been relinquished by the networks is indicated also by the right granted to an advertiser to specify, subject to certain minimum requirements, how few or how many of the network stations are to be used for the broadcast of a program. The advertiser will, quite understandably, purchase time only on those stations which serve the area in which he has existing or potential markets for his product.

Thus the Sun Oil Company sponsors the broadcasts of Lowell Thomas over only twenty-five stations, because these are the maximum stations serving the area in which the Company's products are sold. It may be presumed that the Sun Oil Company proscribes Mr. Thomas from appearing on the air in behalf of any other sponsor. So, because of advertiser control, three-fourths of the country is deprived of the opportunity to listen to Lowell Thomas' comments on current events. On the other hand, the radio program "How'm I Doin'?" is heard over four times as many stations as is Lowell Thomas—virtually throughout the United States—simply because the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., its sponsors, have existing markets for their cigarettes throughout the country.

The Jack Benny and Charlie McCarthy programs are heard over nationwide networks only because there is no broadcast area in the United States which is not either an actual or potential market for Jello and Chase & Sanborn coffee, the products respectively advertised on these programs. If these programs had originally been acquired by advertisers enjoying only limited markets for their products, vast areas of the country would have been deprived of the right to hear them.

Thus the advertiser determines not only what the people of the country shall listen to but also—in accordance

with his own market problems and at variance, frequently, with the public interest—precisely what sections of the country are going to be permitted to hear a specific broadcast.

II

To insure that the networks control radio broadcasting basically in the interest of the public, rather than in the service of the national advertiser, it is essential that we promptly provide for the sound regulation and licensing of network broadcasting—not indirectly through the control that the FCC now exercises over the individual stations, but by a specific, unambiguous statute which, as the basic premise, will recognize network broadcasting in its present high state of development and will seek to continue it and improve it.

When, by statute, network broadcasting is recognized as a public facility, it will definitely become the responsibility of the networks to create balanced radio programs available to the entire nation in much the same fashion as the great national magazines provide reading matter. If a program is sufficiently popular to interest the entire nation the entire nation should be afforded the opportunity of hearing it. One section should not be deprived of such opportunity solely because it displays insufficient interest in the beverage or household remedy advertised by the sponsor.

To continue the analogy, in our national magazines advertisers with large budgets purchase the right to display their advertisement in preferred space. Advertisers with smaller budgets purchase less desirable space but pay proportionately less therefor. The magazine and not the advertiser determines what the magazine shall contain, and its editors assume the obligation of creating a balanced, interesting magazine for sale to the public. No advertiser receives a reduction in rates if his product enjoys no market in certain sections where the magazine is sold.

With definitive legislative licensing of network broadcasting, each network would be required to build and create radio programs independent of the national advertisers. These programs would be broadcast simultaneously over the entire nation-wide system of the specific network. An advertiser would then no longer sponsor a radio program; he would simply purchase the right to have a commercial message delivered for several minutes during the course of the broadcast of a radio program. The amount he would pay would be determined by a formula based upon the following correlative factors:

1. The size of the audience that customarily listens to the radio program during which the commercial message is delivered. (This is, as has been pointed out, now satisfactorily tested by a sampling process. Just as magazines and newspapers now guarantee their circulation in fixing their advertising rates, so would the networks guarantee the size of the audience listening to a radio program in the course of which a commercial message is to be delivered.)

2. The number of stations whose facilities the advertiser employs, their power, and the number of radio-equipped homes in their broadcast area.

Thus, while many advertisers would purchase the right to have their "commercial" broadcast over an entire network of stations, others (because of the limitation of their markets) might prefer to employ station facilities only in the specific broadcast areas in which their products are sold. A program could be sponsored by a number of different companies in a number of different areas. In the course of the program, when the moment for the "commercial" arrived, the national network could be broken down into the required groups of stations, each of which would carry the message of a different advertiser; then the national hook-up could be restored and the program continued. Thus Lowell Thomas could be heard everywhere even if no single advertiser could be

found to sponsor him on a national basis.

Under this plan the advertiser, whether large or small, will receive precisely what he pays for; he will no longer have to fear that the program during which his "commercial" is delivered will not attract a sufficiently large audience, since the basis of advertising rates will be scientifically predetermined, and will no longer be based upon the accident of an advertiser developing a program of phenomenal audience appeal. Small companies will have an opportunity to employ radio advertising without the present disadvantage of competing with large advertisers who have virtually monopolistic control over network broadcasting.

To-day it is difficult to find a sponsor for a series of Toscanini concerts because, although its listening audience is smaller than that of the program "Truth or Consequences," its cost is substantially greater. Under the plan proposed, programs like the Toscanini concerts would be eagerly employed for commercial broadcasting, for then the advertiser's cost would be predicated not as heretofore solely upon the charge for broadcast time plus program costs, but principally upon the actual size of the listening audience.

All network programs would be heard over the facilities of radio stations in every broadcast area of the United States. Only part of the day and evening, however, would be employed by the affiliated radio stations for the broadcast of network programs. The balance of broadcast time would be used by the individual stations for programs of local importance. Thus the individual stations would furnish a balanced service in much the same manner as a local newspaper which—in addition to syndicated columns, Associated Press and United Press dispatches, and a national Sunday supplement—publishes articles and news of purely sectional interest.

The networks can be depended upon to create through this system of balanced programming a profitable enterprise, yet

one which will better serve the public interest than does the existing system of broadcasting. As magazines strive to increase their circulations as a means of charging increased advertising rates, so each of the national networks would strive to improve the character of its programs in the hope of increasing its listening audiences and thus being able to charge higher rates for the broadcast of "commercial" announcements.

Independent radio program owners and producers and advertising agencies as well as the networks themselves would supply the radio programs; and the networks would reasonably be expected to pay for such programs a sum commensurate with the size of the listening audience that the program would attract.

If proper technical control were employed there would be no physical handicap to the creation of additional networks. Instead of concerning itself with the economic relationship between the network and the individual station, the FCC should now be overhauling its methods of power allocation; instead of freely granting increased power for transmitters (as it has done in the City of New York) it should, by reduction of power and other signal limiting devices, insure that stations will be clearly heard only in the broadcast area which they are intended to serve and will not prevent stations in other areas from broadcasting over the same wave length.

In existing broadcast practice we are not infrequently confronted with the paradox of having too many rather than too few networks in operation. When Fibber McGee, Bob Hope, or Jack Benny is on the air even two national networks are one too many; for no national advertiser will, in the exercise of sound judgment, attempt to sponsor a costly radio program under the present system in competition with one which virtually monopolizes the nation's listening audience. The price of the half-hour of the Jello broadcast time over the Red Network is substantially the same as that asked for the same half-hour over the

Columbia Broadcasting network. The latter dare not reduce the price for this half-hour, and certainly no sponsor can reasonably be expected to pay that price. But under the proposed system the rates asked for advertising on a rival program would be determined by the number of people listening to that program. The smaller the listening audience, the lower the rates would be; if the program proved good enough to win over listeners from the Benny program, the rates would rise. Thus virtually all programs could be commercially sponsored: the smaller advertiser would once again find it possible to support network broadcasting serving not alone his own interests but equally those of the network and the public. And if the power and scope of

stations were properly controlled, any needed number of networks could compete in creating attractive rival programs.

Fundamentally, all that the courts by their decision in the current radio litigation will determine is whether to recast the existing competitive balance between rival networks and stations in their bids for national advertiser patronage. The problems which have been posed will not be solved until, by an Act of Congress, network broadcasting is recognized as an independent facility, and the rules and standards governing its conduct are clearly and unequivocally defined. Only then will the networks be provided with enduring yardsticks and blueprints to guide them in serving the public interest.





COMBAT OVER COVENTRY

THE GREAT RAID AS AN EAGLE SQUADRON PILOT SAW IT

BY BYRON KENNERLY

As Told to Graham Berry

As I was sitting in the dispersal hut of our fighter airdrome in northern England, finishing a letter to my mother, the C.O. entered the hut. I noticed by the early dawn light that his face was white and lined. German planes had been coming over hot and heavy the past few nights and I thought this might be what was worrying him.

"Up late last night, sir?" I asked.

He nodded and sat down beside me. "I'm a bit fagged, Jack. Been doing a little night patrol."

That explained the somber, tired look we had noticed on his face for several days. Not only had he been doing his daily trick with us; he had been making night patrols by himself after we had finished our night practice and gone to bed. In other words, he was on duty nearly round the clock.

Bud Orbison overheard the conversation and came over.

"I'd like to volunteer for night patrol with you, sir," he said.

Several of us volunteered before the C.O. could answer. When he did it was to say, "All right, boys, you make your first patrol to-morrow night."

That meant we were to come on duty at noon, stay in readiness for a scramble call or possible daylight patrol until dark, then make a night patrol.

It was the autumn of 1940 and we pilots of the Eagle Squadron, R.A.F., were still new to night air warfare.

The first night six of us went up. Under a waxing moon I patrolled Manchester, that large city so completely blacked out that it was indistinguishable from the rest of the countryside even by moonlight. I had no time, however, to peer at the landscape many thousand feet below. Directed by radio in a great, sweeping circle over the city, I looked and looked into the dim night for the blue-white flare of a Nazi bomber's exhaust. I saw none. The constant staring into the darkness for a Jerry kept down an unusual sensation of loneliness that crept upon me, as if I were a lone human being in space and the world I had known were ages away.

Several nights later the C.O., Andy, Bud, Luke, and I were playing poker in the hut. We hadn't gone up on patrol. The C.O. had kept us grounded because, he said, "something important might develop."

He interrupted the game every few minutes to talk over the French field telephone to Operations. Then he would use the box 'phone to instruct the mechanics to keep our aircraft warmed up. Occasionally we heard a "cough, cough" and "brrrr-rup" as a crew started up a motor.

Suddenly over the Tannoy loud speaker came the command: "Night-flying pilots come to readiness! Come to readiness!"

The C.O. jumped from his chair and

grabbed the field 'phone. We crowded round him.

"Yes," he was saying, "Coventry. We're in readiness now. Fifteen minutes. Check."

He hung up. "Be ready to take off in fifteen minutes at ten-second intervals. We're patrolling Coventry. Big flap developing."

Big flap meant a big raid! And we were to get a crack at the Nazis. As the four of us reached for our parachutes the C.O. warned, "Take it easy, boys. We have to wait in the hut fifteen minutes for final orders. Let's finish our game."

It was no time for poker, but the C.O. wanted to keep the four of us from getting nervous. Tenseness means slow muscular reactions. Fifteen minutes later, right on the nose, we got telephonic confirmation to take off immediately.

Wearing fur-lined Irving suits because it was very cold, we helped one another with our parachutes and ran out into the darkness. Every light on the airdrome was turned off. There were a few scattered clouds, but not enough to hide the landscape completely, which was painted with the bluish light of a full moon.

"Thumbs up, boys. We'll get a crack at 'em to-night," called the C.O. as he left our running group for his aircraft. All the planes were on the line ready to take off.

II

I jumped on to the wing of my Hurricane and climbed into the cockpit, flipping on the dash lights. Fastening the Sutton harness, plugging in the radio and oxygen tubes, and snapping the oxygen mask in place across my face, I turned the electric-starter switch, yelling, "Contact!" The motor burst into noisy life. Quickly I closed the hatch and pulled on silk gloves and flying mittens as my electrician wheeled away the portable batteries that were plugged into the Hurricane's belly to power the self-starter.

The corporal of the flare path flashed a green light at the C.O. Immediately

his motor roared and his Hurricane swung out on to the runway. I could see the undulating flash of his exhaust. As he lined up into the wind the flare path lights were switched on. Tail up, the C.O.'s Hurricane roared off into the night.

I counted ten seconds on my watch. Then Luke roared out and took off. Ten more seconds. I pushed the throttle and taxied to the starting mark. Two members of my crew shoved the wings at right angles to the wind, then gave me a thumbs-up salute. I responded and thundered down the runway. Nearing the last light, I pulled her off the turf. I heard Luke informing Operations, or "Locust Control," that he was air-borne. Moving the undercarriage lever, I heard a thump as the wheels folded inward and reached their retracted position. The powerful aircraft picked up climbing speed the instant the wheels were up. The flare path lights must have been on about thirty seconds now, and I hoped there were no Nazi bombers lurking about. The lights would make a perfect target.

Flipping the radio key to send, I called: "Hello, Locust Control. Rinzo Two Zero calling. Are you receiving me?"

"Hello, Rinzo Two Zero," came the answer, "Receiving you loud and clear. Over."

"Hello, Locust Control. Rinzo Two Zero air-borne. Over."

"Hello, Rinzo Two Zero. Locust Control answering. Understand you are air-borne. Listening out."

The radio was quiet for several seconds until Operations gave the C.O. and Luke a vector, or compass direction, to follow. As I climbed steadily, waiting for directions, I heard Bud and Andy report they were air-borne. My eyes roved over the instruments. I was trying to check them all to keep from feeling a bit nervous. As the altimeter needle touched the 500-foot mark, I changed the prop pitch to 2,600 r.p.m. so the motor wouldn't turn over so fast. At 1,000 feet I banked into

a 180-degree, one needle-width level turn. Somewhere ahead in the blue blackness were the C.O. and Luke. Behind were Bud and Andy. By following prearranged navigation plans precisely we should all reach the same objective and without any danger of a collision.

The radio crackled in the earphones and Operations called me; I answered that I was receiving "strength nine." "Nina" meant nine but was more easily understood. Strength nine meant reception was strong. Operations ordered me to "Vector two, one, five. Angels twelve." The orders were to set the gyro compass at 215 and to climb to 12,000 feet.

In a gradual climb I reached 12,000 in about three minutes. Glancing through the hatch, I could see nothing below but the bluish blackness of moonlight reflecting on a slight haze. I hoped we could spot the Jerries in this semi-illumination. It was a strange sensation, I thought as more minutes passed, being on the way to protect an invisible city against an unseen foe. Little did I know I was going to witness one of the most devastating bombing raids in the history of warfare.

My knees got cold above my boots in this high altitude and I slapped them vigorously to stir up circulation. The radio began to give off mutterings. It wasn't static, but some sort of mumbling conversation. I tried to catch it but couldn't. It might be a German controller on nearly the same wave length as ours talking to his planes.

Finally the mumbling was drowned by the C.O.'s voice:

"Tallyho!"

Somewhere a little more than a mile ahead the C.O. was attacking a Jerry! Happy hunting, Rinzo Three Nine! Ahead in the darkness was a tiny streak of light, like a dim shooting star, moving across and down in front of me. It must be the C.O.'s tracer bullets as he followed his target. Over the radio came a faint muttering that might be

his machine guns. The light blacked out, only to resume again. For an instant I caught the glint of a wing in the moonlight. A ruddy streak appeared, at first descending in a slant, then falling directly earthward and disappearing. One of the planes in that scrap was downed!

I listened anxiously for the C.O.'s voice on the radio. All I heard was Operations telling Luke he was over the objective. Had the C.O. been shot down?

"Hello, Rinzo Two Zero. Locust Control calling," Operations' voice crackled. "Are you receiving me?"

"Hello, Locust Control. Rinzo Two Zero answering. Receiving you strength six. Over."

Operations answered by ordering me up another thousand feet. His voice was fainter, about strength six. This was natural because I was moving away from the station. If reception dropped to strength two or three, Operations would switch me to a closer station. If the nearer station's reception wasn't louder it meant the radio was failing, and I should have to be vectored to an air-drome in a hurry.

I flew for five more minutes in the great, lonely well of night. The only object I could see distinctly was the round moon. Operations called once to vector me still higher. I turned on the oxygen and took several satisfying inhalations of the stuff. Then again the radio crackled to life and Operations' voice came over the earphones:

"Rinzo Two Zero. Locust Control calling. Orbit. Objective."

I was over Coventry already! Banking into a wide turn, I looked below. Aside from a few light and scattered clouds, reflecting a wraithlike bluish glow of the moon, I could see nothing. To the east searchlight beams moved slowly in the sky.

A welcome sound came over the radio. It was the C.O., calling Operations for a vector. I was much relieved to know he was still in the sky. I wanted to ask him what had happened, but of course I

couldn't. The radio had to be clear for sudden orders.

I had set a course for a circle of several miles' radius over the objective when I heard Andy and then Bud receive instructions to orbit. Now the five of us must be over the objective, not all flying at the same altitude however. We weren't the only interceptors aloft; there must be many others from other air-dromes. Their radio wave lengths were different from ours, so we didn't interfere with their conversations.

III

Suddenly far below a tiny orange light appeared. Then another. They were stationary so they must be on the ground. As I looked, several more winked on, a considerable distance from the first ones. They were fires starting from incendiary bombs. As others became visible, the first one went out. Then the second disappeared. But for every one that was extinguished, five blossomed in the night. They looked innocent enough from this altitude, like fireflies at rest on a lawn. The fire watchers and wardens who were fighting them probably had a far different impression.

A wider and wider area was being sown with the fast-growing seeds of destruction. Several of the spots spread and blended into others and soon in the place of pin-point fires there were gigantic infernos. The Nazis must be coming over by the score, using the thin cloud wisps below as a cover. The rapidly increasing reddish light from the fires made the clouds glow dully at the edges.

Then, several thousand feet below and silhouetted against the glow of the fires, I spotted a winged object skulking through a cloud. It was a twin-engined Nazi bomber! It had large bat-wings, and the "bites" or inward curves on the trailing edges of the wings where they joined the fuselage marked it as a Heinkel 111.

Luckily I had set my gunsights for the

75-foot wing span of a Heinkel. Here was my chance! My right hand trembled as I snapped on the sights and turned the firing button guard to "fire" position. Quick, before the Heinkel disappears beyond the fire! Sucking in deep breaths of oxygen through dry lips, I put her into a dive. It would be a quarter attack. The Hurricane roared down, then leveled off in the thin mist.

Where was the Heinkel? There. Just ahead. The Hurricane caught up with the racing silhouette. But it was transparent! Holy thunder! I was attacking the *shadow* of a bomber that was flying somewhere below the cloud! The only good thing was that in the excitement of expected battle I had forgotten to shout "Tallyho."

The Hurricane swept under the cloud and began rocking a little. The fires below were creating a strong thermal of rising warm air, making the atmosphere rough. I couldn't see the Heinkel so I took a squint below. Miniature cars, probably ambulances, and fire trucks, brightly lighted by a dozen fires, were crawling through streets that must be furnaces! Almost directly below were four flashes of light, tossing up undulating billows of smoke. The Jerries were beginning to drop explosives.

Looking up, I caught sight of three Heinkels skimming just inside the clouds. They weren't shadows either. There were crosses on the under side of their wings. I yelled "Tallyho!" as the Hurricane roared upstairs to make a belly attack on the bomber to my left. Just before I got within range, the big aircraft dropped a stick of bombs and pulled up into the cloud. I was so anxious to get him that I went up into it too, although I knew I probably couldn't spot him quickly enough among the shadowy cloud mists to get in a long burst. My heart was thumping almost as loudly as the motor.

The mist came down to meet me and I caught sight of something dark that might have been the black belly of a bomber. For the first time in my life I

pressed the firing button. The stick vibrated a bit and I heard through my helmet a long "brrr-rrrrrruuuup" as bullets shot from the eight machine guns. White tracer streaks disappeared into the black object, which slid past me directly overhead.

Had I maneuvered to follow him I should have blacked out (fainted from the sudden turn at high speed) so I went on up through the cloud, the Hurricane's wings emitting a screaming whistle. The protecting flaps over the gunports, put on to lessen air resistance, were shot away and the wind, passing by at about 250 miles an hour, was whistling in the gun barrels. I had had my first crack at the enemy.

Near the illuminated edge of a cloud the enlarged shadows of four more bombers flashed by, going in the opposite direction from me. The Nazis must be sending them over by the hundreds. Although the fires and moonlight made aircraft plainly visible in certain areas, the small clouds and smoke caused the trickiest shadows. It was a weird sensation, stalking the enemy and his huge reflections.

I returned to my assigned level and resumed patrol. Unfortunately, now it was all too easy to circle the objective. Great fires were raging below. I thought of the many women and children who must be suffering from this inhumane devastation. Another "Tallyho!" over the R.T. cheered me up a little. I couldn't recognize the voice, but one of the boys in the squadron was making an attack. There was more R.T. conversation. I didn't pay much attention to it for I was too busy trying to spot another Nazi.

There was a great flash of light somewhere in a cloud beneath me. That meant a bomber had exploded. Perhaps it was the result of the "Tallyho" I had just heard.

As the Hurricane rounded the east side of the city and headed west I sighted an aircraft, the under side of which was etched in red. It was traveling in the

same direction as I and was about 500 yards ahead. I had my sight set for the wing span of a Heinkel 111. The black aircraft ahead appeared to be smaller and looked like a British Blenheim I. There were no Blenheims up here and the only Nazi bomber that looked like them was the Junkers 88. This must be one of them. Since its wing span was 15 feet less than a Heinkel, I corrected the gunsight.

Slanting down to ride in on his tail, the Hurricane began closing in a bit too fast. Not wanting to overshoot him, I lowered the flaps a little and eased off the throttle. My thumb was tense against the trigger button and I had to concentrate to keep from firing too soon. If the Jerry saw me he could dive for a cloud. The oxygen felt cold against my face where it slipped out the side of the mask. Steady! I squinted into the sights, which glowed dull red, and kept a bead on the Jerry. Apparently I hadn't been spotted yet as the Junkers streaked straight ahead at about 280 miles an hour, rising and falling in the heat-roughened air. Once the Hurricane jumped round as it got in his propeller blast. I climbed above it.

"Tallyho!" I yelled throatily into the mike, hoping the radio key was on send. It was too late to find out now. I had to keep one hand on the firing button and the other on the throttle.

His wingtips touched each side of the sight ring. He was within range! My thumb pressed the firing button. The Hurricane slowed from the recoil and I gave her a little throttle. Snaky streaks of white from the tracers reached from my wing into the tail of the Junkers.

The Jerry banked slightly and I glanced through the windscreen to see that he didn't try to get away. Then suddenly blackness enveloped the windscreen. I could see nothing! I blinked and stopped firing. It wasn't my eyesight that was failing because the instrument panel still glowed. I glanced round and saw light coming through the rear part of the glass sliding hatch.

Then I realized what had happened. The Nazis had a trick of throwing out black oil to blind a chasing enemy. Dirty oil was plastered on my windscreen. Had I been an experienced pilot I shouldn't have sailed calmly up on the tail but should have stayed several feet above. Pulling up the flaps, I gunned her again. The rushing air blew off part of the fuel oil, at least enough so I could see out dimly. The bomber had disappeared.

IV

Climbing to my patrol level, I noticed the windscreen was still badly streaked with oil. I snapped off the gunsight and turned the firing button to "safe," hoping to get one more crack at a Jerry that night.

The fires below had become so great that I could easily have read a newspaper in the cockpit from the glare. The air was quite bumpy and warm. Visibility was actually cut by the light, which glanced glaringly off the windscreen. Enormous smoke clouds billowed up from below. Occasionally I passed through one. As I glanced down at this dirty work of the Nazis, there were two huge explosions on the ground, shooting up enormous umbrellas of smoke that gradually stretched upward in great treelike masses. Many seconds later I heard two dull booms over the roar of the motor and shriek of the gun mouths.

Still more explosions dotted the fiery mass below. It must be an enormous raid. The Nazis evidently were coming over in small formations, keeping within the clouds for the most part. I saw three bombers downed, one in flames, one with a wing torn off, and a third blown up. The night patrol planes were taking a toll.

The smoke began to thicken and obliterate the fires. Visibility dimmed. It seemed an age since I had come aloft. Smoke crept into the cabin and smarted my eyes as I kept hunting, hunting for the Nazi bomber fleets that were sneaking in to drop their explosives.

The radio crackled a vector to the C.O. Then an order came for Luke, Bud, Andy, and me. The patrol was being recalled. Either we were to be replaced or all British aircraft were to be removed so that the anti-aircraft guns could open up.

I had to cross over the heart of the fire to get to the base. The Hurricane pitched and bucked in the turbulent air. Suddenly the aircraft rose so quickly I was nearly shoved through the armored seat. Then it banked on its port wing and I had to move fast to keep her from turning over. What was happening?

Just below, black puffs of anti-aircraft shells exploded round a Nazi bomber that had popped out of a smoke cloud. Before I could turn and dive on it, a shell exploded under his starboard motor, wrenching it from its nacelle. The Nazi went into a shallow glide. Just before it disappeared into some more smoke its starboard wing buckled upward. That guy wasn't going to do any more bombing in a hurry. It had been concussion from the exploding anti-aircraft shells that had nearly upset my Hurricane. The anti-aircraft gunners below hadn't seen me.

I got out of that hell of fire and smoke as quickly as possible. The petrol was getting low and the oil streaks on the windscreen still interfered with my vision. When I left the red glow of Coventry behind the moonlit atmosphere seemed unusually peaceful and quiet. The sky was clear and the round moon looked down peacefully. It was an almost unbelievable contrast to the ugly night over Coventry, where a Nazi warlord was trying to blast a city off the face of this moonlit land.

After many minutes I got radio instructions to "Pancake! You are over base."

The flare path was turned on and I settled her down for the landing. At this instant a strong cross-wind eased the plane dangerously close to the flare path lights. The lines of oil on the windscreen had caused me to misjudge the

distances and land too close to the lights. The Hurricane was coming in a little too hot—120 miles an hour—and I saw the corporal of the flare path duck when my starboard wing nearly smacked him on the back. As the wheels hit the ground hard the Hurricane bounced up about 50 feet. I gave her the throttle a bit and mushed her down. The next time she hit she stayed down and taxied along at 100 miles an hour, barely missing the portable chance light or field searchlight.

I eased on the brakes and she slowed to a stop near the end of the field. Perspiration was oozing out of me as I turned her and taxied to the dispersal bay. My ground crew cheered wildly as the aircraft stopped. They had heard the wind whistle in the gunports and knew I had got a crack at a Jerry.

I told them I had had my first shots at the Nazis but hadn't bagged any air-

craft. Inspection of the Hurricane showed a mess of dirty oil over the motor cowling but no damage. I was glad of that.

Andy and Bud were already back and had asked the C.O. if we couldn't refuel and go up again. He had shaken his head. The boys said he felt very blue even though he had knocked down two Heinkels.

Luke came in and landed. None of us could claim victories, although three of us had used our guns. We walked over to the C.O., who had waited on the field until Luke had climbed from his Hurricane. Several other boys from our squadron joined us as we congratulated the C.O. and tried to buck him up.

"Coventry took a hell of a pasting, boys," was all he said as he turned, parachute under his arm, and walked wearily into the office to make out his combat report.





WHAT WE WANT IN THE FAR EAST

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

AMERICAN boys are now fighting and dying at remote points in the Pacific and on the Asiatic continent the names of which not one American in a hundred would have recognized a year ago. To what end? What do we hope to gain by war in that part of the world? What kind of peace will be deemed worth the sacrifice of life and wealth required before we have victory?

The first thing to bear in mind in dealing with these questions is that America got into the World War not by way of Europe, where it had sought for more than a year to bring about the defeat of one of the antagonists, but by way of the Far East. The second thing to bear in mind is that this was neither an accident nor a coincidence but wholly in the logic of American history. Pearl Harbor was an effect, not a cause.

Why Pearl Harbor? To answer the question historians will not have to take official documents apart comma by comma, as is their wont after most wars. The answer can be read in Secretary Hull's formal statement made a few hours after the Japanese attack. But first it is necessary to get the succession of events clearly in mind. Late in July the Japanese occupied southern Indo-China after wresting consent from the Vichy regime. The next day the American government issued an order freezing Japanese assets in this country, being followed immediately by Great Britain, the British Dominions, and the Netherlands East Indies. The reason was plain. Poised on the borders of Thai-

land, Japan could enter that country at will and from Thailand invade Malaya at will, thus threatening the conquest of Singapore, the severance of the British Empire, a German victory in Europe and, in result, a world alignment in which the United States would be virtually in a state of siege. Therefore the United States struck back with economic weapons and the effect was to cut Japan off economically from the rest of the world.

Unless it intended to reverse its policy, Japan then had to make a choice: slow economic strangulation or war against Great Britain and the United States. Recoiling from both horns of the dilemma, it asked for negotiations with the American government. There began the protracted discussions that ended an hour after the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. They began at deadlock and ended in collision. But before the end both sides had declared their position in writing, unequivocally and beyond misunderstanding, as revealed in the Hull statement. The American government in its formal proposals for a comprehensive settlement had stipulated certain general principles such as equality of commercial opportunities, abstention from aggression, etc., and then had made concrete demands. Among these were Japanese withdrawal from Indo-China, the occupation of which had caused American retaliation and the subsequent negotiations; and furthermore the complete evacuation of China proper, which ostensibly at least had no direct connection

with America's position. The Japanese accepted all the general principles and in addition agreed to withdraw from southern Indo-China, thus removing the presumable cause of conflict. But they refused to evacuate China or to discuss the matter at all. And on that issue the two countries came to a break, though officially it had had no connection with the last phase of the crisis. All else could be settled; what was beyond compromise was the status of China—whether it should be free or left to Japanese conquest and control. Because it could not be compromised the Japanese bombers attacked Pearl Harbor.

There was nothing new in this except the bombers. The disputed status of China had been the main cause of conflict between the United States and Japan for twenty-five years. All else was corollary thereto. The disputed status of China had been the main cause of all international rivalry in the Far East for a hundred years, whichever countries were involved. All else in the Far East was corollary thereto from the beginning of international politics in the Far East. The rivalry had never come to formal hostilities because before 1914 no one country had dared to force the issue by an open attack on China. The balance of power, especially in Europe, was too delicately poised. Challenge by one country would have aligned all the others against it.

Not until 1914, when Europe perforce withdrew from the Far East as active participant, did one country have a free hand in the Far East. That was Japan. And from 1914 to 1937, when it actually invaded Chinese territory, Japan had been pressing relentlessly to make itself master of China. The United States as resolutely stood in the way, although after 1937 it held its opposition in abeyance for a number of reasons—including isolationism at home and a fear of getting itself inextricably entangled in the Far East when Europe was plainly getting ready to ignite. But when Japan cast in its lot with the

Axis and in 1941 moved for outright consummation of dominion over the entire Far East, the whole issue could no longer be evaded. In the negotiations at the close of 1941 all the corollaries fell into place, leaving China as the central proposition.

The climax had come. There had been no peace in the Far East and there could be no peace in the Far East until the fundamental question was settled: was China to be independent or a colony and, if a colony, subordinate to what empire? When Japan moved to make a Japanese colony of China the question could be answered only by war, and there is war.

II

Against this background it becomes clear why the United States was drawn into war in the Pacific and what it should seek to obtain from victory. What, then, do we want? First and mainly, that we shall not have to do this again. We want a political system in the Far East such that wars will not be in the natural order. If we could not keep out of this one, we shall be even less likely to keep out of similar ones in the future, for now we are formally engaged in the Far East as parties at interest, at least as much as in Europe. Second and less important, we have certain definite material objects, principally equal opportunity for the sale of our products in the Far East and the purchase of raw materials to be found there.

It is difficult anywhere and always to make a war settlement that will serve as a basis for lasting peace. Fortunately, the problem in the Far East is simple by comparison with that in Europe. The European problem is almost four-dimensional. It is almost beyond reach, beyond treatment by normal means. The politics of Europe is so deeply enmeshed in intellectual, emotional, almost spiritual fixities, so deeply embedded in the past, that one may well despair of bringing order out of the chaos that has been solidified, as it were, by tradition.

Who can draw a map of Europe that will not leave embittered minorities in one country or another, minorities of blood and language and religion and culture? How organize the continent as a rational economic unit without expropriating certain areas? How give it political unity, a community of thought and feeling and aspiration, when hate has for so long bred hate, injustice for so long bred injustice, and the feudist's oath is almost given with the mother's milk? We may succeed, and certainly we must try, if we mean to save Western civilization; but if we do succeed we shall have brought off the most prodigious political feat in man's history.

It is quite otherwise in the Far East. There the political problem is not given form by any long heritage out of the past and is not yet fraught with complexities. It has no subtleties, no intangibles. It is clear, direct, and obvious. To establish a tenable basis for peace in the Far East is relatively easy. The cause of wars in the Far East can be isolated, so that it is unmistakably visible. It is, as has been said, the disputed status of China, rivalry for the prize of China. Once that cause is laid, the main cause of war in the Far East, if not the only one, is eliminated, and there is as good a prospect of peace as mankind can hope for in its present estate.

Given victory, then, what is the program in concrete terms?

First: Japan must be not only defeated but crushed. This may have the ring of the retired colonel and the sedentary editorial writer, but it states an essential political fact nevertheless. Only thus can we at once impair the prestige of the Japanese military caste at home and demonstrate to the Japanese people beyond misunderstanding that war cuts both ways. Both are indispensable if Japan is to be lived with and the whole Pacific area freed from constant turmoil.

The Japanese for more than a generation have been making war as a kind of lark, an agreeable adventure. They are

situated in an area of weaker, almost unarmed peoples. They have fought on other peoples' soil. It is other countryside that are scarred, others' villages that are devastated and men, women, and children slaughtered alike, others that must live out the rest of their lives in ruins and impoverished. For Japan the adventure closes with martial celebrations and emotional satisfaction. A few Japanese soldiers are left dead in the invaded territory, but the loss of sons fades out of memory, the more quickly among a people of a warrior tradition. Otherwise no scar is left on the country. The national egoism is enhanced, the military caste is vindicated and becomes even more unchallengeable.

If Japanese militarism is to be checked, the Japanese must be brought to realize that war exacts a terrible price. This they can learn only when its ruins are left on their own soil as an ever-present reminder of the cost of recklessness. It is not sufficient therefore to break the Japanese armies wherever they have invaded; it is necessary to carry the war to Japan, to destroy its principal cities and its whole industrial mechanism. This can be done only from the air, and it can be done if Japan is defeated at all. Thus there will be twenty years or more before Japan can recuperate sufficiently to entertain ideas of further adventures; and in the interval the wisdom begotten by suffering and disappointment may have time to generate another temper or at least resistance to samurai-bomber adventurism.

Second: after defeat, Japan must be evicted from the Asiatic continent and the islands off the continent. It must be driven not only out of the territories it has just invaded but out of all the territory on which it has encroached for decades. It must be forced to evacuate China of course, and Manchuria, Mongolia, Korea as well. It must be returned to the status of before 1894, when it first made war on China. And all the physical properties established on Chinese soil, all its assets there, must be given to China by

way of indemnity. Fifty years of aggression must be canceled out, not only as the righting of a wrong and the establishment in the Far East of a relationship of political equity, but as a deterrent against future aggression.

Third: China, evacuated by Japan, must be left completely independent—sovereign in fact as well as in name. This is to say that the Western Powers too must withdraw from China entirely. They must give up the settlements and residential concessions that have been maintained in Chinese ports, must recall their garrisons and their ships of war from Chinese waters, must relinquish all their special privileges. They must thenceforth remain on the same footing in China as in any other country. Their relation with China must be that of one country trading with another on terms of equality.

This is on the whole superfluous counsel. We shall have no choice. If the United States and Great Britain are victorious, China too will be victorious. For one thing, China will come through with an army of several million men, hardened, tested veterans. Moreover, it will come through with toughened fiber and sterner spirit. It will not have sacrificed millions of lives and seen half the country devastated just to return to the old regime of little foreign outposts on its territory. The old submissiveness will be gone. Fatalism will not be deemed pertinent to foreign relations. China already has a consciousness of its own strength. It withstood the Japanese for four and a half years; the most powerful countries in the world were swept out of the Far East in three months. With the British troops in full retreat in Burma, Chinese were called on for reinforcement and for weeks bore the full brunt of the Japanese attack. And Chiang Kai-shek acted as intermediary between Great Britain and India. Knowing its strength, knowing how to use it, China will know too that it can have its way with respect to its own destiny. The mood will be high,

and it will brook no diminution of the nation's stature. China will take for granted, and if necessary demand, and if necessary get by force, the retrocession of all that has been taken from it. Since there will be no choice—for presumably we for our part will be in no position to use force to preserve our little settlements and concessions—we shall do wisely to retire voluntarily. And that, it can be safely assumed, we shall do.

III

With full recovery of sovereignty, with morale restored and a veteran army at its disposal, China will presumably be able to safeguard its independence. In that case there will be no occasion for international rivalries in the Far East, since there will be no prize to contend for. If any advances toward encroachment are made by any great Power after the fashion of the nineteenth century, China will be able to nip them in the bud. International morality in the Far East will thus be imposed by constraint. Breaches of the peace will be enjoined by fear of the consequences. Unless some new force which now cannot be visualized is injected there is not only a high expectancy of peace but a reasonable certainty. It is because of China that there have been such wars or threats of wars that armies and navies were kept in a high state of preparation in the Pacific, with all the psychological and political consequences of competitive arming.

There are in the Far East also, it is true, the colonies that Japan has just wrested from their possessors, but they have not constituted a cause of war before and will not if Germany and Japan are defeated. Difficulties will arise in those colonies, whether British, French, or Dutch, but they will be difficulties between the native peoples and their imperial rulers. These are conflicts of another and less serious order. The colonies will presumably be restored to their former sovereigns, but unless con-

cessions are made to the native peoples in the form of an approach to autonomy and preparation for eventual independence, there will be revolts of increasing severity. This applies to all, whether French Indo-China, British Malaya, or Dutch East Indies. If there is any wisdom in the older empires—and there are some signs that there is—the concessions will be made in time. Certainly it would be the most egregious obscurantism to act as if there could be simple return to what was before 1941. Once evicted in the most humiliating circumstances, the one-time masters of the colonies will come back to their colonial possessions with their prestige tarnished even in victory. The glow of invincible might will no longer be about them. The spectacle of the English masters being ignominiously hustled out of Rangoon and carrying their baggage in their own hands—a derogation from the white man's sanctity in an older and simpler time—while natives lined the streets in cool observation was symbolical not only for Burma but for the whole East. The white man's vulnerability has been demonstrated for all the East to see. He will no longer hold his position by assertion; he will have to prove his capacity to hold it. Against a really aroused native nationalism he cannot hold it. He can relinquish it gradually and gracefully or have to fight for it—unsuccessfully, because he must fight from thousands of miles away. But even if it should come to struggle between empire and dependency, this will not involve catastrophe on the scale of war between great Powers.

In withdrawing from the Far East in the sense in which we were in the Far East in the nineteenth century, we are giving up the perquisites of grandeur. We record our resignation to the fact that the grandiose notions of omnipotence of only fifty years ago are dead. We write *finis* to the overblown imperialism of the Palmerstons, Kiplings, Kitcheners, Salisburys, Teddy Roosevelts; to the conception of Asia as an economic

milch-cow for the West. But it is time that writes *finis*; we only read history's handwriting. For it is the part of Canute to try to keep a monopoly of the East politically when the seeds of nationalism have been sown world-wide, or to try to keep a monopoly of the East economically when Eastern countries have started themselves to industrialize.

We must, then, withdraw from the Far East in the sense in which we were there until ten years ago. We must give up all our ambitions and perquisites in China and relax control of the colonies. Then we must do two things. First, having crushed Japan, we must give it a fair deal economically: not only a generous deal but a better one than it had before it went amok. Having weakened it as a potential aggressor beyond power of recuperation for a generation, we must give it the means to live, so that there will not be the goad of desperation. Second, we must strengthen China—strengthen it so that it can never again be a prey to conflicting imperialistic ambitions, and so that it can be more profitable to us economically than it was when it was a contested prize. Thus we get our reward for renunciation of old aspirations—a renunciation ordained by the course of history anyway, as it happens.

IV

First with reference to Japan. A nation as large and potentially strong as Japan cannot be kept down permanently. It will burst any bonds, however strong, if denied livelihood. About Japan's so-called population problem as cause for its expansionism a good deal of superficial nonsense has been written and talked. All that Japan really needs to feed, house, and clothe its people on a standard of living not only up to what they have been accustomed to but considerably higher is free access to Asia and other places for the purchase of raw materials, free access to Asia and equal opportunity elsewhere for the sale of its manufactured products. This en-

tails of course a relaxation of tariffs by ourselves in the East. Then Japan can go on with industrialization and, by employing men in factories, feed its population. And if spared the inordinate drain of a military establishment required to carry out an insensate conquistadore dream, it will have a surplus margin.

To be sure, that means that Japan will be in a position to compete successfully with ourselves for the trade of the East, but, as has been said, that was on the cards anyway. It is geography as well as history. Japan is equally efficient and is nearer the market. Its displacement of us was foreordained once it had begun to industrialize. And if Japan were exterminated, some other Eastern nation would industrialize and fulfill the same function.

But will Japan thereby recover and go on the rampage again? For one thing, it will be left spent. It will need foreign help to get its industrial plant started again and that help can be given only on evidence of good behavior. Furthermore, recuperation does not come so quickly after a disastrously lost war. Even Germany, with all its industrial plant, its cumulative industrial experience, its technological advancement, and its natural proficiency, did not recover until twenty years after 1918. Besides, there will be China as check, to say nothing of Russia. Japan's rampages in the past have been made possible because there was no other strong Power in the East and the West had so weakened itself in the First World War that it was a negative quantity in the Far East. Finally, Japan will not have the cover of an excuse, for there will be no fear of exclusion economically by other empires in the East. And in any case, there will be pause for a generation, in which much can be done by way of working out a new international order or, at the worst, in which we shall have tranquillity in the East.

As for China, we shall have to lend it large sums in the form of capital goods

on credit, so that it can proceed with industrialization as rapidly as possible. For this there are two reasons. First, only thus can it attain the strength that will make it invulnerable to encroachment and penetration, with all the consequences that we have seen. Second, thus we shall have recompense for the things that we are relinquishing. This recompense will be in the form of greater political security—and also will take a more material, directly profitable form.

When the war is over the whole Western world will be not only impoverished but confronted with the almost impossible task of making a transition back to a peace economy. On America there will fall a double responsibility. The prospect for this country is that of financing a gigantic world-wide W.P.A. For a few years at least we shall have to feed Europe, not because we cannot theoretically evade this duty but because practically we shall not want to evade it. America cannot in its own interest permit Europe to go into dissolution, starvation, or revolution. It cannot write off Europe politically or economically. In any case, America will not do so. We shall feed Europe until crops can be sown and harvested again, and we shall give it, on credit, machinery and raw materials with which to resume production and put its people back to work. This is the only condition on which we can ever start selling to Europe again. We may or may not be repaid for that which we advance—more likely not. But even if we are not, we shall have our own problem of keeping men at work when we are no longer making planes and tanks and artillery. And it is better to keep them busy making machinery for Europe, even at the taxpayers' expense, than to have 15,000,000 men unemployed who also will have to be supported at the taxpayers' expense. At least there will be some prospect that Europe can resume functioning economically and begin buying from us for cash once more. In that sense the debts owed us, though formally never repaid, will be self-liqui-

dating, which is more than can be said of most of our own relief projects.

The same principle will operate in the Far East, but with one salient difference: *there is every prospect that we shall be repaid, with both interest and profit.* We shall—or should—make huge loans to China in the form of capital goods which it requires for industrialization—the industrialization without which it cannot safeguard its independence and maintain peace in the Far East. China had already begun to industrialize before it was invaded by Japan. The movement has had marked impetus since then, mainly under the stimulus of the war. But industrialization cannot go far or fast without the provision of capital from without. That will be our role. We shall provide capital in the form of plant and machinery and raw materials—and incidentally in the form of surplus technicians left idle by the closing of our war factories. Thus the slack in production resulting from the cessation of war orders can be taken up.

As China proceeds with industrialization by means of our capital goods its purchasing power will go up in equal measure. It will repay the credits advanced in the form of capital goods and then buy more on direct account. For, unlike Western countries, China is still in the first stages of industrialization. It is as the United States was seventy-five or a hundred years ago. On all the precedents of economic history since the beginning of the machine age, China can be to the United States and to Europe as the United States was to Europe in the nineteenth century—an outlet for the products of heavy industry. Then the “potentiality” of the Chinese market, which has allured us always, can be realized. And at the same time the United States not only can find means of recovery but can postpone whatever crisis is in store for our economic system. It may be that in the decades in which we are helping China to build up its modern apparatus we can find time in which to solve our own economic riddle.

Indeed, no other country can serve this purpose but China. No other country of similar size, population, and resources is still in an undeveloped stage and as ready and willing for development. The wealth of the East, for centuries sought and mystically alluring, may still be found.

V

One obvious question arises. Will China become so strong as to be itself a menace, with its 400,000,000 people, its resources, and its new lift of the spirit? The question can be dismissed, though a good deal of near-profundity is already being aired on it and much more can be expected. Military power in our time is in direct ratio to industrial effectiveness—a highly organized factory system, ample resources already in process of development, advanced technological skill and experience. Witness Germany's success and the almost fatalistically ordained failure of France. If, for example, it took the United States, industrially the most highly organized and the wealthiest country in the world, two years to get its stride toward military effectiveness, how many decades will it take China—which still cannot make a plane, which has only a few thousand miles of railway, no merchant marine, no navy, and few factories that are much beyond the stage of handicrafts? For purposes of defense China will be strong in a short time, is strong now, as Japan has learned; but for purposes of offense, in the connotation of the word threat, it will not be strong for forty or fifty or sixty years.

To plan so long in advance is needless—and impossible. No one can say what will have evolved politically by that time. We may have worked out an international order, or a new constellation of power may have arisen. In any case, it is fanciful or rhetorical and certainly unreal to elaborate pseudo-Machiavelian designs to cover any such contingency. Therefore we may dismiss as amateur strategics all the theories of curbing China by creating a so-called

balance of power, by not letting Japan be too weakened, etc. This is textbook politics.

Account must also be taken of Russia, in so far as an unknown quantity can be calculated. Whether Russia will come out of the war revived for revolutionary dynamism, whether it will be a tzarist imperialism new-style, or whether it will revert to a kind of socialism-in-one-country isolationism no one now can say. If it is to be either of the first two, Russia might play the same role in the Far East as Japan. But there are two factors that make for diminution of fear. Win or lose, Russia is certain to come out of the war seriously depleted. Europe will absorb too much of its energy and vigilance to leave any surplus for Far Eastern ventures—especially when it is remembered that America will be at the height of its power and far from uninterested in what happens in the area in which it has borne the main brunt. In addition, China will presumably be strong in its own right and no more disposed to waive independence in Russia's favor than it has been disposed to waive independence in Japan's favor. On any analysis one returns always to the cardinal point: if China is so strengthened

that none dare challenge the basis of equilibrium in the Far East the train of events and forces that lead to conflict cannot be set in motion.

This, then, is what we should aim to do in the Far East: defeat Japan and, in defeating it, crush it. Drive it out of the Asiatic continent completely. Then by removing tariff encumbrances in Asia, assure it free economic access and thus means of livelihood for its people. Make China completely independent by removing all infringements on its sovereignty, including those which have in the past inured to the interest of European Powers and the United States. By liberal loans give China the means of proceeding with industrialization as rapidly as possible.

Thus we can have some hope of taking the post-war liquidation without catastrophe, but mainly we can lay the foundations of a political system in the Far East that will work, that will make peace feasible rather than invite periodic wars for imperialistic ascendancy. And in that part of the world at least we can emancipate America from the danger that has been growing since 1900 and has come to tragic fruition in this war.



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



SPRING is a rush season on any farm. On this farm of ours spring becomes an almost impossible season because of the songbirds, which arrive just as everything else is getting under way and which have to be identified. They couldn't pick a more inconvenient time.

I say they have to be identified—we never used to identify songbirds, we used to lump them and listen to them sing. But my wife, through a stroke of ill fortune, somehow got hold of a book called *A Field Guide to the Birds—Including All Species Found in Eastern North America*, by Roger Tory Peterson, and now we can't settle down to any piece of work without being interrupted by a warbler trying to look like another warbler and succeeding admirably.

The birds have been here a couple of weeks now and we are getting farther and farther behind with everything. I simply haven't time to stop what I am doing every fifteen seconds to report a white eye-ring and a yellow rump-patch, and neither has my wife. Take this morning, for instance. Our home roars and boils and seethes with activity. Upstairs is German measles. In the cellar is a water pump that has gone into a running fit. Outside, a truck is noisily trying to back up to the woodshed door to deliver a couple of cords of dry wood for us to spring out on. In the shop somebody is hammering away, making a blackout frame for the next raid. In the back kitchen the set tubs are in operation, coping with a week's wash. In the front study my wife's typewriter is going like the devil, trying to catch a mail with something or other of an editorial nature. Overhead a plane grumbles and threatens and heads out to sea. Here in the living room, where I choose to work

because it is the nerve center of the whole place and thus enables me to keep in touch with life without moving out of my chair, I am busy with the electric literary life of a pent-up agriculturist, such as it is. Lambs jump and dance in the barnyard, waiting for the gate to swing open so they can get at the lambkill; tiny broccoli and tomato and cabbage and lettuce plants struggle desperately upward in flats in the south window waiting to be transplanted into the cold frame; two hundred and seventy-two chicks romp in the brooder house in search of trouble; the wind blows, the bushes creak against the shutters, the sun shines, the radio plays for the measles, and the whole place has the eleventh-hour pulsation of a defense factory. On top of everything there are these indistinguishable little birds crying for our attention, flaunting an olive-green spot that looks yellow, a yellow stripe that looks gray, a gray breast that looks cinnamon, a cinnamon tail that looks brown.

This morning at breakfast my wife seemed tired and discouraged. I thought perhaps it was the measles upstairs (which we had wrongly identified, at first, as a boil in the ear). "Do you know," she said after a while, "that the fox sparrow can easily be mistaken for the hermit thrush? They are about the same size and they both have a red tail in flight."

"They don't if you look the other way," I replied, wittily. But she was not comforted. She thumbed restlessly through *A Field Guide* (she carries it with her from room to room at this season) and settled down among the grosbeaks, finches, sparrows, and buntings while I went back among the smoked bacon, blackberry jam, toast, and coffee.

"My real trouble is," she continued, "that I learn the birds pretty well one year, but then the next year comes and I have to learn them all again. I think probably the only way really to learn them is to go out with a bird person. That would be the only way."

"You wouldn't like a bird person," I replied.

"I mean a sympathetic bird person."

"You don't know a sympathetic bird person."

"I knew a Mr. Knollenberg once," said my wife wistfully, "who was always looking for a difficult finch."

She admitted, however, that the problem of the birds was virtually insoluble. Even the chickadee, it turns out, plays a dirty trick on us all. Everybody knows a chickadee, and in winter the chickadees are our constant companions. For nine months of the year the chickadee announces himself plainly, so that any simpleton can tell him; but in spring the fraudulent little devil gives a phony name. In spring, when love hits him, he goes around introducing himself as *Phoebe*. According to the author of the *Field Guide* he whistles the name *Phoebe*, whereas the *Phoebe* doesn't whistle it but simply *says* it. Still, it's a dishonest trick and I resent it when I'm busy.

Mr. Peterson, the author of the *Guide*, has made a manly attempt to enable us to identify birds, but the attempt (in my case) is pitiful. He says of the Eastern Winter Wren (*Nannus hiemalis hiemalis*): it "frequents mossy tangles, ravines, brush-piles." That, I don't doubt, is true of the Eastern Winter Wren; but it is also true of practically every bird here except the chimney swift and the herring gull. Our whole county is just one big mossy tangle. Any bird you meet is suspect, but they can't all be Eastern Winter Wrens.

The titmice, the wrens, the thrushes, the nuthatches, the finches are bad enough, but when Mr. Peterson comes to helping me, or even my wife, with the warblers his efforts are indeed laughable. There are dozens of warblers, many of

them barely visible to the naked eye. To distinguish them one from another is like trying to distinguish between two bits of dust dancing in a shaft of sunlight. Of the Chestnut-sided Warbler Mr. Peterson says: "*Adults in spring*:—Easily identified by the *yellow* crown and the *chestnut* sides. The only other bird with chestnut sides, the Bay-breast, has a chestnut throat and a dark crown, thus appearing quite dark-headed. *Autumn* birds are quite different—greenish above and white below, with a white eye-ring and two wing-bars. Adults usually retain some of the chestnut. The lemon-colored shade of green, in connection with the white under parts, is sufficient for recognition." Well, it is sufficient for recognition if you happen to be standing, or lying, directly under a Chestnut-sided Warbler in the fall of the year and can remember not to confuse the issue with "adults in spring" or with the Bay-breast at *any* season—specially the *female* Bay-breast in spring, which is rather dim and indistinct, the way all birds look to me when they are in a hurry (which they almost always are) or when I am. A hurried man trying to identify a hurried bird is palpably a ridiculous situation.

Even the author of the *Guide* admits, in places, that a bird spotter is in for real trouble. The Sycamore Warbler, he says, is almost identical with the Yellow-throated Warbler, but might be distinguished "at extremely short range" by the lack of any yellow between the eye and the bill. It helps some though if you can remember which side of the Alleghenies you are on. I try to keep that in mind always.

The thing that amuses me about song-birds in our amazing springtime is the way my wife takes her troubles out on the birds themselves, who are, in a sense, innocent enough. She is puzzled and annoyed at her inability to master, in a few crowded weeks, the amazing intricacies of bird markings—made even more difficult because we sent our binoculars to England year before last to help in the defense of the British Isles. A little while

ago I saw her pause for a fleeting moment at a window as she was passing by and heard her mutter peevishly: "There goes one of those damned little Yellow Palm Warblers." Then she added, in a barely audible whisper, "I guess."

* * *

Songbirds can be ruinous as well as hard to tell apart. A few days ago I seeded last year's garden piece to grass. Next morning a great flock of juncos came in, wave after wave, white-bellied evil-minded juncos, slate-colored hungry juncos, smaller-than-a-house-sparrow-something-like-a-Vesper-sparrow juncos. They swarmed into the field and ate up all the seeds. It was the first time I had ever sprung after a songbird with a foul oath.

* * *

When we first came here to live, the road in front of our house was a dirt road. But after a while they tarred it. Now, in war, with the automobile on the wane and the horse returning, I think probably they will have to throw some dirt back on the road, the surface being too hard on the feet of animals. Moral: men should settle their differences before they improve their roads.

* * *

Our county had its first blackout the other evening, on Palm Sunday. It was considered a success, although no bomb fell. It was a lovely day for a raid—one of those quiet days full of a deceptive peace. When I looked out at daybreak the ground was white with frost, but you could tell it was going to be a fine day. I got up promptly to tend some new chicks and was busy with them for a half hour before breakfast, thinking of palms and Christ and bombs and dry litter. After breakfast a new lamb turned up with a sore eye, which I bathed with boric acid so it could see well for the blackout, and then was summoned to help a scholar with his grammar but with no success. When I could not think of a pronoun used with conjunctive force and did not know what an adjectival complement was he grew restless and discouraged.

"You really don't know anything about grammar, do you?" he said.

"No, I don't," I replied, with only a trace of regret.

Only three or four cars passed, the whole morning long. We saw no palm leaves and did not go to church. After his homework was done the boy left to dam a stream, and from the kitchen came the drowsy sound of something being chopped in a bowl. Mostly we just lay around, waiting for the blackout.

A little after nine o'clock in the evening, our 'phone began ringing the numbers on the party line (we are on a line with seven other subscribers and each has his own distinctive ring, almost as hard to tell apart as the warblers). I sat by the 'phone waiting, with my jacket and cap on and my gloves handy. When our call came, I picked up the 'phone and the voice of our chief air raid warden said: "The yellow has just come through."

Outside, the truck stood ready, trembling, its engine running, its headlights on (we were instructed to drive with lights for this first raid). I hung up the 'phone, ran outside, and jumped in. My assignment was to give the alarm on a stretch of road between our house and the center of the village two and a half miles away. The signal was to be a continuous blowing of the horn.

As I turned out of the drive into the highway and jammed the horn button down, trying to shift gears, blow a horn, and make a turn, all with only two hands, the thing seemed entirely real to me—just as the first second or two of the fire drill in grammar school used to seem real, when the gong sounded suddenly and you had to guess whether the fire was a hot one or an imaginary one. To race through the countryside at night, blowing your horn steadily, stirs the blood up. For a few minutes I was brother to Paul Revere.

The villagers had been reading about the blackout for a week in the newspaper and were prepared, some with blackout curtains, others with the simpler defense mechanism—blowing out the lamp. As

I passed farmhouse after farmhouse, making my horrible racket, shades were quickly drawn and lights went out. I drove as fast as I could considering the condition of the road, which was full of holes where the frost had heaved the tar. The horn button proved treacherous; it would make contact only if held in a certain position, and occasionally I'd lose the horn and have to worry it on again.

As I drew in to the village I heard the church bell ringing. The church was black, the two stores were black, and the four or five houses at the corner were black. I peered into the church and tried to see the sexton at the bell rope, but couldn't. For a minute or two my horn and the church bell quarreled, the sacred and the profane, riling the Sabbath evening. Then I turned the truck round and started back home—no horn this time. One house still showed lights. I stopped and tooted peremptorily. The lights were quickly extinguished. I glanced in at the house where the old lady lived who had said that she was so far off the road she wouldn't be able to hear the signal but that it wouldn't make any difference because she always went to bed before nine o'clock anyway. Everything was dark at her house.

I was back home about twenty-five past nine, and at nine-thirty the 'phone rang again and the warden announced: "Red light." The raid was on.

Sitting by the radio in the dark living room (our own curtains hadn't been installed) we turned on Fred Allen for the duration of the raid. When the all-clear came through I repeated the trip to town, sounding the horn again, but the bloom was off the rose: the second trip was anticlimactic. The church bell was ringing again, and this time the sexton was visible in the vestibule.

* * *

One of the things I had to do, to get ready to black out our farm, was to devise a blackout hood for the pilot light on my electric brooder stove, which goes on and off as the thermostat switch operates. I found an old tin cup and inverted this

over the bulb, a simple precaution involving two hundred and seventy-two lives, not counting our own.

* * *

I hope the United States does not wait until it is ready before beginning to fight the war in Europe. For we will never be ready. No country can ever be wholly prepared to go to war. The President has repeatedly said that we need planes and tanks and guns; *production* is the word which we have been taught to believe in, and it suits our character and our talents; but it is a dangerous word, just as defense was a dangerous and fateful word, and just as the phrase "all aid short of war" was a fateful and treacherous phrase. Germany and Japan have won their gains not merely because of their enormous production but because of the enormous risks which they were willing to take at the proper moment. Unless we take equal or greater risks we will not beat them.

Preparation for fighting a war is like preparation for taking a cruise in a small sailing boat—there is no end to it. It is possible to get so absorbed in the details of preparation as to lose sight of the trip. Anyone who has ever had the experience will know what I mean. If you were to wait until both you and the boat were really ready to put to sea the summer would pass and the autumn would find you still at your home mooring. No boat is ever entirely ready to put to sea, no country is ever fully prepared to go to war; always there remain things which should be attended to, contingencies which should be provided for. But there comes a moment when you have to forget about preparations and think about the stars and the sea and the lengthening nights. You know that if you don't go now you will never go. So you drop off your mooring and shape your course to the wind. From then on things begin to move; you may not be ready in every particular, but you are under way and the ship is alive. And something vital in the ship imparts sudden life and resourcefulness to her crew.



SEDITION'S GENERAL STAFF

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

CERTAIN abridgments of the Bill of Rights during wartime are inevitable, acceptable, and alarming to no one. Everyone knows that they are necessary, and of the restrictions so far put on individual freedom some have been accepted without comment and others without widespread awareness. Lately, however, the government has begun—rather belatedly—to deal with sedition, and it is altogether impossible to deal with sedition without raising some of the most difficult and even most dangerous issues in the conduct of war.

In proceeding against William Dudley Pelley and the four lesser known men whose arrest for sedition has so far been announced, the government has chosen to enforce the Espionage Act of 1917. The excesses committed under cover of that Act during and immediately following the last war have clearly made the government reluctant to apply it in this war. Those excesses were flagrant and we soon came to be ashamed of them. War emotions sanctioned the brutal treatment of innocent persons, they widened the definition of sedition so far that the Bill of Rights was mocked, and finally they permitted an Attorney General of the United States to whip up a public terror as he prepared for his personal campaign for a Presidential nomination. That remembrance of these things should exercise a deterrent effect on the government is wholesome and reassuring. Nevertheless, tenderness over past errors must not be permitted to produce errors of the

opposite kind. There is such a thing as sedition. It exists to-day in extremely dangerous forms. It must not be granted immunity on the ground that innocent persons were injured twenty-five years ago.

It is also true that one of the basic dangers in the abuse of freedom of speech has not been covered by law. The most brilliant thinking about the constitutional guarantees of free expression in our time occurs in the opinions of the late Justice Holmes, many of them in relation to cases under the Espionage Act and its more severe amendment. But Holmes's principles do not fully cover a recurrent problem which we are certainly going to have to grapple with. Briefly, his doctrine is that the individual must be protected in his right to oppose the war effort of the government in absolutely all circumstances except those which "create a clear and present danger that they will bring about" successful interference with the prosecution of the war. No matter how seditious in theory or tendency the individual's utterances may be, he must be permitted to express them freely up to the point where they become immediately likely to produce actual desertion, insurrection, or other violent stoppage of the war effort. That is clear—but also it is limited.

It makes sedition a matter of degree but fails to provide an effective means of determining degree. In the opinion just quoted Holmes went on to acknowledge, "When a nation is at war many things

that might be said in time of peace are such a hindrance to its effort that their utterance will not be endured so long as men fight and that no Court could regard them as protected by any constitutional right." Yes, but just what are they? It was absurd in the last war to prosecute a man who mailed a letter saying that the Administration had misrepresented Germany's submarine warfare. It would be absurd now to prosecute a person who declared in private conversation or in an orderly assembly that the Administration's war policy was confused, mistaken, or a failure, or one who in the same circumstances declared that the war was the result of American aggression and called for the election of a Congress that would bring it to an end. Somewhere beyond that lies the acceptable limit of Justice Holmes's sanction, but just where? Utterances which repeat the Axis propaganda line directly or by implication, which dovetail into its program, which are clearly designed to darken counsel or increase domestic dissension or arouse active resistance, when accompanied by systematic falsification and when made to the enormous audiences reached by radio stations or metropolitan newspapers—such utterances, which are made every day, have certainly crossed the boundary Holmes sets up, but at what point no one can say.

We run into the very difficulty that those opinions were intended to obviate: that in the individual instance the courts must decide whether sedition has been committed. That implies that as the war goes on the courts will tend to decide more harshly as public feeling becomes more angry. That, in turn, probably means that the obscure or the humble or the relatively ineffective will be punished excessively and the innocent may suffer. The Holmes principle has to say of it only—too bad. But there is no light on a graver matter: that the really dangerous authors of sedition may be immune.

Judicial interpretations of the Espionage Act, that is, have not covered a central problem. They have not answered

Lincoln's question, "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts while I must not touch a hair of the wily agitator who induced him to desert?" The soldier boy was subject to military law but the wily agitator was protected by the civil law in his effort to overturn the basis of all law.

Lincoln's question was written in answer to a protest against the trial of Clement L. Vallandigham by a military commission. Vallandigham had certainly committed both sedition and treason. Just as certainly, the military commission was outside the provisions and safeguards of the civil law. But it is also certain that the Vallandigham case raised issues which, because it also involved principles of public policy that happened to have a greater immediate importance than the legal principles, have never yet been squarely met.

Whatever may be true of the Vallandigham case, it is crystal clear that many acts of Lincoln's Administration did infringe the constitutional provisions of the Bill of Rights. It is equally clear that the Administration was forced to many of those acts because neither the Constitution nor the civil law provided for certain highly dangerous emergencies which confronted the government in the Civil War. Those dangers are much closer to dangers we are exposed to now than any we experienced in the First World War. They repeatedly forced Lincoln to determine a point at which an ancient legal maxim began to operate. *Inter arma leges silent*, that maxim says: when the appeal to arms has been made the laws are silent. The problem of suspending the law in emergency comes close to the core of democratic government. But its very centrality enables enemies of democracy to use it as a weapon of offense. Democracy guarantees the individual the free exercise of his rights, but reluctance to prevent that exercise might easily bring about the destruction of democracy.

Lincoln met this difficulty squarely by suspending the privilege of habeas corpus

and by committing political prisoners to the jurisdiction of military courts. Two famous judicial opinions have passed judgment on him. But it is not clear that they took account of the realities he faced or that they have any guidance for us.

In May, 1861, at the height of the struggle to keep Maryland in the Union (the secession of Maryland might well have lost us the war), John Merryman, a Confederate lieutenant in that State on recruiting service, was arrested by order of the commanding general. The general then, on the authority of the President, refused to acknowledge the writ of habeas corpus served on him. Justice Taney declared that the President had no power to suspend habeas corpus, and his declaration has stood on the record ever since. But the laws, though not silent, were in fact suspended, the writ was ineffective, and a constitutional guarantee had been overridden. Confederates and Confederate abettors in Maryland may have been protected by the Constitution, but the Union had to be saved. That is probably the sole teaching of *ex parte Merryman* to-day. Unless one adds that, since the end of the Civil War, no man's rights have been jeopardized because John Merryman lost his in 1861.

In August, 1864, Lambdin P. Milligan of Indiana was arrested by military order. He was tried by a military commission for conspiring against the United States and inciting insurrection. On conclusive evidence he was found guilty and sentenced to death. The Supreme Court agreed to review his case and in April, 1866, announced its decision. Briefly, that decision was that the proceedings had been illegal, since Indiana was not actually a theater of invasion or insurrection, the civil courts were operating there, and when civil courts are operating civilians cannot be subjected to the jurisdiction of military courts. That decision prohibits the arbitrary suspension by the government of the orderly processes and protections of law.

Or does it? No one contemplates the

use of military courts in prosecutions for sedition to-day, and it is by no means clear that the decision in *ex parte Milligan* faces Lincoln's needs or ours. For the decision of the Court was arrived at after the emergency was over, after the Civil War had come to an end. It is quite certain that if the war had been going on the court would either have decided otherwise or found some way of avoiding a decision. The *Milligan* case has "long been recognized as one of the bulwarks of American liberty," but its real teaching may be a highly realistic one. It may teach that in wartime you act according to the necessities, and if the necessities infringe on constitutional guarantees you make reparation when the war is over.

During the Civil War as many as thirty-eight thousand persons were arbitrarily arrested by executive authority. Some of these arrests originated in party politics, many were made on the merest suspicion, many others on the whim of the Secretaries of War and State. A very great many of them, however, were absolutely necessary for the defense of the nation. It was under attack by a power whose agents, spies, agitators, and sympathizers frequently found protection under the civil law. In defending the arrests Lincoln voiced a doctrine of great potential danger to the Bill of Rights, a theory of the anticipation of crime, of "arrests made not so much for what was done as for what probably would be done." That theory is at the opposite pole from Holmes's principle; unquestionably it could define sedition as "imagining the death of the king." Nevertheless the necessity for Lincoln's action cannot be denied nor can he be gainsaid in his assertion that he was confronting a situation for which no constitutional provision had been made. In order to preserve the Constitution which guaranteed individual rights he had to save the nation which the Constitution governed—even if, in order to do so, he had to violate the Constitution.

How far are enemies of our form of

government to be permitted to invoke its protections in order to implement their efforts to destroy it? Our problems today are much closer to Lincoln's than to those which the Espionage Act was designed to cover. In 1917 we had to deal with only small subversive groups and small numbers of enemy agents. But now, like Lincoln, we must deal with large numbers of agents directed by enemy governments and in working alliance with sizable subversive groups of our own citizens. Lincoln spoke of "a most efficient corps of spies, informers, suppliers, and abettors of their [the enemy's] cause," and appears to have been describing sedition in 1942. Our job is complicated by things which Lincoln did not have to deal with, a highly developed technic of psychological warfare, of setting class against class and belief against belief for the purpose of weakening us from within, and an efficient mechanism directed from Berlin which utilizes every variety of assistance that native traitors can supply. A kind of war instigated and propagated by the exterior enemy is being waged within the nation by American citizens. That it is so far a small and ineffective war does not in the least alter the fact that it is a civil war. The Constitution, which had no provision for it in Lincoln's time, has none now. Much of it is being conducted under the protection of the Bill of Rights, and there is no effective way of stopping it without infringing liberties also guaranteed to the innocent.

The earliest arrests for sedition in the present war were made among the small fry. If they are guilty they can be taken care of under the Espionage Act and related measures. With the government proceeding in scrupulous remembrance of injuries wrought during the last war, it is at present unlikely that the innocent will suffer. The arrest of Mr. Pelley reaches a considerably more dangerous class, but for that class also the provisions of the law are adequate. He will be tried with due process in the federal courts and the entire class to which he is

accused of belonging can be handled within the established framework.

But neither the small fry nor such men as Pelley are our principal danger. They are the front men, the fall guys, either the dupes or the vicars of really formidable traitors. Lincoln asked if he must shoot the simple-minded deserter and let the procurer of desertion go free. Must we jail the distributors of idiotic and ineffective pamphlets handed to soldiers who will only laugh at them, while we permit the authors and procurers of the sedition contained in them to conduct a planned attack on the American system while that system is at war for its existence? To ask the question is to answer it: we certainly are not going to tolerate civil war while we are fighting a foreign war. But the civil war, which is made in the interests of the foreign war, is being conducted under the protection of the very guarantees which are the essence of the American system. Neither the problem nor the solution has changed since Lincoln's time.

The general staff of that civil war are attacking our democracy directly, indirectly, and by insinuation in a day-by-day campaign which harmonizes perfectly with the attacks made on it by our foreign enemies. They let the small fry and the traitors of the second magnitude take the rap, while in the pulpit, the editorial page, and their organized network they utilize their constitutional freedoms to hamstring the defense of freedom. No one can doubt that at the proper time this general staff will overtly acknowledge the alliance they now serve. Is there no recourse or preventive?

There certainly is. You do not save freedom by sanctioning treason against it—you withdraw the sanction. You determine, with Lincoln, that the constitutional guarantees depend on the preservation of the nation which the Constitution governs. You take action. If your action produces injuries you are willing to make reparation after the war shall be won. You establish a line beyond which the laws will be silent.



Harper's *Magazine*

SKY TRUCKS COMING

FREIGHT BOATS CAN'T SUPPLY A FIVE-CONTINENT AIR FORCE

BY WILLIAM M. SHEEHAN

WE CANNOT win this war with bombers alone. Although the unmistakable trend in modern warfare places more and more emphasis upon fighting *above* rather than *on* the surface of the earth, it is nevertheless a fact that bombers by themselves are not going to win this war. We should not think that because our gigantic four-engined bomber production program will soon exceed the combined production of all our enemies we may complacently envision easy supremacy of the air and shall not have to seek new methods of using air power to greatest advantage.

What is going to win this war, in so far as air power is concerned, is a thoroughly modern and well-balanced Air Force. That means that, in addition to bombers and fighters, we need all the parachute-troop transports, sky ambulances, aerial tankers and freighters, aerial repair shops, camp kitchens, and other specialized service aircraft that ingenious tacticians can find a use for.

Our bomber program is well under way and our overwhelming need now is for planes in the noncombatant, heavy-load category.

Modern warfare attaches great importance to the factors of mobility and surprise. These in turn call for an abundance of the fastest type of supply vehicle. We should not think of sending into battle a mechanized ground force that did not include thousands of motorized supply vehicles. Even a land-lubber knows that the best battleships and cruisers are useless without plenty of transports that can accompany them in the same medium, the ocean. Yet as far as the average reflective American citizen can see, we are trying to create the world's finest air force without building at the same time enough of the only kind of supply vehicle that can keep up with it. We are supplying our advanced air bases by means of eleven-knot cargo ships, which is as incongruous and shortsighted as it would be to try to maintain a

modern mechanized column with ox carts and mules.

Lieutenant General Arnold, probably our best-informed person in the field of military aviation, has said that the "ultimate" in modern air warfare will be reached through parachute troops and air infantry. That makes the transport plane of top importance. For aerial soldiers and their equipment are transported not in bombers, fighters, or torpedo planes, but in airplanes intended for carrying heavy, bulky loads. Clearly the "ultimate" will be attained much sooner if we start giving proper attention to the glamourless but absolutely essential sky truck.

The exact number of sky trucks in or subject to the control of the United States is of course a war secret. But it is safe to say that the quantity is not large. During 1940, the last year for which complete production figures are available—a year, incidentally, in which important use of the sky truck was made by the Nazis in France, Holland, and Norway—no more than ten cargo planes were built in this country. In 1941 our total sky-truck strength was no more than fifty airplanes, chiefly twin-engined Douglas cargo transports concentrated in the 50th Transport Wing of the Army Air Corps. They carried aircraft engines, propellers, and other urgently needed supplies, to a total of 6,790,000 pounds, on routine runs between principal supply bases in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Texas, and California, with occasional trips to the Panama Canal Zone or Alaska. To-day this air freight activity, undoubtedly greater, is a part of the Air Service Command of the Army Air Forces. An allied group, the Air Forces Ferrying Command, chief mission of which is to forward new airplanes and pilots to the fighting fronts, also possesses a number of sky trucks. The Navy has only in recent months created its air supply arm, the Naval Air Transport Service. Whatever our present number of air vehicles may be, it is entirely inadequate for any large-scale sky-trucking activity.

What of our passenger transports? Won't these fill the void? On April 30th it was announced that contracts were about to be signed with the Army whereby the commercial airlines would operate a new air freight service to move essential parts from subcontractors to the assembly plants of prime contractors; from sixty to eighty planes will be leased to the Army and converted into freight carriers by removal of seats. But instead of decreasing the burden upon civil airlines, war actually increases it. Not many transport planes can be spared. There is more industrial activity and more confusion; larger quantities of mail and greater numbers of business people, experts, and government officials require rapid air service. New York's municipal airport—already the largest in America—is having to build extra runways parallel to existing ones in order to handle the increasing number of scheduled flights—now approaching three hundred a day. The Railway Express agency announced that its Air Express division carried 1,384,910 pounds during January, 1942, the largest total for a month in the fourteen-year history of the service and almost a third of the total amount of cargo flown in 1941. Because of the war our commercial passenger, mail, and express services should, like those in both Great Britain and Germany, be expanded rather than diminished. Furthermore, even if all existing civil transport aircraft were appropriated to direct military usage, we should gain very little. There are only about 350 domestic, 150 foreign-operated passenger liners available, and these, together with our military transports, would still be inadequate for mass sky-trucking purposes.

II

Let us contrast the position of Germany. Ever since 1935 the Nazis have mass-produced their squat, corrugated Junkers Ju-52. This antiquated model, which so strongly resembles our old trimotored Ford, is somewhat smaller,

much more ungainly than our familiar airliner, the Douglas DC-3. It cruises at about 160 miles per hour, compared with 185 for our Douglas. With heavy non-retractable landing gear it is easier to put down on short rough fields and its square, rugged lines lend themselves readily to quick, easy construction. As a troop transport it carries 15 parachutists or 20 air landing troops. As a freighter it can transport two or three tons over short range.

Other types of sky trucks are used by the Nazis: the huge 40-place Junkers Ju-90, and the Focke-Wulf Condor, powered with four engines (gasoline or Diesel), which made numerous flights between Dakar and Natal, Brazil, before the war. (The Germans have put an enormous amount of research into the development of Diesel-powered aircraft for carrying heavy loads. Advocates of Diesel power point to the great saving in weight of fuel which such engines permit, claiming, for instance, that a gasoline-powered four-engine airplane with a load capacity of 17,500 pounds and a flight range of 5,000 miles, with four 2,000 horse-power engines and a cruising speed of 300 miles per hour, would require a fuel load of 33,020 pounds if 90-octane gas were used; but a similar craft with Diesel engines would require only 26,880 pounds of fuel—which would mean that it could carry 6,140 pounds more cargo.) It is the Junkers Ju-52, however, which is most conspicuous of the German sky trucks. Upward of 2,000 are built each year, and the Nazis are reliably reported to have more than 10,000 of them in use or in reserve.

It is said that the idea of using aircraft for hauling heavy loads of troops and supplies originated during the First World War but was not perfected in time for use then. At any rate it was the Russians who first made conspicuous experiments with the airplane for this purpose. People who saw newsreels of Soviet parachutes filling the sky and thought it a mere stunt were wrong.

Before Hitler came into power, in

1931, the United States Air Corps flew a battery of field artillery across 90 miles of Panamanian Isthmus. Later an entire field artillery battalion was moved in the same way down there, and the British flew a battalion of infantry from Cairo to Bagdad, a distance of some 700 miles. But all these operations were experimental and on a fairly small scale.

Compelled at first by the Versailles Treaty to work secretly, the Germans gave special attention to sky-truck tactics. Several years ago Berlin police used parachute forces against allegedly rioting Communists. Then in 1936 the civil war in Spain provided excellent opportunities for experiment; in July 4,000 Moors and more than 200 tons of military freight were ferried in Junkers Ju-52's from Morocco to Seville. The Loyalist fleet was thus neatly circumvented and the revolution thereby saved from going against Franco at the outset. When the Nazis moved into Austria in 1938, Junkers sky trucks were in the forefront, just as conspicuous and ubiquitous as the dive bombers and Messerschmitt fighters. The same was true subsequently in Czechoslovakia and Poland.

After the Second World War had officially begun, hardly a single Nazi move was made without great numbers of these slow but capacious aircraft. With each campaign some new use was disclosed. In Norway a crack Westphalian regiment was deposited within the space of a few hours on a strategic bit of coast by hundreds of Junkers equipped with floats instead of the usual landing gear. A bitter siege at Narvik was relieved by food and guns dropped from the skies. "Vertical envelopment" flowered in full when airports and other important objectives belonging to the Dutch fell to German para-troops and air infantry operating independently of land or sea power. During the Battle of France armored vehicles that outran their surface supply units were refueled by sky-truck tankers. In the Balkans frequent crashes during difficult split-second landing operations revealed that the Nazis were quite will-

ing to lose a few planes and troops in difficult crash landings rather than give up the advantage of surprise and swift movement.

In the Cretan campaign tactics suggestive of Buck Rogers were witnessed when the Junkers came over towing long trains of engineless gliders. As many as six of these gliders, each bearing 12 armed men, were counted in a single train, which gave each of the tow units a strength of 90 men. Infantry howitzers and anti-tank guns descended by double and triple 'chutes. In all, thousands of troops and tons of matériel were dropped on that strongly defended island.

The British were frankly surprised in Africa when Field Marshal Rommel received more supplies over British-controlled waters than had been supposed possible. Swift little tanks and armored cars were sky-trucked to him. The Italians used large kangaroo planes, the Savoia Marchetti SM-82, which carries a disassembled short-range fighter plane inside. That Savoia Marchetti is the one employed until recently by the Italian airline LATI in its long flights between Rome and Brazil.

Deep Nazi inroads along the 2,000-mile Russian front in the face of a determined scorched-earth policy were possible last fall because of thousands of lumbering Junkers that shuttled up to the front lines with fresh troops and supplies, then returned with full loads of wounded men. On this front alone during the period June 22, 1941, to October 31, 1941, according to official Nazi statistics, sky trucks moved up 42,000 tons of matériel, making 30,000 trips and flying a total distance of 12,500,000 miles. In other words, if these claims are to be believed, Luftwaffe sky trucks on the Russian front moved five times as much cargo in four months as was carried by all aircraft, military or commercial, in the United States during the entire year of 1941.

If in the 1942 campaign the Germans do not use the Junkers in some new and effective manner it will be a surprise.

III

Supposing we had 15,000 sky trucks, how could we put them to best use? The answer is to be found in General Arnold's prediction that air warfare will evolve through use of air infantry. Thirty-five hundred sky trucks similar to the Army's slick 22-ton, twin-engined Curtiss-Wright transport or the Navy's 30-ton PBY2-2 flying boat (probably half of each) would be able to move in one long hop the entire personnel and equipment of a streamlined motorized division of 12,000 men. Once at their destination, this fleet of flying carpets could shuttle back and forth with fresh supplies, more men. Although it may be a long time before such bodies can advance against strong air and ground resistance, eventually they will be employed like naval expeditions. In front, scouts and fighter planes. Then swift "express" sky trucks bearing detachments of parachute troops and airport specialists with bull-dozers, landing strips, floodlights, and all other equipment necessary to improvise airfields. Finally, convoyed by the fighter craft and at a slower speed to reduce fuel consumption and permit greater loads, would come the bulk of troops and supplies in high-lift "freight" sky trucks, probably ten of these to each one of the "express" type.

Cargo gliders might also be used. Towed by a regular transport plane, three gliders weighing 2,500 pounds and with a wing area of 800 square feet will each lift about two tons of freight. If the tow-plane itself carried four tons, the whole tow train would carry ten tons. Two Douglas DC-3's could carry eight tons at a cruising speed of 190 miles per hour. If each towed three gliders they would be slowed down to about 150 miles per hour, but they would transport twenty tons.

Tremendous problems of organization and ordnance redesign would be involved in the formation of such "air-madas." A large body of highly trained

men would have to be created. But if, as has been established, individual airplanes *can* carry 850-pound anti-tank guns, 1,470-pound howitzers, 2,200-pound jeeps, six-ton tanks, if, in fact, almost any piece of matériel up to 10 or 12 tons can be moved in the modern sky truck, there is no reason why enough of them could not fly a completely equipped division. What the Germans have done with 3,000-man regiments we can do with larger bodies, divisions, and eventually whole armies.

At a time when sea power has received some hard jolts and our merchant vessels and tankers are being sent to the bottom at an alarming rate, it would be a comfort to know that in addition to the much needed, costly "Liberty Fleet" and the dubious "Sea Otters," thousands of air transports were on the way.

We have to-day a combat air force in each of the four corners of the United States. Each of these should be provided with an airmada such as that described above. Besides enjoying greater mobility within our continental defense area (lack of it is demonstrated by the fact that immediately after Pearl Harbor, when it was necessary to move important military equipment from Massachusetts to a convoy on the Pacific Coast, highway trucks were used and arrived at the rendezvous eight days later), we could strike and occupy beyond our borders.

The Northwest Airmada could shuttle divisions into Alaska at the rate of one a day. The one in the Southwest could hop to Hawaii to relieve possible sieges there. Our Northeast Airmada might concern itself with Greenland and Iceland or even the British Isles, while the Southeast group could in two hops ensconce itself throughout the bulge of Brazil. Such long hops would require large planes of course; but even with small serviceable planes like the Douglas DC-3, bases in Alaska or South America could be reached in a series of 500-mile hops.

Airmadas would give the best possible defense in Latin America. Difficult as

it is for many of us to comprehend, it is nevertheless a fact that our Latin-American neighbors do not at this stage want complete military protection. They acquiesce in our sending military and naval missions and improving airports for them, but any suggestion of land bases, in the sense of troops on the spot, is politely rejected. Troops and naval vessels, they feel sure, would be the beginning of their political end. With an airmada poised in the southeast of the United States, we could be assured of our ability to place a strong military force down there before any hostile group could gain a toehold, and this without unnecessarily offending our neighbors beforehand.

With 15,000 sky trucks, we could have in addition to the four airmadas an auxiliary of one or two thousand planes for speeding up production of war industries. Take warplane manufacture: propellers are made on the east coast, aircraft frames on the west coast, and innumerable paraphernalia and gadgets in all parts of our country. A fleet of hundreds of freight sky trucks to haul nothing but urgently needed objects would be a tremendous boon to this vital production.

Ability to send clouds of plodding air transports to distant sources of strategic raw materials when other means had failed would help insure that no black-outs fell unnecessarily upon vital industrial activities. During the First World War we experienced a great scare when the U.S.S. *Cyclops* with 12,000 tons of manganese failed to reach port from Brazil; large quantities of this imported mineral are essential to toughening and hardening steel. Wartime censorship keeps us from knowing of similar incidents in this war, although recently the loss of a single shipment of 500,000 ounces of quinine (normally a two months' supply) was announced. But this much is clear: importation of strategic materials will be greater in the present war than in the last one. Shipping facilities will be less capable of meeting all demands—even presuming

that we fulfill our colossal shipbuilding program. Furthermore, surface freighters operate only from one shore to another, but sky trucks can fly over land or sea, from remote source to ultimate destination. This is of particular importance as regards supplies from South America, for the sources of many of these are locked behind mountains or jungles, and surface transportation facilities are notoriously inadequate.

It may be objected that building 15,000 sky trucks involves heavy expense. Admittedly a formidable air auxiliary, like many other necessary weapons, will cost a great deal—from two to three billion dollars is a conservative estimate. But in a very important sense it will be one of our soundest war investments. Eventually we shall face a peace. It may be a difficult one. Combat aircraft, like battleships and tanks, will be so much junk. Sky trucks, however, and the industry based upon them will have continuing usefulness. For the inexorable trend toward speed in all cargo transportation insures an important post-war future for the sky truck.

IV

We know that some of the 185,000 airplanes scheduled to be built in the next two years will be sky-truck types: Douglas DC-3's, Curtiss-Wright Condor III's, and Lockheed Constellations. (The latter is a new ship, and information about it is restricted; but it is known that it will have a cruising speed of 285 miles per hour at 30,000 feet, and a top speed of at least 350 miles per hour.) But the problem of transportation is becoming increasingly severe. A dispatch from Washington at the end of April stated that the United Nations could already out-produce Axis munitions plants but could *not* out-deliver them. Lack of sufficient tankers and freighters was menacing us on all fronts, and the sky truck was beginning to figure more and more in the news. The Japanese were concentrating on strangling China by

cutting off the supplies being brought in from India through North Burma, and there was talk of our providing China with a substitute for the Burma Road in the form of 100 transport planes. Supplies landed on India's west coast would be transported by rail across India to Assam province in the northeast, and thence by air 500 miles to China. Daily round trips by 100 planes, each carrying three to four tons of supplies, would transfer from nine to twelve thousand tons a month—as much as was carried by 3,000 to 4,000 trucks on the Burma Road.

There was talk too of using sky trucks to supply guns, light tanks, ammunition, aircraft engines, and other matériel to the Russian front. Cargo planes could follow a route from the northwestern United States up to Alaska, thence out along the Aleutians to Siberia and overland to air fields behind the Russian lines. The Army has ordered a number of large-sized gliders which could carry troops and equipment and, according to an article by Alexis Dawydoff in the July *Air Progress*, it is rumored that the British have asked the manufacturers for specifications on gliders equipped to carry 500 gallons of gasoline to be used for refueling heavily loaded bombers after take-off; the bombers would tow the motorless tankers aloft, take on the extra fuel, then release the glider which would return to its base. Cargo gliders to supplement the 100 planes in China would also vastly increase the capacity of the aerial Burma Road.

Most interesting of all the crop of rumors and reports was the statement published in November last year by *Iron Age* that, as a first move in the creation of a large fleet of stainless-steel cargo airplanes, an order for 1,000 of them would "shortly" be placed with an Eastern manufacturer. It was understood that these were to be twin-engined planes similar to the Army's Douglas transports but would utilize stainless steel entirely in wing-skin, fuselage, and structural components. According to

Iron Age, they would be capable of carrying complete land vehicles, as well as troops and other cargo, and would be especially designed for landing on small fields like most of those in Latin America. Government officials and representatives of the industry have not confirmed the report, and at the moment of writing it is still impossible to state for certain that the contract will be signed. But at all events informed observers in Washington believe that a contract for these planes may have been let by the time this article appears.

All these evidences of awakening interest in sky trucks and air-borne supplies are encouraging, but a great deal more is needed. The following broad principles are offered to aid in formulating an immediate plan for creating a powerful sky-truck auxiliary for our air force:

1. *Set a definite production goal.*

Assuming that our total planned aircraft production during the coming fiscal year will be 90,000 units, provide that one-sixth (which has been roughly the German proportion during the past six years) or 15,000 of them shall be allocated to sky-truck purposes. The agencies that are most in need of cargo planes, the Army and Navy, should have time to make preparations for their use.

2. *Establish a top priority rating.*

Incredible as it may sound in a day of increasing air emphasis, until February 16, 1942, military aircraft had a materials-priority rating inferior to that for tanks, trucks, and most naval requirements. At this writing even long-range, four-engined bombers still must await fulfillment of aluminum requirements of battleships which may not be in service for a year or two and which like the *Repulse*, *Prince of Wales*, or *Haruna* may be sunk in a few minutes by a handful of combat planes. This priority rating does not augur well for a large sky-truck program. Inasmuch as they are just as vital to offense and defense as fighting planes, sky trucks should at least enjoy the present A-1-a rating of combat aircraft.

It has been suggested that sky trucks be made of substitute materials, such as laminated woods and plastics, thereby freeing much-needed aluminum for other purposes. It is argued that fabrication will be simplified, tedious riveting eliminated, and production made easier and quicker. The Defense Supplies Corporation charged with placing commercial sky trucks in South America has drawn up several designs that make use of substitute materials. Curtiss-Wright Corporation, which already produces an all-metal transport—Condor III—announced recently that it had on the drafting board a design for a new plastic transport. But the significant point is that no sky truck, and for that matter no large airplane, of substitute material has ever been built. Good blue-print prospects often prove unsatisfactory, and there is every likelihood that we should meet with major trouble either in the production or use of sky trucks that were made of substitute materials.

Be that as it may, we simply have not time to wait for plastic cargo planes. The war has to be fought in 1942 or 1943 at the latest. Anyone who has had the slightest contact with airplane fabrication will agree that production of a distinctly new type inevitably suffers from much delay. We have time only to select existing tried models and by heroic effort expand production of them. Metal is a very convenient material for mass production—parts can be stamped out with great speed as in making automobiles. And sky trucks mean *real* mass production, orders by the thousands, not dozens.

3. *Standardize and freeze a few suitable designs.*

In combat plane construction it is necessary to distribute orders among a large variety of types. Probably 40 or 50 different models are being worked on for the Army and Navy to-day. Moreover, it is necessary to modify each of these types continually. Every time a new idea is conceived, or copied from the enemy, production must be stopped,

the tooling changed, and work begun anew. Such delays are unavoidable in the existing construction program, for it is foolish to risk one's fighting pilots in any but the very best of equipment.

With sky-truck production, however, little delay need be encountered from these sources. Three thoroughly tried transports, a short-range landplane such as the Douglas Cargo Transport, a long-range seaplane like the Consolidated PB2Y-2, and a long-range landplane such as the Curtiss-Wright Condor III, may be selected and their designs frozen for the duration. Few of the numerous gadgets that clutter the modern cockpit are necessary; no armor plate, bomb-sights, guns—just the most essential navigational instruments. The problem is one of production alone.

From my own experience in one of the nation's largest aircraft factories, I am convinced that production which is solely a question of fabrication can be expanded much more rapidly than that which involves continual design change. As an old aircraft foreman once said to me, "The worst bottlenecks in airplane factories wear collars."

4. *Put manufacturers in the charge of a production tzar.*

By tzar I mean a production head who has real power, subject to Presidential approval, to commandeer factories, tools, labor, or anything else necessary in order to get quick and extensive results. Perhaps the country may see the need before long of a tzar for all its aircraft production. In this event sky-truck production could be handled as a part of the larger program.

The fall of Crete was due to more than persistence and good luck. A tremendous amount of preparation and planning went into it. The British had

been entrenching themselves on that island for months. They had over 40,000 troops, controlled the only three airports, and were protected from the sea approach by strong units of the British Navy. Strategists of the old school insisted that occupation of so tightly defended a position was impossible. But behind the skillfully co-ordinated attack of high-level and dive bombers, machine-gun strafing fighter planes, and Junkers sky trucks filled with parachute and air landing troops, lay years of intense practice and study. Major Thompson in his *Modern Battle* quotes a British officer who witnessed the invasion as saying that one after another of the first Ju-52's to attempt a landing were "smashed to pieces," but the Nazis kept coming until the 13th attempt succeeded, and then "they went on landing, one plane regularly every three minutes, losing one, then getting another down, then losing another."

The fact that General-of-Aviation Loehr could call upon the thousands of Junkers sky trucks for his "Task Force Crete" was the result of sagacious planning which as long ago as 1935 saw the importance of large numbers of this type of airplane. That they could be used so effectively in the face of strong opposition testifies to a tremendous amount of practice and experimentation. We have a long way to go to match this Nazi achievement. Yet we must do better, for the Germans will not remain idle.

We must accept the perfectly obvious fact that the airplane, used as a load carrier on a large scale, is a most potent and precious weapon; we must at once begin building a large fleet of the type of aircraft suited to carrying armies and their equipment; and we must also plan intensively for its most effective use.



DRAFTING THIS ARMY

A PROGRESS REPORT ON SELECTIVE SERVICE

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

THE Local Draft Board meets twice a week, in a long session which may run from four in the afternoon until nearly midnight. There is a meeting going on to-night and the atmosphere of the Selective Service office is charged with suspense; for the action taken here is deciding how a number of young Americans shall spend the next few years of their lives, and in the back of everybody's mind is the realization that these decisions may be very literally matters of life and death.

This particular office, though it is in a slum district of a great city, happens to be better furnished than most. (There are some 6,500 draft boards in the United States and they work variously in rented stores, in dingy business offices, in basement apartments, in schoolrooms, some with good equipment and some with very little.) Here the furniture is good, there is a carpet on the floor, and the records are kept in a battery of modern lockable filing cases. Behind the Chief Clerk's desk in the outer room is draped a big American flag and on another wall are tacked lively war posters, copies of the President's registration proclamations, and a bold-face warning to registrants to keep the Local Board informed of any changes in their address, their job, their dependents, or their physical condition.

In this outer room there are a dozen or more men. Leaning against his desk, the Chief Clerk, a harried-looking mid-

dle-aged man who not only must keep the intricate machinery of the organization running smoothly but also must be an encyclopedia of the rules and regulations and a forceful diplomat, is answering questions put to him by incoming registrants. "Yes, you've got to have a permit from this Board to ship to a foreign port. I'll get you the form—use this pen and fill it out right here if you want. . . . You say your wife is pregnant? You'll have to get a doctor's certificate. No, not for yourself, for your wife—a certificate that she's pregnant. . . . Well, that makes you a neutral alien, so you are classified just as if you were a citizen. But if you object to doing military service you can fill out Form 301—only if you sign that form you can never become an American citizen. I'll give you a copy and you can take it away and look it over. . . ."

Along one wall of this outer room are three desks, and at each sits a member of the Advisory Board interviewing a young man and taking notes. These Advisory Board members, serving as collectors and sifters of information for the Local Board, are talking with men who were deferred last year (put in Class III) because they had dependents, and finding out just what their present status is, so that the Board may decide whether their deferments should be continued. Along another wall sit five or six registrants awaiting their turn at this inquiry.

Go into the inner room and at its end

behind a long table, you will see two members of the Board sitting in judgment upon a singularly unmartial-looking young man who has brought along his elderly father and his plump sister. The Advisory Board member who has gathered information on this dependency case has suggested that the young man may now be Class I material, and the Board members are questioning the elderly father about the family finances. "How much rent do you pay? . . . Have you any money in the bank? . . . What bank? . . . What branch of the Corn Exchange Bank?" (Even if nobody ever checks up on the answers, specific questions tend to bring honest replies.) The low-voiced inquiries go on and on, and line by line the picture of the family's economic status is sketched in. At the other end of the room another member of the Board is reading last year's questionnaires and picking out an occasional one for "re-opening"; and in still another corner the Government Appeal Agent, as the appointed watchdog of the whole process, is going over the records of recent Board decisions.

At length the unmartial young man and his relatives depart, the two Board members behind the table stretch, and the Appeal Agent saunters over to them. "You fellows made a mistake here," he says, showing them a questionnaire. "You've put this fellow in Class I and he's been convicted of rape. Should be IV F. That's a heinous crime."

"Not to the Army any more," replies one of the Board members. "Only murder and crimes involving drugs and perversion. And double offenders and habitual criminal types."

"You're wrong," insists the Appeal Agent. "Rape is heinous."

They call for the Chief Clerk, get him to produce the rule-book, find that rape is truly heinous, record their enforced reversal of themselves on the questionnaire and on the outside of the rapist's folder—that Domesday Book of his Selective Service history which contains,

along with his questionnaire, copies of all correspondence with him and notes on all interviews with him—and dispose themselves to face the next registrant, who proves to want a temporary postponement of a month in order to sell his interest in his barber shop. They listen to him, argue with him briefly, like his looks, and grant his plea.

"That's two more men lost from our next induction list," reflects one of them sadly. "And we're way short of our quota now. Lord, but this thing gets tougher and tougher."

II

So it does. Just how tough, it is difficult for outsiders to realize. For recently the Selective Service System, already strained by the magnitude of its task, has speeded up tremendously. During the first thirteen months of its operation, while the country was at least nominally at peace, it produced almost a million men for the Army with singularly little friction considering the fierce division of public opinion over foreign policy. Since Pearl Harbor it has gone into double time—with the result that before long it will be well into its third million. Up to now the basic democratic good sense of the plan, the conscientiousness and fair-mindedness of the great majority of the scores of thousands of people who administer it, and the real devotion and considerateness of the best of them have won for it a very favorable reputation. Now the problems which it faces multiply and this reputation is put to the test.

Let us take a look at these problems.

The purpose of the Selective Service System is to choose for service in the Army men who not only are physically, mentally, and morally fit but also may be removed from civilian life with the least possible derangement of the war industries, of essential civilian services, and of family life. The task has been likened to a huge game of jackstraws in which the players try to pick out those straws

which can be lifted with the least disturbance of the pile. To accomplish this result democratically and wisely three principles have been brought into play.

First, every male in certain age groups must be potentially eligible for service and must register.

Second, the System is decentralized widely, and the rules on which decisions are based are mostly flexible, in order that each case may be decided locally by a group of citizens—unpaid volunteers all—who will have time to consider individual predicaments one by one in their infinitely unpredictable variety.

And third, the order in which these cases will be considered is determined, not by anybody's whim, but by lot: after each registration the men's cards are shuffled and then serial-numbered, the order in which serial numbers shall become Order Numbers is ordained by a public drawing from the big goldfish bowl in Washington, and thus each man's position in the line is protected from manipulation by the double operation of chance.

During the first year or so that the System was in operation the Local Boards were mailing out questionnaires, fifty at a time, to their thousands of registrants—the average Board had nearly 3,000 registrants and many had 4,000 or 5,000 or 6,000—beginning with the low Order Numbers and progressing through the list; then they were classifying the men on the basis of the sworn information in the questionnaires, not even seeing most men face to face except in difficult borderline cases; and the men who were put in Class I were submitting to physical examination and—if they passed both this examination and a further one by the Army—were going into the service, group by group, as the Army called for them. The Army decided how many men it needed at a given time and these figures were broken up into quotas for the various Boards. The quota for any given Board at any given time was determined at first by the number of registrants it had, and later, roughly, by the

number of Class I men it had, with due regard to other circumstances—the nature of the community, the rate at which its men were passing the Army physical examinations, etc.—the idea being to play upon the quota list as upon an organ to produce from the various Boards their fair contributions to the total.

During the spring of 1941—when the Army began calling for men in considerable numbers—the machinery creaked a good deal. It was hard for the Boards and their clerical staffs and their medical examiners to do this unaccustomed task rapidly enough. The attitude of the registrants in those days was usually one of resignation to implacable fate but often was bewildered or evasive or sullen. By the summer and fall of 1941, however, the pace had slackened somewhat, the Boards were better organized and had learned the ropes, and the System had got its second wind.

Then came Pearl Harbor—the big speed-up. The actual onset of war brought a marked change in the attitude of most registrants—less visible desire to dodge service, more volunteering for induction—though the men who wanted to get into uniform at once generally enlisted in other ways than via Selective Service. The war also enlarged the number of eligibles: the men between 28 and 36, who had been temporarily deferred since the preceding summer, were now available. But as the calls for men grew, pretty soon the average Board found that it was getting near enough to the bottom of its reservoir of men originally put in Class I to wonder where it should turn next. Must it start reclassifying to get more Class I's? To be sure, an emergency reservoir of candidates presently became available. In February boys who had reached the age of twenty and had not previously registered were required to do so; and so were the men between 36 and 44—a far less promising group from the military point of view. But it became clear that some sort of reclassification would be necessary

anyhow. And in this fact was concealed a hornet's nest of difficulties.

III

The situation which had been reached by midwinter—this past midwinter—may be illustrated by looking at the condition of an average Board with 3,000 registrants (from its first two registrations—the first big one in October, 1940, and the little one for the 21-year-olds in July, 1941). This is a purely hypothetical Board which I shall describe, but the figures which I shall give are based as far as possible, in very round numbers, on the national averages as of early 1942.

By midwinter this average Board had actually sent into the Army, through the draft induction process, some 180 of its 3,000 men. Sixty more had enlisted otherwise in the Army, Navy, Marines or Coast Guard, making a total of 240 men in the services. (Of course this total does not include men from the Board's district who were already in the services at registration time and thus were excused from registering.)

In addition, the Board had some 300 men in one stage or another of the examination process—actually in Class I A and awaiting induction, or else awaiting physical examination—and of these 300 it could reasonably guess that about 150 would get into the Army. (The others would belatedly show convincing reasons for deferment or would flunk their Local Board physical examinations or, having passed these, would be turned down after their further physical examination at the Induction Center.)

The Board had already put 120 men into Class I B after physical examination (as fit only for limited military service and not then wanted by the Army) and also 120 men into Class IV F after physical examination (as unfit for service).

In going through the questionnaires the Board had placed 150 other men in Class IV—a mixed bag consisting of the obviously physically, mentally, or morally unfit (cripples, cancer hospital pa-

tients, insane hospital patients, criminals, etc.), the clergy, non-declarant aliens, conscientious objectors, and "certain officials deferred by law." (Incidentally, hardly one man out of the 3,000 was a duly attested conscientious objector.)

Into Class II—reserved for men necessary to the welfare of the community (such as policemen and firemen, most of whom had been deferred) and men needed in war production—this hypothetical average Board had put only 90 men. Obviously this figure varied in the experience of actual Boards according to the locality: it was 210 per 3,000 registrants in the average Board in Connecticut, where many war factories were located; it was a little higher than that in North Dakota and Wisconsin, where the need for maintaining the supply of farm labor was strongly felt; it might even be 400 or 500 in a war factory town; and it was less than 30 in some of the Southern States.

Some 120 men out of the Board's 3,000 were still unclassified or in process of classification.

Let us see now: 180 men inducted, 60 enlisted, 300 on the way, 120 in Class I B (limited service), 120 in Class IV F after examination (unfit), 150 in Class IV otherwise, 90 in Class II (necessary men), 120 unclassified: that adds up to only 1,140 men out of a total of 3,000. What about the other 1,860? *They were all in Class III—deferred because of dependents.*

Although the regulations had been purposely vague on the subject of dependency, leaving the burden of decision very largely on the shoulders of the individual Boards, the great majority of Boards had been deferring all married men (except perhaps recently married men suspected of loving Class III not less than their brides, and men whose wives had other means of support); and most Boards had deferred also a large number of single men whose families apparently needed their financial contributions. But the standards followed had varied according to the

nature of the community and the temper of the Board. In a suburban community where single men were few and far between, the married man was more likely to be sent into the Army. In a poor urban community where unemployment had been rife there were more single men deferred: in an Italian community, for instance, where families were large and it was the custom for the children to give up all financial responsibility for their parents as soon as they married, and the Depression had hastened the unemployment of many fathers (so that Board members got used to reading on questionnaires that the father, at 56 or 58, was "too old to work"), the remaining single sons were likely to be carrying a heavy financial load.

Then too there were tough Boards and gentle Boards—indeed, the chief criticism of the System was that two men whose dependency situations were identical might be differently classified by two neighboring Boards; and few of the critics realized that such discrepancies, bad as they might seem, were vastly preferable to a rigid set of rules which could not allow for the different standards of living in different districts or for the infinite variety of special family situations. But under the circumstances the national draft statistics were less remarkable for their diversity than for their uniformity. I have said that our average Board with 3,000 registrants had put 1,860 of them in Class III. That comes to 62 per cent. The highest percentage of Class III's—reckoning by states—was in Utah, where it came to a little over 70; the lowest was in the District of Columbia, where it came to a little less than 52.

Now you must imagine this average Local Board confronted with larger and larger calls for men. The quotas set for it rise sharply. Looking ahead, the members of the Board realize that by the end of 1942, at the rate the Army is expanding, they may be required to furnish at least 360 soldiers in addition to the 180 they have already sent—and the

figure may run to 400 or 500. *Where shall they find these men?*

To begin with, they have those 150 men or so whom we found to be on the way to presumable acceptance by the Army. In addition recent changes in the regulations will help a little. The relaxation of the physical standards, beginning in February, is already pushing into the Army some of 120 men who were originally put in Class I B (fit for limited service only and not accepted previously) and may in due course push in some or all of the rest. The two leading causes for rejection during 1941 were dental defects (about 20 per cent of rejections) and defective eyes (between 13 and 14 per cent); and in both of these respects the standards are already much less exacting. (It must be borne in mind that the original physical standards were probably a good deal higher than those of any European country.) It is a fair guess that our average Local Board may expect 75 of its previously I B men to become available during 1942—and also, of course, that it will find its percentage of rejections running lower from now on.

The reclassification of aliens, ordered in March, may produce perhaps 10 or 20 men for our average Board.

The registration of the 20-year-olds and 21-year-olds last February may in due course produce something like 100 men, assuming that a third of them will qualify for service. The registration of the 36-to-44-year-old group, which took place at the same time, may also produce a considerable number of men; but let us guess that our average Local Board, after going through the prodigious task of classifying them, will find only some 5 per cent of them available by present standards: that would come to only about 75 men in this average Board. For it is natural to expect that the number of men who have no dependents and are physically in decent shape would be low in this older age group.

Adding up these very tentative estimates, we arrive at the conclusion that the Board may figure on getting some

410 to 430 men from these sources during 1942, as against a need which may be for 360 men and may be considerably higher. That looks hopeful. There are still further hopes, too. If a new crop of 20-year-olds should be registered this summer, that may eventually give the Board another 25 men or so; and if by new legislation the age-limit should be cut to 18 or 19, these younger boys might provide still another 150 or 200.

But to count on such measures now is to look too far ahead. Not only that, but to count on completing the classification of the men who registered last February in time to fill this summer's quotas is also to look too far ahead. The Board needs men *now*. Furthermore it ought not if possible even to dip into the 36-to-44 group until it has exhausted the reasonably available supply of younger men, who will on the average make better soldiers than their seniors. The answer is clear: *it must get some if not most of its 360 men from the original registration group, it must get them by reclassification, and it must get them at once.*

It cannot get more than a handful of them out of Class IV (that curious collection of the unfit and the exempt).

Nor should it try to get them out of Class II (necessary men, war production workers), though this is a conclusion often difficult for Draft Board members to accept. Nothing has been harder for the Selective Service people to swallow than the departure of able-bodied young men into the shelter of Class II via the war industries. Any member of almost any Draft Board will tell you of some Class II case that gripped him—of some young man who was clearly military material and quite obviously never thought of being an aircraft worker till he felt the hot breath of the Draft Board on his neck, and yet got a job in a war factory and had become "essential" before the Board could catch up with him. To draft such men now might be morally just. But it would be grossly mistaken nevertheless. Here and there a Board has wisely asked the fac-

tories in its vicinity to replace their able-bodied young single workers as soon as possible with over-age or at least married men, and then to let the Board have the single ones for military service; and in due course—after the vocational questionnaire has been sent out to the younger men, as it will be—the Boards can bring pressure on at least some of the younger men-with-dependents to take war-industry jobs (if they are qualified). But in the meantime it is undeniably true that the war production men, however low may be one's regard for the motives of some of them, are most useful to the country where they are. Not only that, but the expansion of the war industries this year must be so great, and the folly of letting the Selective Service System interfere with it is so manifest, that our hypothetical board may well permit its proportion of Class II men actually to increase.

Inescapable conclusion: the situation must be met by taking some of those 1,860 men out of Class III (men with dependents); and the sooner this is done, the better. Boards which heretofore have been lenient in dealing with dependency cases may be able to get 300 or 400 men from this source before digging deeply into the new groups of registrants; Boards which have been more severe will be well advised to restrain themselves but should be able to get at least 100 or 200.

IV

Here, however, our difficulties are just beginning.

The first one is the volume of work under which the Boards and their clerical staffs now stagger. The registration of the 20-21 group and the 36-44 group, last February, added some 1,500 new men to the 3,000 which our average Board had on its list. To each of these 1,500 men the Board had to send both a regular military questionnaire and a big card-board vocational questionnaire. The military questionnaires, when they come

back to the Board, must be studied just as carefully as the original 3,000 and a decision must be reached on each. If there is another registration this summer, that will mean more mailings, more questionnaires, more decisions. Two or three alert Draft Board men can go through from fifty to a hundred questionnaires an hour—but at the end of that time, if they are conscientious, they will have set aside five or ten borderline cases on which they are unwilling to decide until they have talked with the registrant himself and perhaps with members of his family too. At this rate a careful Board proceeds very slowly through a list of 1,500 men. And this labor is all superimposed upon the complex task of classifying and reclassifying the original 3,000 men!

Nor are these the only tasks loaded upon the Boards. Consider, for example, the holding of registrations. In the Local Board of which I used to be a member, in New York, the April registration of men between 44 and 65 lasted three days and involved the accurate listing of some 3,000 older men, many of whom did not know English. One member of the Board undertook to organize this registration. He secured the three-day use of a large club cafeteria in the same building with the Draft Board office. He enlisted several score volunteer registrars and assistants and gave two carefully prepared lectures to them beforehand, rehearsing them in how to meet every conceivable problem. When the registration began, his assistants were ready to check the address of every incoming man, to steer the long line on its way to the cafeteria tables where the registrars sat facing the registrants, to direct the man at the head of the line (head-waiter fashion) to the first seat left vacant, and to provide interpreters in several languages for those who needed them. It was a fine shipshape job of organization—but you may be sure that during those three days that member of the Board had no time to read questionnaires.

He had no time even to read the incoming bulletins of instructions from Headquarters, which is something of a job in itself—for these bulletins sometimes tend to be long, complex, couched in legal language rather than in clear English, and confusing if not contradictory. (I remember reading over and over, last spring, a bulletin on the proper policy with regard to illiterates, and coming at last to the dreadful conclusion that the author of the bulletin in defining an illiterate had quite forgotten that there might be such a phenomenon as a foreigner quite literate in his own language who couldn't speak or understand English.) The average Board would greatly appreciate clear, simple, brief guides to policy. And many Board members add vehemently that they wish Selective Service officials, in their speeches and public statements, would refrain from saying things that don't correspond with their instructions to the Boards and only confuse the registrants.

For the clerical staff, too, the burden of work becomes heavier week by week. The number of questionnaires, notices, and "call-ins" to be sent out; the number of forms to be filled out in duplicate or triplicate or quadruplicate; the number of reports, statistical and otherwise, which must be made to State Headquarters; the number of entries which must be made in this record or that when any action is taken; to say nothing of the endless task of merely recording changes of address, have long since become a clerical nightmare. How Draft Boards in rural districts cope with this mass of clerical detail I do not know; but from my personal observation in New York and the wrathful evidence I have collected elsewhere, it is clear that in the cities—and especially in districts where many registrants are ignorant or careless and do not follow instructions carefully—there must be immediate provision for the expansion of the clerical staffs. One additional clerk has recently been provided to look after the vocational questionnaires—those huge cardboard docu-

ments which are intended to help the U. S. Employment Service in ferreting out potential war-industry workers who are now otherwise employed—but that is not nearly enough.

Moreover it is obvious that in at least some of the urban districts the pay of the Chief Clerk, which has been limited to \$150 a month, and of the Assistant Clerk, which has been limited to \$100 a month, should immediately be increased in view of the important responsibilities which these men and women carry. The duties of Draft Board clerks are so intricate and require so much precise knowledge of the regulations that volunteer aids are of very little use. "If my \$100-a-month assistant clerk leaves me for a job that'll pay her what she's entitled to, I'll be ready to jump in the river," said a Draft Board chairman to me. The Selective Service System may break down from sheer overload of necessary detail if its clerical staffs are not strengthened and decently paid.

Now imagine these hard-beset Board members and clerks trying simultaneously to classify the 36-to-44 men and to reclassify the men-with-dependents. Will they be able to do these two jobs—and particularly the reclassification, which it will be easier to slight—thoroughly and wisely? That introduces a human problem.

The standard of personnel in the Local Boards is prevailingly high, but the temperaments are as various as human nature. There is the impatiently patriotic man whose one idea is that he is recruiting an army and who is inclined to breeze through the list of deferred men, throwing them heedlessly into Class I and regarding their complaints (if they make any) as mere cowardly temporizing. There is the estimable but ill-informed man who forgets that the merchant marine is a vital service these days, or that farm labor is really needed, or that \$1,000 a year will not keep a family of three in a big city; and the careless man who does not notice that a registrant has said on his questionnaire

that he is married; and the soft-hearted man who is so melted by every dependency case that if he were left to his own devices the work of reclassification would come almost to a standstill. With two or more men taking plenty of time on each case, the vagaries of judgment which these temperaments cause are mostly canceled out; but the faster the pace of the work, the greater the likelihood of arbitrary or unfair decisions. Add to this the fact that the questionnaires which are being reassessed are mostly a year or more out of date and the chances of error multiply. The job of bringing the information up to date—as those Advisory Board men were doing in the office which I described at the beginning of this article—and of coming to sober and careful decisions is all too likely to be skimmed.

As this article goes to press, Congress is putting through legislation to raise the soldier's pay to \$42 or more a month, and is also considering legislation to provide that \$20 of this amount, plus a separation allowance of \$20 additional—making \$40 in all—shall be sent home to his family if he has dependents. (The amount may be somewhat bigger than this.) There has also been agitation for a further flexible allowance for dependents, to be determined in each case in accordance with need and to be administered through the Federal Security Agency. (This latter plan would have the effect, first, of making almost every man in Class III economically eligible for the Army, and second, of putting a large part of the Army on a sort of WPA basis under Security Agency auspices—which might make the payments as politically difficult to terminate as a soldiers' bonus.) Just what plan will be put into effect it is impossible to say at this writing. But this much can be said with certainty. If an allotment of \$40 or \$50 a month is decided upon, it will make far easier the recruiting of some men from Class III without undue hardship; but also it will vastly increase the temptation to the overloaded Draft

Boards to reclassify men heedlessly on a wholesale basis on the ground that "dependents are taken care of anyhow."

Now in some farm areas \$40 a month is quite a sum, but in the cities it is only a fraction of what one dependent needs to live on; and to a family which has been living on, say, a \$5,000 scale—with all the commitments in rent, etc., which that involves—it is almost negligible. The passage of such a measure will not make it any easier for the Local Boards to exercise that wise discretion on which the good reputation of the draft has principally rested.

V

The worst defect of the System during recent weeks will fortunately be corrected by the time this article appears. Beginning early this spring, the Draft Board physicians conducted only "screening" physical examinations—which amounted to little more than having the men walk across the room before the doctor to assure him that they had their full quota of arms, legs, and fingers—and the real examination was conducted by the Army at the Induction Center, whereupon some two-thirds of the men were accepted and marched right off to camp, and the other third of them were rejected and sent home; so that a man who had given up his job and his room, had said good-bye to his family and friends, and perhaps had sold his belongings with the idea that he was going into the Army might find himself humiliatingly thrown back into civilian life without warning.

This outrageous system was adopted in place of the much more sensible plan (used previously in most States) of having the Army examination held some days before induction, so that men knew beforehand whether to burn their bridges or not. It was adopted, apparently, for what must seem to the layman an absurd reason: that once a man had passed his pre-induction examination and knew he was headed for military service, there was nothing to keep him from deciding

that he'd rather be in the Navy or the Marine Corps, and despite stern admonitions from Washington there was nothing to keep Navy or Marine Corps recruiting officers from accepting him. So the Army decided to induct him as soon as it made sure he was qualified. As I write, this generally condemned system is to be modified by offering the newly inducted men furloughs long enough to permit them to go home and wind up their affairs. The new plan, scheduled to go into full effect in June, is a vast improvement.

A possible future threat to the System lies in the possibility of group deferments—rules saying that men doing this sort of work or that *must* be deferred. Nothing could do more to destroy the strongest asset of the draft. Some bulletins from Headquarters have pointed out at length that it is possible for a labor leader, or a moving-picture man, or a coal miner, to be essential and therefore deferrable. Quite true—but to make such deferments mandatory would turn Selective Service into a football for pressure groups. Likewise Senator Taft's proposal for rigid rules of classification as to marriage and dependents would kill that very flexibility which is so valuable.

Otherwise I see no glaring fault in the System which cannot be overcome by the distribution of some money to strengthen the clerical staffs, by the simplification and clarification of bulletins of instruction from Headquarters, and by indefatigable labor on the part of the Local Boards.

The Selective Service System was soundly conceived. Much criticized at first because it would not provide us either with a small and highly trained mechanized army or with a sound basis for permanent conscription, it proved on the declaration of war to be just what the doctor would have ordered: a fair and orderly method of expanding the Army indefinitely. Its decentralization of decision and its volunteer character have been great assets: the caliber of the Board members is so prevailingly high—

despite the temperamental aberrations of which I have spoken—that Selective Service answers to the description of most American war enterprises which reach all the way out into the communities—the individual units do a better job on the average than the co-ordinating authorities, because they are manned by people, no less able, who have the advantage of being face-to-face with their problem instead of having to guess at it from a far-away desk.

Some enormously hard work is done at the Local Board offices. Few people outside the System have any conception of the amount of unpaid, thankless, and often distasteful labor which has been put in by the Board members, Advisory Board members, Appeal Agents, Appeal Board members, and examining physicians. I can think of one New York Board, for example, in which a retired business man slaves every day from nine till seven or so, and another one spends several hours every afternoon, with no compensation beyond his satisfaction over the job done.

The effectiveness and democratic reputation of the System are vastly enhanced by the fact that in this war—as compared with 1917–18—there have been very few pipelines to officer's status in the Army for young men of wealth and social position. The Army, as it expands, is officering itself from the ranks; during 1942, for instance, it expects to send 95,000 privates and non-commissioned officers to Officers' Candidate Schools, and to graduate 75,000 of them. Incidentally, of all the criticisms of Selective Service that I have heard, one which I should have expected to hear often I have heard only once—the criticism that

the rich get deferred—and in that one case the man who uttered it had suffered no injustice at all: he simply did not understand how the Order Numbering system worked and angrily guessed that the rich boys got the high numbers. (Nor shall I soon forget the almost eager way in which the members of the Board with whom that young man was registered put sons of the well-to-do in Class I.)

The result of these democratic arrangements has been not only to make our Army personnel perhaps the best, man for man, that ever was recruited anywhere, but to change remarkably the public attitude toward the private soldier. In towns which have been historically Army towns, the private may still be unwelcome in the best restaurants and bars; but in other areas he seems to be accepted unquestioningly everywhere. The other evening I noted the presence of five or six privates in an especially fashionable grill in New York and asked an old habitué of the place whether their like would have been found there in 1917. "No," said he. "I don't know if they would even have been admitted. At any rate they'd have felt uncomfortable in the same room with those colonels and lieutenant commanders." A small matter, that, but big in its underlying significance. And it is largely the product of the working of the Selective Service System.

A great task has been performed on the whole admirably to date, quietly and without public applause. Now it is being put to its hardest test. If it comes through with colors flying it will deserve the unreserved congratulations of the nation.



THE FRENCHMAN SIX FEET THREE

BY GLENWAY WESCOTT

ROGER GAUMOND when I first knew him was wonderfully handsome. He had one of those faces reminiscent of a young Roman of the decline and fall, a good-natured Antonine or a grand-bourgeois Antinous. But even then people laughed at him because, for a Parisian, he was huge. He was six feet two or three, with statuesque shoulders, and ideal hands which got in the way, and feet like a pedestal. He had attractive blue eyes in which there was a sparkle of worry, and he was blond with very white skin. I remember that perspiration would appear on his noble forehead if he got into the least emotion or effort, and a good many things made him blush. When I was last in France—in 1938—he had begun to look somewhat gross and sad. His grandeur inclined to be fat, his pallor had turned sallow, and there was something spoiled about his romantic mouth.

He was the sole son and heir of a well-known family of the more or less grand middle class, with money. His father was an industrialist of consequence, and he himself had a good position in a small manufactory on the left bank of the Seine beyond Sèvres in which his grandmother and one of his great-aunts had a controlling interest. I think he did not care much about his work except for the remuneration of it. He never complained, he rarely made any reference to it at all. He lived by himself in a pleasant apartment in the Rue Constant, in the aristocratic *arrondissement* of Paris, that is, the seventh. He cared about

old furniture, at least to the extent of furnishing his rooms painstakingly and as nobly as he could afford. He also owned a little house outside Paris, at La Miel in the valley of the Chevreuse, where he spent certain months in the spring and summer, driving to work and back in a small but elegant Buick. He enjoyed gardening, priding himself almost boringly upon the special seeds and foreign bulbs which he was able to bring to bloom at La Miel amid his quincunx of apple trees.

He loved music more than all else, particularly Mozart and Wagner, traveling annually to Salzburg and Bayreuth for the *Festspiele*. In the past ten years, year after year, he had come home with an unhappy appreciation of the efficacy of the new German state and the might of the modernized German army. Even in 1938 you risked being called pro-Nazi if you prophesied too well in that way; and some of his friends, especially British and Americans, did call him one. He simply said that it was disgusting of them. I think he felt so absolutely part and parcel of his native land that it would not have occurred to him that his patriotism could be doubted, except as a joke, and a joke in bad taste furthermore.

He was an odd inexpressive fellow. He kept the life of his senses a mystery, a mystery to me at least. His life of the spirit seemed all concentrated in a certain cool, habitual, and often grumbling friendliness toward such Americans as Linda Brewer and myself, and certain cousins of his who lived in Versailles, and

especially toward a good scholarly fellow named Alain Raffe. Both Roger and Alain Raffe were quite happy young men, I believe; but somehow the expression of displeasure and unhappiness seemed to come more naturally to them than any enthusiasm; and in their general view of life perhaps they never really expected anything very good to last very long.

While I was in Paris that spring of 1938 Roger was summoned to do reserve military service for a fortnight. He had been told that it would be in some portion of the Maginot Line, somewhere between Metz and Sedan. This stirred my curiosity or my imagination, no doubt because I have found the martial architecture of France wonderfully satisfactory to my æsthetic sense, more so in many ways than the ecclesiastical or the residential—especially the works of Vauban, and little Aiguesmortes like a lily with open calyx and pistil and stamens of stone, and that star of masonry lying on the shore at Antibes, and great theatrical Pierrefonds. Multiply all that by hundreds of miles, adorn it with the obscurest modern inventions, I imagined, and you would have the Maginot Line. Sometimes indeed I still catch myself daydreaming of France as having something of that kind upon its borders: edifices brooding distantly in the dull landscape of the departments of the East and Northeast, a battlement as permanent as the Pyramids.

Roger, I must say, when he was called up did not seem inspired by any such mental picture. A little tartly he suggested that, for him, the fortnight ahead meant having to work like a dog in a place probably like a cellar; and in fact, in general, for all concerned, national defense must be a matter of working like dogs, not of a taste for austere architecture.

He asked Alain and me to dine with him the night of his departure for those famed bastions. He had to take an early train, so he suggested our coming to the Rue Constant in the late afternoon

for a drink and a farewell chat. His apartment was in one wing of what had been in the great past a ducal palace, overlooking a garden. There were platbands in which the spring flowers were green but had not yet begun to blossom; and there was a little line-up of trees under Roger's window leading back to a fine small rococo pavilion occupied by his landlady, who was a cabinet minister's widow.

While we drank and chatted we helped Roger into his uniform, which had been sent to his apartment for him to depart in. And when I say we helped, it is not just in a manner of speaking. For it was too small for him by some four or five inches in every dimension. His long and not very muscular forearms as well as his blue-veined wrists and white hands protruded out of the sleeves of the faded blue tunic. Between the tops of the boots and the bottoms of the breeches there were absurd extents of calf over which we had to wind the puttees with the greatest care, securing them with safety-pins. Happily, the boots themselves were roomier than the other items, and by leaving them unlaced, resigning himself to certain blisters, he was able to walk well enough, clumpingly. The exiguity of the topcoat did not matter; he would carry it over his arm. The exiguity of the breeches was the real hardship, which could not be helped. They bifurcated him within an inch of his life; and there was real reason to fear a giving-way in the seat or elsewhere if he made any sudden motion.

At first all this seemed to amuse Roger, but by the time we had completed him as a military man he had begun to take a dark view. "How sad this is," he exclaimed, in those tenor tones which they use in France when things go wrong. "How they have made me ridiculous! How idiotic it is!"

Then, sore-footedly and with grotesque precaution, he practiced walking up and down his fine salon. He had furnished it with a variety of old beauty, very fine: black and brass cabinets of the great cen-

ture—that is, the seventeenth—and a bronze bust and a good gilt clock and ancestral curtains; and it had an ornately inlaid old floor. It was a strange sight, I thought—the huge improvised soldier in the peaceful setting, in his garb of war so poverty-stricken, stricken and cramped, skidding a little on the beautifully waxed wood. It was very funny, though now naturally it does not seem so.

He strode, if in breeches so uneasy it could be called striding, across to one of the tall windows and he gazed into the garden. "It's sickening! It's idiotic!" he said again.

Then he remarked that he was ashamed to be caught in this disgraceful typical national plight by an efficient American like myself: limping off to one's military service, trussed up in someone else's pants! I reminded him not to be too sure of America's efficiency. I stood there at the window for a moment gazing into the garden with him. There was a flicker of candles in the great political widow's windows; she had guests. In the six o'clock light the gravel of the path past Roger's wing to her door looked like seed pearls. There was a cool breeze coming up as the evening fell, and the short green ribbons of young narcissus waved in the angular flowerbeds along the path. "How pretty it is, don't you think?" said Roger.

After dinner we accompanied him to the Gare de l'Est. French railway terminals are all somewhat alike, I suppose, and surely the Gare de l'Est is not the largest and shabbiest; but that night it seemed so. It had an atmosphere of limbo, it was as cold as limbo.

There were hundreds of friends and relatives saying good-by on the platform, a long rough fringe of average humanity all along the train that poor Roger had to take. Having been away from France for years, I was affected by this crowd as if it had been music, memory-laden and homesick. Indeed it was not my home but it was a place wound into my thought and my senses too closely, too long, ever to be unwound or forgotten. I had not

forgotten the particular body odor of Frenchmen in a mass like this, rather like a vaseful of stale carnations, it seemed to me; carnations and a little garlic. I noted once more how many of their commonest faces have visionary eyes and, once more, I was made uncomfortable by their jostling which is less innocent and friendly than the American way but no less democratic.

Until the whistle of departure blew, some young men with their darlings and a few couples probably married kept embracing as it is done in France, face to face, with their arms round each other rather low, clasped in the small of each other's back. Now and then they took deliberate kisses and then seemed to be brooding separately on love, each staring up and straight ahead over the beloved shoulder.

There were as many mothers as wives and sweethearts; and when the whistle blew finally, peep peep, all this female assembly, maternal and enamored alike, suddenly appeared to sag and shrink, left behind together, deprived of their chief interest, their fond hearts without focus. It changed the physical aspect of the crowd a little all the way down the platform.

It was a long train composed of those small wooden coaches which are a peculiarity of France, like little old chicken-coops on wheels. I was pleased to see that Roger, the giant, could indeed stand up inside one; but in order to talk to us from the window of his compartment he had to stand with his legs wide apart and his knees bent; his tight shoulders more than ever like those of Atlas, with a world of self-pity and sophisticated sense of humor on them.

Peep peep, and the long lightweight train, low on its wheels, slid out into the dark, eastward. And then a hundred hands were flung up, very white; even the grimy hands looked white in the weak illumination of the train shed. It was one long flutter of farewell so intense that it was rather like a desperate beckoning to come back.

Of course there is great love everywhere in the world, and the abuse and defrauding of pleasure everywhere. But France was the place, I suppose, where the average man and woman got the most out of their faculties of love. In this way and in their close family ties they probably always have been more vulnerable than other nations. Now indeed it is obvious how bad for them it must be to have a couple of million of their men in the prime of life kidnapped away and kept away; the best breeding-stock of the country rounded up behind barbed wire. That was one thing which in my darkest sensibility to Europe in 1938 I did not anticipate. Yet this departure of men, this farewell of women, seemed to me almost sinister. I knew that men departing to military service were the hope of France; one hope of the whole world for that matter. I really had no reason to fret about them except that their raiment and paraphernalia and even the coaches in which they traveled looked a hundred years old.

When Roger returned two weeks later it was near the end of my European holiday; and engagements and errands had so entangled me that I had to put off seeing him. Then he invited me to spend a day at La Miel, which I did, on the second, or perhaps the third, Sunday in April. I had tired myself out in certain difficult intimacies in Paris, and was in a mood to be amused by such a careless companion as Roger; and furthermore Linda Brewer also had a house at La Miel. She is a really old and fond friend of mine, one of my generation, a fellow-writer whom I really admire; not a novelist but a journalist in the great way, personal, unpretentious, and scrupulous, which I admire almost as much as the art of the novel. As she had a better judgment of the French, and a more courageous prophetic feeling for entire Europe, than anyone else I knew, I wanted to see her once more before I returned to our country.

She had a stint of writing to do that Sunday, so she could not invite us to

lunch. Roger and Alain Raffé and I spent all the middle of the day outdoors; Roger at work in his garden with a serious breathlessness and an earnest account of the why and wherefore of everything, Alain and I pretending to work and to listen. For two weeks I had been thinking of Roger as deep down inside the mysterious Line, in a labyrinth, in a cellar. It surprised me to find him a little tanned or at least weathered. He looked well. Now he was taking an almost gluttonous pleasure in his flower beds, kneeling and crawling, poring over every infant bit of green, plunging his hands out of sight into the mulch and the soft dry sifted soil.

I had no spirit to gossip, I could not listen, I could scarcely think, in a spell of the admiration and melancholy of France, now that I was about to leave it again. Over Roger's low orchard walls one could gaze a long way into the valley of the Chevreuse, a landscape with no flatnesses, with no heights, with scarcely any character except its mere attractiveness. The sunshine was so clear, the blue of the sky so sharp, that the earth seemed lacking in color. For several kilometers around it looked like a drawing in pastel, with the color a little rubbed off or blown away from the design, and some color blowing powdery in the air, in the breeze. The breeze was what they call a wind in France, and it had been so for almost a month, with extraordinary brilliance day after day, and drought and quite cold nights. It was a bad spring for fruit trees. Even Roger's sheltered and rugged apple trees were affected, blooming now with what was rather like a bud broken open than a proper blossom; and the brownish pink of the petals indicated that they would open no farther. But all the milky sweetness peculiar to apple blossom exhaled down from the heavy branches, in which bees were working stubbornly, reeling and blundering in the bad energy of the air.

About four o'clock we strolled over to Linda's for tea and sandwiches and

whiskey. It was chilly then, and our tired Frenchmen were glad to sit by the fire with Mrs. Lavery, the beautiful friend with whom Linda lived. Linda and I sat by ourselves on the far side of the room and talked our politics, international politics—Great Britain and America, America and France, France and Germany—with a certain wisdom, I do believe, relatively speaking, though surely we were unpretentious enough about that. We were quite honest in our narrow hopes and great general dread; no doubt we were very clever, and we felt that we were intelligent; but we did not pretend to be wise, even to each other.

We have in common—at least we have together—moods of an odd combination of unashamed sentiment with some toughness or hardness. And now little by little, in allusions amid what we had to say about politics, we were bidding each other an extraordinarily fond and significant kind of farewell. “When are you sailing?” she asked, and I told her.

“You know, you’re quite right not to stay here,” she said. “No one is going to be able to write fiction in France from now on. Do you think you will be able to, even at home, when the war gets going? Oh, I wish I could go home with you! How I envy you, in a way.”

But she corrected herself. She did not envy me, she said; it was only her sentimentality and imagination. To stay in France as long as it was humanly possible was her fate. Because it was fate of course she herself did not altogether understand why it was. “But I shall be the last to leave. The last Middle-Westerner on this peninsula of Europe, of Eurasia.”

I approved of her staying. If she must she must, I said. But then I rather made fun of her or, you might say, fun of the evil fate coming up to engulf perhaps everyone on earth. “Don’t be too brave, don’t stay too long. You will be a great nuisance to us.”

“Why?”

“We’ll have to come and rescue you.

We’ll have to send a destroyer to get you. We’ll find you in the fog on the sands at the foot of the Phare d’Ouessant, or up on one of those crazy pinnacles of the Finistère coast, waving your silk handkerchief. We’ll take you off the rocks in a breeches-buoy.”

I thought it a good joke in my way, a pretty scene, and it still sticks in my imagination: one of those inlets or coves of a matchless crazy beauty in Finistère, a dead extremity of the body of Europe, a broken tip of the index-finger of Eurasia. There is a seashore of dead-white stone which the ocean has half eaten; it is as if a cave had opened and its stalagmites had come out and were standing about. There are enormous skulls of the stone lying there and the ocean keeps cleaving them open, pulling the teeth and washing the sinuses; and the wind meanwhile preys upon the ocean, goring and sawing it and gagging it and hurling it into the stalagmites and the skulls, with its gray blood and disgusting spit spattering in the air for kilometers inland. It is one of those scenes which are impressive because they are reminiscent of human passion at its bitterest, of human physiology at its hardest, of starvation and sex and surgery and the like; but amid which actually a human being looks and feels as minute and shabby and functionless as a trained flea, badly trained at that!

“You have powerful friends, dear,” I told Linda. “And you’re worth a destroyer.”

I have a loud voice, and across the room Roger and Alain and Mrs. Lavery heard this. They sighed and shrugged and smiled, probably regarding us in spite of affection as persons of excessive fantasy and wild talk. Just then Linda’s old housekeeper entered with the tea and whiskey and bread and cheese, and we moved over to the fireside.

“I wish we were powerful,” Linda said. “We,” she insisted, with emphasis on the first person plural, “are not powerful.”

It charmed me to find on the tea-table a poor old copy of *The Methodist Hymnal*,

the earliest book of my life except perhaps *The Wizard of Oz*. Linda had bought it for five francs from a stall on the Quai Voltaire and had just been looking in it for a quotation. It started us talking of the great moral effects of congregational singing, Catholic versus Protestant, and then we spoke of national anthems. Mrs. Lavery was a musician, a lifelong student and practitioner of singing who intended to make a career of it. The month before last she had been engaged to sing our excessively difficult "Star-Spangled Banner" at a Washington's Birthday banquet.

Meanwhile I had been turning the pages of the hymnal, with pleasure and almost pathetic reminiscence of my Wisconsin childhood. Thanks to my mother's teaching and devout influence, this kind of simple Protestant music is second nature for me. I told Linda and the others how, as a boy soprano with high notes like those of a strained flute, I was sometimes paid as much as three dollars to sing at funerals, standing beside the coffins in little country parlors fumigated with tuberoses. It impressed them. Then I suggested our singing a few hymns. Roger and Alain refused but Linda and Mrs. Lavery were charmed to.

The latter had a fine high voice, trained as the French train their singers especially for the German repertory, with a golden tubular tone. The difficulty for her seemed to be that her exquisite physique was not stalwart enough for the volume of sound she had learned to produce. It made her pretty neck, which was like a water bird's, throb, and the note would slip. I played the piano. Linda sang now the alto, now the tenor notes.

I love looking at Linda when she talks, as I think everyone does; and there is much the same charm when she sings. She is not what is called a pretty woman; all her features, her nose, her brow, her lips, are somewhat too strong or too distinctive. And when she is silent you can see how her spirit and excess of expressions have aged her face, a little in an-

ticipation or in advance of the way she will look in due time anyway. As it is, I think her appearance is not likely to change much as she grows older. I regard her as fairly typical of our generation of emancipated, vagabond, international American, with a naturally worried mind but never discouraged in the least, cynical but conscientious—a pleasant enigma to most Europeans. Sometimes, when the matter of her talk or her thought is unhappy she has a look of almost ugly indignation. Then in the other extreme, her good humor will turn to a kind of wildness and glee, and she makes a comic face which is extraordinary, like a Greek mask. She dresses her hair in a lovely rough bob all round her head; it is gray hair, filaments of iron or spun ashes. In those old days in France she wore a monocle.

To sing, she put in her monocle and held her head a little to one side. We sang Watts' "Man Frail and God Eternal," most appropriate: "Like flowery fields the nations"—that is, I thought, the democracies—"stand, pleased with the morning light." We sang poor insane William Cowper's "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." We sang "Joy to the world," to Handel's tune, which would have made a better national anthem than the one we have.

I happened to look up over the grand piano and observed that our Frenchmen could scarcely bear it. Their large figures were slumping in their armchairs. Their faces, in the mixed daylight and firelight, showed no more animation than a pair of carvings in white wood. It was as if all feeling had moved out of them somewhere else, as if their hearts had fled, because it had become intolerable to feel anything, in proximity or in conjunction with whatever it was they were thinking. They were both Roman Catholics, although neither of them professed any belief. Perhaps the hue and cry we made was hard for them in the theological sense. We were real American Protestant-pagans, all three of us.

Upon second thought I suppose it was the matter of nationality rather than the matter of faith. Superior French of the class and schooling of Roger and Alain do often regard us as a not quite civilized people, which does not hinder them from generally liking us. Roger and Alain particularly liked us three and must have assumed that we were a good deal less than one hundred per cent American. But there we were, with loud united voice and absent united mind, unabashed, absorbed in a native Sunday-afternoon ceremony. As it must have struck them, this was the old Adam coming out in us too, the old American Adam. We were powerful, we were happy, and furthermore, we were somewhat outside civilized history; and they loved us; and presently we would withdraw from them in fact as well as in spirit. Heathenish and cold-blooded and heartbreaking, we doubtless would go away and leave them.

Then Linda had to do some more work and it was time for us to dine, so we returned to Roger's. Alain, who was expecting a long-distance call from his father in Brussels, hastened on ahead. It was a cold twilight with a great fragrance, particularly that fermenty fragrance of sod which has lately been frozen or frosted. There was an afterglow folded in cloud. We strolled down a narrow old lover's lane, under trees preserved in loving-kindness to a great age, then along a field of little vines all nursed and cut and healed and kept in harness, then along a soft orderly brook, and across a meadow on a well-worn path. Suddenly huge Roger turned toward me and talked to me.

"Listen, Alwyn," he began. He said my peculiar name almost as if it were Hallowe'en without the H. He stood in the middle of the path and talked fast. "Listen, Alwyn, I must tell you this. I did not care to mention it in Linda's presence; she would think it a good thing to put in an article for *Harper's* or *The New Yorker*. And that would be worse than not telling it at all, because the men

who are important never, on principle, believe a thing that they read in articles or in the newspapers. And there has been, my lord, enough of the shame of France. I am ashamed. I will not see any more of it in print. Not even abroad; not even when it is written by those like you and Linda who still feel that you are our allies. And, alas, if the Germans ever come to the conclusion about us that I've come to, God save us!

"I tell you this, Alwyn, because you must know some men who have power in New York and Washington. You can speak in our behalf, to impress upon them the necessity of helping us. Unless you stand by us we shall fail you. You cannot depend on us unless you help us."

"Roger," I interrupted sharply, "what are you talking about? What in the world is this?"

It was, as I might have guessed, the feebleness of the army of France, the inefficacy or ignorance of the government of France, the numerical if not personal inferiority of the French, the inadequacy of the heavy industry of France, the futility of the eastern and northeastern fortifications; in general, the hopeless imparity between the French and their enormous evil incomparable enemy. Roger had suspected all this for some time, and his two weeks' service in the Maginot Line had settled it for him.

"We are lost, we have not a hope, it is finished. France is past. Oh, God, I am so tired of thinking about it! How can we go to war, in the perfect certainty of defeat? What do the English expect of us? They despise us and yet they depend on us. When it is all over you will all say that we were cowards, crooks, degenerates, a nation of eunuchs. But how can we fight well when we have seen with our own eyes, to start with, that we have only old guns, little tanks, a few planes, and that crazy line of fortresses which the Germans understand perfectly, and not one of us has learned anything up to date, no one knows what to do?"

I could not exactly see Roger's face, in the double-focus light of the dusk, not night yet but nocturne. But I did not need to see it. I knew what expression of the idleness of grief it wore. Irritably, stubbornly, I began to assure him that his pessimism was not to be trusted and that, in him and others like him, it constituted a worse disadvantage to the Republic than the shortcomings which inspired it.

Unfortunately my heart was not altogether in what I said. For if, at any time during the past decade, I had been asked whether in my opinion France had a first-rate army, I should have answered no. This was of course nothing but an impression, based on casual glances into various casernes and camps; on long waits at street corners for certain parades to pass; on conversations with some young men, soldier boys or ex-soldier boys who did not mean to tell me anything in particular, who suffered from none of Roger's emotion.

As I remember, whenever you encountered the French army, there was a kind of gypsy atmosphere; it was agreeable, amiable. You saw as it were great untidy picnics of the military maneuvering along the roads, with the right idea and ideal surely, and businesslike in some ways, but with unbecoming uniforms and quaint-looking guns, with improvisation and patchwork. Inside aged masonry of a hundred traditional fortresses you could always discover something human, picaresque or idyllic or melancholy: little old temperamental mules, little old ardent officers, a mess table outdoors with fragrant soup in tin basins, a flutter of body linen drying on a clothesline. All over France you heard a bit of the music of the trumpet at dawn or at dusk, *divertimento*, as innocent, as rustic as a rooster crowing or a whippoorwill.

What Roger had to report, or rather to express, was a little worse than my impression; but probably that was because it meant more to him than to me. It was nothing very interesting, it was not news. He stood astride of the path wav-

ing his heavy arms, chattering rather than shouting. It was a mere outburst of simple conviction; refreshing in a sense, in France, where even in sadness there was usually too much moderateness and doubt. It was an outcry, an almost poetical generalization. His words themselves were flat and middle-class. A word here and there gave the idea, as in an opera, and the voice did the rest, that extraordinarily light voice, coming a little incongruously from the bulk of his shadowy figure in the empty meadow.

Really it amounted to nothing more than that the Maginot Line had been a bitter disappointment to him. He must have had false hopes of it after all, something like my dream of martial architecture which he had made fun of. In his actual report of his two weeks it was hard to tell exactly what was what; he had no reportorial talent. I wanted to inquire how long it had been before they had issued him a comfortable uniform, but he did not mention it and I was afraid of seeming to mock him. He did not really satisfy my curiosity in any respect. As I say, his mind was all lyricism and criticism. The Maginot Line has remained, to my mind, an enormity of mythical building with especially my Roger in it, my tragical, laughable giant talking so much and saying so little that was memorable or quotable.

He told me that the officers were severe with the men, but ruefully, like doctors keeping some secret. The men were not insubordinate or even sullen. They were rather, as to the possibility of war before long, the limitations of their equipment, and their own shortcomings in the sense of aptitude for war and training for war, tactful with one another. None of them of course knew for a fact that their matériel was inferior to the enemy's, but all of them somehow had been given some suspicion of it. They respected one another, and they had self-respect; but as to the guns and shells and instruments and supplies they were working with, they had only a sense of humor. As it had seemed to Roger

their good behavior itself, given all these implications, was ominous.

As French as can be, Roger then tried to explain the state of mind in the Line by referring to a book. "Have you read *Les Caves du Vatican*?" he asked.

I had indeed; it is André Gide's fantastic satire in which the Pope has been kidnapped and secretly imprisoned in the Vatican basement and an impostor has taken his place. Roger said that in the Line you kept thinking that there must be some supreme superior officer over all the other officers, and perhaps he was an impostor, perhaps he was deranged, perhaps he was a dead wraith. In any case the others did not understand the orders he gave, but as they re-gave them they pretended to.

The particular fortress to which Roger had been sent was an old building, built by the Germans in 1912 or 1913. When the victorious French recovered Alsace they found it in good condition and they economically incorporated it into their new battlements.

"The droll thing is," Roger said, "that we never troubled to remove the German signs painted up on the walls inside it here and there, over the doors, in the corridors. Signs like *Damen* and *Herren*, not really *Damen* and *Herren*; there were no *Damen* except in our dreams. All the other things to do and not to do, *Vorsicht*, *Stufe*, and *Rauchen und spucken streng untersagt*, for example. We left all that just as it was, in the messy, funny Gothic letters, to save money."

His accent in German was good, and evidently it amused him to speak it. "All the *Achtungs*, and the *Tür unter keiner Bedingung zu öffnen*, and all the *Verbotens*. I tell you it had an effect of hallucination. It was a German fortress anyway, and sometimes when I was tired I fancied that we were Germans already and did not know it."

This made Roger laugh, and in laughter—as it often happens, praise God, in all sorts of human emergency—he suddenly began to recover his composure. We went on our way home then along

the path. We found Alain playing the phonograph and we listened for a quarter of an hour. Then we dined, very leisurely and well; and after dinner we gossiped of indifferent acquaintances, certain musicians and the children of certain friends, and went early to bed.

A few days later, when I said good-by to Roger for who knows how long or perhaps forever, I suddenly realized that I had scarcely any affection for him left. The drama of France was too great, and his personal unhappiness and indignation about it too small, small and abstract. He had a broken heart, which is a sick, stupid thing, I said to myself. As a rule those whose hearts are really broken may as well be given up as a bad job. Unless they are quite young, one can do nothing with them or for them. Roger was truly patriotic and perhaps truly sensitive to the future, yet I had an impression of laziness all woven in with his feeling. Certainly, I thought, there must have been something more to the point for him to do than to unburden himself to a mere vacationing American strolling across a crepuscular pasture upon an April evening in the valley of the Chevreuse.

No doubt it was and still is foolish to judge France by men like my Roger, either in condemnation or in excuse. The man who makes an outcry is never quite the same as the inarticulate fellow-humanity behind him. And perhaps even my impatience with Roger individually was unjust. All over the world better men than he have done no more than he; and the majority of good men did not even have his foresight and emotion.

I still wonder at the simplicity and the courage of the chiefs of state allied to France in basing their policy and strategy upon the military might of the French and the obscure fame of those battlements in Alsace. I suppose they never happened to meet any Rogers. I find it hard to believe that our brilliant American foreign correspondents, brave honest indefatigable fact-finders, never discov-

ered that the French army would be good for nothing in a modern war. Probably they did discover everything, but, in their passionate devotion to the democratic cause, lest they discourage or demoralize their readers, kept imposing upon themselves a certain self-censorship. Now in New York I often discuss this with my friend Linda, but it is a mystery we cannot solve.

She was not in fact the last to leave France—far from it; no breeches-buoy! In May, 1940, she came home, for a few weeks, as she thought, because her father was in danger of death; and meanwhile France surrendered and she could never

get a passport to go back. The last we heard of Roger was that in June, 1940, he was in some sector of the Maginot Line between Sedan and Metz, perhaps in that same fortress of the German inscriptions, *Vorsicht* and *Verboten*. That, as Linda reminded me the other day, was where the German army slipped through. So probably he is now behind barbed wire, or laboring as a slave upon a highway or an underground airport or some other wonderful project of enemy engineering. I like to think that, as his German is excellent and he loves Wagner and he is an amiable creature, he gets on well enough with his captors.

OMEN

BY EDWARD WEISMILLER

WATCH him—there: the observed bird of disaster
 Roughed by the sour wind, upborne by sky;
 How he hangs, blacker than doom—drifts away faster
 Than follows the unhinged eye.

*His poise insures survival. All the sputter
 Of the thin brain that pulses in his skull
 Serves this, or nothing—is without this the mutter
 Of the latched sea in a sunken hull.*

*Recall him, man. Recall his casual balance,
 Out of the reach of your opinioned flight.
 Then think of Lucifer, whose orderless talents
 Toppled him down through centuries of night.*



HOW LATIN AMERICANS DIE

AND WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT IT

BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

THERE ARE roughly a hundred and twenty million people in Latin America, from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn. At this very moment it is a good bet that at least fifty million of them are sick. Sick of everything from sprue to leprosy. Sick of almost all the diseases that we in the United States encounter in our own lives, and of other savage and highly fatal diseases about which we know almost nothing.

A figure of fifty million sick men, women, and children is only an approximation, but reasonably close to the truth. It is too huge to be understandable. Doctors themselves, in the course of their professional work, generally think of sickness in terms of individual patients. Only gradually and partially has it begun to dawn on the experts in the field of public health that sickness in Latin America is as much a condition of life as weather or food. Fifty million sick people signify a society of sick men.

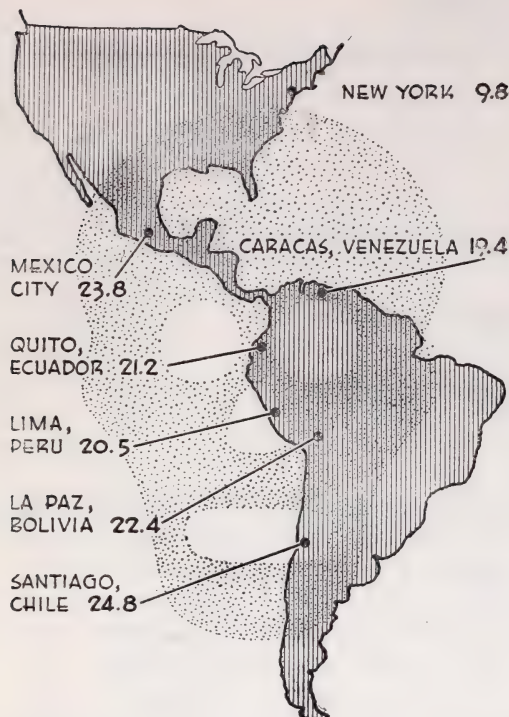
Recently the inhabitants of both continents of America have been subjected to a barrage of well-meaning literature which tried to interpret each to the other. We have discovered a good deal about how Latin America lives and is gay. But we have heard very little about how Latin America dies. A knowledge of how millions of our neighbors meet every year cruel, untimely, and unnecessary deaths is essential to an understanding of the problems facing our southern neighbors. Latin America's public enemy

number one is neither Nazi nor Japanese; it is disease. The operations of this enemy are harder to check and will continue to be far more dangerous to us of the North than anything imported into Latin America out of *Mein Kampf*.

It is a fact that in Cuba and in the Panama Canal Zone yellow fever has been practically conquered and malaria considerably curbed. But consider a few other figures: The average life expectancy of a resident of the United States, as of 1940, was about 62 years and 5 months. In Latin America, according to the best statistics now available, the average life lasts between 15 and 35 years less than that, depending on the locality in which it is lived. In Chile the life expectancy is about 35 years; in Peru, less than 32; in Mexico and Uruguay, well under 40.

These shocking figures are not due to the fact that most Latin Americans live in rural areas and most citizens of the United States in cities. In many countries to the south it is true that health statistics for rural areas are even more alarming than those for cities. But when you compare city with city the picture is much the same. The average yearly death rate per thousand people in the fifty largest cities of Latin America is more than twice as high as the death rate in the fifty largest cities of the United States.

Such figures mean something almost horrifying by the standards which we



Average yearly death rate per thousand people in some urban centers

normally employ in thinking about ourselves. Suppose our national death rate from disease doubled in a single year? We should then be talking about "plagues," and we should promptly devote every possible resource to bringing the death rate down till we could again regard it as normal.

II

Almost as important as the death rates themselves is the analysis of the causes of death. When the Latin-American causes of death are tabulated alongside those of the United States a significant difference becomes apparent. To understand something of what that difference means it is useful to look also at what were the ten principal causes of death in this country in 1900—less than half a century ago.

Above everything else this table [as shown on the opposite page] emphasizes how nearly our own medicine has come to conquering the pathogenic—

or disease-causing—organisms as sources of fatality. Look first at the right-hand column. Only three of the ten entries in it are the result of organisms hostile to man. You cannot catch a bad heart from your neighbor at the movies or from the bite of an insect. Cancer, cerebral hemorrhage, nephritis, diabetes, arteriosclerosis—all these are failures, one way or another, of the human machine. Automobile accidents are not even that—unless you think intelligence ought to be organic. Some organism is undoubtedly at the bottom of the influenza-pneumonia group; tuberculosis is the result of a bacillary infection; and diarrhea-enteritis, which ranks tenth on our list, is also the result of various pathogenic organisms. But it begins to look as if we in the United States were well on the way to dying only when our bodies are worn out or broken by automobiles.

A single glance at the column of Latin-American causes of death will reveal how differently the cards are stacked for our southern neighbors. Eight of the ten principal sources of fatality in their countries are the result of hostile organisms, and only cancer and heart disease are not. Not until the middle column of the table comes to resemble the right-hand one will Latin-American medicine have been able to contribute to its populations the life span and freedom from infection which we are fortunate enough to enjoy to-day.

The left-hand column, which presents the causes of death in the United States in 1900, suggests how swiftly we have benefited, as a group, from our medical advances. In less than a single lifetime we have largely eliminated no fewer than three organism-borne diseases which were mighty killers forty-odd years ago. Diphtheria, typhoid, and bronchitis are no longer major sources of fatality in our own country, but the first two still are in Latin America. Indeed, a comparison of the causes of death in Latin America to-day and in the United States four decades ago reveals a striking similarity.

THE TEN PRINCIPAL CAUSES OF DEATH

<i>In the United States in 1900</i>	<i>In Latin America To-day</i>	<i>In the United States To-day</i>
Influenza-pneumonia	Tuberculosis	Heart disease
Tuberculosis	Influenza-pneumonia	Influenza-pneumonia
Diarrhea-enteritis	Malaria	Cancer
Heart disease	Diarrhea-enteritis	Cerebral hemorrhage
Nephritis	Cancer	Nephritis
Cerebral hemorrhage	Diphtheria	Tuberculosis
Cancer	Infantile paralysis	Automobile accidents
Bronchitis	Typhoid	Diabetes
Diphtheria	Heart disease	Arteriosclerosis
Typhoid	Meningitis	Diarrhea-enteritis

It would be comforting to note this similarity and decide that in forty more years the Latin Americans will probably have caught up with where we now are, and that there is nothing to worry about. Unfortunately the situation does not permit us to do that. Here in the north we like to believe that we stand almost isolated from the attacks of these minute, disease-causing organisms which run riot in the south. But are we really safe? The fact that Spanish-American countries are harassed by infective diseases ought to be a matter of deep concern to us. We are sending a part at least of our new Army to the American tropics, where our men will be exposed to these lethal hazards. There is no virus-proof door standing shut between us and our southern neighbors either. The health of Latin America, just as much as its economic welfare, has become a vital problem for the United States.

We know that to-day increases in military and commercial travel among the American nations are helping to increase the death toll of disease. In Guatemala and Cuba the reported malaria rates more than doubled during 1941. Four years ago malaria was so rare in Cuba that it seemed headed for extinction. From 1935 to 1939 in Oriente—Cuba's largest state—hospital admissions for malaria were only about one in a thousand entries. But as the United States Navy began expanding its

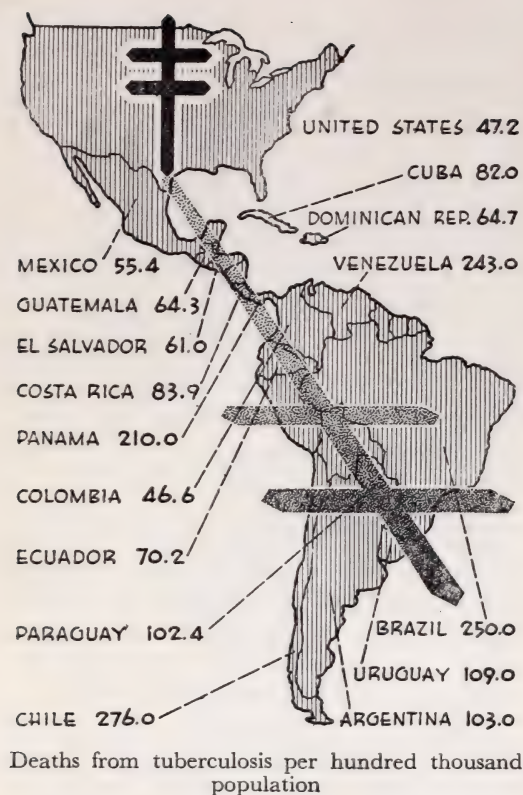
Guantanamo base and importing hundreds of non-immune workers and service personnel from the United States, malaria began to increase in the region about the bay. Hospital admissions for malaria suddenly increased fiftyfold.

This, like a hundred other timely items in inter-American health news, merely serves to prove that as armies and navies move, and as general migration increases, disease germs do the same. Inter-American travel is growing rapidly. Early opening of the Pan-American Highway may double it. Disease germs cannot be forced to recognize national boundary lines, and we have forged so far ahead of our southern neighbors in the suppression of general contagions that most of our people have no immunity whatever to the principal contagions to the south.

III

In the year 1939 some 47.2 persons out of every hundred thousand in the United States died of tuberculosis. By no means a record to be proud of, that figure nevertheless indicates a paradise of immunity compared to the Latin-American situation. As the illustration on the next page shows, Colombia is the only southern republic with a tuberculosis rate lower than that of the United States.

In South and Central America, as



elsewhere, the menace of tuberculosis has tended to increase as the concentration of population in cities increased. Add to this the fact that a large proportion of Latin-American population is Indian, and you have some explanation of the terrible gravity of the disease; for the Indian, from the time of the conquistadors, has been extremely susceptible to pulmonary ailments.

To turn for a moment to the cities again, the figures suggest that the only reason more Latin Americans do not die of tuberculosis is that more of them do not yet live in metropolises. In New York City the death rate from tuberculosis is 49 per hundred thousand; in Detroit it is 44.7; but in Santiago, Chile, it is 430; in Lima, Peru, 435; and in Guayaquil, Ecuador (1939 figures), it was 693. Particularly in Chile and Peru, tuberculosis is in a stage of infectious virulence. Dr. Aristides A. Moll, secretary of the Pan-American Sanitary Bureau, says that in a certain Chilean city 50 per cent of all children of six or under were

infected with tuberculosis, 80 per cent of those from six to fifteen, and in two groups between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four the percentage of infection was 85 to 90 among middle-class persons and 100 among workers.

Quite evidently Latin America's tuberculosis menace is not limited to any particular altitude, type of climate, or density of population. It exists at sea level in Montevideo and two miles above sea level in La Paz. It threatens the Indian, the Negro, the Spanish native, and the European. Defense against it is one of the foundation stones of any future Pan-American civilization.

Typhoid, dysentery, and other water-borne diseases are actual, not merely potential, menaces in the Latin countries of this hemisphere. Malaria is as great a scourge as ever, in spite of public statements which give a contrary impression; and Latin-American malaria is no mere matter of simple chills. It is a chronic illness causing death and disability in tremendous numbers in all the lands south of Texas. Infantile paralysis is ravaging hundreds of communities which never knew it before. Trachoma, an insidious disease of the eye which frequently results in blindness, is occurring more frequently than ever, particularly in the highlands. Latin-American deaths from diseases long since controlled in the north, such as smallpox, diphtheria, and measles, are still twice as high in proportion to population as they are in the United States.

The last major epidemic of yellow fever in the United States occurred in New Orleans in 1905—several years after it had been proved that mosquitoes were the agents for the spread of the disease. Since that epidemic in Louisiana it is fairly safe to guess that not one United States physician in a hundred has so much as seen a case of yellow fever. True. But even so, the next epidemic may be just round the corner.

In South America large areas of the enormous Amazon basin and of southern Colombia are still reservoirs of the very

yellow fever which our writers and dramatists have celebrated as long since conquered. Yellow fever is no story-book disease. Its mystery has been solved once, but it refuses to stay solved. The organisms of yellow fever attack man by way of the blood of jungle animals. The Rockefeller Foundation's researches have recently proved that it can be transmitted by other mosquitoes than the *stegomyia* (*Aedes aegypti*) which Walter Reed and his colleagues made infamous and which, in the years between, medical men hopefully believed to be the only carrier. So long as jungle animals and mosquitoes remain alive in Latin America, the United States is not safe from yellow fever. Such safety as may be attained can result only from the expenditure of vast sums for sanitation and inoculation campaigns like the one which the government of Brazil (influenced by a 1,700 per cent increase in yellow fever deaths between 1908 and 1938) is now carrying on.

Typhus, a disease which few North Americans ever thought of before the recent news from the Polish ghettos, and which almost none of us associate with the Western Hemisphere, is now all but extinct in the United States. During the past year, however, alarming outbreaks of it have been reported from Mexico, Cuba, Brazil, Venezuela, and Salvador, with from a third to a half of the cases resulting in death. In Chile the disease has been on the rampage for a decade. As recently as 1933, 15,379 cases with 3,596 deaths were reported there. Fortunately for all the Americas, Chile has been able to get the better of the disease for the time being; but the threat is still there.

Since 1902 smallpox has been a more or less minor disease in the United States. It continues to threaten Latin America. Less fortunate Mexico, according to its health department, suffered 15,000 smallpox deaths as recently as 1930, as many as 5,000 in 1935, and 3,500 in 1937. Yet, like most of our other nineteen neighbor republics, Mexico is doing what she can,

making a brave struggle to control contagious disease. Her gross expenditures for public-health administration have risen a hundredfold since 1900.

IV

Though infinitely poorer than the United States, most Latin-American nations are much more liberal than ourselves in their financing of the defense of public health. They have to be. Since 1909, when Cuba led the world in organizing a national Ministry of Health, all Latin-American countries have established federal health services; but the work of these agencies, capable and courageous as most of them are, remains, through no fault of their own, far short of sufficient. Since most of Latin America lies in the tropics or subtropics, climatic conditions such as the human system in the United States rarely has to contend with encourage disease germs to flourish during all twelve months of the year. The unbelievable isolation of large sections of the population in vast expanses of jungle, mountain, and desert where public servants are few, communications are scarce, and clinical facilities and modern equipment are lacking, make the control of disease in Central and South America as difficult as the carrying of water in a sieve. Racial prejudices, the scarcity of independent medical practitioners, the high percentage of illiteracy and bitter poverty throughout much of Latin America help to deliver over our less fortunate neighbors to the enemy.

The family with little or no income cannot choose its food for vitamin content. Records of the United States Public Health Service make it plain that in North America families with incomes of less than \$2,000 per year suffer about twice as many days of sickness each year as do those with incomes of \$3,000 or more. Take a fine-tooth comb and go through the population of Latin America to see how many incomes of even \$2,000 you will find. North Americans—al-

lowing for the fact that there is not a superabundance of \$2,000 incomes in the United States—simply cannot understand how small the average Latin-American income really is. The small incomes not only mean restricted food. They mean small governmental income and hence restricted outlay for public health. They make it harder for the governments of Central and South American nations to provide purification of the water supply, in spite of their energy and their recognition of the gravity of the situation confronting them. Latin America remains a chronic victim of water-borne diseases such as typhoid and amoebic dysentery. In thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of Latin-American communities impure drinking water remains a constant danger. With the possible exception of some of the overcrowded parts of South Asia and the East Indies, South America presents drinking-water problems as serious as those of any part of the world. Latin-American populations inhabiting what is potentially the world's greatest food-producing region suffer acutely from malnutrition and from the scores of diseases or "symptom complexes" resulting from inadequate diet. Beriberi, pellagra, and numerous other nutritional diseases are as standard to submarginal diets as vests are to three-piece suits. So, probably, are leprosy, amoebic infections, tropical ulcers, tuberculosis. Certainly the latter four are poor man's diseases. With few exceptions, they are most virulent where poverty is most intense and diet is least adequate.

It takes no keen perception to notice that touring microbes, like human tourists, frequently misbehave upon arrival in the tropics. For example, Latin-American death rates from what we consider merely nuisance diseases, such as measles and chickenpox, are several times greater than in the United States. Pneumonia is more frequently fatal south of the Rio Grande than north. Influenza kills its victims more than twice as often. Malaria, lightly regarded in the

United States, is a positive plague among peoples to the south. Here in the north, according to the United States Public Health Service, we have something like four million chronic cases of malaria; but the parasites which cause them are preponderantly of the mild or plain chills and fever order: in medical parlance, they are "benign." Not so the Latin-American variety. The greater part of Latin-American malaria is of the virulent, body-blasting type, such as tertian or estivo-autumnal. This last kind is widely known in some Spanish-American countries as the *economico*, because it is so almost certainly fatal that there is no sense wasting money on doctors and drugs to treat it.

There are a hundred other examples of the ruthless intensity of Temperate-Zone diseases transplanted to the tropics. Ironically enough, the overwhelming majority of Latin America's diseases are imported from Europe. Dr. George Cheever Shattuck of the Harvard School of Public Health, one of our distinguished students of diseases of the American tropics, has declared: "One can say with certainty or a high degree of probability that nearly all the more deadly diseases known in the New World since its discovery by Columbus have been imported from the Old World within historic times. This is probably true also of the minor epidemic diseases and of many other infectious diseases as well."

The meningitis rate in Chile is about twenty times that of the United States. Bubonic plague, the louse-carried nemesis of medieval Europe, persists through half a dozen South American nations. Latin-American death lists from cholera, scarlet fever, smallpox, lobar pneumonia, and some fifty other principal diseases, all probably imported, give a new and unpleasant interpretation to that threadbare phrase, "the white man's burden."

V

Conquest by contagious disease, not by Spanish or other European arms, proved

the supreme tragedy of an Indian-populated Western Hemisphere. The conquistadors made their best progress when following in the wake of contagions which they themselves had brought to the New World and sent on before them. Capable scholars have estimated that no fewer than *twenty million* Central and South American Indians died of European contagions during the course of Spain's American conquests. In 1633 the chronicler Antonio de la Calancha noted that "for each dollar coined in Peru, ten Indians died." Between 1520 and 1820 Andean-Indian populations apparently fell from a probable five million to a bare half million. The great race of the Incas was consumed in the holocaust of European disease. As smallpox swept Mexico and Yucatan, great cities vanished from the earth. Peru was ravaged by at least eight fearfully destructive epidemics, Brazil and the other Amazon countries by at least seven, the West Indies by more. Those were only the major epidemics. There must have been thousands of unrecorded local outbreaks.

Time and time again earlier historians of the New World had written of lands and people almost or entirely free of disease, of aborigines of Brazil, Cuba, Santo Domingo, and other American lands who were still without gray hair at eighty, who died of sheer old age at a hundred or even a hundred and twenty years.

But the picture changed when the white men came. Transplanted Europeans were about as helpless in combating the ruinous epidemics they brought with them as were the New World Indians. In 1584, while Central America was being decimated by typhus, Spain's governor general could do no better than command that bonfires be built in village plazas, that cannon be fired all day long to cleanse the air of evil humors, that nuns be freshly shorn, and that the populace pray to St. Rosalie. By the nineteenth century most of Latin America was a confirmed sick man's society.

Spain and much of Europe looked westward to a New World grown sparse and bleak by contagion.

Latin America is still a sick man's society. Those who first learned to want something of the Western Hemisphere made it so. We who now want Latin-American friendship and support will have to join in a declaration of war against this distinctly European heritage. The current struggle for health is our war too; our neighbors cannot hold the fort for us indefinitely.

Actually, Latin-American medical talent and governments have been putting up one of the stanchest struggles in all history. They are making heroic efforts to-day to use the best sera, vaccines, and tests, the best pharmaceuticals and the most modern therapies. From their own native populations they are developing hundreds of first-class men in medicine and surgery—names to rank with our own Mayos, Murphys, Gorgases, Reeds, Lazears, and Carters. They are making a science and a profession out of public-health administration. They are educating doctors, dentists, surgeons, and sanitary engineers.

In the United States we have schools or courses in tropical medicine in only five universities—Harvard, California, South Carolina, Louisiana, and Tulane. Latin America has about twenty. Puerto Rico's Institute of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, founded in 1917, is the oldest in the Western Hemisphere. Brazil's Oswald Cruz Institute, Argentina's North Argentine Mission, Panama's Gorgas Institute and Hospital, and the national medical schools in Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Lima, Mexico City, Havana, and Buenos Aires are among the more valuable defense posts against the still ruinous onslaught of tropical disease.

Brazil was the first nation of this hemisphere to establish a medical laboratory. That was in 1880, only two years after the founding of Germany's first medical laboratory and seven years before the United States Public Health Service opened its first "hygiene laboratory" in

New York, which was the first in the United States. Every Latin-American nation now has its National Red Cross, several of which are older than ours. Brazil and Argentina were world pioneers in founding anti-tuberculosis leagues. South American countries had public hospitals and asylums long before we did; and Latin America now has as many hospitals as we have, though they are smaller than ours and have to cope with a far more serious need.

But the task is far beyond present Latin-American resources. In a society of people who are pretty largely healthy, as we are, fewer doctors, fewer clinics, fewer hospitals are required to take care of public health. Our resources of roads, railroads, and automobiles have made centralization of health facilities possible, and they have also extended the working range, so to speak, of doctors themselves. In proportion to what is needed, the medical resources of all Latin America are still fearfully inadequate.

In Latin America as a whole, population is increasing about three times as fast as in the United States; yet in terms of its known resources, most of South America is still greatly underpopulated. In terms

of public health, however, the situation looks very different. Much of the land now standing idle and unproductive simply cannot be occupied, and for a good reason—men cannot work there and live.

Dr. Ricardo Piravanos, a distinguished Argentine surgeon, recently declared that the pooled spending for a decade of some \$350,000,000 annually—approximately three dollars per capita for the population of Latin America—could produce results which would make Central and South America as healthy as North America now is.

Latin America's gigantic problem of disease comes down to this: Hemisphere solidarity cannot be built on a sick man's society. Latin America cannot live as a contributing factor in Western Hemisphere or world civilization until it has conquered its health problems. Since the first days of the Monroe Doctrine we have considered that it was our job to help protect the southern nations from political aggressors. To-day, and even more urgently, it is our job to help Latin-American nations protect themselves against the aggression of disease.





IN PRAISE OF KIPLING'S VERSE

BY T. S. ELIOT

THERE are several reasons for our not knowing Kipling's poems so well as we think we do. When a man is primarily known as a writer of prose fiction we are inclined—and usually, I think, justly—to regard his verse as a by-product. I am, I confess, always doubtful whether any man can so divide himself as to be able to make the most of two such very different forms of expression as poetry and imaginative prose. If I make an exception in the case of Kipling it is not because I think he succeeded in making the division successfully, but because I think that, for reasons which it will be partly the purpose of this essay to put forward, his verse and his prose are inseparable; that we must finally judge him, not separately as a poet and as a writer of prose fiction, but as the inventor of a mixed form. So a knowledge of his prose is essential to the understanding of his verse, and a knowledge of his verse is essential to the understanding of his prose. In most studies of Kipling that I have read the writers seem to me to have treated the verse as secondary, and in so doing to have evaded the question—which is, nevertheless, a question that everyone asks—whether Kipling's verse really is poetry; and, if not, what it is.

The starting point for Kipling's verse is the motive of the ballad-maker; and the modern ballad is a type of verse for the appreciation of which we are not provided with the proper critical tools. We are therefore inclined to dismiss the poems, by reference to poetic criteria

which do not apply. It must therefore be our task to understand the type to which they belong before attempting to value them: we must consider what Kipling was trying to do and what he was not trying to do.

The task is the opposite of that with which we are ordinarily faced when attempting to defend contemporary verse. We expect to have to defend a poet against the charge of obscurity; we have to defend Kipling against the charge of excessive lucidity. We expect a poet to be reproached for a lack of respect for the intelligence of the common man, or even for deliberately flouting the intelligence of the common man; we have to defend Kipling against the charge of being a "journalist" appealing only to the commonest collective emotions. We expect a poet to be ridiculed because his verse does not appear to scan; we must defend Kipling against the charge of writing jingles. In short, people are exasperated by poetry which they do not understand, and contemptuous of poetry which they understand without effort, just as an audience is offended by a speaker who talks over its head and by a speaker whom it suspects of talking down to it.

A further obstacle to the appreciation of many of Kipling's poems is their topicality, their occasional character, and their political associations. People are often inclined to disparage poetry which appears to have no bearing on the situation of to-day; but they are always inclined to ignore that which appears to

bear only on the situation of yesterday. A political association may help to give poetry immediate attention; it is in spite of this association that the poetry will be read, if it is read, to-morrow. Poetry is condemned as "political" when we disagree with the politics; and the majority of readers do not want either imperialism or socialism in verse. But the question is not what is ephemeral, but what is permanent; a poet who appears to be wholly out of touch with his age may still have something very important to say to it, and a poet who has treated problems of his time will not necessarily go out of date.

II

There have been many writers of verse who have not aimed at writing poetry; with the exception of a few writers of humorous verse, they are mostly quickly forgotten. The difference is that they never did write poetry. Kipling does write poetry, but that is not what he is setting out to do. It is this peculiarity of intention that I have in mind in calling Kipling a "ballad-writer."

What is unusual about Kipling's ballads is his singleness of intention in attempting to convey no more to the simpleminded than can be taken in on one reading or hearing. They are best when read aloud, and the ear requires no training to follow them easily. With this simplicity of purpose goes a consummate gift of word, phrase, and rhythm. There is no poet who is less open to the charge of repeating himself. In the ballad the stanza must not be too long and the rhyme scheme must not be too complicated; the stanza must be immediately apprehensible as a whole; a refrain can help to insist upon the identity within which a limited range of variation is possible. The variety of form which Kipling manages to devise for his ballads is remarkable: each is distinct, and perfectly fitted to the content and the mood which the poem has to convey. Nor is the versification too regular: there is the monotonous beat

only when the monotonous is what is required; and the irregularities of scansion have a wide scope. One of the most interesting exercises in the combination of heavy beat and variation of pace is found in "Danny Deever," a poem which is technically (as well as in content) remarkable. The regular recurrence of the same end-words, which gain immensely by imperfect rhyme ("parade" and "said") gives the feeling of marching feet and the movement of men in disciplined formation—in a unity of movement which enhances the horror of the occasion and the sickness which seizes the men as individuals; and the slightly quickened pace of the final lines marks the change in movement and in music. There is no single word or phrase which calls too much attention to itself, or which is not there for the sake of the total effect; so that when the climax comes—

"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said
Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the
Colour-Sergeant said.

(the word "whimper" being exactly right) the atmosphere has been prepared for a complete suspension of disbelief.

If I call particular attention to "Danny Deever" as a barrack-room ballad which somehow attains the intensity of poetry, it is not with the purpose of isolating it from the other ballads of the same type, but with the reminder that with Kipling you cannot draw a line beyond which some of the verse becomes "poetry"; and that the poetry, when it comes, owes the gravity of its impact to being something over and above the bargain, something more than the writer undertook to give you; and that the matter is never simply a pretext, an occasion for poetry.

We sometimes speak as if the writer who is most consciously and painstakingly the "craftsman" were the most remote from the interests of the ordinary reader, and as if the popular writer were the artless writer. But no writer has ever cared more for the craft of words than Kipling—a passion which gives him

a prodigious respect for the artist of any art, and the craftsman of any craft. The problems of the literary artist constantly recur in his stories: in "Wireless," for instance, where the poor consumptive chemist's assistant is for a night identified with Keats at the moment of writing "The Eve of St. Agnes"; in "The Finest Story in the World," where Kipling takes the trouble to provide a very good poem in rather free verse (the "Song of the Galley Slaves") and a very bad poem in regular verse, to illustrate the difference between the poem which forces its way into the consciousness of the poet and the poem which the writer himself forces.

The difference between the craft and the art of poetry is of course as difficult to determine as the difference between poetry and balladry. It will not help us to decide the place of Kipling in poetry; we can only say that Kipling's craftsmanship is more reliable than that of some greater poets, and that there is hardly any poem, even in the collected works, in which he fails to do what he has set out to do. The great poet's craft may sometimes fail him; but at his greatest moments he is doing what Kipling is usually doing on a lower plane—writing transparently, so that our attention is directed to the object and not to the medium. Such a result is not attained simply by absence of decoration—for even the absence of decoration may err in calling attention to itself—but by never using decoration for its own sake, though, again, the apparently superfluous may be what is really important. Now one of the problems which arise concerning Kipling is related to that skill of craftsmanship which seems to enable him to pass from form to form, though always in an identifiable idiom, and from subject to subject, so that we are aware of no inner compulsion to write about this rather than that—a versatility which may make us suspect him of being no more than a performer. We expect to feel with a great writer that he *had* to write about the subject he took and in that way. With no writer

of equal eminence to Kipling is this inner compulsion, this unity in variety more difficult to discern.

I pass from the earlier ballads to mention a second category of Kipling's verse: those poems which arise out of, or comment upon topical events. Some of these, such as "The Truce of the Bear," in the form of an apologue, do not aim very high. But to be able to write good verse to occasion is a very rare gift indeed: Kipling had the gift and he took the obligation to employ it very seriously. Of this type of poem I should put "Gehazi"—a poem inspired by the Marconi scandals—very high, as a passionate invective rising to real eloquence (and a poem which illustrates, incidentally, the important influence of Biblical imagery and the Authorized Version language upon his writing). And the gift for occasional verse is allied to the gift for two other kinds of verse in which Kipling excelled: the epigram and the hymn. Good epigrams in English are very few, and the great hymn writer is very rare. Both are extremely objective types of verse; they can and should be charged with intense feeling, but it must be a feeling that can be completely shared. They are possible to a writer so impersonal as Kipling; and I should like the reader to look attentively at the "Epitaphs of the War." I call Kipling a great hymn writer on the strength of "Recessional." It is a poem almost too well known to need to have the reader's attention called to it, except to point out that it is one of the poems in which something breaks through from a deeper level than that of the mind of the conscious observer of political and social affairs—something which has the true prophetic inspiration.

The verse of the later period shows an even greater diversity than the early poems. The word "experimentation" may be applied, and honorably applied, to the work of many poets who develop and change in maturity. As a man grows older he may turn to new subject matter, or he may treat the same ma-

terial in a different way; as we age we both live in a different world and become different men in the same world. The changes may be expressed by a change of rhythm, of imagery, of form; the true experimenter is not impelled by restless curiosity, or by desire for novelty, or the wish to surprise and astonish, but by the compulsion to find in every new poem as in his earliest the right form for feelings over the development of which he has, as a poet, no control. But just as with Kipling the term "development" does not seem quite right, so neither does the term "experimentation." There is great variety and there are some very remarkable innovations indeed, as in "The Way Through the Woods" and in "The Harp Song of the Dane Women"—

What is a woman that you forsake her,
And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
To go with the old grey Widow-maker?

and in the very fine "Runes on Weland's Sword." But there were equally original inventions earlier ("Danny Deever"); and there are too, among the later poems, some very fine ones cast in more conventional form, such as "Cold Iron," "The Land," "The Children's Song."

I confess therefore that the critical tools which we are accustomed to use in analyzing and criticizing poetry do not seem to work; I confess furthermore that introspection into my own processes affords no assistance—part of the fascination of this subject is in the exploration of a mind so different from one's own. I am accustomed to the search for form; Kipling never seems to be searching for form, but only for a particular form for each poem. So we find in the poems an extraordinary variety, but no evident pattern—the connection is to be established on some other level. Yet this is no display of empty virtuosity, and we can be sure that there is no ambition of either popular or esoteric success for its own sake. The writer is not only serious, he has a vocation. He is completely ambidextrous, that is to say completely able to express himself in verse or prose;

but his necessity for often expressing the same thing in a story and in a poem is a much deeper necessity than that merely to exhibit skill. I know of no writer of such great gifts for whom poetry seems to have been more purely an instrument. Most of us are interested in the form for its own sake—not apart from the content, but because we aim at making something which shall first of all *be*, something which in consequence will have the capability of exciting, within a limited range, a considerable variety of responses from different readers. For Kipling the poem is something which is intended to *act*—and for the most part his poems are intended to elicit the same response from all readers, and only the response which they can make in common.

For other poets—at least, for some other poets—the poem may begin to shape itself in fragments of musical rhythm, and its structure will first appear in terms of something analogous to musical form; and such poets find it expedient to occupy their conscious mind with the craftsman's problems, leaving the deeper meaning to emerge, if there, from a lower level. It is a question then of what one chooses to be conscious of, and of how much of the meaning, in a poem, is conveyed direct to the intelligence and how much is conveyed indirectly by the musical impression upon the sensibility—always remembering that the use of the word "musical" and of musical analogies, in discussing poetry, has its dangers if we do not constantly check its limitations; for the music of verse is inseparable from the meanings and associations of words. If I say then that this musical concern is secondary and infrequent with Kipling I am not implying any inferiority of craftsmanship, but rather a different order of values from that which we expect to determine the structure of poetry.

If we are the kind of critic who is accustomed to consider poems solely by the standards of the "work of Art" we may tend to dismiss Kipling's verse by standards which are not meant to apply. If, on the other hand, we are the biographical

critic, interested primarily in the work as a revelation of the man, Kipling is the most elusive of subjects: no writer has been more reticent about himself or given fewer openings for curiosity, for personal adoration or dislike.

The purely hypothetical reader who came upon this essay with no previous acquaintance with Kipling's verse might perhaps imagine that I had been briefed in the cause of some hopelessly second-rate writer, and that I was trying, as an exhibition of my ingenuity as an advocate, to secure some small remission of the penalty of oblivion. One might expect that a poet who appeared to communicate so little of his private ecstasies and despairs would be dull; one might expect that a poet who had given so much of his time to the service of the political imagination would be ephemeral; one might expect that a poet so constantly occupied with the appearances of things would be shallow. We know that he is not dull because we have all, at one time or another, by one poem or another, been thrilled; we know that he is not ephemeral because we remember so much of what we have read. As for shallowness, that is a charge which can be brought only by those who have continued to read him only with a boyish interest.

III

He is so different from other poets that the lazy critic is tempted merely to assert that he is not a poet at all and leave it at that. The changes in his poetry, while they cannot be explained by any usual scheme of poetic development, can to some extent be explained by changes in his outward circumstances. I say "to some extent," because Kipling, apparently merely the reflection of the world about him, is the most inscrutable of authors. An immense gift for using words, an amazing curiosity and power of observation with his mind and with all his senses, the mask of the entertainer, and beyond that a queer gift of second sight, of transmitting messages from elsewhere, a

gift so disconcerting when we are made aware of it that thenceforth we are never sure when it is *not* present—all this makes Kipling a writer impossible wholly to understand and quite impossible to belittle.

Certainly an exceptional sensitiveness to environment is the first characteristic of Kipling that we notice; so that on one level we may trace his course by external circumstances. What life would have made of such a man had his birth, growth, maturity, and age all taken place in one set of surroundings is beyond speculation; as life directed, the result was to give him a peculiar detachment and remoteness from all environment, a universal foreignness which is the reverse side of his strong feeling for India, for the Empire, for England, and for Sussex, a remoteness as of an alarmingly intelligent visitor from another planet. He remains somehow alien and aloof from all with which he identifies himself.

To have been born in India and to have spent the first remembered years there is a circumstance of capital importance for a child of such impressionability. To have spent the years from seventeen to twenty-four earning his living there is for a very precocious and observant young man an important experience also. The result is, it seems to me, that there are two strata in Kipling's appreciation of India, the stratum of the child and that of the young man. It was the latter who observed the British in India and wrote the rather cocky and acid tales of Delhi and Simla, but it was the former who loved the country and its people. In his Indian tales it is on the whole the Indian characters who have the greater reality, because they are treated with the understanding of love. One is not very loving between seventeen and twenty-four. But it is Purun Bhagat, it is the four great Indian characters in *Kim* who are real: the Lama, Mahbub Ali, Hurree Chunder Mookerjee, and the wealthy widow from the north. As for the Britons, those with whom he is most sympathetic are those who have suffered or fallen—McIntosh

Jellaludin has learned more than Strickland.

Kipling is of India in a different way from any other Englishman who has written, and in a different way from that of any particular Indian, who has a race, a creed, a local habitation, and, if a Hindu, a caste. He might almost be called the first citizen of India. And his relation to India determines that about him which is the most important thing about a man, his religious attitude. It is an attitude of comprehensive tolerance. He is not an unbeliever—on the contrary, he can accept all faiths: that of the Moslem, that of the Hindu, that of the Buddhist, Parsee, or Jain, even (through the historical imagination) that of Mithra; if his understanding of Christianity is less favorable, that is due to his Anglo-Saxon background—and no doubt he saw enough in India of clergy such as Mr. Bennett in *Kim*.

To explain Kipling's feeling for the Empire, and his later feeling for Sussex, as merely the nostalgia of a man without a country, as the need for support felt by the man who does not belong, would be a mistake which would prevent us from understanding Kipling's peculiar contribution. To explain away his patriotic feeling in this way is only necessary for those who consider that such feeling is not a proper theme for verse. But if there is a prejudice against patriotic verse, there is a still stronger prejudice against imperial patriotism in verse. For too many people an Empire has become something to apologize for, on the ground that it happened by accident, and with the addition that it is a temporary affair anyway and will eventually be absorbed into some universal world association; and patriotism itself is expected to be inarticulate. But we must accustom ourselves to recognizing that for Kipling the Empire was not merely an idea, a good idea or a bad one; it was something the reality of which he felt. And in his expression of his feeling he was certainly not aiming at flattery of national, racial, or imperial vanity, or attempting to propagate a political

program; he was aiming to communicate the awareness of grandeur, certainly, but it was much more an awareness of responsibility.

Kipling certainly thought of verse as well as prose as a medium for a public purpose; if we are to pass judgment upon his purpose we must try to set ourselves in the historical situations in which his various work was written; and whether our prejudice be favorable or antagonistic, we must not look at his observations of one historical situation from the point of view of a later period. Also we must consider his work as a whole, and the earlier years in the light of the later, and not exaggerate the importance of particular pieces or phrases which we may not like. Even these may be misinterpreted. Mr. Edward Shanks, who has written the best book on Kipling that I have read (and whose chapter on "The Prophet of Empire" resumes Kipling's political views admirably), says of the poem called "Loot" (a soldier ballad describing the ways of extorting hidden treasure from natives): "this is wholly detestable, and it makes the commentator on Kipling turn red when he endeavors to explain it." This is to read an attitude into the poem which I had never suspected. I do not believe that in this poem he was commending the rapacity and greed of such irregularities, or condoning rapine. If we think this we must also presume that "The Ladies" was written to glorify miscellaneous miscegenation on the part of professional soldiers quartered in foreign lands. Kipling, at the period to which these poems belong, undoubtedly felt that the professional ranker and his officers too were unappreciated by their peaceful countrymen at home, and that in the treatment of the soldier and the discharged soldier there was often less than social justice; but his concern was to make the soldier known, not to idealize him. He was exasperated by sentimentalism as well as by depreciation or neglect—and either attitude is liable to evoke the other.

I have said that in Kipling as a poet

there is no development, but mutation; and that for the development we must look to changes in the environment and in the man himself. The first period is that of India; the second that of travel and of residence in America; the third is that of his settlement in Sussex. These divisions are obvious; what is not so obvious is the development of his view of empire, a view which expands and contracts at the same time. He had always been far from uncritical of the defects and wrongs of the British Empire, but held a firm belief in what it should and might be. In his later phase England, and a particular corner of England, becomes the center of his vision. He is more concerned with the problem of the soundness of the *core* of empire; this core is something older, more natural, and more permanent. But at the same time his vision takes a larger view, and he sees the Roman Empire and the place of England in it. The vision is almost that of an idea of empire laid up in heaven. And with all his geographical and historical imagination, no one was farther than he from interest in men in the mass, or the manipulation of men in the mass; his symbol was always a particular individual. The symbol had been, at one time, such men as Mulvaney or Strickland; it became Parnesius and Hobden. Technical mechanics do not lose their charm for him; wireless and aviation succeed steam, and in one of his most other-worldly stories—"They"—a considerable part is played by an early and not very reliable model of motor car; but Parnesius and Hobden are more important than the machines. One is the defender of a civilization (of a civilization, not of civilization in the abstract) against barbarism; the other represents the essential contact of the civilization with the soil.

It may well be unfortunate for a man's reputation that he should have great success early in life, with one work or with one type of work; for then his early work is what he is remembered by, and people (critics, sometimes, most of all)

do not bother to revise their opinions in accordance with his later work. With Kipling, furthermore, a prejudice against the content may combine with a lack of understanding of the form to produce an inconsistent condemnation. On the ground of content, he is called a Tory; and on the ground of style, he is called a journalist. Neither of these terms, to be sure, need be held in anything but honor; but the former has come to acquire popular odium by a vulgar identification with a nastier name: to many people a critical attitude towards "democracy" has come to imply a friendly attitude towards fascism—which, from a truly Tory point of view, is merely the extreme degradation of democracy. Similarly the term "journalist," when applied to anyone not on the staff of a newspaper, has come to connote truckling to the popular taste of the moment. Kipling was not even a Tory, in the sense of one giving unquestioning loyalty to a political party; he can be called a Tory in a sense in which only a handful of writers together with a number of mostly inarticulate, obscure, and uninfluential people are ever Tories in one generation. And as for being a journalist (in the sense mentioned above) we must keep in mind that the causes he espoused were not popular causes when he voiced them; that he did not aim to idealize either border warfare or the professional soldier; that his reflections on the Boer War are more admonitory than laudatory.

It may be proposed that, as he dwelt upon the glory of empire, in so doing he helped to conceal its more seamy side: the commercialism, exploitation, and neglect. No attentive reader of Kipling can maintain, however, that he was unaware of the faults of British rule; it is simply that he believed the British Empire to be a good thing, that he wished to set before his readers an ideal of what it should be, but was acutely aware of the difficulty of even approximating to this idea, and of the perpetual danger of falling away even from such a standard as might be attained. I cannot find any justification for the

charge that he held a doctrine of race superiority. He believed that the British have a greater aptitude for ruling than other people, and that they include a greater number of kindly, incorruptible, and unself-seeking men capable of administration; and he knew that skepticism in this matter is less likely to lead to greater magnanimity than it is to lead to a relaxation of the sense of responsibility. But he cannot be accused of holding that any Briton, simply because of his British race, is necessarily in any way the superior, or even the equal, of an individual of another race. The types of men which he admires are unlimited by any prejudice; his maturest work on India, and his greatest book, is *Kim*.

The notion of Kipling as a popular entertainer is due to the fact that his works have been popular and that they entertain. However, it is permitted to express popular views of the moment in an unpopular style; it is not approved when a man holds unpopular views and expresses them in something very readable. I do not wish to argue longer over Kipling's early "imperialism" because there is need to speak of the development of his views. It should be said at this point, before passing on, that Kipling is not a doctrinaire or a man with a program. His opinions are not to be considered as the antithesis of those of Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells's imagination is one thing and his political opinions another; the latter change but do not mature. But Kipling did not, in the sense in which that activity can be ascribed to Mr. Wells, think; his aim, and his gift, is to make people see (for the first condition of right thought is right sensation, the first condition of understanding a foreign country is to smell it, as you smell India in *Kim*). If you have seen and felt truly, then if God has given you the power you may be able to think rightly.

The simplest summary of the change in Kipling in his middle years is the development of the imperial imagination into the historical imagination. To

this development his settling in Sussex must have contributed to no small degree; for he had both the humility to subdue himself to his surroundings and the freshness of vision of the stranger. My references here will be to stories rather than to poems: that is because the later unit is a poem and a story together—or a story and two poems—combining to make a form which no one has used in the same way and in which no one is ever likely to excel him.

The historical imagination may give us an awful awareness of the extent of time or it may give us a dizzy sense of the nearness of the past. It may do both. Kipling, especially in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*, aims I think to give at once a sense of the antiquity of England, of the number of generations and peoples who have labored the soil and in turn been buried beneath it, and of the contemporaneity of the past. Having previously exhibited an imaginative grasp of space, and England in it, he now proceeds to a similar achievement in time. The tales of English history need to be considered in relation to the later stories of contemporary Sussex, such as "An Habitation Enforced," "My Son's Wife," and "The Wish House," together with "They" in one aspect of this curious story. Kipling's awareness and love of Sussex are very different from the feeling of any other "regional" writer of comparable fame, such as Thomas Hardy. To think of Kipling as a writer who could turn his hand to any subject, who wrote of Sussex because he had exhausted his foreign and imperial material, or had satiated the public demand for it, or merely because he was a chameleon who took his color from environment, would be to miss the mark completely; this later work is the continuation and consummation of the earlier. He brings to his work the freshness of a mind and a sensibility developed and matured in quite different environment; he is discovering and reclaiming a lost inheritance. What is most important in these stories is Kip-

ling's vision of the people of the soil. It is not a Christian vision, but it is at least a pagan vision—a contradiction of the materialistic view; it is the insight into a harmony with nature which must be re-established if the truly Christian imagination is to be recovered by Christians. What he is trying to convey is, again, not a program of agrarian reform, but a point of view unintelligible to the industrialized mind.

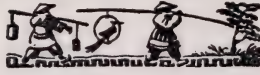
We have gone a long way, at this stage, from the mere story teller, a long way even from the man who felt it his duty to try to make certain things plain to his countrymen who would not see them. He could hardly have thought that many people in his own time or at any time would take the trouble to understand the parables, or even to appreciate the precision of observation, the calculating pains in selecting and combining elements, the choice of word and phrase that were spent in their elaboration. He must have known that his own fame would get in the way, his reputation as a story teller, his reputation as a "Tory journalist," his reputation as a facile writer who could dash off something about what happened yesterday, his reputation even as a writer of books for children which children liked to read.

IV

I return to the beginning. The late poems, like the late stories with which they belong, are sometimes more obscure, because they are trying to express something more difficult than the early poems. They are the poems of a wiser and more mature writer. But they do not show any movement from "verse" to "poetry"; they are just as instrumental as the early work, but now instruments for a matured purpose. Kipling could handle, from the beginning to the end, a considerable variety of meters and stanza forms with perfect competence; he introduces remarkable variations of his own; but as a poet he does not invent. He is not one of those writers of whom one can say that the *form* of English poetry will always be

different from what it would have been if they had not written. What fundamentally differentiates his "verse" from "poetry" is the subordination of musical interest. Many of the poems give, indeed, judged by the ear, an impression of the mood, some are distinctly onomatopoeic; but there is a harmonics of poetry which is not simply beyond their range—it would interfere with the intention. It is possible to argue exceptions; but I am speaking of his work as a whole, and I maintain that without understanding the purpose which animates his verse as a whole one is not prepared to understand the exceptions.

I make no apology for having used the terms "verse" and "poetry" in a loose way; so that while I speak of Kipling's work as verse and not as poetry, I am still able to speak of individual compositions as poems, and also to maintain that there is "poetry" in the "verse." Where terminology is loose, where we have not the vocabulary for distinctions which we feel, our only precision is found in being aware of the imperfection of our tools and of the different senses in which we are using the same words. It should be clear that when I contrast "verse" with "poetry" I am not, *in this context*, implying a value judgment. I do not mean here by verse the work of a man who would write poetry if he could; I mean by it something which does what "poetry" could not do. The difference which would turn Kipling's verse into poetry does not represent a failure or deficiency; he knew perfectly well what he was doing; and from his point of view more "poetry" would interfere with his purpose. And I make the claim that in speaking of Kipling we are entitled to say "*great verse*." I would suggest also that we too easily assume that what is most valuable is also most rare, and vice versa. I can think of a number of poets who have written great poetry, only of a very few whom I should call great verse writers. And unless I am mistaken, Kipling's position in this class is not only high but unique.



ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A LONDON BOMBING

REMEMBERED IN NEW YORK

BY R. J. CRUIKSHANK

I *DO not ask you to love them,
I do not ask you to speak a word for them;
I ask you of your grace to know them.*

*These are the faces I see when I cannot sleep
In the hours of the stone pillow and the unquiet glimmer on the wall,
At the shank end of the night in your high city.*

*Here are lights and round fruits and clear faces,
And there's a singing all day long in the shrewd air,
Your towers burn up the sky like torches;
But I am thinking at night of white faces
And remembering another darkness and rain falling.*

*What is this crowd in the street?
In the long, thin street under the rain,
Where strangers meet
Never to meet again?
They are burying our unknown dead,
The dead from the last raid,
The dead without a name,
The anonymous dust from the rubble,
The unrecognized bones from the flame,
Ashes to ashes again,
Out of the pit's shame
Where the fire still flashes.
They are passing by, passing by,
These headless citizens of our city,
Past all desecrating by a lover's eye,
Past all compassion of the hands, the lips,
Past reach of loving-kindness and of pity,
These poor, dishonored dead
Who died as I this night may die:
Our dead whose names are known to God alone.*

*Not the oriflamme imperial
 Flaring out in the final gale,
 Bloodying the sky with its unstanch'd vermillion,
 Its droppings of white gold, its fardels of purple,
 Not the bleak whine of the bugles on four o'clock ramparts,
 Not the mouth-filling swoops of the winged victory,
 Not the desperations throttled amid sand and plucked bones,
 Not pride, nor performance, nor the choric thunders over the seas,
 We celebrate, but the gray glory of the common man.*

*For the unaureoled obscure,
 For the Gods without pedestals,
 For the Saints without festivals,
 For the Virgins without coronals,
 For the Martyrs of brick lanes,
 For the holy babes without shrines,
 For the legend of the mothers and the sons,
 Mingled in death as once at birth,
 For the transfiguration of Artie Smith,
 For the majesty of poor men,
 For the unknown unforgotten,
 For the faithful and the humble and the lost
 Pray, men and angels, pray.*

*Sing the gray glory of the common man.
 He spends his candle-end of being
 Within the chasm of two timeless nights,
 He has enough to do to get him bread,
 A house against the rain, a shirt for his back,
 A woman to love, a child to bear his hopes,
 With scant time left to brood on what he is
 Or what it's all about.
 His mother when she bore him did not think
 He'd wear the iron crown of tragic kings;
 In those days Gethsemane and the Crucifixion
 Were but the pictures in an ancient book.
 The flame still smolders in the pit,
 The smoke from Hell drifts down your avenue,
 And in that flame and in that smoke I see,
 Not what this man was, or is, but what this man will be.*





SEEING IN A BLACKOUT

BY SELIG HECHT

SO MANY of our cities have already had blackouts, and so many others are preparing for them, that people have begun to wonder about blackout vision and to take seriously the information drifting in from England about night vision and night blindness. Is there really a special kind of vision operating during a blackout? How well can we see with it? Is it true that a match is visible for miles? If so, what kind of light can be used for getting about? What is night blindness, and what have carrots and vitamin A to do with it? Before too many erroneous notions gain credence it may be well to answer such questions, explaining just what is known about night vision and what to do about it.

Night vision is different from daylight vision, and the two are so dissimilar in some respects as to constitute totally different visual experiences. With daylight vision we read books, judge colors, look at paintings, and recognize our friends. With night vision none of these activities is possible. We cannot read, we cannot differentiate colors, and we cannot see details with it. But we can see in almost total darkness with it, and therein lies its virtue during a blackout.

We need these two kinds of vision because of the tremendous range of illuminations to which we are exposed during a twenty-four-hour day. At one extreme is the searing brightness of a sunlit sidewalk on a summer day, while at the other is the faint shimmer of a white shirt barely visible in the woods at night. The dividing line is full moonlight.

Above this illumination we use day vision; below it, night vision. Above it we are like chickens, lizards, and turtles—essentially daylight animals. Below it we see like bats, owls, and mice, which are essentially night animals.

City dwellers are rarely called upon to use their night vision. Modern lighting practice has seen to that. A city person's night vision comes into play only when he wakes up in the middle of the night or when he lies in a darkened room for some time before falling asleep. Then he finds the objects in the room slowly becoming visible, the same objects which had completely disappeared when he first turned off the reading light in preparation for sleep. Country people, however, know dim vision very well. They use it in walking on the roads, in crossing fields, in hunting porcupines, and in getting about on dark nights.

We cannot use this night vision suddenly; we have to work down to it gradually. Take the experience of going directly from daylight into a darkened theater or movie. Everything is in a fog of invisibility as you stumble behind the usher. Soon, however, the fog begins to clear; you become "accustomed to the dark." After half an hour the house looks well illuminated even though you know that the illumination has not changed. It is not the lights but your eyes which have altered during this half hour. They have become adapted to the dark, and you are now thousands of times more sensitive to light than you were at the beginning.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the sensitivity of our eyes after they have been dark-adapted for half an hour, because by that time we need only a fantastically small amount of light to see by. For example, with dark-adapted eyes we could see a candle twelve miles away even if it were flashed on for only one-thousandth of a second. If the candle were exposed for a full second or longer it could be two hundred and fifty miles away and still supply the eye with enough light to be seen clearly with our night vision. The flare of a match is fully as bright as a candle, and a dark-adapted aviator would not have the slightest difficulty in seeing it twenty-five miles away on a clear night. Under ordinary conditions it is neither the sensitivity of the eye nor the distance which limits the visibility of lights; it is the curvature of the earth and the haze, mist, and fog which obscure them.

Obviously we must exercise the greatest care during a blackout not to show the slightest amount of light. To ignite a match in a blacked-out street is to expose a beacon light to the nearest aviator. He is sure to be dark-adapted, and can easily see much less light than a match.

Naturally the English have known this. The pilots of pursuit and fighter planes, who go out to meet the enemy at night, are thoroughly dark-adapted. They must sit for at least half an hour in practical darkness before taking to their planes. An enemy plane carries no light, and the pilots need the highest sensitivity to see the bare silhouette of the enemy plane against the sky, or the faint blue flash of its exhaust.

II

Our capacities for day vision and night vision are not evenly distributed in the eye. The arrangements for daylight vision are most concentrated in the very center, so that when we look at something directly we use only day vision. This is fine for most purposes, but as a result the center of vision is practically

blind in very dim illumination. Under such conditions we cannot see anything at all if we look at it directly.

On the other hand, the margin of our vision is arranged particularly for night seeing. We do poorly with this part of the eye during the day; for example, no one would think of reading a book except by looking at it directly. But the visual margin comes into its own in dim light. It can undergo the greatest dark adaptation and possesses the maximum sensitivity to light. It therefore forms our mainstay during a blackout.

Astronomers have long known that the best way to see a dim star is not to look at it directly but to catch it out of the corner of the eye. Anyone can easily verify this. The fourth star from the end of the handle of the Great Dipper is only just bright enough to be seen by daylight vision. On a hazy night its brightness is decreased, and then it can be seen only by night vision. If you look directly at this star it disappears, but if you look at a nearby star, the Dipper star comes up bright and clear. The Pleiades make an even more convincing demonstration. Look at them directly and you see a small number of moderately visible stars. Now look at a near-by star and at once the Pleiades become brilliant and show many more stars than before.

One gathers from this that during a blackout it is better to examine things out of the corner of the eye. It is important to learn to rely on this capacity and to use it consciously. It will do no good to look directly at what one has just picked up with the corner of the eye, because what is barely perceptible out of the corner of the eye will disappear on direct examination. Keep watch with the side of your eye, and you will be astonished at what you can learn to see with it. This is the vision of the hunter and trapper in the night woods and can be achieved with practice.

True, the detail which can be recognized in such out-of-the-corner-of-the-eye vision is poor. Form can be judged only in a coarse way, and the fine points of an

object are lost. The difference between peripheral night vision and direct day vision is the difference between being just barely able to make out the big letter E on the oculist's chart and the reading of the finest print. This is because night vision is specialized for great sensitivity, while day vision is specialized for fine form and detail recognition.

In a blackout we must be content with crude vision. Directions, therefore, should be painted in large, simple letters. Arrows should be exaggerated, the tip being many times wider than the shaft. Contrast should be as great as possible, which means that all signs should be in black and white.

The visual world in a blackout is obviously quite a different place from the one we are accustomed to in daylight. One thing which makes this difference even more marked than poor form vision is the absence of color. We see colors only with daylight vision. Night vision is color blind in the most extreme sense.

On the south wall of my Vermont farmhouse there is a board painted with circles of various colors at which the children throw darts. On ordinary nights it is easy to see the dart board as a whole and to make out the circles as different in brightness. However, if you have not seen the board by daylight, you will find it impossible to tell the colors at night. Only during full moon is the dart board bright enough to be seen by day vision, and then you can just make out the colors of the circles surrounding the bull's-eye.

You cannot expect to see the colors of objects during a blackout. Grass will not be green, bricks will not be red, colored armbands and insignia will not be distinguishable unless they are specially illuminated for the purpose.

Color has still another peculiarity which is of first-rate importance during a blackout. This concerns the relative brightness of different colors. All colors are not equally bright. For instance, by daylight yellow is bright, navy blue is dark, and green is in between. With

night vision these colors possess quite different degrees of brightness.

This difference between day and night vision is best shown with red and blue. In ordinary daylight it is easy to select a red paper and a blue paper which look about equally bright. Take these papers out into the feeble illumination of a blackout and look at them after being dark-adapted, and you will be astonished at two things. First, the papers will not appear colored, and second, the blue will be ever so much brighter than the red; in fact, the red will be barely visible by comparison.

Exactly the same thing will happen with red and blue lights. Match a blue light and a red light so that they are equally bright. Now put a dense smoke glass in front of the two lights. After you have become dark-adapted enough to see these lights with your off-center night vision, you will be startled to observe that the blue light is hundreds of times brighter than the red.

This difference is particularly pertinent to one of the major problems of a blackout. How can we illuminate objects with the dimmest light so that they are visible to us but *not to our enemies*? We can do this best with colored light provided we choose the right one.

When an enemy observer in an airplane flying above a blacked-out city tries to catch a glimpse of light to tell him where he is, he is completely dark-adapted and is using his night vision. If you, down below, attempt to read a sign or negotiate a difficult step you will need light. Whatever color you use, it must be bright enough to enable you to use direct vision, and that means daylight vision. If you choose a blue light it will appear hundreds of times brighter to your indirect night vision than a similarly effective red light would be. It will therefore be many hundred times more easily visible to the enemy flier. The conclusion is obvious.

By reason of its much greater night brightness than red light, blue has a bad effect on your own night vision. Com-

plete dark adaptation is not easily acquired; it takes the better part of half an hour, and it cannot be hurried. However, it can be quickly lost. Exposure to bright light will destroy the adaptation, and you will have to wait for your eye to go through the course of adaptation again. The extent to which dark adaptation is destroyed and the speed of its recovery depend on the duration of the exposure to the light and on the brightness of the light *as it appears to night vision*. The higher the brightness and the longer the exposure, the longer it takes for complete recovery.

Since blue light is so enormously brighter to night vision than an equal amount of red light, the use of blue light for seeing any detail will always expose the night-vision system to a tremendously greater damaging effect than red light, and its fine dark adaptation will be destroyed accordingly. You will be blinded for a while until you again become adapted.

Therefore, on the grounds of both its visibility to enemy fliers and its destruction of your own hard-won dark adaptation, blue light is to be avoided. The only light to be used during a blackout is red light, the redder the better.

In addition to all this, blue light is the worst color to use for details; the purer blue it is the worse it is. Our eyes cannot focus very sharply with blue light. Print will not appear clear, and the effort to read by such light will result in eye strain and fatigue. I notice the advertisements for blackout equipment speak of such light as "soft blue light." If soft means blurred, then it is an adequate description.

I know that blue light was used in London. I know that blue light has been recommended here, and I know that it is being sold by the shops for use during blackouts. Nevertheless it is wrong. Blue light is the most dangerous color to use during a blackout, while red is the safest. The British have finally learned this, and so have our Army and Navy.

A final word about seeing in a blackout concerns the relation of vitamin A to night vision, and particularly to night blindness. Night blindness is the inability to see in low illuminations even after prolonged dark adaptation. When it occurs in groups of people it is because they have been deprived for a long time of green vegetables and butter.

Night blindness is cured with vitamin A. The reason we need vitamin A is that it enters into the formation of a substance called visual purple, which is responsible for the great sensitivity to light of night vision. Persons put on a diet completely free of vitamin A fail to form their usual quota of visual purple, and almost immediately show a drop in their sensitivity to light. An individual kept on a vitamin A-free diet for a month may, after complete dark adaptation, require a hundred times more light to see by than before the diet.

Fortunately, very few of us are ever subjected to a great restriction of vitamin A in the diet. Carrots, squash, all green vegetables, butter, and eggs are common parts of our national diet, and it is the experience of most reliable investigators that dietary night blindness is comparatively infrequent in the United States. People with abnormal night vision are usually so not because of dietary deficiencies, but because of disease. Disturbances of the liver and the kidneys are often associated with poor night vision.

Recovery from night blindness caused by dietary vitamin A deficiency is slow; in most instances recovery is gradual and is to be reckoned in weeks and months rather than in hours and days. So you must not expect that if you eat a carrot before a blackout your vision will improve wonderfully. It will improve, not by virtue of the carrot, but because of your regular dark adaptation. If you are normal—and the chances are one hundred to one that you are—the addition of vast quantities of vitamin A to your diet will make very little difference. Let no one urge you to take excess vitamin A to improve your vision above normal.

People with normal night vision are not equally sensitive at low illuminations. Individuals may vary by as much as one to thirty in the amount of light they need to see by. It is like the differences which people show in height and weight. There are short people and tall people, and food adds little to their stature because heredity is mainly responsible for it. Similarly with vision: some people are naturally more sensitive than others even if they all eat plenty of vitamin A.

It might perhaps be desirable to make a rough sifting of the population to find those individuals who have particularly good night vision, and those who have poor night vision. The good ones might serve as spotters or lookouts during blackouts. The poor ones, being informed, can be more cautious.

III

As a guide for visual behavior during a blackout all this information comes to some fairly simple rules. If you learn them and realize what they mean in terms of night vision you need have no fears about a blackout. Visually we are equipped with the best and most sensitive light-detecting instrument in existence. All that is required is that we know how to use it and that the authorities set up illuminations suited to it.

Remember that it takes time to achieve the maximum visual sensitivity, and that there is no known way in which to speed up the process. When you leave a brightly illuminated room do not rush into the blacked-out night. Go slowly. If possible wait in the darkness before starting out. Wait at least ten minutes after leaving a brightly illuminated room; wait longer if you can.

Once outside do not light a cigarette. Never strike a match or use a lighter. An aviator miles above you can see that light to your and everybody's detriment.

Learn to use the visual periphery. Pay attention to what you can pick up

out of the corner of your eye. This requires some practice, but you can become quite adept at it.

Color differences disappear at low illuminations; in a blackout colors will all look like different shades of gray. You need at least a moderate illumination to tell color differences; and since special illumination has to be avoided it is useless to set up colors as guides.

When extra illumination is required for signs, direction markers, or passageways, use only *very weak red light*. Put red cellophane, or red paper, or red glass over your flashlight. Ordinary flashlights require two batteries. Save your power and use only one battery, but put in a metal dummy to make the circuit. This will give a weak reddish light to begin with.

Watch your diet so that it does not fall below normal vitamin A requirements. This is easy, because only small amounts are needed. An ordinary helping of spinach or of carrots is enough for a day; butter, broccoli, or practically any other green or yellow vegetable will do the trick. If you suspect yourself of night blindness, have a thorough going-over by a physician. If the fault lies in your diet it is easily corrected but it takes a little time.

Above all, remember that though your eyes are superb instruments, they are delicate, and form the main gateway to your nervous system. Take care of them.

Do not try to read by dim light or by "soft blue" light. Do not read even by red light unless you absolutely have to, and then only for a very short while. Book print needs good illumination and so does sewing. The English have found that with proper blackout curtains they can keep their indoors normally illuminated. This is a simple procedure, and solves the problem much better than sitting huddled close to a dim light with its resulting eye strain and general irritability. Besides, good interior lighting is cheerful, and before this war is over we will need every means for keeping in good cheer.



BETWEEN HITLER AND MUSSOLINI

FOUR TALKS WITH THE DUCE

BY ERNST RÜDIGER PRINCE STARHEMBERG

This is the second article taken from the autobiographical manuscript prepared by Prince Starhemberg, whose Fascist Heimwehr in Austria was actively supported by Mussolini during the early thirties as a bulwark against Hitler's rising power. In this article Prince Starhemberg gives his version of four talks he had with Mussolini.—The Editors

This first interview took place in 1934, soon after Schuschnigg had succeeded the murdered Chancellor Dollfuss. Prince Starhemberg, then Vice-Chancellor, was visiting the summer camp in Italy which Mussolini had placed at the disposal of the boys of the "Young Austria" movement, of which Prince Starhemberg was the leader.

THE Duce was expected at our camp in the early afternoon, where he was to take part with our boys in a short service in memory of Dollfuss, after which I was to have a talk with him. The camp, among the stone pines on the shore of the Tyrrhenian Sea, offered a healthy life to the boys who spent their vacations in its tents. In addition to plenty of sea bathing, there was the discipline of military and gymnastic exercises, and lectures were given on Austria's history and its future.

A large crowd had assembled at the entrance to the camp as the news of the Duce's visit had leaked out. The streets were lined on both sides by crowds of holiday-makers, fisherfolk, workmen, and other inhabitants of Ostia, as well as by numerous visitors from Rome. Fascist militia drove furiously up and down to keep order and take precautionary measures. A Fascist band was in readiness. There was tense expectancy, par-

ticularly among our boys, who were now to see their host face to face. Suddenly there was a movement in the dense crowd. People craned their necks; louder and louder grew the cries of "Duce, Duce," the rhythmically repeated call which greets Mussolini's every appearance. The band struck up the "Giovinezza," our thirteen-year-old hornist blew the "General March," and the camp guard, consisting of sixteen boys between ten and twelve in their smart "Jung-Vaterland" uniform—green shirt, green shorts, white stockings, and a green cap with a cock's feather—presented arms with little dummy rifles. The officer of the guard, a little fellow of twelve, smartly reported all correct. The Duce, obviously pleased, stroked his cheek and then came up to me.

"You have been through bad times," he said, as we walked to the dais side by side. Here a small altar of stones and flowers had been erected, supporting a large portrait of Dollfuss. The Duce stood before the altar in silence and looked long at the picture. Then he turned and said to me: "That man was my friend. I was very fond of him. Europe has lost a great man."

On the day of Dollfuss's murder Mussolini had sensed the danger that threatened Austria and had mobilized the

Alpine Corps and dispatched it to the Brenner and other frontier stations ready to march into Austria. The plan succeeded, for Hitler understood that he would be faced with Italian troops if he used the opportunity created by the rebels for an attempt to seize Austria by force. To make his position quite clear the Duce had sent me a telegram, saying:

"The independence of Austria is a principle for which Italy has fought and for which she will continue to fight with even greater determination in more difficult days."

As arranged for in the program, I made a short speech from the platform, thanking the Duce for the friendship he had shown to Dollfuss, to us, and particularly to our country in the critical days just past, and I closed with a request for his help until the final victory and the liberation of Austria from the danger which threatened.

Mussolini replied in a few short emphatic sentences in German, addressing himself particularly to the boys drawn up in front of him. He told them they could be especially proud of their country, which had produced a martyr like Dollfuss. Also that Austria, true to her mission as the defender of European civilization against barbarism, had added a new page of glory to her history by challenging the new barbarism and overcoming this onslaught on her liberty. They must never forget what Austria was and must always remain good Austrians. The boys replied with a spontaneous "Heil Mussolini," "Heil Dollfuss," and ended with "Down with Hitler." The Duce noted the last shout with visible satisfaction.

After this short ceremony we repaired to my tent, which was fitted up with every modern comfort. In front of it were placed a table and chairs. This was my opportunity for a talk with Mussolini. A crowd of young Austrians watched us with curiosity but at a respectful distance, whispering among themselves. No doubt those children from the peasant and working classes

felt very important at being present on such a historic occasion.

I began by thanking the Duce once more for the help he had given us and also expressing the thanks of the new Chancellor. The Duce replied:

"What I have done was dictated by my friendship for Austria, my friendship for Dollfuss and for you. But it was also done in the vital interests of Italy. And," he continued, "it was done for Europe. It would mean the end of European civilization if a country of murderers and pederasts were to overrun Europe."

He asked me for further details of the revolt. I gave him a short account of events and specially emphasized the proof we had that in Carinthia young men with north-German accents had taken part in the putsch and that both in Carinthia and in Salzburg arms of German origin—new Mauser rifles and automatic pistols—had fallen into our hands. I told him how our investigations had brought definite proof that the putsch had been systematically organized by the Government of the Reich.

At that the Duce was roused. He rolled his eyes as he always does when excited, and he said forcibly: "There is no doubt that the National Socialist Government was the instigator of this revolution and that Hitler had Dollfuss murdered." Visibly stirred, but without raising his voice, he exclaimed three times: "Hitler is the murderer of Dollfuss; Hitler is the guilty man; he is responsible for this."

He continued to speak of Hitler very contemptuously, calling him "a horrible sexual degenerate, a dangerous fool." His strictures on Nazism were severe. It was a "revolution of the old Germanic tribes of the primeval forest against the Latin civilization of Rome." He grew almost violent as he said that National Socialism and Fascism could not be put on the same plane. "Certainly," he added, "there are outward similarities. Both are authoritarian systems, both are collectivist, socialistic. Both systems op-

pose liberalism. But Fascism is a regime that is rooted in the great cultural tradition of the Italian people; Fascism recognizes the right of the individual, it recognizes religion and family. National Socialism, on the other hand, is savage barbarism; in common with barbarian hordes, it allows no rights to the individual; the chieftain is lord over the life and death of his people. Murder and killing, loot and pillage and blackmail are all it can produce. The abominable and repulsive spectacle that Hitler showed the world on June 30th would not have been tolerated by any other country in the world," Mussolini shouted. "Only these primitive Germans, prepared even for murder, will put up with such things."

Never before or after did I see the Duce so excited, and once again he emphasized the necessity of having done with this dangerous madman, as he called Hitler, for he would yet set the whole world ablaze.

Developing this theme, he said: "Perhaps the murder of Dollfuss has done some good. Perhaps the Great Powers will recognize the German danger. It may be possible to organize a great coalition against Germany. I cannot always be the only one to march to the Brenner," he said, laughing almost scornfully. "Others must show some interest in Austria and the Danube Basin."

I told him that we shared this hope, for the future filled us with anxiety. "Economically we shall not be able to hold out long," I told him.

Mussolini returned to the internal affairs of Austria. With typical bluntness he asked: "Is Schuschnigg any good? I am told he is like a professor."

I defended Schuschnigg; he might be inclined to be professorial, but he was young enough to show fight if need be.

"Austria has lost much in Dollfuss," the Duce said. "So have you personally. I know he was a great friend of yours; he told me so. You two worked well together. I hope the same will be possible with Schuschnigg."

Mussolini then asked about Fey. I told him quite plainly my opinion that Fey was implicated in Nazi plots against Dollfuss. Mussolini said in the trenchant way he had: "Fey is less dangerous in the Government than outside it. The only alternative is to lock him up and for that you need more proof." Turning again to foreign affairs, Mussolini said he would consider how to start organizing a common front against the German danger.

"Hitler will create an army. Hitler will arm the Germans and make war—possibly even in two or three years. I cannot stand up to him alone. We must do something. We must do something quickly."

Before we parted we arranged that, in accordance with Schuschnigg's suggestion, he and Mussolini should meet soon at Florence. Mussolini was anxious to make Schuschnigg's acquaintance.

The camp guard again presented arms; the boys had by this time caught some of the spirit of the country and shouted "Duce, Duce, Duce" with the rest, at which Mussolini grinned from ear to ear as he walked to the camp gates to enter his car.

II

Soon after the murder of Dollfuss, Franz von Papen became Hitler's minister to Austria. It was his job to win Schuschnigg away from Italy and establish co-operation between Austria and Hitler's Reich. Vice-Chancellor Starhemberg's close ties to Mussolini made him Von Papen's bitter opponent. The following conversation took place immediately after Hitler's troops marched into the Rhineland in March, 1936.

While many officials of Fascist Italy seemed to view the German march into the demilitarized zone with a malicious glee directed against France, the Duce when I talked with him was visibly disturbed.

"Yes," he said, "this is the beginning. You will see, Germany will now rearm."

In a very few years she will be fully armed and will be a danger to the whole of Europe."

"What will the others do now?" I interjected, meaning the Western Powers.

"The others," said Mussolini testily, "the others, well, what will they do? Nothing! France won't do anything without England and England won't take any steps against Germany." After a short pause, he continued: "What can they do? They can't do anything at all. They can't march into Germany and make war." Mussolini was playing with some paper clips which lay piled up in a little dish. I had often noticed this habit of his. During a conversation he would take out a few clips and make them into a chain. Then he would undo the chain and bend up the clips. Sometimes he appeared to be deeply engrossed in this task. But by the movements of his facial muscles one could see that his brain was working feverishly. At times he would push out his lower lip so far as to give him a grotesque look. I noticed this trick on this occasion. The sound of traffic reached us from the street. Suddenly the Duce said:

"It will be difficult; the situation in Austria will also be more difficult. The National Socialists will have new possibilities for propaganda."

I did not answer at once. Again there was silence in the room until the Duce continued: "Germany will grow strong, she will grow too strong. It has not been possible to forbid Germany to rearm. One-sided rearmament was senseless. Germany must not be too weak or she will go bolshevist. Germany must be strong enough to resist bolshevism, but"—and he emphasized the next words—"she must not be allowed to be strong enough to be a danger to Europe."

That did not seem quite clear to me. "How," I asked, "is it possible to draw the line? Either you allow her to rearm or you do not."

"It can be done," said the Duce. "Some European organization must be

set up against Germany. Europe must compel Germany to respect her rights."

"Perhaps this is the psychological moment to do so," I said.

"Yes, perhaps, but it is very difficult to unite Europe."

I raised a side issue of more particular interest to us Austrians. "How would your Excellency regard an attempt on our part to approach closer to the Little Entente countries, particularly Czechoslovakia? Schuschnigg is already playing with the idea, but we don't want to do anything behind your back."

Mussolini did not look pleased. He frowned and said: "Are you sure Schuschnigg is not going too far? I don't think he is greatly in favor of intimate relations with Italy."

I denied this. I told him Schuschnigg was absolutely loyal to him, the Duce, and apart from that fully realized the vital importance of Italian support against National Socialist Germany. Mussolini was not entirely reassured.

"Perhaps Schuschnigg thinks he will no longer need Italy if he has alliances with the Little Entente countries."

I dissented. "Schuschnigg is not thinking of any union with the Little Entente. But, if only from an economic point of view, a rapprochement with Prague is important and can only strengthen our political position." I continued, perhaps rather overemphatically, "Excellency, you yourself could hardly wish us to remain isolated in the Danube Basin because of our close relations with you. Ideologically the new Austria is in any event drawing closer to Fascist Italy."

Mussolini still looked glum. "I know that you and the Heimatschutz are in sympathy with Fascism; but how about Schuschnigg? Schuschnigg is Tyrolese and strong propaganda is being made there about South Tyrol. Schuschnigg's friends at Innsbruck talk a lot about South Tyrol."

We had now broached a delicate topic. "May I speak frankly?" I asked. The Duce nodded and I said: "Excellency,

you must also look at this question from the Austrian point of view. For us this is not a political question or even one of prestige. It is entirely a matter of sentiment, for the North Tyrolese even more than for us. Near Meran in South Tyrol stands Castle Tyrol, from which the country gets its name. The fact that your military frontier is on the Brenner and will remain there has been accepted by all Austrians; we also agree that South Tyrol will remain Italian both politically and economically. But what troubles us in Austria is the cultural fate of the German-speaking minority."

Mussolini, who had been listening intently, said, "You Austrians exaggerate so. Why do you only speak of the Germans of South Tyrol, why not of the Germans of Marburg in Yugoslavia or of the Germans of Sudetenland? They too are oppressed, far more than the Germans in South Tyrol." He went on: "I have nothing against the Germans in South Tyrol, no one has anything against them provided they are loyal to us. But there are always irredentists among them. I have given instructions that the Germans shall be treated in a fair and accommodating spirit."

I clung to my point. "Perhaps these instructions are not always carried out by the local authorities. I am quite sure that injustices have been committed and that there have been encroachments upon individual rights. The whole question is now being used as the chief propaganda theme of the National Socialists. For some years propaganda about South Tyrol died down; but lately it has been particularly violent. I tell you plainly that I have been accused of selling South Tyrol to you. It would help a great deal if you could allow the Austrian Government the success of pointing to some amelioration in the lot of our comrades in South Tyrol as the fruit of our friendly relations with Italy."

I noticed by the rolling of his eyes that this interested the Duce.

"Very well," he said, "I will see what can be done." (Certain improvements

in the cultural life of South Tyrol were in fact granted a little later.)

I returned to the question of a rapprochement with Czechoslovakia, and finally the Duce said: "I don't want to interfere in Austrian politics. If you think an agreement with Prague is important, try it."

Again there was a long pause, while each perused his own thoughts. Suddenly the Duce put a completely unexpected question. "How many divisions can Austria put into the field?"

I confess I was not in a position to answer. I knew that the Austrian army was thirty thousand strong, added to which were a few thousand auxiliaries, but we had never seriously gone into the question of military preparations. Our only enemy was National Socialist Germany and to resist was rather more a political than a military question. I told the Duce I could not give him exact information on this point.

"I think Austria must arm and very quickly. There is not much time," he said.

Before parting we discussed the necessity of an increased effort to counter Nazi propaganda in view of the occupation of the Rhineland. An intensified counter-propaganda was planned and the Duce placed six hundred thousand schillings at our disposal for this purpose for the next few months.

III

Prince Starhemberg's visit to England, as Austrian representative at the funeral of King George V, convinced him that the British anger at Mussolini's Ethiopian campaign would isolate Italy and perhaps eventually drive her into a rapprochement with Berlin. Therefore Starhemberg urged Schuschnigg to form a united front with Italy and Hungary and demand that Hitler remove all cause of conflict from the Danube Basin and pledge himself to respect Austria's independence. The following conversation occurred when Schuschnigg (who was not much taken with the plan) sent the Vice-Chancellor to discuss it with Mussolini.

Shortly after returning from London I went to Rome to discuss Austria's critical political situation with the Duce. I arrived as the first news of decisive victories in Ethiopia was causing great elation in Rome. Addis Ababa had not fallen, but the victories just achieved left no doubt as to the satisfactory outcome of the war. When the Abyssinian campaign had been first mooted and war had seemed certain, the idea had been thoroughly unpopular among Italians, even in Fascist circles. Friends connected with Fascist Italy had told me that the Duce's policy was madness; it could only end in failure and be very dangerous for Italy. But now they thought very differently. The feeling against the English, who wanted to prevent Italy from exerting "the right of every Great Power to obtain colonies," outweighed the critical attitude of the previous autumn. Sanctions had made the war popular.

The Italians did not realize the extent of the rift between them and England. Jubilant at their victories, they were inclined to regard the continental problems arising out of Abyssinia as settled.

I mentioned this to the Duce. After congratulating him on his successes, I said: "You have certainly won in Abyssinia but in Europe you are faced with a new front."

Contrary to his practice, the Duce interrupted me saying: "That will all be changed. What's the news from Austria?" And without waiting for my answer he went on: "I shall not forget what Austria has done for Italy in the sanctions question. I have greatly appreciated her attitude. Tell me, how are things? Are you satisfied?"

I told him how matters stood: that there was active underground activity by the Nazis and that many Nazis hoped that Italy would come out of the Abyssinian war weakened. "And," I added, "I will not conceal from you that many good Austrians think the same. Not long ago I was visited by Herr X (I mentioned the name of a thoroughly pa-

triotic middle-class Austrian with strong democratic ideas). He said quite openly that Italy would emerge weakened from the Abyssinian campaign and that this would be the beginning of the end for Fascist ideology. National Socialism would also receive a severe shock and would collapse in Austria."

Mussolini replied: "That's stupid. Don't these people understand that democracy on the Continent is finished?" He shook his head and continued: "These shortsighted people have not yet realized the part of Italy on the Continent. If Italy grows weak Germany will grow strong. Only a strong Italy can keep Germany in check. It is all the same to me what system of government is adopted by Austria or by other countries. I have no wish to export Fascism. I only want law and order in Austria and elsewhere, and I want all those forces organized which are necessary to resist a German attack. That attack may start very soon."

I told the Duce of our anxiety lest his interest be diverted from Europe by Abyssinia. "We are very concerned for the results of the Abyssinian campaign in our country," I said.

Mussolini replied: "I had to wage the Abyssinian campaign. Italy needs new colonies, the Italian people require more land, Italy has become too small for us. The African colonies we already possessed were to a great extent unproductive. They cannot solve our problem of overpopulation: forty-four million Italians have to live on a third of the space occupied by the same number of Frenchmen. And our population is growing rapidly, for the Italians are a prolific people."

Mussolini pointed out the great mistake the Western Powers had made in not taking Italy seriously. He complained again, as he had often done before, that no one would understand that Italy had become one of the Great Powers since the War; that the agreement promising Italy colonies in Africa in return for her entry into the war had not

been kept. The great services rendered by the Italian army had never been recognized. Everyone talked of Caporetto, never of the great victories won by Italy.

I could not help smiling to myself at that. We Austrians saw little of these victories, for the so-called victory of Vittorio Veneto, which had been so loudly acclaimed, looked very different to us. We had regarded the armistice as settled and our troops were already retiring under orders when the Italians advanced, cut off part of the Austrian army, and captured it.

After explaining the necessity for the Abyssinian campaign, he turned to the future: "I have no reason to be hostile to England. We in Italy have nothing against England and I am convinced that she will accept the occupation of Abyssinia if it is presented as a *fait accompli*. England is sufficiently realist to understand that a colonial conflict cannot alter the balance of power in Europe. England has as great an interest in restoring normal relations with Italy as has Italy herself."

I replied that, from the impression I had gained in London, anger against Italy was far too deep for that. "In England," I said, "the League of Nations still counts for a lot. It seems to me that the English have made up their minds to preserve this ideal. They won't give in easily."

Mussolini laughed: "League of Nations! The ideal of the League! The League is just a farce!"

I replied: "That is how you regard it and so do I. That is how it is viewed in Italy and also by the majority of Austrians. But in England they still believe firmly in the ideas incorporated in the Covenant."

Mussolini replied: "The papers may have fostered this idea in some circles. The British press is hostile to me and to Fascism. But English politicians surely cannot believe it. They are not even applying sanctions against me seriously." Mussolini laughed again. "My Min-

ister of Trade could show you the figures of all we have imported from England during the past weeks and months. The sanctions too are a farce. The English could do nothing else and that is why this whole comedy was staged. They know very well that they need me in Europe and it is not to their interest to weaken me."

I had brought back a different impression from London and I gave the Duce details of my conversation. I then explained the plan I had suggested to Schuschnigg. Mussolini listened carefully; then, emphasizing his disagreement by gesticulations, he said: "No, that is no good." He shook his head several times, looked at me silently for a few minutes, then said: "Is it possible to make a pact with Germany? Is she capable of keeping a pact? Is peace possible with Germany?"

And without giving me time to answer, he went on: "It is impossible. Germany will never keep a pact. She does not want peace. Germany wishes to seize Austria because it will open the door to the Balkans and the Adriatic. Even if Germany made an agreement with us now she would break it one day, because she would be pledging herself to something which is contrary to her present policy. There is no sense in making agreements containing clauses against the interest of one of the contracting parties. I do not think this is a good plan; it creates an anti-democratic bloc, an ideological bloc. Such a bloc is a mistake—a mere Utopia."

After a long discussion—in which Mussolini insisted that Austria's security could best be assured by a revival of the Stresa Front, uniting Britain, France, and Italy against Germany—he broke off the interview and asked me to visit him again before I left Rome.

I saw him again shortly afterward and took the opportunity of saying: "Your Excellency, I tell you frankly I am not quite happy about what you said the other day. I think it will be difficult to re-establish the former collaboration

with the Western Powers for the maintenance of order in the Danube Basin and, above all, for the maintenance of Austrian independence. Do not be angry if I put a plain question to you: Can we Austrians definitely count upon you not to come to an agreement with Berlin at the expense of Austria? And not to yield to Berlin on the Austrian question?"

Mussolini answered almost solemnly, emphasizing each word: "You know my feeling toward Austria. I have shown it not only in words but in deeds. This feeling has not changed and will not change. I will not give up Austria. I cannot give her up. You may count upon that definitely. My friendship for Austria is based on the material interest which Italy has in Austria's maintenance. Therefore, as long as I am directing Italy's policy the survival of Austria will be an integral part of this policy. But every politician in Italy must prevent Greater Germany from having a common frontier with Italy. For that would prove to be Italy's worst hour."

IV

During the spring of 1936 there was increasing tension between Schuschnigg—who felt that Austrian independence could be maintained only by arriving at an accord with Germany—and Starhemberg, who still urged a united front with Italy against Hitler. On May 14th Schuschnigg formed a new Cabinet, and Starhemberg was out.

On the day following the formation of the new Cabinet I left for Rome, where the Austrians were to play a football match against the Italians for a cup presented by myself.

I had a short interview with the Duce on my arrival. As soon as I entered the room he came to meet me and said: "I think you're well out of it. Let Schuschnigg show what he can do alone. If he is a good man and is successful it will be good for Austria and good for you. If he fails it is as well for Austria that

you are not compromised with him, but are waiting in reserve."

Mussolini asked for further details about the new Government and listened to my descriptions of the new men. Then, smiling slyly, he asked: "Who is the politician in this Cabinet? Who is the fighter? Which of them will fight?"

I said nothing. I was anxious to avoid saying anything which could be regarded as criticism of Schuschnigg.

Mussolini looked at me inquiringly. Thereupon I told him that Goering wanted to meet me and discuss Austria's future, and asked him what he thought of the idea. He laughed and said: "Goering! No, you must not talk with Goering. Goering is a ridiculous figure, he is not serious-minded. You must not talk to Goering; there is no point in that. You would only be compromised, and Austria will need you yet in the struggle against the Nazis."

As we parted after this short conversation he said again: "I think you should be pleased. It is a good thing that you are in reserve and that Schuschnigg should make his attempt alone."

The following day the football match took place. Mussolini, who had signified his intention of being present, kept us all waiting. His two sons and his son-in-law, Ciano, had returned from Abyssinia that day. He went to meet them at the aerodrome and was late on that account. I sat next him in his box. He had brought his wife and small son. The other two sons and Ciano were also present. This was the first time I had met his wife, who appeared a simple, pleasant person. The youngest daughter of the King was also of the party.

The match revealed the passionate and temperamental behavior of the Italian public. The Austrian team had been greeted enthusiastically with cries of "*Evviva Austria!*" But alas, when they shot their first goal and luck seemed to be favoring them, loud protests and shouts were directed against them. Insults were hurled, and this intense feeling, which showed itself in violent

demonstrations against the Austrian team, continued to the end of play. I watched Mussolini. I noticed that he too was carried away at moments and found it difficult to control himself. He would have liked to shout with the rest. All the same the attitude of the public rather embarrassed him. When the Austrians were accused of a foul and the shouting grew particularly loud, Mussolini turned to me and said: "Do you understand what is the matter? I can't understand what they are getting so excited about."

In the end the Italians were victorious. The Austrian team received a further wild ovation as they left the field. I was glad that the Italians had won and so were the football officials who had come to Rome with me. We had always wanted them to win my cup. The return game was planned to take place in Vienna for a prize to be given by Mussolini. As I left the stadium the crowd cheered me loudly. Cries of "*Evviva Austria anti-sanctionista*" were heard on all sides.

On one of the following days Mussolini gave a lunch in my honor at Castel Fusano, a particularly beautiful part of the coast at Ostia. A charming little restaurant built up on piles over the sea was the focal point of this lovely spot. It was at this restaurant, away from the noisy beach of Ostia, that the lunch took place. I sat opposite Mussolini. Politics were hardly mentioned throughout the meal; we talked of the football match and of the coming Olympic Games.

Afterward we stood about in groups drinking black coffee. Mussolini leaned against a balustrade in the midst of a group of guests. As I approached him they melted away and left us together. We stood awhile without speaking. I can see him now, leaning against the railing, silhouetted against the gray background of the Tyrrhenian Sea. Then he began to speak.

"It is very important," he said, "that Austria should have peace, that she should be united and strong. I think

that difficult times are approaching for all Europe. It will be terrible for weak and disunited countries."

I did not answer. Mussolini went on: "Germany is arming, arming on a big scale. Germany will be very strong. She will have a large army and it will be an up-to-date army. Perhaps within three or four years, perhaps sooner, this army will be ready. Then Hitler will go to war, because he wants to do a great deal which can only be done by force. At that time a great European coalition should be ready to oppose him."

There was a short pause. He continued, "But what can I do? I cannot be gendarme for the whole of Europe. And the others (the Western Powers) do not understand how dangerous it will be. Do you remember," Mussolini added, "two years ago when Hitler had Dollfuss murdered and threatened Austria? I was quite alone, but it was different then. Germany was not so strong. But the Western Powers will not understand. Why all these quarrels? Colonial questions may be important, but they cannot be as important as the question of the Continent." Then, half turning round and pointing out to sea, he said: "They quarrel about the sea—our sea," he said, laughing shortly, "or the French sea or the English sea. What's the sense of that? Why must one nation have a sea? The sea belongs to all who sail it, and there is room for all."

It was getting late. I knew that the Duce had to return to Rome, and took my leave, thanking him for his hospitality. His last words were: "I have not altered in my feelings for you or for Austria. You can always count on me as your friend and as a friend of Austria."

As I looked round on leaving, I saw Mussolini in his tightly fitting dark suit, his powerful head, which always reminded me of the Colleoni statue, his strong jaw, the closely cut sparse hair. He was still leaning upon the rails, his figure still silhouetted against the limitless background. I have never seen him since.



THE EIGHT-OARED SHELL

BY OLIVER LA FARGE

FOR most of us who have rowed in an eight-oared shell there is no hope whatever of continuing after we have left college, but the love of it remains. A few weeks ago I met a Yale man who had rowed there while I was at Harvard. I don't remember how the subject came up, but we began talking about it, then we drew away from the rest of the party and lovingly, happily, rowed over our whiskeys until our wives dragged us home. This has happened to me many times. No writer has told the nature of rowing in an eight-oared shell to landsmen; none who haven't rowed understand what it is we remember—the crash of the oars in the locks, the shell leaping at the catch, the unity and rhythm and the desperate effort; so that now when we meet we babble with joy.

What is the nature of it? To begin with the setting—the green-banked river or the Charles Basin ringed by the city, both are beautiful. The shell swinging through open country on a fine spring day is hard to beat. Down on the Basin the water is oily, in the late afternoon it catches the deepening sunset, after dark the advertising signs over the factories are reflected on it, twisting as if the lights were darting snakes, and the swirl of one's oar is shot with color. There is the slight excitement and the echoing change of sound in shooting under a bridge, there is the fresh day on the river as you carry your shell down to the float. Rural or urban water, rowing is set in beauty to begin with.

There is the nature of the stroke itself,

the most perfect combination I have ever known of skill and the full release of one's power. It takes more than a dumb ox to make a fine oarsman, the traditional "weak brain and strong back" won't serve. To my mind it begins with the "recovery," the forward reach to get ready for a stroke. You are sitting on a slide, a seat on rollers, which runs on a track about two feet long, set variously according to the type of stroke your coach favors. Your two hands are on the loom of your twelve-foot oar, balancing it neatly. If you lower them too far you sky the blade of your oar, and the shift of the center of gravity will make the boat rock and cost you precious headway; if you raise them too high your oar will touch the waves and you may cause a jolt that will throw the whole boat out of time. So your hands are balancing delicately—next time you see a good crew rowing watch the oars moving together clear of the water on the recovery; see how narrow that long shell is and realize the miracle of balance that keeps it steady while those big men swing aft and the long sweeps reach forward. Or watch a green crew, see the oars at eight different levels and the shell wallowing from side to side.

You are moving your hands, your shoulders, and your tail aft (you are facing aft) at three different speeds, to bring each to its stopping point at the same time. If you rush your slide to the end of its run, that sharp motion and possibly the abrupt stopping at the end will check the motion of the shell, you can see it happen, and

you yourself will fall into the position of your maximum effort with a jerk which will put you out of balance. Hands, shoulders, slide, must move *in related time* one to another, and in perfect time with the other seven men, so that at the right moment you are leaning forward just far enough for reach and not too far for power, your slide is all the way aft, your legs and knees are ready, your back is arched, not slumped, and your balancing hands are holding firmly to the oar. In the very last part of your swing your outside hand, the one toward the blade, makes a half turn so that the blade, which was parallel to the water, is perpendicular to it.

Catch! A slight raising of your hands and arms has dropped your blade into the water, and instantaneously your shoulders take hold. That simple action is not quite so simple. If you have not done it minutely right your oar may skitter out above the water, slice too deeply into the water to help the boat, or you may catch a crab—entangle your oar in water so that you can't get it out. That last is virtual shipwreck; it may knock you out of the boat, and it will almost certainly lose a race. Once you and seven other men are driving with all your forces it is too late to attempt to turn or guide your oar. You must have dropped it into the water so accurately that it will stay with the blade just submerged all the way through your pull and come out willingly. That is part of the turn of your outside hand and the act of slightly raising your arms.

An immeasurably short time after your shoulders, your legs start to drive. Now your arms are merely straps attaching your hands to your body; legs and shoulders and back are pulling on the oar for all they are worth; everything you've got is going into it, but you have taken care that your tail, driven by your legs, will not shoot on the slide ahead of your shoulders.

You have driven through almost to the end of the catch, your slide is almost home, your shoulders are back. Now

your arms come in, and just as your knees come down locked, your hands touch your stomach. Here is the prettiest part of the stroke, the shoot of the hands to start the recovery. Remember, your oar is still deep in the water rushing past your boat; if it is caught in that it turns to a wild machine. As your hands touch your belly they drop, shoot out, in a motion "as fast and smooth as a billiard ball caroming," at the same time your inside wrist turns and the blade is once more parallel to the water—feathered. The shoot of your hands and arms brings your shoulders forward and you begin your recovery once more.

All this that I have described happens in a single stroke by a good oarsman. This stroke, its predecessors and successors, is performed in a unison with seven other men which is more perfect than merely being in time, with the balance of the body maintained also in relation to the keel so that the boat shall not roll. At a moderate racing rate it is performed thirty-two to thirty-six times to the minute—all of this, nothing omitted—and in a rhythm which keeps the time of the recovery not less than double that of the catch.

This is not the whole of rowing, but it is the basic part of the individual's job in it. Unite it to another fundamental and you can have a crew.

The other fundamental is unison. I have said that a crew does not merely keep time; it does something subtler than that, it becomes one. This it cannot do if there is bad feeling among the men in the boat; a single antagonistic personality can keep eight oarsmen from becoming a crew rowing together even though they are accurately following the stroke's oar and the coxswain's counting. Crews are not made up on a basis of personalities, but according to the coaches' estimate of individual capacities; it is after they are rowing together that they become friends. The crews on which I rowed at Harvard contained men with whom I had nothing in common, men by whom I should

naturally have been bored or antagonized, and who should have disliked me. As we rowed together we became fond of one another. This relationship was not lasting, but for the duration of our rowing we esteemed and liked one another. As this feeling grew so did our boat shake down and become one, and so did we increasingly care for the foul-mouthed, brilliant little devil who was our cox and in a race the instrument, voice, and control of our unity.

II

You have three or four years of rowing back of you, and owing to them the assurance that you are a sound oarsman, a sound waterman, whether or no you are going to be good enough to win a seat in the particular boat you've set your heart on. You have spent a month or so rowing on the machines, indoors, with a tentative crew made up of four or five fellows with whom you rowed last year and some newcomers, all of merit. The ice has gone out of the river, it is raw and cold but tolerable. To-day you will take to the water.

This oar is yours. No man but you will handle it from now till the end of the season, barring disaster. (I saw a Princeton crew once whose managers carried the oars down for the men; one hopes it was a rare exception.) You take it from the rack and look it over, a good spoon blade, not too wide, a sound piece of white ash, the leather in right condition. You ask the manager to roughen the handle for you a little, and watch critically while it is being done, then you take it down to the edge of the float. The others do the same, the cox brings down his rudder and megaphone.

Here is your shell, resting upside down on its rack: a long cigar of wood, so thin that it bends readily under your finger, surrounding a skeleton of wood and metal that will stand up under the force you hope to bring forth. This too has its attributes and properties, some visible as you look her over, some yet to be

learned. You take your places, the cox gives his command. Tenderly you lift her out; she's fragile. Four men on a side, you carry her down to the float and freely curse anyone who gets in your way. (Even those Princeton men carried down their own shell.) At the edge of the float you wait. The cox shouts "Up!" The shell rises to the height of your arms, and all eight of you are standing under her. Then over—gently now—bending all together you lay her in the water. This tossing a shell is a good ritual in itself, one of the many graces of rowing. It is your first genuine act as a crew together.

You put in the oars, take your places, settle yourselves. There's a lot of arranging and adjusting to be attended to. Then you shove off and you're out in the stream.

It's months since you've been in a boat. You are nine men who know your business individually, but collectively you hardly exist yet. Suddenly you feel self-conscious, almost afraid. This feeling is as much fear of a foully bad start and an affront to your art as it is of the mechanism of yourself and your oar; but there is a fear, something big is coming which may go wrong, and you are stale. . . .

You all swing forward and the boat does not lurch, a good sign. The cox's voice is familiar, he urges you profanely to get off to a good start in front of those heavy-weights who are now coming on to the float, and you feel soothed. You start. The eight oars get in fairly well together, the shell leaps, it keeps running well as you swing for the next stroke, it leaps again. You had forgotten; for all your years of rowing you had forgotten the power of those eight sweeps driven together, the initial leap and run of the boat, the settling down to a smooth, even swing. The power of that first stroke is always astounding, so is the way the oars crash in the locks, and you are going, and you feel like a giant and you want to shout.

These are parts of what the oarsman

loves, along with the sunny days and the girls who stand on the bank and stare at the near-naked men (don't think the oarsmen don't spot them), and coming in at night listening to the sounds of other crews and seeing the reflections of the guiding lights under the bridges dripping off your oars, and the increasing sense of strength and competence from day to day, and the growing union with eight other men into something mystical and strong—values of strength, skill, physical beauty perceived, and the spirit. There are all of these in this sport which I loved, as there must be in those beloved of others.

III

When I went to Harvard, a boy weighing a hundred and fifty pounds had no future in University rowing. Having enjoyed two years of rowing at school, I treated myself to it the fall of my Freshman year as an indulgence; I did well but I saw that the competition was too stiff for me, and high-jumping offered me a gambler's chance at my H. I went out for Freshman track, although there was a rumor that Harvard was going to try out these new hundred-and-fifty-pound crews that were having such a success at one or two other colleges.

It was a raw, cold, early spring. As I walked over Anderson Bridge I saw the first Freshman eights getting into the river. Some damn fool stepped in the bottom of a shell and put his foot through it. Another boat got away cleanly and started going, rolling a bit but not doing badly. I could hear the cox's commands. Some upper-class eight came downstream from Newell Boat-house and passed right under me; those fellows could row. The coach followed in his launch, megaphone in hand. What he was saying was anciently familiar.

I walked on to the Stadium and told the track coach I was going out for rowing; then I went down to the boathouse and signed up, feeling like a man reborn.

So it happened that I was in the first hundred-and-fifty-pound crew ever to take the water from Harvard.

I find in writing about rowing that I tend to concentrate rather technically upon the sport itself, with the attendant danger of losing that very background of its relation to a boy's life which would give it validity. This is partly because the average man who reads this has played football, and many women have at least had the game explained to them and have learned how to watch it, while the essentials of rowing are widely unknown. The sport became for me something complete in itself, into which I entered and from which I returned to ordinary life; it maintained its own, unbroken stream winding through the other currents of my existence. I believe you will find this true of anyone who is really devoted to any game. But it had to relate to all the rest.

At Groton it had brought me a tolerable relationship with boys whom I respected and who carried much weight in the school; it had brought self-assurance and a realization of strength; it had brought the curious, traditional honors of athletes. There is a lot more to the preference of boys in most schools for athletic over academic honors than mere over-emphasis on athletics. The little new boy, looking about him for gods, finds them at the outset of his first term in the football giants. He sees these big, self-confident, deep-voiced men in their daily goings and comings as well as in the game; among them are the holders of many other honors, leaders of this and that. Those who win academic honors and prizes come to light much later; they have no letters broad across their chests as they go to and fro; in many cases they are quiet boys whom ordinarily one hardly notices. One may see them receive their prizes, but one does not watch, breathless, while they earn them. I can name off now the gods of the Sixth Form in my First Form year at Groton and tell who threw a long magnificent forward pass, who knocked

out a triple with two men on base. I saw them "tossed"—picked up by their team-mates and half thrown in the air while the boys gave them the long cheer. And then, and then, one spring day, with *my* letter broad upon *my* chest I was being jounced up in the air amid laughter, and it was *my* name on the end of the long cheer. Those gods stood round me in my mind, those great men, and I knew I was a good oarsman, and my crew had won, and it was legitimately mine, and I knew what it was to love a game and be good at it, and here was a new strength in myself.

Rowing at school was fun, but rowing at Harvard was magnificent. There was more of it, it was more intense, and it was better rowing. The hundred-and-fifty pound crews were stepchildren, born of hesitant concessions by doubting authorities; at first they could hope for no insignia, they accepted cast-off shells and unwanted, used oars and liked them. They were made up of boys who were perfectly willing to row in a soap-box if necessary so long as they could row and count from time to time on a full-fledged race. We won recognition slowly, better boats, decent oars, a minor sports letter. Not until after my time did the lightweights get the same breaks in equipment and general treatment that less conservative colleges gave their rivals. We didn't care. For three years we rowed under the brothers, Bert and Bill Haynes, who themselves adored rowing and held it a prime part of their work to make us love it, thereby making us love them. We consciously rowed *for* them. We became a crew that could make the real Varsity stretch over a short distance, we were made use of to pace the Varsity for starts and sprints; one splendid afternoon we beat the Junior Varsity handily in a regular, two-mile race.

We loved it all, from the bitter, all-but-winter days when ice formed on the oars to the long, grass-smelling spring afternoons when we went far up-river. The rowing after dark I remember

especially; I never became entirely used to the beauty of the city-ringed water and the mystery of the bridges.

IV

In the due course of time it is given to you to row a race. Not a practice race against one of your own, but the real article, and the oars of the boat taking position on your port hand are painted, not crimson, but a fine, shining blue. The feeling of it starts before then, when you take your shell down and toss her better than you ever did before, and you and the managers are in a different, special communion over the free running of your slide, the grease on your oar where it passes through the lock, the comfort of the stretcher into which your feet are laced. The love you bear each man in the boat is stronger, warmer, than it has ever been; it is positive, almost visible.

You shove off and paddle along to the start, taking it easily, perfecting your form, the cox saying just what he always says, everything ordinary; everything calming.

Starting an eight-oared race is a frightful job. There is the current, and then there will be a slight cross-wind, something you wouldn't notice if you weren't trying to hold two or more boats as light as cigar boxes in perfect line beside each other. You jockey and jockey, the good effect of the paddle wears off. You get into position; the starter has asked "Are you ready, Harvard? Are you ready, Yale?" and one of the shells swings, and it all has to be done over again.

At last you are set. A racing start is entirely different from the ordinary process of getting a shell under way. This time you want to make her fly at full speed from the first stroke; you want to develop speed just as fast as is humanly possible, and faster. You have practiced many times the series of short, hard strokes and the lengthening to the full, rhythmed swing, but it remains tricky, a complex

set of motions to be done so rapidly and hard that you wonder if it can happen without something going wrong.

Beyond that lies the race, the test itself. You know what a gut-racking process it is, you are too tense about the outcome, you doubt if you can stand up to it. You are so taut inside you twang. You are afraid, not of anything—just afraid.

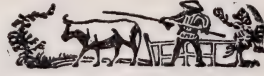
The pistol cracks. You carry out those first three scrambling strokes neatly, you begin to form the full, balanced stroke as you go on to complete the ten fast ones. All those fears and tremors are gone and you are racing. Coxswain's voice comes, intentionally soothing, carrying you over into the regular swing and beat of the long-term pace your crew must set; you are eight men and you are one, the boat is going with a sizzle, smoothly through the water, and out of the corner of your eye you can see the blue blades flashing alongside you.

The effort settles down and mounts again. There are races within the race, spurts when one crew tries to pull suddenly ahead, and the other answers, the sustained, increasing efforts, the raised beats of the crew behind, the somehow easier but intense drives of the leader. Cox tells you you are past the halfway mark, he tells you you are near the end. The start tests a good crew, the last stretch proves it. You are tired now, everything is coming to a final settlement very soon, you must row harder, faster, and still row smoothly and well. You have got your second wind and used it up, you are pooped out and you know you are at the end of your strength, you simply have nothing left in you. The beat—the rate of the stroke—goes up. Cox is yelling, pleading, advising, cursing. And you are staying with it. On the recovery the captain grunts out something unintelligible but urgent. Near the end other men may wring out cries intended to be "Come on!" "Let's go!" hardly recognizable. There's not much of that, it's against your training and besides wind is too precious; but the

pent-up feeling is so strong that sometimes it must have an outlet. This is a good crew, a real one. As the beat is raised, as the reserve behind the reserves of strength is poured in, each stroke taken as if it were the last you'd ever row on earth, the crew still swings together, it is still one, that awareness of one another and merging together is still present and still effective.

Three-quarters of the way through you could hear them on the referee's launch and whatever others are permitted to follow, shouting, "Come on Harvard! Come on Yale!" Now you vaguely know that they are still shouting, but you can't really hear them. There is some sort of sound around the finish line, you do know that a great many people must be making a lot of noise, but you don't hear that either. You are conscious of something arching up from the banks which, without looking at it, you *see*, and you know it's cheering. Your eyes are fixed on the shoulder of the man in front of you and (I rowed starboard side) the blade of number seven's oar; but the one thing you do know is exactly where the other boat is. Then here it comes, the final spurt, and you cease to hear or see anything outside your business. Faint and hardly noticeable the pistol fires, then the cox says, "Easy all," and you loll forward.

Done. Like that, done, over, decided. And you are through, you are truly empty now, you have poured yourself out and for a while you can hardly stand the effort of your own breathing, but your tradition despises a man who fails to sit up in the boat. You have known complete exertion, you have answered every trouble of mind, spirit, and being with skilled violence and guided unrestraint, a complete happiness with eight other men over a short stretch of water has brought you catharsis. You may find it in storms at sea, in the practice of your art, on a racing horse, in bed with a woman; but you will hardly find it better or purer than you have found it here.



THAT POST-WAR FEDERAL DEBT

WHY IT MUST NOT EXPAND LIMITLESSLY

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

NINE years ago we were introduced to an experiment in recovery which was called pump-priming. The pump to be primed was the capitalist enterprise system. The assumption was that the pump was out of whack and needed a few repairs and the infusion of a few billions to set it working again.

By the summer of 1939 we had poured roughly 28 billions into that pump. By this time the notion got round that the pump worked only so long as the priming continued. Certain gentlemen in Washington came to the conclusion that we had on our hands a pump not merely out of repair but wholly inadequate to the demands on it. They decided that we had been treating as a crisis what was a permanent condition. Now they have decided that we need two pumps—the private-industry pump supplemented by a government pump as a permanent institution.

The people who have savings must use them or lend them to others to use to produce goods. The funds thus used are turned into wages, profits, fees, etc. These make up the income of the nation. Before there can be income, therefore, there must be investment. But private investment is no longer adequate to absorb all of the nation's savings. The government, therefore—so these gentlemen in Washington argue—must become an investor—must borrow what private business cannot borrow. To state the matter differently, after the war we must

have a WPA upon a grander scale than ever as a permanent part of what is to be henceforth known as the Dual Consumption System. This is a brief outline of the basic principle of this new order.

This must not be confused with certain hurried programs of public works to cushion the shift from a war to a peacetime economy. It means a program of government borrowing and spending—and hence of debt—upon a colossal and continuing scale. Government debt is to be used as an instrument for controlling the national economy. The proposal runs counter to all those “strict maxims” of public credit of which Hamilton spoke. Hence the proponents of this new dual system assure us that these ancient maxims are the children of ignorance and superstition. “It seems not unlikely,” says Mr. Rexford Tugwell, “that less than a generation will be required to kill such a fetish as that of an annually balanced budget.”

This program is destined to take form as the most discussed subject in our midst when the war ends. It may well become the major measure of some political party. It is being put forward now by a group of men of the highest political influence in Washington.

It is well to stress the fact that this plan is offered to support the economic life of the nation when the war ends. Nothing said here, therefore, has any reference to the fiscal problems of the war. Obvi-

ously the war must be supported even at the cost of dislocating the economic life of the country. However, since the public credit is to become the central instrument for making our economic system work when the war is over, it is essential that we have a clear idea of what the public credit will be at that point.

The President has warned that victory will require at least two or three years. Others have made less roseate estimates. Let us accept, however, the more favorable view.

The government has committed itself thus far to an expenditure of 162 billion dollars. It has, however, given notice of its intention to ask for another 35 billions. Here is a sum already very close to 200 billions. We have spent to date 20 billions of this, leaving 180 billions to be laid out. The national debt as I write is 76 billions. Up to the present we have paid with taxes for only one-fourth of what we have spent on the war. If we pay with taxes for a third of what is to be spent in the next two years we must raise 60 billions that way for war alone. I see no evidence that anyone contemplates that. But if we borrow only two-thirds of the presently contemplated sums we shall add another 120 billions to the debt—making a total of 196 billions. If the war should end by the summer of 1944—in two years—there is no reason to suppose that expenditures would stop. The heaviest spendings in World War I were made in 1919, the year following the war. It is, therefore, I submit, a fair estimate that we shall have a total debt of 200 billions if the war should last only two years. This is based on the supposition that prices will not rise, which no sane man can admit. What the debt will be if the war lasts three years or more no one can predict.

We have to keep in mind, therefore, that, as we embark on a program of recovery through public borrowing, we must begin at a point where the national debt will be already at least 200 billion. As we set about whipping depression in the future we must do so, under the plan

we are discussing, by piling more debts on top of those contracted to whip the wars and depressions of the past.

This debt will require interest. The average rate on our interest-bearing bonds now is 2.518 per cent. We must be optimists indeed if we suppose that if we owe 200 billions when the war ends we can still borrow money at that rate. We must look forward, therefore, to an annual interest bill of from five to six billion dollars as we begin the new dual system of making the capitalist system work by means of public debt.

II

I have said that this more or less officially sponsored program of abundance through public debt contemplates continuous borrowing and spending and a limitless rise in the public debt. In some of the popular presentations of this theory this aspect of the matter is purposely obscured. At least the impression is created that debt is rather to be used as a regulator—that in times of boom government debt will be reduced, while in times of depression the debt will be increased. It is fair to say, however, that the champions of this program do realize the nature of the plan they present in sugar-coated form for popular consumption. They admit that the plan involves continuous federal debt-making over long periods. "The notion," says one of them, "that government spending can be resorted to only as a *temporary emergency device* must be abandoned. A program must be developed which recognizes the necessity for *permanent public investment*."

At another point the same writer says: "We advocate a *long-term program* of government investment financed through borrowing of savings which would otherwise go to waste." Dr. Alvin H. Hansen, of Harvard and the Federal Reserve Board, the foremost apostle of this theory, says quite frankly that there is little likelihood "of ever seeing the federal budget balanced for any considerable period."

Along with this goes the twin proposition that government debts need never be paid. Most people, we are told, "take it for granted that a government debt, though internally held, is essentially like a personal or business debt and that, in just the same manner, it must be repaid. This is erroneous." In fact the notion of paying government debts is called an "outworn superstition."

As a matter of fact the theory at the very base of this program necessarily excludes the idea of either a reduction in the public debt or a halt in its rise. That theory asserts that the present system of private enterprise, for reasons carefully set out, can no longer absorb the savings of the community or produce adequate purchasing power. Therefore we must have what they call a dual system in which the government will become a permanent borrower and spender in order to make up the deficiency in national income produced by private business. The need for this grows out of a flaw inherent in the present system that cannot be corrected, but that must be overcome by the government's collaboration in the function of producing income or purchasing power. What we have to look forward to, therefore, is this: that when the war ends and we have a debt of 200 billions and an annual interest charge of five or six billion dollars, we shall embark upon a long-range program of borrowing and spending, for continuous deficits and for a great rise in the public debt. And so we are bound to ask—at what point will the limit to this debt be reached?

Dr. Hansen admits that there is a limit. There must be, he says, a reasonable ratio between national income and debt. If, therefore, we continue to borrow we shall arrive at a level where the debt will be quite out of proportion to the national income. At that point, surely prudent men will say that borrowing must cease. But this will not be possible. We shall still have the same free enterprise system, still incapable of producing adequate purchasing power. This being so, there will be no course

open to the government save to borrow once again and still again or face a collapse. With each successive deficit the ratio between national income and debt will be still further distorted. At what point, then, will the spenders step forward and cry "Hold! Enough!?" When the debt is five hundred billions? A thousand billions? But why ask? It makes no difference how high the debt goes, it must ever go higher. The choice will always be—borrow or be damned. There is in fact no point at which we can stop.

The size of the public debt is not a matter of concern to the social reformers of this school because they insist that a public debt is not a burden upon the people. The burden, if any, they explain, is the annual interest charge. But this is no burden because the government collects it from the people in the form of taxes and pays it back to the people in the form of interest on its bonds. There is of course no doubt that the funds to pay the interest are drawn from the people's pockets. But certainly the interest payments do not go back into the same pockets. The notion that the people as a whole, either directly or indirectly, hold the government's bonds is without any basis in fact.

It is not possible in a brief space to examine this subject here. A mere facet of it, however, may illustrate the point. Practically one-half of all the direct obligations of the government is owned by commercial banks and the Federal Reserve banks. It is true that investments of commercial banks are made with funds belonging to depositors. But the investments do not belong to the depositors though they represent a security for the deposit; and the interest payments on them do not go to depositors. They go to the bank corporation which belongs to the stockholders. And there are about 700,000 bank stockholders in the country—or were in 1933. The government must each year take enough money in taxes from the population to pay interest to commercial banks and Reserve banks (which belong to the commercial banks)

on one-half the direct obligations of the United States government.

Great numbers of people have an interest in the interest payments made to insurance companies and savings banks, but first of all these hold only about 18 per cent of government paper and there are other factors involved in these investments which affect this whole question. And moreover there are tens of millions of people who have no interest in either insurance or savings bank security holdings, however widespread these may be.

The mistake arises out of assuming that the national income finds its way into a vast reservoir from which the government ladles out taxes, pouring them back again into the same reservoir. The national income flows in greatly differing quantities into innumerable containers of differing sizes. The government takes amounts of taxes out of all these containers and pours them back again in the form of interest into some of the containers and in amounts quite different from those which were extracted.

III

We now come close to the heart of this problem. The point is made that the public debt wisely managed can never become a burden. It will be no burden to pay since it will never be paid. It will be no burden to pay the interest because a flood of a billion of borrowed funds will create several billions in national income. Certainly, therefore, we are told, it will be no hardship on the nation to pay out of that, let us say, 30 million dollars in taxes for interest.

To see clearly all of the implications of this argument it is necessary that we pause long enough to have a quick glance at the career of a government dollar in the field of income. Let us assume that the government borrows a dollar to create income and pays that dollar to a workman on a project. The workman, in spending the dollar, starts it on its way to be used in buying goods and services, in paying debts. As that dollar

passes from hand to hand it creates additional income at each move, but also a little of it is saved here and there; here one person saves a few cents of the dollar while he has it, there someone else does. Finally enough cents have been saved along the line to add up to one dollar; all the little dribblets of savings out of the dollar are sufficient to make a dollar that has dropped into the pool of savings. Presumably the only way for this dollar to get out of the pool will be for the government to borrow it again, or for someone to loan it to a private business or invest it in a private business, and thus put it to producing income again.

Estimates vary as to how many moves such a dollar makes before it has entirely disappeared into savings. A high estimate is that it goes through from ten to twenty moves and takes from two to four years to do it and that in the process it creates from \$2 to \$5 income. That seems a very high estimate, but for the sake of clarification let us accept it and assume that such a dollar will create \$2 of income the first year, \$1.50 the second, \$1.00 the third and 50 cents the fourth, and nothing the fifth year, or a total of \$5 in five years. Of course the progress of the dollar back into savings does not follow so tidy a pattern but a change in the figures would not alter the principle we can now observe.

Now let us assume the government decides to borrow and spend a dollar a year for five years. The dollar spent the first year creates two dollars of income under our assumption, and by the fifth year it has completely ceased to produce any such effect. The dollar spent the second year will create two dollars' income in that year, plus a \$1.50 of income created by the first dollar, but by the sixth year the second dollar will have reached the end of its income-producing ability. This will be the life history of each new dollar spent in each succeeding year. Therefore it is necessary, if the government is to get any results out of this policy, that it continue these infusions each year.

The following table illustrates what will happen over a period of six years, on the assumption that in the sixth year the spending is stopped:

	<i>Income created by</i>					<i>Total</i>
	<i>Dollar I</i>	<i>Dollar II</i>	<i>Dollar III</i>	<i>Dollar IV</i>	<i>Dollar V</i>	
1st year.....	\$2.00	—	—	—	—	\$2.00
2nd year.....	1.50	\$2.00	—	—	—	3.50
3rd year.....	1.00	1.50	\$2.00	—	—	4.50
4th year.....	.50	1.00	1.50	\$2.00	—	5.00
5th year.....	0	.50	1.00	1.50	\$2.00	5.00
6th year.....	0	0	.50	1.00	1.50	3.00

Thus we see that although a new income dollar each year is poured into the economic system, there comes a time—the fifth year under the assumption we have made—when there is no longer any increase in income; when, in fact, the income levels off despite the fact that this new dollar is imported into the economic stream each year; when, to put it differently, it is necessary to continue each year the government dollar, not to increase income, but to keep it at the level attained. For we can see in the table above that if spending is stopped in the sixth year the income produced will fall to only \$3, and with each succeeding year will be further decreased until it is back at the point at which it started.

Thus we can conclude that, once government spending is adopted as a means of infusing income into the national stream of purchasing power, such infusions must be repeated each year on the same scale, but after a given number of years the income levels off unless the government contributions are increased. And if they are ended or decreased the general level of income will gradually shrink to the point at which the experiment began. Of course this economic force of government borrowing and spending, as it makes its way through the economic organism, is complicated in its impacts and cannot be described in figures representing so simple and equal a rhythm as those used here. But whatever figures we use, the difference will be in the number of moves of the spent dol-

lar, the amount of income it produces, and the number of fractions into which it splits as it journeys on; not in the essential principles depicted here.

The soundness of these views is supported by our own recent experiment in spending. Below I give a table showing the increase or decrease in national income for the years indicated and the increase or decrease in the national debt:

<i>Year</i>	<i>Increase in debt (000,000)</i>	<i>Increase in income omitted)</i>
1930.....	— \$ 271	— \$6,400
1931.....	814	— 11,395
1932.....	3,224	— 13,527
1933.....	4,159	— 3,774
1934.....	8,121	6,273
1935.....	5,519	4,108
1936.....	4,738	8,255
1937.....	2,361	6,111
1938.....	— 405	— 5,255
1939.....	2,521	3,593

Up to 1932 national income had been shrinking progressively and disastrously as private investment dried up. In 1932 President Hoover began some spending and in 1933 President Roosevelt increased it and launched a spending program. In 1933 the decline in income was checked. In 1934 national income rose. It increased each year to 1938 as national spending continued. However, several facts are obvious from these figures. One is that in only one year did national income rise twice the amount of the debt incurred. Second, the rise in income continued as long as the increase in spending continued. In 1937 spending of borrowed funds was tapered off and in 1938 was practically ended. Instantly the national income dropped in 1938 by over five billions. The program had to be resumed the next year. And

after this event all notion of any abandonment of borrowing and spending departed from Washington.

It was at that moment that the theory of the permanent deficit was born. It is necessary to observe that no accurate deductions on the relationship between debt and income can be drawn from this experience. It was directed by men who understood literally nothing of the economic theories at its base, and its effect was diluted and confused by the objects upon which the money was spent as well as by some of the counter-irritant tax policies. But the experience does serve to illustrate certain general aspects of the problem as set out here.

With all this in mind we can see the fallacy of the argument that, because the new debt creates a great flood of national income from which the interest can be extracted painlessly, the interest charge creates no burden. We can see clearly enough that, while the debt produces a flow of income for a few years, the interest charge remains literally forever.

Moreover, each year as we pile on more debt we pile on more interest. And, as each year we continue the debt increase, there comes a time when these increases will not further increase the national income unless we step up the debt increases. The income benefit is temporary; the interest burden is enduring and cumulative. The 16 billion dollars of the First World War debt created great streams of income. But those streams have vanished. The interest remains with us. The 28 billions of depression debt up to 1939 produced a heavy flow of income. But it has all disappeared—while the interest charge lingers on. The imperious demands of war drive us to another 150 billions of debt—billions which will enrich the income stream for a few years and then cease to flow. But the interest will be perpetual. When the war ends the interest charge will be around five billions. This is more than we have ever collected in any one year in income taxes in all our history until this year. To say that such a

volume of taxes collected for interest alone would not be a burden to government and nation alike is to adopt blindness as a defense against facts.

It is a fact that the champions of this debt school contemplate government deficits of ten billions a year when the war ends as a permanent program. This, indeed, is one of the lower estimates. As we begin we shall have an interest load from the past half as big as the borrowing program. Such a tax would be deflationary. The authors of this plan tell us that reducing the debt in the rare event of a runaway boom would be deflationary, since it would take by taxes portions of the national income. For the same reason interest payments of five billions a year would be as deflationary as debt reductions of that amount. We should find ourselves in the contradictory position of collecting deflationary taxes of five billions at the very moment that we must make loans of ten billions to expand the income. If we borrow ten billions a year for ten years we shall have a public debt of 300 billions and an interest charge of seven to nine billions. The prospect is terrifying.

There is no doubt that there must be a continuous flow of *credit* into the capitalist system. Proponents of the government debt school make the mistake of saying that there must be a continual expansion of *debt*, which is quite a different thing. Debt is the consequence of credit. As debt expands—public or private—the depressive burden on the system increases. However, it is possible to have a continuous flow of credit, which means a continuous lending of money. If this is a flow of private credit to private borrowers a considerable percentage of the debt thus created can be wiped out each year through defaults and losses without crippling the system. In fact these losses are essential to the system. But unfortunately *government debt cannot be wiped out in this way*. It must be paid or hang on forever until the situation becomes so bad and destructive of the whole economy that the government is forced to re-

sort to the violent process of either inflation or repudiation. In 1929 the total net public and private debt in the United States was 172 billion dollars, after a century and a half of development. We now face a condition where the government debt alone will presently be greater than all the public and private debts of the nation at the highest period of its prosperity—and this sum will be utterly incapable of being paid or extinguished by default.

IV

However, when these gentlemen insist that debt will be no burden for the various reasons examined here they mistake the whole nature of the form and incidence of debt as a government burden. It is a misconception to think of debt as a burden merely on the nation as such—something due by the nation to the nation. This overlooks completely the interposition of the government between the citizen taxpayers and the citizen bondholders. The load of the debt rests primarily on the government. And the government is not the nation. The government is an organism, a recognizable entity set up by the people to perform certain public functions. Our federal government is only one such corporate entity. The government has no funds with which to meet its interest obligations. It must extract such sums from the people. But its power to extract those sums is limited in a very real manner. The powers of government return in a sense every two years to the people. They can refuse to elect representatives who continue to squeeze interest taxes out of them. The power to borrow is not unlimited. The lenders can refuse to lend. This is not a totalitarian government. It cannot coerce, save under war powers, either taxpayers or lenders; because if it attempts coercion beyond the public endurance the public can oust the government. Thus a huge debt involving immense interest charges can affect gravely the vitality of all the energies of government, impairing and even par-

alyzing them. The debt itself can and inevitably will become a problem surpassing in gravity the problems it was invoked to cure.

At the basis of this theory is the assumption that it is a plan to save the system of private enterprise, but that private enterprise needs a partner—a collaborator in producing purchasing power with which the public can buy the consumer goods which private enterprise produces. It will develop into what they call a "dual system" with a private-enterprise sector and a public sector. The private-enterprise sector will produce practically all the goods the nation demands. And it will produce from 75 to 80 per cent of the purchasing power. The government will merely produce whatever additional purchasing power is essential to make buyers for the products of industry. This is a dangerously alluring program.

But we must keep in mind that the private sector is supposed to be the biggest producer of income—the bigger income pump of the two. Of course there is no doubt that setting the government pump to work will produce income. But this additional government-created purchasing power will be of no avail if, in producing it, we succeed in crippling the private—and bigger—pump; if we actually curtail the production of income by the more important of the two sectors. Yet that is precisely what this plan will do. It would be impossible to devise a program better adapted to the systematic undermining of the private-enterprise system and the hastening of the final catastrophe than this one.

Much is said of the ease with which the nation, having created a billion or ten of income, can dip into that flood and remove any amount of it by means of taxes. But the incidence of taxes is a very serious matter in a private-enterprise economy. In such an economy all production depends on continuous investment in production equipment. And this investment will not occur unless it is profitable. Of course in a form of investment that involves very little risk

a small profit will suffice. But such investment can be obtained only in established corporations, with a long history of wise and profitable management. Investment in new industries cannot be had unless the return is large enough to compensate for the risk involved. If this dualist plan is adopted, in a very short time this nation will be confronted with a tax bill for interest alone so great that every man must hand over a considerable fraction of all he earns to the government.

Take the man with a \$20,000 income. Let us suppose he has accumulated \$10,000 to build a house or a small plant. The interest at 6 per cent will give him \$600. His income is already \$20,000. The tax rate on that additional \$600 will be 45 per cent—based on this year's figures. Hence \$270 would be extracted from the \$600 by his partner, Uncle Sam, leaving him only \$330. The man who would lend money on a mortgage at 3.3 per cent return to himself would be a fool. Even the benevolent Uncle Sam will not do that.

If this investor is in the \$50,000-a-year income class the tax rate will be higher—the tax will be \$366 and his own share will be \$234. A \$10,000-a-year man would do a little better but not enough to entice him into such loans. More risky enterprises would be literally stopped forever by private individuals.

Adopt this system and we shall never see another dollar loaned on mortgages by private individuals. And as mortgage money is the very base of the whole construction industry—the largest sector of investment—that industry would fold up. To keep it going the government would have to take it over. Sooner or later the government would have to take over one sector of investment after another as it withered away under the debilitating effect of this dual system. The private-enterprise pump would grow smaller and smaller; the government pump would grow larger and larger. The system which this plan is offered to save would die at first a little slowly, but

finally with a resounding crash. That is all right if the object be to put an end to the capitalist system. It is not all right if the prescription is sold as a means of saving that system.

V

The gravely disquieting nature of this program, in the presence of dollar figures upon a scale so vast as to defy comprehension, has induced the proponents of the plan to seek support in some authority which even the most conservative critic might respect. They have therefore gone to the very holy-of-holies of conservatism and invoked the imprimatur of no less a saint of sound finance than Alexander Hamilton. The great Treasury minister, we are told, did not fear "the growth of what for his day was a huge public debt." He urged, we are reminded, "a vigorous use of the public credit within appropriate limits, not merely for government ends, but also to achieve certain economic objects." Indeed the statement has been made that Hamilton said that "a public debt is a public blessing."

To finance the Revolution the central government borrowed from citizens and foreign governments. The States also incurred large debts. When the new government was formed under the Constitution Hamilton fought for the assumption of the revolutionary debt of the revolutionary government and the assumption of the debts which the States had made for the same purpose. The only formidable opposition to these proposals was encountered by the plan to have the federal government take over the pre-Constitution State war debts. Hamilton favored this because, as the holders of the bonds would look to the federal government for payment, they would have a strong financial interest in supporting the central government. Assumption and funding of the central government's war debt was a matter of honor. Hamilton was dealing with a problem very different from that which we are considering to-day. He was fight-

ing to fund honor debts already contracted. The Debtists to-day are proposing a long-range program of fresh borrowing while insisting that debts once contracted need never be paid or reduced.

In his first report to the House in January, 1798, after outlining his funding plans, Hamilton said:

'Twill be the truest policy in the United States to give all possible energy to public credit, *by a firm adhesion to its strictest maxims*, and yet to avoid the ills of excessive employment of it, by true economy in the public expenditures, by steadily cultivating peace, and by sincere, efficient, and persevering endeavors to diminish present debts, prevent accumulation of new, and encourage the discharge within a reasonable period of such as it may be a matter of necessity to contract.

It is interesting to find him adding to this sentence the admonition that "it will be wise to foster private credit by an exemplary observance of the principles of public credit." On another occasion he said that "*funding* of the public debt is a blessing," adding that "it is a quite different thing from maintaining as a general proposition that a public debt is a public blessing."

Conjuring the ghost of Hamilton to support the orgiastic fiscal policy involved in these proposals is, to say the least, surprising in a school of thought that seems to look with disdain upon what is scornfully referred to as "sound finance." The balanced budget has come to symbolize the Tory mind. To scoff at it gives to a certain type of social reformer a feeling of superiority over the bourgeois soul of the business man who holds to the Main Street superstition of paying bills.

Certainly a powerful argument can be made against the capitalist system of society. It has beyond doubt grave flaws. It is a human institution. And these flaws must be corrected or the system itself must be junked. I can follow the logic of the man who says it is too full of flaws and ought to be ended. But I cannot understand the men who denounce it as uncivilized, say it is unworkable, and then offer a collection of remedies to cure it which are designed not to save but to kill the patient. I do not defend capitalism. I do not know whether it can be saved or not. I wonder if the capitalist groups most interested in its perpetuation will ever permit it to be saved. But if it is to be saved the remedies must be designed to work in accordance with the genius of the system of private ownership.

In that system the central idea is private ownership working for private profit. The dynamic element in it is private investment. Private investment is now stalled and has been since 1933. I do not believe that it is impossible to revive the capitalist system and make it work far better than it has ever worked before, though I do not think it can be made to produce "abundance" for everyone—nor do I think any other system now known will do this. But the central element in the system which must be repaired and set to operating again is private investment. A group of reforms is conceivable that will do this. But the one thing that can be counted on, not only not to do this, but to kill off private investment finally, is the proposal to invoke the dangerous and destructive device of government borrowing upon a limitless and continuous scale.



THE MOBING

BY J. SAUNDERS REDDING

The author of this narrative, a Negro, was sent in 1940 by the University of North Carolina to study Southern Negro life in all its phases. Here he tells of one episode as it was recounted to him.—The Editors.

IN A little Southern town an incident had occurred, and I wanted to find out about it.

Beyond the highway sign that proclaims it a "good place to live," the town first clusters round the Confederate memorial square and then sprawls east to the bottoms, where the Negroes live in a ghetto of mud and frame. I was told that in former times the square was a pleasant place, with the stores fronting on it, and the white townspeople, outnumbered two to one by the black, congregating there and indulging in pleasantries and arguing about hunting dogs. They even passed some of their raillery with the Negroes who in the evenings and on Saturdays lined the curbing on the north side of the square.

But all this was changed when I reached the town a few days before the national election. The square was brittle with tension. People went about with bowed heads and strained faces. There was little business in the square, and even the low buildings seemed to shrink in on themselves. "All they need to do now is hang a crepe," Flap Conroy said. "Yes, sir. A big, black crepe."

Conroy said this bitterly in a husky whisper from the side of his mouth. He leaned over the chest-high partition before his cash register and cut his eyes down the dim length of the pool room, where three men were shooting pool in a frozen

glare of yellow light. Flap was a short, rotund, coffee-brown man, whose trousers sagged beneath his protuberant belly, and whose eyes were like nicked marbles. He was a gambler of sorts and he had been a ladies' man. His name, Flipflap (Flap for short), derived from the peculiar action of his lips, the most immense lips I had ever seen. His upper teeth were entirely of gold, and he jabbed ruthlessly at them with a shaved match stick.

"So they told you I wasn't scared an' you come to me?"

"Well," I said hesitantly.

"Well, I ain't," he said huskily, as if he were angry with me. This I found to be his usual manner of speaking.

"The biggest majority of 'em's scared. I seen you goin' to Doc Pogue's, an' about five minutes later I seen you leavin' there an' goin' like you was goin' to the school, an' I wondered who you was. Then a little while ago Scotty Grace come in here an' told me you was some feller goin' round finding out about people. 'Aw, aw,' I said to myself. 'I know good an' damn well he ain't goin' a find out nothing 'bout them guys.' Them fellers think that every stranger comes to town is trying to stuff 'em some way or another, sticking his nose in the mobbing. Well, I ain't scared. It takes me to tell you."

He narrowed his eyes and rested his elbows on the partition.

I got a stool from against the wall and placed it at the partition. For almost two full days I had met fear, suspicion, silence. The townspeople watched me with open mistrust. I felt that I was the subject of discussion among the whites on the square.

"I ain't scared," Flap said. "Just remember that. I was bred an' born an' raised here. My home place is only 'bout five miles east o' here. The boy I rent it to just come in Friday an' handed me my compress receipts. I rent it for three bales. It's just short of seventy acres, but by the time we 'vide up three bales ten ways we ain't got nothing. Yeah. Nine brothers an' sisters I got. But it's our place. That's one reason I ain't scared. I know I got some place to scam when scamming time comes. The high sheriff, Top Zuber, come in here this fall an' started hinting round 'bout the 'lection coming up. But I got some place to go. That stuff don't scare me. I ain't saying I wouldn't go if the turf got too tight; but I got a home place to go to. I've lived in the North, I've lived in Shy and K.C., but I don't see nothing to living in them places. Yeah, you can vote. But when you come right down to it, what the hell's that? All you got to do is ask a nigger who votes if he's still working for his living, an' that shows 'em that voting ain't nothing special. Course I'm for voting! I b'lieve if white folks got it niggers ought to git it too. This ain't their doggone country exclusive. But niggers ain't never voted here, not even in the President election, an' they been doin' 'bout as good, when it comes down to bread an' butter, as niggers most anywheres else. Just the same I was with them when they started the voting agitation here. I was with 'em because we was all colored together an' we got to stick together regardless.

"But now the pecks has got 'em scared, an' the closer this 'lection comes the scarer they git. Both sides is scared. White folks scared the niggers goin' a make a break, an' niggers scared white folks goin' a think they making a break.

But I ain't scared, buddy. Anybody round here'll tell you Flipflap ain't scared o' nothing.

"Here's how all this stuff started.

"There was a coupl' a men round here started up some kind of lodge. These men's names were Benny Speed an' Link Cave. I didn't know much what it was all about, but I was in it. It was a secret lodge. We held meetings secret. Benny Speed was president, an' he said we had to do that till we got organized right. We didn't want the pecks to break us up 'fore we got started good. We had about a hundred members. But we had one white-folks' nigger in there—Tilson Huett, the school principal. He ain't nothing but a snake. Knowed him all my life. Knowed his pappy before him, an' his pappy was the same. Tilson was born an' raised here. Went to school here. Been here all his life. He's a so-'n'-so snake!

"When we got organized good we started agitating for voting. We ain't never voted here, in no kind a 'lection, they tell me, since eighty-four. So five of us was picked to go up to the courthouse to see about it. They knew we was coming. Yeah. Tilson Huett had told them.

"When we went on up they was ready for us. Before we could open our mouths to say boo Mr. Reid said, 'You men might's well save your breath. The answer's no. We don't never 'tend to let niggers vote in this county. I'll tell you boys, 'fore we do that, we'll wade in blood.' That's what he told us.

"We told him we didn't want to vote for mayor an' sheriff, just President, an' he said colored couldn't even vote for that, not in this county. 'Smoke this in your pipe,' he said. 'I know niggers. I been knowing niggers all my life, an' if we give you a inch you want a mile. If we let you vote in the President election you'd want to vote in every other kind election. Well, let me tell you boys something: President Roosevelt ain't running this county.'

"There was a gang of men round in his

office, an' more come in. Such signifyin' you never saw! Top Zuber was one of them. He hadn't been long voted high sheriff, but he wasn't in yet. Yet an' still he was packing a rod. I seen it. He meant for us to see it an' git scared. Benny Speed was doing the talking, an' if Top Zuber thought he was scaring him, he had another thought coming. Benny wasn't built like a gorilla for nothing. An' Link Cave, he was a preacher, an' he wasn't scared o' nothing but God. Top Zuber was trying to put a scare in the wrong set o' niggers.

"Anyway, he puts in his mouth. 'You-all darkies better git on back to the bottom, 'fore you stir up something,' he said. He's a slow-talking white man. Take him all day to say good morning. Right away, soon's he opened his mouth, Benny stepped in it. Benny says, 'Mr. Zuber, you ain't got a dog in this fight. You ain't sheriff yet.' Top said something 'bout giving us fair warning, an' showed his gun again. Then Mr. Reid spoke up an' said he knew what it was all about, knew all about the lodge. Yeah! Knewed its name better'n I did.

"'You-all boys has let some dangerous Northern nigger come in here an' fill you full o' talk,' he says. 'Then he goes on 'bout his business an' leaves you holding the bag. I found out all about it. I found out when he come an' when he left.'

"He was talking 'bout Benny Speed's boy, little Ben. Little Ben had come here from New York on a visit, an' you know how they call on home folks in church who've been away to say something. That's all it was. He gave a little inspiration talk in church one Sunday. Don't know what it was, but it couldn't been nothing special, 'cause I didn't hear nobody talking 'bout it much.

"Well, we argid back an' forth an hour or more, an' when we left we wasn't no more scared than we was when we went in. In fact, we wasn't as much. We knew the ropes when we come out of there, an' we didn't know 'em before. But we still didn't know what to do.

Link Cave was all for writing to the President. 'He's for ecal rights,' he said. 'He'll do something about it.' An' everybody said first one thing an' then another, but nobody knowed what to do next.

"You know, I kind a b'lieve if that so-n'-so Huett hadn't spilled it, we could of got what we went in there for. Took 'em by surprise like, you see. But there's a nigger like him in every bunch. Yeah. If you see two niggers walking down the street together you can bet your mamma's last pair of drawers that one of them runs to the crackers with everything. An' the white man knows it! That's what makes it bad. He knows that if two niggers know something that the white folks ain't s'posed to know, he can git it out o' one of them.

"I run this pool room, see? Guys come in here right frequent an' want to borrow fi' dollars on a suit or a watch, anything they can raise some cash on. I ain't s'posed to run no pawn business, but that's what it comes to. Had a feller git fi' dollars on a suit once. I told him if he didn't git it in thirty days, I was subject to sell it. Friend o' mine, too. Thirty days went by an' he didn't come git his suit. I saw Stud one day up on the Square, an' I says, 'Stud, what 'bout that suit?' 'Aw, I'll git the suit,' he says, just like that. 'Bout two weeks later, I come here one morning an' he had both the laws waiting for me. He had figgered to git his clothes without paying me, so he had went to the law an' told them that I was running a pawnshop business. But I ain't that dumb. He didn't have no tickets. I told the law I'd bought the suit off him, an' I'd sell it back to him. Sure. I'd sell it back to anybody. They didn't do nothing but walk right on out o' here.

"But that's the way one nigger in every two will do. Tilson Huett told them pecks everything, an' then some! What our plans was, who was officers, where we met at, everything. When he joined up, that nigger knew what he was going to do.

II

"It was Thursday when we went to see Mr. Reid. We didn't think nothing 'bout any trouble or anything. Friday my brother, C. A., gave a big barbecue for his burial-association members. He gives one every year on the church grounds. Sometimes we have speaking, but this year he didn't have that. People just circulated 'bout on the grounds, eating an' talking. Long in the evening a car come right on up in the yard an' some white men got out. Well, that wasn't nothing to make admiration over. White folks come right frequent to look at us enjoy ourselves. But then we notice that they had been drinking an' that Top Zuber was one of 'em.

"C. A. come running to me, asking me what must he do. 'Do?' I said. 'Don't do nothing.'

"'Yeah, but they been drinking,' he said.

"'Well, that's all right,' I said. 'They ain't goin' a do nothing an' we ain't goin' a do nothing.' But all the niggers had heard 'bout the time we had in Mr. Reid's office an' you could see they wasn't particular 'bout having these pecks around.

"'You better say something, Flap,' C. A. said. It was his barbecue, an' yet an' still he wanted me to say something. C. A.'s my brother, but he's got a lot o' chicken in him.

"I got up on a table an' told the niggers there wasn't nothing to git excited about. We just had some friendly visitors. 'Go ahead on an' enjoy yourselves,' I told them. Niggers mumbled a little bit, but they went on eating, an' after while they wasn't paying an' 'tention to the crackers. The pecks was standing round their car talking 'mongst themselves an' looking."

"Was Zuber in office as sheriff then?" I broke in.

"No, man! Him an' his little gang was just signifying. I didn't figger they was fixing to do much else but that, 'cause if they had they'd a most likely

brought more men with 'em. There was a gang of niggers out there that day.

"After a while somebody blowed a police whistle, an' when I looked round, I saw Top Zuber standing on top of the car waving his arms. He was weaving up there, he was just that tight, weaving an' waving. I sent C. A. one way through the crowd an' I went the other, telling folks, 'Don't pay no 'tention. No matter what he says, don't pay no 'tention.' Some few niggers looked at Top, but most didn't, but you could tell they was straining to listen. I was myself. They wanted to hear what he had to say, but they didn't want him to know it. One o' the crackers round the car blowed an' blowed that damn whistle an' the niggers still wouldn't look. An' after while I saw Top reach down an' git the whistle from the guy on the ground an' start blowing it himself. We wasn't ready to start the fire in the other pit, but somebody started it, an' a lot o' niggers walked clean across the grounds an' crowded round the fire, way away. Top kept blowing that whistle.

"I don't know what he said or if he said anything. I was way back in the crowd round the pit. I think I saw his mouth open, an' then I seen one of the crackers on the ground git up on the running board an' say something to him, an' then Top stopped blowing the whistle an' just stood up on the car with his hands on his hips looking at all the niggers an' thinking God knows what. The man standing on the running board kept talking to him. Then after while old Top Zuber jerked his hands off his hips, like he was mad an' disgusted, an' climbed down, an' they all got in the car an' backed it off the church grounds an' drove away.

"Seems like soon's the car was gone I could hear all the niggers draw one big breath at once. Then one old big-mouth nigger said something funny 'bout crackers going good with Brunswick stew, an' those that heard him laughed, an' those that didn't hear him kept saying, 'What'd he say? What'd he say?'

An' 'fore long nobody thought nothing 'bout Top Zuber no more.

"Well, I thought that was the end of it, just like I thought the day before was the end of it. But pecks can't forgit like we can. That's their bigges' trouble. They just can't forgit! An' this time they had two things to remember. They had the five of us going to Mr. Reid's office to remember, an' they had to remember Top Zuber standing on top of a car blowing a whistle an' trying to say something to a gang o' niggers who wasn't paying him no mind. I can see how them two things would work on the white folks' mind. I can see that they would be insulted 'bout both things, an' shame too. But white folks' shame ain't the same thing as niggers' shame.

III

"Anyhow, the next night was Saddee, an' I was home in bed when some jig come an' tried to beat my door in. You know it had to be late, 'cause I closed up here 'bout 'leven, an' then I went to git a beer. It was when I was going down Jefferson that I seen Doc Pogue hurrying toward Jim Covington's house an' I thought somebody was sick. I didn't know what it was till later. It was hot that night too, an' I figgered that that was why I didn't do no business. Yet an' still, I felt something funny in the air. I went on down Jefferson, an' the beer parlor was closed, an' that struck me funny too. Still I didn't think nothing. I went on home.

"I had been in bed when this jig commenced knocking. I was just dozin' off when the knocking come. I didn't git up at first. I yelled out, wanting to know who it was.

"'Flap,' this jig says, whispering it an' yelling too. 'Flap, a mob come an' got Ben Speed an' Link Cave an' some more,' he says. I got up on the side of the bed, an' my wife, she sat straight up.

"'Flap!' my wife says.

"'Shut up, woman,' I said, just like that. 'Let me git this straight. What

they mobbed for?' I asked the nigger. My winder's right on the level with the porch, an' I didn't have to talk loud. I don't know why I just sat on the side of the bed talking like that, 'stead o' gitting up an' going to the door. I wasn't scared. Just surprised.

"'Didn't you go up there with them, Flap?' the nigger wanted to know.

"'Go where?' I says.

"'You know. Mr. Reid's office,' he says.

"'You mean to tell me that's what they mobbing 'em for?' I asked him.

"'That's what they say,' he says.

"'Aw, go 'way, nigger,' I said, just like that. 'I don't b'lieve you.'

"'All right,' this jig says. 'Don't say you wasn't warned.'

"I got up then. My wife, she was already crying, an' my mother-in-law come in the room bringing a lamp. An' she started raising hell about the lodge making trouble. Said she knew a thing like that wasn't nothing but trouble. It was a fair so-'n'-so around there for a while. 'Course, the first thing I did was gather up all the artillery I had. Then we all just sat there waiting in the front room with the light out, fussin' with each other an' waiting. Sat up all night.

"My wife cried so much she commenced to vomiting, an' after while she got 'cross the bed an' fell asleep. She whinnied in her sleep all night long, an' in between spells of whinnying everything was quiet. Wasn't a sound in the road. Not even a car passed.

"'Fore day that morning, when my wife had fell 'cross the bed 'sleep an' my mother-in-law had stopped raising hell, I sure wished for something to happen, some noise, or something. A coupl' a times I thought I heard something, an' I sat just as still waitin' for it to come again, an' then when it didn't come, not hearing nothing was badder than ever. Yeah. I wasn't scared. But just setting knowing that if I did hear a noise it might be them coming to mob me, an' wanting to hear a noise so bad that I almost didn't give a goddamn, well, that was crazy.

"Nobody went to church Sunday. Niggers stayed off the road an' didn't come to town at all. All that day we sat in the house. 'Bout dark, Montrose Williams come to our back an' she give us the first news. But she didn't know nothing much. She had been to work. Her white folks had come for her an' brought her back, an' all she knowed was that the law wasn't letting no niggers in town 'less they was with white folks. She said her white folks told her that the mob wasn't goin' a lynch Ben an' Link, just drive 'em out a town. She said Benny an' Link was the onlies' two they was after. She said her white folks said they guess the mob just wanted to make a 'xample. She said things was gitting back to normal in town again. When she went to work that morning, white folks was off the street just like colored, but when she come back in the evening there was some on the street.

"We lit the lamp that night an' when I went to bed I slep' some.

IV

"Monday I come on to town as usual. I didn't leave the house till nine o'clock, an' there was plen'y people on the street. Them who had always spoke to me, spoke to me, an' nobody looked any different.

"But when I got here, Paul Whitney, the day law, was waiting at the door for me. We been knowing each other all our lives. But I wasn't dealing no cards to no kind a cracker in that damn game that morning. Knowing him didn't matter a damn to me. He was white. That's all I knowed!

"'Flap,' he says, 'let's go upstairs. I got some talk for you. Better lock your door. I don't want nobody to come in.'

"'Why can't we talk down here, Paul?' I asked him.

"There's a little attic room upstairs where I keep stuff I make loans on, but I wasn't thinking 'bout that. I was thinking 'bout him trying to play some trick.

"'I just want it to be secret,' he said.

"I said, 'You don't mind if I take my gun, do you?'

"'Course not, Flap,' he says. 'I swear to God, Flap, if it wasn't for me knowing you so well, I'd b'lieve you didn't trust me.'

"I didn't say nothing. I come on back behind here an' got my gun an' we went on upstairs, him walking ahead. There was four or five suits hanging up there, an' some shoes on the floor, an' automobile tars, an' batt'ries, an' a set o' suit cases. But he didn't say nothing.

"'Flap,' he said, 'I got a message for you. You knowed they runned some boys out a town Saddee night, didn't you?'

"'I knowed it,' I said.

"'Well, they didn't do nothing to 'em. Just took 'em over the county line an' told them to stay out. They wasn't aiming to hurt 'em.'

"'Well, I'm glad a that,' I said.

"I was waiting an' watching. I was looking him in the face, but I seen him all over. Seem like to me he had shrunk up or something, an' I could see all of him just by looking in his face.

"'Yeah,' he says. 'I'm glad as I can be, Flap. There ain't no sense in mobbing.'

"I didn't say nothing. He took his stick an' kind a brushed the clothes with it. I was looking in his face, but I seen him soon's he raised his stick.

"'Ben Speed's over in Gibson,' Paul said.

"'Is that where they run him to?' I asked him.

"'That's where he run to after they put him out 'cross the line,' he said. 'They run him out without a goddamn thing but his underwear, an' I told him I'd come to you an' see wouldn't you go to his house an' git him some clothes. Then you an' me can take 'em to him.'

"'Why don't you do it yourself?' I asked him.

"He hit the clothes again, an' then kept on hitting them lightly, like he was thinking 'bout what I'd asked him. Then he said:

"'I wisht I could, Flap. I wisht I

could do it without bothering you, 'cause I know you don't want no parts of it. But s'pose I did go down to Ben Speed's house an' you boys didn't know what I was going for, an' his old woman didn't gi' me the clothes 'cause she figgered it was some kind a trap, like I b'lieve you're thinking maybe this is? Wouldn't his old woman talk about that I was trying to lay a trap? Then you know what would happen, Flap, next time I had to lock a colored boy up? He wouldn't trust me. He'd want to fight, an' then I might have to shoot him, like Dawson does every time he's got a mind to almost. I don't want to hurt nobody, Flap.

"S'pose I had to lock up Wally Spence? You know what kind a boy he is. 'Member that time he got drunk an' Dawson come along an' said he was going to lock him up, an' Wally said he'd be goddamned if Dawson would lay a hand on him? 'Member he kep' hollerin' he didn't mind going to jail, but the onliest white man who could put him in jail was me? Heard him yelling an' cussing clear over on Main. If you boys hadn't been ten to one, Hal Dawson would a shot him. S'pose I went on down there, like I said, an' maybe tomorrer or next day I had to lock Wally up. He wouldn't trust me no more. He might draw a knife, an' I might have to shoot him. I don't want to hurt nobody, Flap."

"All he said 'bout Wally Spence was true, 'cause I was there. But I just wasn't playing no poker in a game with a white man that morning.

"But you was with the mob last night," I told him.

"You got me wrong," he says. "Didn't know nothing 'bout it till I come from visiting in the country. It was night 'fore last. When I heard 'bout it I went looking for somebody who was in the mobbing, an' he told me Ben Speed was put out north, toward Gibson, an' Cave was put out west. I found Ben."

"I know Paul thought I was doubtful. He slipped that crack in there 'bout me thinking his wanting to talk to me was a trap. But who the hell wouldn't be

doubtful? I'd knowed him all my life, an' it was true that he never had beat nobody up nor shot 'em. But that morning he was just another peck to me.

"How come Ben Speed didn't write me no note?" I asked him.

"We just didn't think of it, I guess," he said.

"I studied it a little bit longer, an' then I told him O.K., I'd git Ben's clothes, an' then he asked me to have 'em at three o'clock, when he come off duty, an' he'd come on by here an' git 'em. He asked me was I goin' with him when he took 'em, an' I told him no, but if Ben would write me a note, I'd send him some money. Then he left.

"Sure 'nough, I did git a letter from Ben asking me to loan his wife some money so she could git herself together an' git out a town. They went on up to somewhere in Maryland. Link Cave's church members took up a collection for him, an' him an' his wife an' kids moved on over to Kentucky somewheres. Yeah.

"Course everybody felt better when they found out they hadn't laid their hands on 'em to kill 'em. Yet an' still, it was bad stuff just the same.

"Ben an' Link was the onliest ones they chased out, but they wasn't the onliest ones that left. A gang o' folks pulled up an' went. Scared! But them that stayed was on the streets again an' doing their work. 'Course, even then the town wasn't like it use to be, an' up on the Square it was like a so-n'-soin' wake. Yeah. An' now it's thataway again. An' the closer 'lection comes, the more it gits thataway. 'Stead a stretching that sign with Roosevelt's picture on it, they should of hung a crepe.

V

"That next Saddee things was some better, but colored folks didn't hang round none. Country niggers come to town, bought what they had to buy, an' got on back out. Didn't hang round till dark as usual. I didn't rack up more'n two or three games that whole day.

There just wasn't no business. I did have three or four guys to come in an' git their guns. Some of them didn't have the money I'd loaned 'em, but I wasn't holding out in no times like them. Sad-dee, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, yet an' still colored folks went on 'bout their business an' white folks went on 'bout theirs. Then on that Wednesday night they had a prayer meeting at that church where Link Cave was the preacher.

"There was a feller round here name of Huett. He wasn't no kin to that so-'n'-so Huett that wanted to see your credentials. Clarence Huett his name was. Only way these two Huetts was like each other was they went to the same church an' they both went reg'lar. Clarence Huett was a good boy. I ain't saying it to build him up an' make you think what happened was worse than it was. Most anybody'll tell you Clarence Huett was just a good boy. It would of been bad enough if it was anybody, without going round making it worse by saying it happened to some little black Jesus. Clarence wasn't no Jesus. He was just naturally a good, hard-working boy.

"I wasn't at prayer meeting. I go to church Sundays, but through the week I'm busy down here an' I can't go. But they say it was a warm meeting. You know about testimony meeting. That's what this was.

"I wasn't there, but they tell me Clarence got up an' give testimony. He prayed first. I hadn't never knowed him to pray in meeting nor give testimony neither. But they say he did that night. They say he prayed the Lord to send down a Moses to set his people free. Then he give his testimony, telling how he was trying to buy him a home and live decent in it; how he'd got to studying that if a man like Rev'ren' Cave, who had the real grace o' God in him, could git done like he was done, then there wasn't no sense in him going on like he was going, 'cause he didn't have a chance. They say he preached a reg'lar sermon.

"There was only one thing wrong with that testimony. Tilson Huett was there

an' heard it. Yeah! But you see, nobody knew 'bout him then. That stuff hadn't come out in the paper 'bout him giving the lodge secrets to the white folks. Paper hadn't said nothing much 'bout the mobbing of Ben an' Link. So that night nobody 'spected nothing.

"You wouldn't want to meet a nicer feller than Clarence Huett was. Him an' his wife was trying to buy a little home right next door to my mother-in-law. They both worked in the Snow White laundry. He fired over there an' his wife ran a presser. They made 'bout eighteen a week between 'em. His wife had a coupl' a kids 'fore she married him, an' the kids lived with them, an' Clarence took care o' them kids same as if he was their pappy.

"He was in here that next evening. Come in to buy a coupl' a cigarettes. He was telling me how he was cutting down on his smoking by buying two or three cigarettes at a time 'stead of a pack. He was telling me how the Snow White had bought out the laundry in Haines too an' that everybody had to work two or three nights a week now an' sometimes more. We held a right long conversation 'bout diff'ent things.

"The next time I seen Clarence Huett he was a corpse. Yeah. A dead corpse.

"That same night 'bout ten-thirty, my wife says—I wasn't home, but my wife an' mother-in-law was setting on the porch. Clarence lived right next to us, 'bout as far as that first table. That night a car drove up the road. It was loaded with men, but my women folks didn't pay no 'tention to that. They didn't think nothing 'bout they might be white men. That other trouble had been over near 'bout three weeks, an' nothing hadn't happened to make nobody think something else was coming up. The women folks didn't know they was white men till they seen this mechanic from the laundry git out. They seen him then an' they thought he had come to git Clarence to go to work.

"Tell Clarence to come on out here,' my wife heard the peck say. An' Fay-

della said something, an' then the peck said, 'That's all right. Tell him to slip on some pants an' come like he is.' Then he went on back to the car.

"My women folks seen Clarence walk out to the car, an' then all at once he stopped right short, an' then got in the back seat slow. If he said anything nobody heard him. But when he got in the back seat Faydella ran out with the lamp in her hand an' got there just when the car was pulling off, an' either the car hit her an' knocked her down or somebody in the car reached out an' knocked her down, 'cause she fell an' caught on fire from the lamp, an' my wife an' mother-in-law put the fire out. Faydella kept saying, 'Top Zuber was driving. Top Zuber was driving,' my wife said. My wife said the oil had spilled out the broken lamp an' it was burning in little flames in a dozen places.

"The bottom was buzzing when I got home. Looked like the niggers was coming together on this thing. There was a gang a them at Clarence's house. But they couldn't git straight on nothing. Some was of one way of thinking an' some was another. Some wanted to go out looking for Clarence, an' some said it wasn't no use—he'd be all right, they wasn't goin' a hurt him. Some argid this an' some argid that, an' the outcome was that nobody done nothing but set there. Wasn't nothing but the niggers from right round in that section. I guess the folks over in Hoptown section hadn't heard about it yet. It was a more quiet mobbing then the other.

"The women an' kids was setting out in the kitchen an' us men in the front room. Long 'bout two o'clock folks started drifting off. You'd hear a man git up an' feel his way to the kitchen an' then he'd call his wife an' kids, an' you'd know that he was going on home. Only me an' Scotty Grace an' Ginnie Oxley, an' Faydella's brother, Russ, stayed till morning. Then I went on 'cross home.

"Nobody heard nothing 'bout Clarence an' nobody done nothing 'bout it Friday an' Saddee. It wasn't the same

like it was before, 'cause this time nobody figgered they was goin' a lay the weight of their hands on him. But by Saddee night something of the feeling of the first mobbing come back, 'cause nobody had heard nothing 'bout Clarence. In the pool room here fellers was talking 'bout it, wondering why nobody hadn't heard. It commence to git on the white folks nerves too. It wasn't nothing you could say just what, but it was something.

"'Bout ten o'clock that night, Paul Whitney come in to see me. He had on his cop's pants, but not his coat, 'cause he was off duty.

"'Ain't nobody heard from that boy yet?' he asked me.

"'Not to my knowing,' I said. 'Where was you this time, Paul?' I asked him, sarcastic-like, but kidding him.

"'I was here,' he says. 'I didn't know nothing about it. From what I hear, didn't many folks know nothing about it. An' them that was s'posed to be in the car, I hear they ain't come back yet.'

"He was leaning just where you're setting, an' his hands was kind a falling down on this side of the railing. It was a big scar 'cross the back of one of his hands that I hadn't never noticed before. Then I noticed I hadn't never noticed his eyes before nor nothing much about him. I'd knowed him all my life an' that night was the first time I really seen him, an' I seen that all his mush-mouth talk was straight talk coming from him. Yet an' still, I wasn't satisfied.

"'Scuse me, Paul,' I said, just like that. 'But that sounds like some stuff to me. That was Thursday night, an' here it's almost Sunday morning,' I said.

"'I don't know, Flap,' he said. Then he looked like he was thinking 'bout something off yonder somewheres. Then he said, like it wasn't no question till the end, 'They tell me Top Zuber was in that car, Flap?'

"'Is that so?' I asked him.

"'Well, ain't nobody seen him since Thursday night. He ain't been home. His lady friend come over from Covington yesterday, an' she ain't seen him.'

"What's it mean, Paul?" I asked him.

"Goddamn if I know, Flap. I be goddamn if I do," he said, just like that.

VI

"Sunday morning I was setting up in church with my wife an' mother-in-law when a usher come an' whispered in my ear that I was wanted on the outside. I went out 'course, an' there was my brother, C. A., an' Paul Whitney. Yeah. C. A. said they'd found Clarence's body washed up out the river an' Paul had come to ask him to take it. What must he do? What he said hit me so hard my head swum.

"Found his corpse in the river!" I said, just like that. "How in the hell did it git in the river?"

"They must a throwed it in," C. A. said. "They must a lynched him."

"Yeah," Paul said. "They killed him, Flap. Goddamn if I b'lieved they'd kill that boy."

"Must I git him?" C. A. wanted to know. "I don't want no parts of it, Flap. Honest to God! Must I git him?"

"You're the onliest nigger undertaker in town, ain't you?" I said. "You damn right you must! Wait a minute. I'll go with you."

"I went on back in church to tell my wife. But I didn't have to tell her nothing. Soon's I walked in I seen the whole church knowed it. Everybody turned round an' looked at me, an' then everybody seemed to know. I don't know how they found out, but it looked like the minute they turned round they knowed. When I come back out to go with C. A. an' Paul, the whole church come out behind me. They all wanted to go down to the river, but we wouldn't let 'em.

"When we got down to the river with the dead wagon there was a gang o' crackers an' the coroner from the county. C. A. an' me stayed in the wagon till Paul went up an' spoke to the coroner. They made the crowd fall back. Then the coroner come over an' give C. A. a

permit to move the body, an' C. A. an' me got out the basket.

"I didn't look at the corpse till we got right on it. I looked every place but right at it. Then I seen it. The boy was laying on his stomick, where they had drug him. They had beat him bad, and he had been shot in the back twice.

"It was the next day that we all found out about Tilson Huett. The paper come out this time giving a history of both mobbings, an' it told how Huett had been to the white folks to try to 'void trouble both times, an' how the white folks had done, an' how when this second trouble started just a few quick-tempered men had 'tended to it quiet. They called Huett a 'loyal Negro' in the paper. Yeah! The crackers said he had most likely 'voided more serious trouble."

When I moved my feet from the rungs of the stool pain shot through my stiff knees. There was no one in the pool room now. Sometime during the long telling the men had gone. I did not remember their going. Flap went to the back and racked the balls up and spread the gray rubberized cloth over the table. He turned out the light. When he came back again I asked him about Top Zuber.

"He's high sheriff now. Yeah. In office. Been in office."

"And where was he from Thursday to Sunday?"

"You mean Tuesday. Didn't nobody see him in town till the next Tuesday," Flap said.

"Where'd he been?"

"You got to ask somebody better'n me," Flap said.

He got down his hat and put on his street coat over the pull-over zipper sweater. He counted the change in the cash drawer and locked the drawer. Then he unlocked the cupboard beneath the register and took out a short-snouted automatic, which he slipped under his belt outside his sweater, handy.

"Other niggers is scared, but I ain't scared," Flap said.



THE SOURCES OF GERMANY'S MIGHT

HOW THE REICH TURNED THE NEW TECHNOLOGY TO WAR PRODUCTION

BY LEONARD ENGEL

OF ALL the advantages which Germany has possessed to date, its continued superiority in armament has been at once the most obvious and decisive. In nearly every conflict in which the Nazis have been engaged they have been better equipped technically than their enemies.

German might has been successfully mechanized because Germany is riding the crest of a wave of world-wide technological revolution comparable in its transforming power to the harnessing of steam in the eighteenth century and of oil and electricity fifty years ago. This revolution takes its origin in the profusion of basic discoveries and inventions since the last war, particularly in chemistry and metallurgy. The new application of science to industry is characterized by the use of chemical synthetics on a vast scale and the replacement of mechanical by chemical processes in manufacturing. Every industrial nation of course has felt the effects of this "atomic revolution" to greater or less extent. In the Reich, however, the development and exploitation of its technics have been carried on with unique intensity.

At the end of the World War the heavy industries of Germany found themselves in a desperate position. Every belligerent's industries faced difficult problems of demobilization, but those confronting the Reich's manufacturers were compounded by the German de-

feat. The armament and foreign markets on which they had depended to achieve capacity operations were gone. The Versailles treaty makers permitted only one plant, the Rheinische Metallwaren und Maschinenfabrik, A.G., to manufacture heavy guns, and its output was severely restricted. Krupp's great gun forges at Essen were silenced, and his Germania shipyards, birthplace of half the Imperial fleet, were compelled to switch from construction of expensive men-of-war to less profitable merchant ships. The other steel-and-munition makers received similar treatment. Foreign trade ties, patiently built up during the period of German commercial expansion before the war, had been severed by the British navy, and the tariff walls hastily erected after the war by the former allies made it impossible to restore them. The domestic market alone could not absorb the capacity output of heavy industry.

Several courses are open to business firms faced with a situation of this kind. They can tailor their operations to fit the existing market, relying on reserves and direct savings (reduced expenditures for raw materials, a smaller working force, etc.) to tide them over. They may seek to impose wage cuts on those who continue in their employ. Labor costs may be reduced by introducing new labor-saving machinery. On the income side of the ledger, business can ask for emergency financial assistance

from the government. It can also try to maintain profits by fixing prices at high levels, either by agreement among leading firms or under the direction of the government. Further, it can call on the state to aid in enlarging the market more or less permanently by artificial means, up to and including armed conquest of neighboring or colonial market areas. Finally, business can turn to new products as a source of new income.

In the Germany of 1919 and the early 'twenties most of these devices were either impossible or ineffective. German labor was in no mood to accept wage cuts without a struggle. The unions were so strong and Germany so turbulent that the magnates did not even dare to propose wage reductions publicly. The Weimar Republic was too weak to extend substantial financial help or to aid in providing a larger market. Price fixing is useless when the market has all but ceased to exist; in fact it tends to limit the market still further. Curtailment of operations and living on reserves work only for a comparatively short period and only in industries with low fixed costs. But German industry's capital investment—inflated by pre-war stock watering and over-expansion—was high, as were its fixed costs, and its prospect of depression was long. Curtailed operations could not possibly provide returns large enough to meet obligations. Circumstances thus forced the Reich's manufacturers to seek a solution in rationalization of plant, introduction of labor-saving machinery, and development of new products on a grandiose scale—in short, in technological change. For this the organization of German industry was especially well adapted.

A characteristic of German economic life for more than two generations has been the large number of what the Germans call *Konzerne*—vertical combinations possessing their own sources of raw materials and active in several more or less related fields of industry. To-day a few huge firms and systems of this

type dominate the coal, steel, mechanical, and chemical industries, and through them exercise a powerful influence on the German economy in general. The Vereinigte Stahlwerke (the Steel Trust), for example, produces more than half of Germany's steel, and is also active in coal mining, in the manufacture of synthetic gasoline, and in machine building. I.G. Farbenindustrie, the dye trust, formed by the merger of the five leading German chemical firms in 1925, holds a pre-eminent position in the fields of synthetic gasoline, rubber, and organic chemicals, is a leading producer of coal and light metals, and also owns Rhein-stahl, A.G., a unit of the Steel Trust. And so on through the list.

Several of the biggest and most powerful firms are comparatively recent in origin, but some go as far back as the 1890's. The new combines, in any case, were formed from enterprises which were *Konzerne* themselves before amalgamation. Most of the German contributions to and applications of the atomic revolution are the work of these vertically integrated combinations.

The *Konzerne* of course are almost ideally suited to the pursuit of technological advance. A single example will make this clear. Friedrich Krupp, A.G., the great armament firm, produces its world-famed artillery from steel made of its own pig iron in its own converters. It produces the pig iron in its own blast furnaces from ore dug out of its own mines (although ore imported from Sweden is also used). The limestone and coke required for the smelting process also come from Krupp workings. From these same materials Krupp makes synthetic gasoline, locomotives, cash registers, trucks and busses, and other machinery. Krupp steel plates and Krupp guns go into warships built by the Krupp-owned Germania and Schichau shipyards. Krupp makes its own machine tools and tool alloys and sells them as well.

In a concern such as this, technical advance is synonymous with by-product

utilization—always a tremendous money-maker—on the grand scale. Profits are enormous and immediate. Most of the products which are discovered by Krupp scientists have an assured market in some department of Krupp. Every new alloy found by Krupp metallurgists has a ready customer—the Krupp machine-building department. Every new machine invented by a Krupp engineer increases the demand for Krupp steel, pig iron, coke, and so forth down the line. An increase in coke production increases the supply of coal tar for the manufacture of synthetic fuel and explosives. The savings made possible by technological advance are concentrated under one financial roof and accumulate quickly.

Spurred by the vision of profits which would banish the nightmare of post-war bankruptcy, the German trusts increased their traditionally large investment in research, and sent scores of observers throughout the world to report on the latest scientific and industrial achievements in other countries. Spurred by the shortage of raw materials, German laboratories worked on substitutes with considerable success. The Fischer-Tropsch process for making synthetic liquid fuels was worked out by 1925; the Bergius method—the other widely used gasoline-making process—had been discovered several years before. I.G. Farben first offered Buna rubber commercially in the United States in 1928. Krupp engineers knew how to make a long list of tungsten-carbide tools by 1925.

In seeking to apply these and other processes on a large scale, however, the German trusts encountered a series of difficulties which they had not altogether anticipated. These difficulties derived from the nature of the processes and the new materials themselves, and from the effects of the inflation in 1923. Almost all the new processes require high temperature and pressure. High-pressure apparatus is expensive. Synthetic-gasoline plants with their pressure cookers,

for example, require an exceptionally large capital investment. But liquid capital was scarce in post-inflation Germany. It had fled the Reich during the devaluation or had been wiped out.

Even the little capital that did exist was not advanced to finance commercial application of the new processes. High temperature-pressure equipment can justify itself only if a large market exists for its products. But the materials which German scientists created during the 'twenties were precisely those for which a large market was least assured. Earlier chemical synthetics had had a guaranteed sale, for they competed only with inferior commodities whose producers were weak and scattered. The new materials, however, invaded the domain of the "great essentials," the domain held by great corporations which were ready and able to fight on more than equal terms to retain their markets. Manmade gasoline's competition came from a product marketed not by a group of remote, unorganized native planters, but by rich, pugnacious Royal Dutch Shell and Standard Oil. Back of Buna's established rival—rubber—stood the potent British Stevenson cartel. Rubber reached \$1.21 a pound in 1925, the year I.G. built its Buna pilot plant. Had Buna been an immediate threat, the Stevenson cartel would not have hesitated to plunge the price of rubber to 15 cents a pound. To sell at that price Buna would have had to be made in larger quantities than could be sold in Europe even if real rubber were non-existent. The German trusts thus faced huge expenditures for equipment and still greater outlays (of money they did not possess) for the inevitable battle with the natural raw material monopolies.

The trusts therefore sought some means of inducing someone else (*i.e.*, the government) to advance the needed funds, assume whatever losses occurred, and reserve the domestic market for the new synthetics. The trusts found their men in the Nazi party, whose leaders—like the younger army officers—under-

stood early what a vital role technology could play in realizing their dreams of world conquest and were interested especially in synthetic substitutes for the essential raw materials that Germany lacked.

The application of the new discoveries to industry, however, had begun long before Hitler's accession. One phase of technological advance is re-equipment of industry with new machinery many times more efficient than the old. Although capital could not be found for erecting the new synthetics factories, funds for rationalization of existing industries were readily obtained—in Germany and out, chiefly in the United States. More than half of the total German industrial plant, worn to the point of near-uselessness during the World War, was replaced in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties. The productivity of the German workman rose (for industry as a whole) from 90-92 in 1925 to 123-129 in 1933 (1928=100).

Some industries—such as coal mining—made comparatively small gains in efficiency, but in others the advances were truly remarkable. In the two years from 1925 to 1927 alone, the output per worker in the steel industry increased by more than 50 per cent. The gains were greater still in the decisive machine-building fields, which, by 1935, were indisputably the most modernly equipped in the world. The success of the rationalization program in the metal-working industries was made possible in part by a revolutionary discovery, tungsten carbide and its related compounds. The "hard cemented carbides," as they are known, are harder than any known substance except diamond and increase the efficiency of machining processes by as much as 500 per cent. The cemented carbides which are worked by the technics of powder metallurgy, which I shall describe, were one product of the new technology which neither competed with established monopolies nor required a disproportionate capital investment. They were thus readily applied. With-

out them the Nazi armament program might have been impossible.

II

The trusts did not have to wait long after Hitler came to power for the measures which would make possible the large-scale application of the other basic discoveries. Ever since the last war the German army had been interested in the new technics, and Hitler's war aims increased the pressure to turn the new technics to military account. The Nazi Führer became Chancellor January 30, 1933. Within six months he had begun fulfilling his promises to aid the trusts in introducing the new synthetics and in further rationalizing the heavy industries. Besides destroying the unions and thus helping the combines to cut wages, the National Socialist regime took the following measures:

1. It freed from taxes all investments for replacement of old industrial and farm machinery (decree of June 1, 1933).

2. It remitted outstanding taxes when new investments were made, and granted tax concessions for successful development of new production processes (decree of June 15, 1933).

3. It instituted import controls which reserved the domestic market to German-created substitutes for raw materials of foreign origin.

4. It placed huge orders and made cash advances which guaranteed large profits.

5. It permitted the writing off of investments at an accelerated rate.

6. It compelled companies in related industries to pool their capital to launch some of the synthetic industries.

7. It encouraged the cartel machinery for pooling patents and technical information as well as for fixing prices.

These measures do not differ strikingly from some of the steps the U. S. Government has taken in the past three years to build up our arms industries, except in two respects: first, they were applied far more systematically, and

second, they were applied seven years earlier. In Germany they have served to strengthen the great *Konzerne* as well as to hasten the application of the new technology. Most striking are the effects of the mandatory capital pools. When the Reich decided to expand the synthetic-yarn industry, all textile manufacturers, large or small, were called on for funds. The huge *Zellstoff* industry—built with the money derived from such forced contributions—is now divided into four great groups. Three are under the thumb of the trusts, although all four were financed in part by the smaller textile mills. The greatest synthetic-gasoline producer, Brabag (Braunkohlen-Benzin, A.G.), was launched with capital contributed by the ten largest miners of lignite. The Dye Trust, the Steel Trust, Wintershall, and Flick exercise the dominant influence within Brabag, although they are only four of the ten contributors; and through Brabag's influential position the four dominate the industry as a whole. I know of only one instance in which a great trust was weakened by the expansion of the new industries. In 1938, the Steel Trust was compelled to establish Gelsenberg-Benzin, a synthetic-gasoline manufacturer, without substantial state aid. To raise the needed funds the trust had to sell its great Austrian iron and steel subsidiary to the Nazi racket, the Goering Werke. The sequence of events was hardly accidental.

In addition to such financial schemes for spurring the new technology, the Nazi government took other steps. By far the most important of these was the creation of an over-all plan for the reconstruction of industry, over and above the rationalization previously carried out by the trusts themselves. This was the Four Year Plan, which is generally described as a program for making Germany self-sufficient and blockade-proof. This description is accurate as far as it goes; for freeing the Reich of dependence on foreign materials was one of the functions of the new technology. Such

a statement, however, conceals the plan's real character. It was basically a program for the super-rationalization of industry.

The execution of the plan was entrusted originally to a special agency, the Four Year Plan Office, under Marshal Goering. Its functions are now, however, being carried out in most branches of industry by the *Wehrwirtschaft* (war economy) branch of the army, under Major General Georg Thomas. Both the Goering office and the *Wehrwirtschaft* board use not only financial controls, but also specific directives, compulsory patent and design pools, and manipulation of priorities to execute their program of technological advance.

III

What the new technology means can best be described by comparing its techniques with the traditional methods of industry.

Most manufacturing operations in the past have consisted essentially of the transformation of raw materials into finished products by mechanical means, with only minor modification of the chemical composition of natural substances. In any case, preparing the material and shaping it have usually been sharply differentiated operations which were carried out separately. First the ore was refined, then the gadget was made. Mechanical means of shaping predominated: materials were sawed, hammered, drilled, planed, and otherwise machined more often than they were cast or molded.

The "atomic revolution" changes this pattern at virtually every point. It creates materials which have no counterpart whatever in nature—plastics. It creates others which bear only a faint resemblance to nature—complex alloys. Complicated natural compounds of wide use are imitated—synthetic gasoline and rubber. The number of mechanical operations required to shape an article is reduced by greater use of casting,

molding, and the technics of powder metallurgy. And last a beginning is made in breaking down the distinction between preparation and shaping of a material.

The application of pressure and heat is at the root of all these technics of the new industrialism. Most of the new synthetics are made by a process known as polymerization. In this the molecules of a simple chemical compound combine with one another to yield complicated products which have the same proportions of the different elements as the original compound, but are totally new substances. Bakelite, for example, which was developed in the United States and was one of the first plastics, is polymerized formaldehyde, a common laboratory preservative. The synthetic rubbers are also polymers. Polymerization generally requires both heat and pressure.

The same elemental forces make possible the elimination of many machine operations. The most remarkable heat-and-pressure process in metal-working is powder metallurgy, the molding of metal objects from metallic powder. Shortly after 1900, when scientists were casting about for a way to work tungsten (whose melting point is inconveniently high) into electric-light filaments, Dr. W. D. Coolidge of the General Electric Company in Schenectady found that tungsten powder could be pressed into bars and that when these bars were sintered (roasted) at a fairly low temperature they became extremely strong. How and why that happens is not yet understood. But lack of understanding has not halted the application of this phenomenon to molding metal objects from powder. A great many objects are so made now, including tool tips of tungsten carbide. Carbide-tool stock is made by forming bars or slabs from powder under high pressure. These are then sintered at a low temperature. The stock becomes hard enough to avoid breakage, but can still be easily worked. The shaped tools are then re-sintered at 800 degrees centigrade, and when they

emerge from the furnace are harder than sapphire and retain that hardness even at cherry-red heat. It is impractical to make cemented carbide tools by mechanical means; powder technics must be used.

Thermo-setting resins—one of the many kinds of synthetic plastics—combine manufacture of the plastic and shaping of the article into what amounts to a single operation. The raw materials are injected into molds under pressure, and heat is applied. The heat and pressure simultaneously make and shape the plastic. When the mold is opened the article is ready for use save for final polishing and finishing.

The processes of the new technology differ from the old in their greater use of atomic changes to bring about a desired end. Man fiddled with atoms to produce materials he wanted long before he knew what atoms were, or even that they existed. Any chemical process is an atomic process, and primitive ore-smelting is as much an application of chemistry as the latest synthetic wizardry. Never, however, have atomic changes been so extensively used as they are to-day. The new technology is an atomic technology.

The Reich has gained enormous advantages from having been forced to apply the new technic systematically and on a large scale. For instance a synthetic-fuel industry of huge proportions has been developed. As Franz Neumann points out in his new book, *Behemoth*, the German panzer divisions and Luftwaffe would have been impossible without synthetic gasoline. Germany's own oil resources permit a peak production of no more than 1,000,000 tons of gasoline a year. Another 3,000,000 can be extracted by the Nazis from the rest of Europe. But the annual requirements of a war machine so extensively mechanized as the German are nearly 10,000,000 tons. The output of the coal-hydrogenation (gasoline-making) plants must exceed 4,000,000 tons a year—no mean achievement, since every

gallon of man-made fuel involves three times as much labor as a gallon of the gasoline we use.

Similarly, the new technology has provided the Reich with a source of rubber which cannot be blockaded by Allied warships. I.G. Farbenindustrie and other German chemical plants are manufacturing enough Buna S and Perbunan to meet virtually all wartime requirements of elastics. Production exceeds 100,000 tons a year. We ourselves will make much more than that in time, but we do not make so much now. As a result of the impetus given by Germany's imperialist dynamism and our own needs, synthetic rubber will probably compete successfully with natural rubber after the war.

The third field in which the Germans have made especially striking progress is the manufacture of synthetic plastics and fibers. In 1937, the last year for which over-all figures can be obtained, the Reich had the world's greatest per capita production of plastics despite diversion of coal and cellulose (the sources of most plastics) to the more essential munition, textile, and synthetic-fuel industries. In that year the Reich produced 1.5 pounds of synthetic resins per person, the U.S.A., 1.4 pounds and Great Britain, 1.1. Utilization of man-made fibers (which are closely related to the plastics) is more intensive still. That many of the synthetic yarns are not the equals of natural fibers such as cotton and silk, and that the necessities of war have brought about much of the increase in their use is irrelevant. It is through just such doors as this that new technics frequently come.

Synthetic gasoline and rubber, by making it possible for the Reich to mechanize its army and create the Luftwaffe, have spurred another innovation: the use of light metal alloys in place of steel for structural purposes. German resources of nickel, chromium, and other alloying metals without which specialized steels are impossible were not large enough to permit unlimited use of steel

alloys in aircraft parts, military vehicles, and all the other items needed by a military nation. Nor are steel and its alloys always desirable from a purely technical point of view. A phenomenal development of new aluminum, magnesium, and beryllium alloys consequently began as soon as Hitler came to power. Duralumin, the most widely used light alloy, was well known as long ago as the last war; alclad, a corrosion-resistant variety of duralumin, and the basic magnesium alloys also antedate Hitler. But the post-Hitler development soon left that of other nations behind.

In 1934 German output of aluminum was 37,000 metric tons. In the next six years it increased more than six times, to 240,000 metric tons in 1940. Our own output also increased enormously in the same period—from 33,000 to 187,000 tons a year—but did not equal Germany's achievement. The magnesium record is more striking still. In 1937 the Reich produced 12,000 tons of magnesium to our 2,000; in 1938, 14,100 to our 2,900; in 1939, 16,500 to 3,000; and in 1940, 19,000 to 5,700.

The case of magnesium is particularly interesting. The obvious relation between Germany's lack of raw materials and the growth of her coal-hydrogenation and Buna industries has enabled those who habitually belittle an enemy—a criminally dangerous procedure—to minimize German technological advance. They assert that it is confined to the discovery of ersatz materials, which are inferior to natural products. This is monstrous nonsense, as the history of light metals in the Reich shows. The growth in the use of aluminum was of course due to a shortage both of copper and of steel-alloying metals. No shortage, however, pushed the magnesium industry. Magnesium is used chiefly in planes and automobiles (in the Reich) in place of aluminum. It is used because it is lighter and for that reason alone. Huge aluminum ore resources are within easy German reach; for many

years the production of *bauxite* on the Continent exceeded that in all the rest of the world combined. To-day Nazi bombers and fighters can carry more ammunition and fuel because they have engine mounts, propellers, landing-gear sleeves, firewall components, and other parts made of electron alloys which are one-third lighter than duralumin. We still use dural or steel exclusively for these parts. The need for *ersatz* has certainly been a constant spur to German technical ingenuity, but the ingenuity spills over into other fields.

IV

A nation's armed forces are a reflection of the technology which sustains them. It is no wonder therefore that the Wehrmacht has been the world's most highly mechanized force and that the Reich has devised radically new tactical and strategic doctrines which match its new army and air force. It could hardly have been otherwise.

If there were space I should like to trace the connection between technological advance and weapons, to show how a rapidly developing technology creates a climate in which men (soldiers included) become alert and receptive to new ideas. Space is short, however, and the implications which the atomic revolution has for us are important.

If we are to defeat Hitler and play a leading part in the world of to-morrow it is obvious that we must make even better use of the new technology than the Germans have done. German experience indicates that industry was apt to be reluctant to risk capital in the development of such a technology and American capital in many instances has been even less willing, for the good reason that many of the natural raw materials with which the synthetics compete were produced here in abundance. The Nazi government solved the dilemma of bashful or missing capital by putting up nearly all the money and permitting the trusts to keep nearly all the returns.

(The widespread belief that most of the profits of German industry are taken back in the form of taxes is not supported by the evidence. Untaxed, undistributed corporate surpluses have reached astronomical levels in Germany.) Most Americans, however, would refuse to support a Nazi-like program.

The alternatives are government subsidies, with careful control of profits—which is nominally our present policy—or outright national operation of the new industries. Enormous difficulties arise in any program of government subsidies, as is evident from the reports we get of corporations whose facilities have been provided at least in part by the government and which are making and keeping profits which if not exorbitant are certainly unusually large.

Regardless of the method of finance employed, we must use all possible means to extend the effects of the atomic revolution. All technical knowledge must be pooled; designs, patents, know-how must be freely shared. Our leading manufacturers are already sharing such knowledge more widely than ever before, but not yet widely enough. To a great extent, where no patent restrictions exist, inertia and a desire to maintain pre-war price structures still act as brakes on technical advance. Pooling must be carried so far that each item of equipment which we produce incorporates the best elements of design in each of its features. This can be achieved only by creating industry-wide pools of technical secrets and processes.

Something like this has already been done in the Reich. The Luftwaffe, for example, is said to be testing a new bomber—the Heinkel 177—which incorporates in one plane distinctive features hitherto found only separately. The wings and radiators are of Junkers type; its engine arrangement has been under test by Heinkel itself for some years; its diving brakes, of a type not used by Heinkel before, come from the United States via Henschel and Junkers; and the bombsight layout is borrowed

from Focke-Wulf. If we knew other details of this plane—a giant evidently intended for over-ocean and transoceanic warfare and still on the secret list—we should undoubtedly find that still other features had been borrowed. For that is how Nazi warplanes are built. Ours are not built that way yet, but in many instances it will prove desirable that they should be. Everything should be done to make it possible to pool any features which our designers may want to use.

The Nazi patent pool of course operates on a basis which would be politically impossible in the United States. Patents belonging to the trusts are paid for more than handsomely, with the German taxpayers' money. But there is no reason why the same end—pooling of information to win the war—cannot be achieved in the United States without creating a class of patent profiteers. The challenge which faces us is far greater than any we have confronted before. In previous wars our enemies were at best our equals in the technology of the day. Now, however, they are further advanced than we are. The viciousness of their society does not min-

imize their technical achievements; it only makes them more dangerous.

But it is worth our remembering that many of the basic discoveries in the new technology are the products of American genius, and that the atomic revolution transformed American as well as German industry to a great extent during the past twenty years. Whatever technological lead the Germans had at the start of the war was the result of fundamental factors which accelerated their acceptance of new methods—and those factors may in the long run prove to be weaknesses. As we have seen, it was partly Germany's poverty after the first World War which drove industry to rationalize its system of production. Shortages of raw materials spurred the search for substitutes. And perhaps even more important, the men who have had authority in Germany (the pre-Nazi army, and Hitler himself) have for years been aware of the military advantages of the new technology and have forced its expansion for warlike ends. Now that the United States is committed to war there must be and will be no delay in bringing about a similar expansion here.





“DAMN THE TORPEDOES!”

THE UNSUNG HEROES OF OUR MERCHANT MARINE

BY HELEN LAWRENSON

A GROUP of sailors are drinking beer at a bar called George's in Greenwich Village. The juke box is playing "Deep in the Heart of Texas," and every time it stops someone puts another nickel in and it starts up again. A little man with curly hair and bushy eyebrows turns and glares fiercely at it.

"Can't that machine play nothing else?" he roars. He looks tough enough and mad enough to eat it, record, needle, and all.

"Stop beating your gums, brother," draws the tall sailor with the black jersey. "I like it. It's catchy."

"I just come back from Texas," adds a third whose face is a complete pink circle, illumined by twinkling blue eyes and a cherubic grin.

"How was it?"

"Oh, dandy!" says Cherub, sarcastically. "Just dandy. Fine trip for your health. A Nazi tin fish chased us for three days. We never seen a patrol boat nor a plane the whole time. Saw one destroyer going hell-bent for election into Charleston one afternoon about dusk, but we all figured she was trying to get safe home before dark when the subs come out.

"We was carrying fifty thousand barrels of Oklahoma crude and fifty thousand of high-test gasoline. It sure gives you a funny feeling. I thought we'd get it any minute. Man, those nights are killers! You sleep with your clothes on. Well, I don't exactly mean sleep.

You lie in bed with your clothes on. All of a sudden the old engines slow down and your heart speeds up. Someone knocks on the door, and you rise right up in your bed and seem to lie there in the air. So it turns out it's only the watch. You settle down again and try to light a cigarette if your hand don't shake too much. Not that you're scared of course. Oh, noooh!"

The others laugh. "Who ain't scared?" growls the little man with the bushy brows. "A torpedo connects with one of them tankers and it's just like lighting a match to cellophane. You ain't got a chance. Boom! and you're in the hero department. Just like that. And the next thing, all the guys you used to know are going around saying, 'Well, he wasn't such a bad guy after all. Poor old Joe Bananas! He lowered the boom on me for ten bucks the last time he was in port and he never did get a chance to pay it back. Let's have a beer to his memory.'"

"Well, let's have a beer anyway," says Slim, in the black jersey. "Here, Cherub, it's on you. You just got paid off. How about springing for another round?"

"Okay," says Cherub. "Might as well spend it now. It don't do you no good when you're floating around in a lifeboat. No kidding, a guy's a sucker to go through nights like that. You can't believe it. The next morning you come out on deck, and the sea's

blue and beautiful and the sun's shining. The night before—with the zigzagging and the sub alarms and the lying there in your bunk, scared stiff and waiting—it can't be true. That night can't have happened to *me*. Impossible. This is the same sea I've always sailed, the same kind of a wagon, the same watch. Last night just didn't happen." He takes a drink of beer. "But then the darkness comes again. Yeah—night must fall."

What worried him most, he adds, was a remark made during lifeboat drill just before sailing. "We was practicing and everything goes off pretty good. Then the Inspector, he says, 'Now just in case any of you fellows have to *jump*—remember when you go over the side to pull down on your lifebelt as hard as you can. Cause if you don't when you hit the water it's liable to break your neck.' . . . My God, I thought. Now I got to worry about holding on to my papers and my chocolate bar and my cigarettes and at the same time I got to hold on to my lifebelt so my neck don't get broke!"

"So you have your choice," says Slim, "burn to death, drown, be blown to bits when the torpedo hits the engine room, starve to death in a lifeboat, or get your neck broke when you first jump over the side. Any way you look at it, you're a gone sucker. Only a lame-brained sailor would go for that. You gotta be muscle-bound between the ears to do that for a living. And what for?"

"I'll tell you what for," says Bushy-Brows. "If the rising sun and the swastika and that bundle of wheat ain't gonna be flying over the White House we gotta keep 'em sailing. They gotta have oil and ore and stuff to fight this war, ain't they? And how we gonna get it to 'em if guys like us don't keep on sailing the ships? So that's what for!"

II

This scene is typical of those being enacted every night in the waterfront

bars of ports all over the land. Every few days you pick up the papers and there is the same gruesome picture painted over and over again of sudden death that strikes in the night, of seas brilliant with burning oil, of men screaming in agony, dying in the flaming water under the dark, implacable skies. And every night, in some bar in every port, there will be a group of seamen talking it over, naming the names of those who were once their shipmates, cursing the Axis—what some of them refer to as "Hitler, and his saddle-lights Mussolini and Hirohito"—and drinking toasts to one another's good luck.

"I was asleep when the torpedoes hit us—" said John Walsh, wiper, survivor of the Cities Service tanker, *Empire*, torpedoed off Fort Pierce, Florida—"three of them. I rushed up on deck and helped get one of the lifeboats over the side. I saw our captain on a life raft. He and some of the other men were on it. The current was sucking them into the burning oil around the tanker. I last saw the captain going into a sheet of orange flame. Some of the fellows said he screamed. . . . Monroe Reynolds was with me for a while. His eyes were burned. He was screaming that he was going blind. The last time I saw him he jumped into the fiery water. That was his finish, I guess. . . ."

In the first four months of this year over a hundred American merchant ships were attacked by enemy U-boats off our own coasts. About 950 seamen were killed. Despite improvements in the patrol system, the ships are still being sunk. The average during April was five or six a week.

It is a hideous way to die. I knew two men who were lost when the *Pan-Massachusetts* was sunk. One was a little thin man with spectacles, who had been a newspaperman. His name was Fred Fitzgerald. The other was Paddy Flynn, an oiler, whose two sons had already lost their lives in the war. I don't know how Fitz and Paddy died. The

Pan-Mass carried 100,000 barrels of gasoline, oil, and kerosene. (A barrel is 53 gallons.) Many of the men burned to death as they stood on the deck of the ship; others died struggling in the blazing sea which was on fire for a mile around the tanker.

"The bo'sun was in charge," said George Lamb, survivor of the *Pan-Mass*. "He did everything possible to save the lives of all the men. He cut a raft loose after the men said they were ready. It burst into flames as soon as it hit the water. . . . Although I couldn't swim I decided to go overboard. I figured it was better to drown than to be burned alive. I said, 'Let's go, Ingraham.' He was the steward. He was standing there beside me in his shorts, the skin peeling off his back from the flames. We shook hands. He said, 'Remember me, Red!' I said, 'OK. If I make it, I'll remember you. . . .' He was burned to death. . . ."

On his final trip Fitz wrote a letter to a man I know. In it he said: "No fooling though, it's a queasy feeling to be shadowed by those bastards. One of them tried to decoy us off St. Augustine by flashing 'P,' which means show your lights. The Old Man zigzagged to hell-and-gone, and most of us were kidding each other about the false alarm when the *Pan Amoco* reported sighting a sub at 6 A.M. off Jupiter. (Our incident had occurred at 11:30 the previous night, 60 miles away.) We quit kidding then."

He went on to report an incident on his previous trip: "Just as the moon was going down the second mate happened to make the big circle with his binoculars and spotted a sub in perfect silhouette. The first thing I knew about it was the Ordinary on watch giving me the shake. 'There's a Jerry on our tail,' he said. 'All hands get dressed with lifebelts and stand by.' I got up all right but nothing happened. Later that day the same sub got the *India Arrow* and the *China Arrow*, just a few miles from where we were. What burns you up is no guns. You can't fight the bastards

back. Luckily this crate is fast, so we can get going; but on some of them there isn't a damn thing you can do except call the U-boat commander an old meanie—or something! Later it comes as something of a jolt to discover that fellows you once knew and were ship-mates with are gone for good. Worse yet, without a fighting chance."

Hundreds of other American seamen have had to stand by and watch enemy subs sink their ships from under them without guns to fight back. "You can't fight submarines with potatoes," as Bo'sun Walter Bruce said when rescued from the tanker *Malay*, torpedoed off the North Carolina coast.

The law to arm the merchant marine was signed by President Roosevelt on November 18, 1941, but most of the ships which have been sunk have been unarmed. A few which *were* armed have fought off submarines and either damaged them or frightened them away.

Guns are being put on the ships now as fast as possible, but some of the ships are so old and broken down that a gun is almost more of a liability than an asset. As one sailor says, "That rust-pot I just come off, they must of got her out of the Smithsonian Institute! Sure, we had a gun on her. But Holy Mackerel! if we'd ever of had to fire it the whole ship would have fallen apart."

At the insistence of the National Maritime Union, special fireproof life-saving suits have been approved by the Maritime Commission and are being purchased by all tanker companies. On many of the ships new types of life rafts are being installed, and lifeboats are now being stocked with medical kits, food concentrates, and blankets.

When the *Lahaina* was sunk, 34 survivors spent ten days in a lifeboat with a capacity of 17. Two of them became half-crazed with hunger and thirst, jumped overboard, and were drowned. A third lost his mind completely, had to be lashed to the bottom of the boat, and died the next day. A fourth died from exposure. Dan James, nineteen-

year-old wiper, describes the death of the last man: "It was cold the last night out. I was sleeping under a blanket with Herman. He'd been feeling low for some time. I kept saying to him, 'Give me some of that blanket.' But he wouldn't let loose. Finally I grabbed it from him. He just lay still. I touched his hand . . . it was cold . . . he was dead the whole time."

The patrol system is still not adequate, although vastly improved. In a letter to Secretary of the Navy Knox last March, President Joseph Curran of the National Maritime Union suggested that the large fleets of fishing boats, most of which are now laid up, be fitted out as patrol boats for the Atlantic coast, as was done during the last war. The sooner this is done the better.

There is no doubt about it, the merchant seamen took it on the chin during the first half of this year—with no guns, no patrols, antiquated lifebelts, and practically no safety precautions. They were sent out as helpless targets for the subs; but their morale was as magnificent as it was unheralded. That precautions are now being taken to protect them doesn't detract from their courage.

All the seamen know what they are facing when they ship out. Yet they keep on sailing. Remember, they don't have to. They are in the private merchant marine, and they can quit any time they want to. Most of them could get good shore jobs, working in shipyards as riggers and welders and mechanics and what-not, where the chief worry would be the danger of someone dropping a wrench on their feet. It isn't the money that keeps them sailing. On the coastwise run, from New York to Texas, they get a war bonus which works out to around \$2.33 a day, hardly worth risking your life for. Also the bonus doesn't apply to the Gulf.

As a matter of fact, former seamen who have been working in shoreside jobs are going back to sea. A few months

ago the National Maritime Union issued a call to former seamen. Since then over 2,000 ex-sailors have turned up to ship out again, hundreds of them at the union hall in the port of New York alone, among them men who have been working as furriers, truck drivers, electricians, office workers, actors, construction workers, miners, painters, and bakers.

Those who have been torpedoed and rescued ship right out again as soon as they can get out of the hospital. That takes plenty of nerve, but the merchant seamen have it. They don't get much publicity, and you seldom hear anyone making speeches about them. They don't get free passes to the theater or the movies, and no one gives dances for them, with pretty young actresses and debutantes to entertain them. No one ever thinks much about their "morale" or how to keep it up. It was only recently that a bill was passed to give them medals. And because they wear no uniforms they don't even have the satisfaction of having people in the streets and subways look at them with respect when they go by.

It is not that the seamen, themselves, are asking for any special credit or honors. When you mention words like heroism or patriotism to them they look embarrassed. "Listen, brother, there's a war on!" they say. Ashore, they frequently pretend that they are not brave at all. Not long ago I was talking to a man called Windy, who had just come off the Texas run and had been chased by a submarine for three days. "No more of that for me!" he said. "I tell you, any guy who keeps on shipping these days has got bubbles in his think-tank. The only safe run is from St. Louis to Cincinnati. I'm going to get me a shore job. Why commit suicide at my age?" We believed him; and not one of us could blame him. . . . The next day we heard he had shipped out again. He is now on the high seas, en route to India!



THE ARMY'S FUTURE POLITICAL POWER

BY HAROLD M. FLEMING

IS IT likely that the Army will take control of the country after the war? Leaders of our armed forces have, with startling suddenness, become the largest buyers of goods and services in the United States. They are now the largest direct handlers of man power in American history. They are the largest customers American industry has ever had and they are spending the biggest sums of money ever handled by any group in American history. They operate the most extensive mechanical equipment ever seen in any country except in Germany and perhaps in Russia; they have a hand in operating what will soon be the largest merchant shipping fleet in our history.

Only two years ago the Army men were fighting Congress for a couple of billion dollars a year; now they spend that much every twenty days, and the appropriations which are expected this and next year for their maintenance and equipment will run to \$150,000,000,000, or nearly twice the nation's entire income in 1929 and five times its 1932 income. Only three years ago Congress argued over Army and Navy appropriations of a million here and ten millions there. It recently passed an appropriation bill of eighteen billion dollars with no more than a momentary hesitation in order to keep in mind its nominal control over the national purse.

All of this spells unprecedented potential political power for the armed services of the United States. Within the year these services will be the employers, di-

rectly or indirectly, of at least half of America's man power. Thereby they have acquired also a majority interest in the methods by which the whole American economy is run: in who gets how much, in the level of prices, profits, and wages, and in who hires, fires, and directs labor. The threat of Army or Navy seizure and operation now hangs over all labor and management, since it was actually exercised last year by the Navy at the Kearney shipyard and by the Army at the North American Aviation plant. Now there is talk of the Navy's taking over our merchant marine.

The "industrial mobilization plan" of the nineteen-twenties and -thirties was a recognition by such farsighted persons as Bernard M. Baruch that for effective war-making the Army and the Navy must take a direct hand in the organization and running of the national economy. "M-Day" never actually came off, but chiefly because the distinction between a state of peace and a state of war had become progressively blurred from 1937 on.

"Beyond a doubt," said Douglas MacArthur seven years ago, "any major war of the future will see every belligerent nation highly organized for the single purpose of victory, the attainment of which will require integration and intensification of individual and collective effort. Economic and industrial resources will have to assure the adequacy of munition supply and the sustenance of the whole civil population. In these latter fields the great proportion of the

employable population will find its war duty." Foresighted military men were even then taking an interest in matters once considered purely civilian, such as they had never before taken in peacetime, or even in wartime except during the last war.

If the services took such an interest in hitherto civilian affairs in peacetime *before* this war, they will take a vastly greater interest in the civilian economy after it ends. This time there may be no disarmament conferences except those called by the victors for the disarmament of the vanquished. Continued armament for ourselves will not mean simply the maintenance of a large standing army, but also the maintenance of a large degree of supervision over the civil economy by the armed services with a view to continued preparedness for another total war. When economic planning becomes a peacetime habit it may be economic planning for national security under the close supervision of the Army and Navy.

The political wherewithal to support this new economic power will not be hard to find. By the end of this year the Army will have 3,600,000 men and the Navy perhaps 500,000, and the totals are slated to go on up to 10,000,000 or more if the war lasts. This will be a higher proportion of the population under arms than was ever seen before in American history. Those men mean votes, not only of the men themselves but of their relatives and friends. It will be the biggest pressure group we have ever known.

After the war a considerable part of this Army will be demobilized, but it will not cease to be a political pressure group. The veterans' vote is one of the oldest of all social phenomena, long antedating the actual franchise. Only the sociologists seem to have overlooked it. The armed farmers of Athens drove their hoplite formations through the Persians and went home to make new economic gains. Over and over again throughout history, the members of a victorious army have lived on as a pressure group, demanding

and getting advantages, benefits, and sinecures. More simply put, to the victors belong the spoils, at home as well as abroad. It has been so all through our own history; veterans of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, and of the Mexican War all desired to be looked after.

The Civil War of course produced the G.A.R., one of the biggest pressure groups of modern times. For thirty years after the war the waving of the bloody shirt was deemed indispensable to political success; high and low, the members of the Grand Army of the Republic got theirs in the shape of pensions, land grants, receiverships, and offices from that of constable to the Presidency. Indeed, the demands of the Civil War veterans finally outwore the public gratitude, and in the muckraker days the popular magazines ran lurid articles about pension scandals and the burden imposed by those whom "the nation delights to honor." The Spanish War produced a President for us and a pension army of its own. The pensioners of the First World War were most numerous of all and the political influence of the American Legion was feared and courted. One of the most hopeless of Herbert Hoover's political blunders was his ejection of the bonus marchers from Anacostia Flats. There is nothing new for us about a crowd of veterans looking for largesse. Our situation this time, however, is different. For the pressure group of veterans after this war may be so large as to dwarf all other pressure groups.

The civilian's attraction to Army life to-day, for peculiar social and economic reasons, is greater perhaps than it has been in any other time in our history, and is in sharp contrast with the civilian feeling toward Army life twenty-five years ago. Despite the superficial contrast between twenty-one dollars a month in the Army and forty a week in the factory, the financial comparison is by no means as sharp as it looks. But that is a minor factor compared with the lure of security to members of a civilian world which appears to be falling apart.

Twenty-five years ago men looked upon war as a temporary interruption to an established way of life which they expected to find intact upon their return from a purely patriotic interlude. To-day there is no such confidence, and the soldier has a feeling of being in a socially safe berth. A younger generation enters the Army feeling that civilian life was never secure anyway. An older generation of men looks for commissions even at financial sacrifice believing that the Army is the safest part of the community to which to belong during a period of bewildering social and economic change.

II

Though history repeats itself after major wars in one way, in another it changes. Soldiers and veterans exercise great power after each major conflict, but they use it in different ways. The Athenian hoplite farmers wanted relief from debt. The English yeoman archers wanted currency depreciation and the freezing of rents. Grant's veterans wanted homesteads and pensions, and the veterans of the First World War wanted cash subventions. This generation of veterans, it already begins to appear, will want something else. That something will be the future peacetime equivalent of the present soldier's wish for equality of sacrifice.

This wish and its outcome were curiously foreshadowed after the First World War. Getting cash relief out of the federal government was only a part of the organized activities of the veterans of that war. The other part was "law and order" enforcement. The veterans took a conspicuous part in the battles between capital and labor in such ways as the roughing up of the IWW in the Pacific Northwest in the early 'twenties and the quiet preparation for strong-arm moves which helped bring a halt to the syndicalist sit-down strikes in Detroit in the late 'thirties. Somewhat similar feelings grow to-day in the breast of the enlisted man and the commissioned officer.

Army men are already speaking their minds in this direction. "News of high profits," said General Ben Lear recently in Detroit, "of strikes, of stoppages of production over petty quarrels, bluffing and horse-trading, are blows at the bodies of American soldiers."

"There has been a good deal said about labor," remarked General Brehon Somervell a fortnight later. "I'd like to say a word about the officials of big companies who are out playing golf when we try to get them on the 'phone. We've got to have the same devotion to duty from these men as management expects from its employees if we are going to put this thing over."

General MacArthur does not stick to communiqués on traditionally military matters. He follows economic developments here even from "down under." He wires congratulations to men and managements of armament plants that beat their munition-making schedules.

And the voice of the enlisted man is beginning to be heard. He writes to his Congressman, or more often his relatives and friends do so, reflecting his views. He comes into every home through the radio script of "This Is War" and is cited in the President's fireside speech. Shop cartoons remind the factory worker that the soldier walks a long way for his twenty-one dollars a month. And this is only the seventh month of the war.

Meantime the way of the civilian pressure group and special interest gets harder. "Capital" loses ground as taxes cut deeper into the profits and salaries which corporation managements themselves fail to limit. Labor leaders have lost the right or power to call strikes, and the new general price ceiling makes any further lifting of wages unlikely except as sub-standard scales are lifted in an evening-up process. Hence labor leaders have little in the way of inducement to hold their members, and become dependent on awards of the War Labor Board to hold their unions together through "maintenance of membership," maintenance of dues, union security, and

so on: Price ceilings also jeopardize the position of the farm bloc in Congress, which faces more determined Administration resistance, defection of farm organization support, the conflict of interest between grain and dairy farmers, and adverse public opinion.

More and more also, economic questions once settled by the push and shove of competing legislative blocs are coming to be settled by administrative authority acting on obvious war needs. The sugar-quota system was once an annual political free-for-all among different producing interests for a share in the sugar market; to-day the supply, not the market, is subject to quota and along lines determined by the Office of Price Administration in order to effect the greatest economy in transport. Sectional blocs once struggled over the pork barrel of river and harbor improvement, power dams, and transmission lines. To-day these things are allocated largely on strategic and economic patterns, and Congressmen must go hat in hand to the WPB or the Army and Navy authorities on the shrinking hope of wheedling a war plant into the home bailiwick. Few housing plums remain accessible to political pressure; defense housing must follow the arms plants regardless of votes. This is a one-way trend, and in large part it means steadily more power for the heads of the armed forces.

All these things add up to the probability of frozen wage scales, horizontal price control, rigid profit limitations, and rigorous rationing. Such moves may be only a beginning. The recent sensational letter of William Beveridge to the *London Times* may have meaning for the United States as well as for Britain, where war economy is further developed, with all its wider implications. He called for "the principle that service rather than personal gain should be the mainspring for the war effort in industry as in fighting." Criticizing the whole "system of economic rewards," he said, "If it is true that the output of our factories improved suddenly when Russia came into the war,

this does not mean the workers are stupid, preferring Russia to their own country. It means that in war the most effective spur to heroic efforts is an idea, not hope of personal gain."

"Equality of sacrifice" is likely to mean that the gap between the soldier's twenty-one dollars a month and the workman's forty dollars a week is due to be narrowed in one way or another so that their real wages will be evened up. The soldier may get more money or more payment in kind, or the workman may be able to buy less because of rationing, pay roll allotment, higher prices, or all three. Likewise the gap between the pay of Army and Navy officers and that of men in positions of comparable civilian responsibility is likely to narrow. If the war lasts long enough it is quite possible that, as in Germany, civilian and Army living standards may reverse their present relation, with those in the armed services getting the best of everything.

III

With such drastic possibilities in sight the position of the Administration may be jeopardized. Its rearguard defense of economically indefensible positions makes it appear to occupy the same position in relation to the war and the public mood that the Hoover Administration occupied in relation to hard times and the public in 1931. Too little and too late has been its program on prices, profits, wages, taxes, rationing, stock piling, and all the other essentials of war economy spelled out by Baruch and the Army and Navy authorities years ago. The attitude of both the services and of the public is likely to get tougher, and a political shake-up in November may be only the first omen of the significance of the new political force now due to be predominant in America.

The armed services can scarcely exercise the economic and political power they seem likely to achieve without feeling and showing a heady sense of power. This is already beginning to appear, not

on the record but in asides and implications. "From here on the public and the government will have to do what we want," is the feeling. Army men have stated, though not publicly so far, that military control of our newspapers is desirable. Stubborn under-cover struggles between the civilian "defense" authorities and the Army and Navy have already occurred and are likely to increase in scope, as the long-standing American tradition of ultimate civilian control over the Army receives its greatest test in our history.

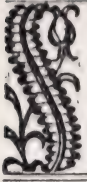
The structure of military society is usually reflected in civil society. Alfred Vagt, in his *History of Militarism*, traces for the past two hundred years the close connection between the *mores* of the army and those of contemporary civil life in Europe. From the perspective of 1942 it seems to be a story largely of the Colonel Blimps of Europe and Britain in the eighteenth and nineteenth century; the officer caste of the peacetime army was always the custodian of the aristocratic tradition of conspicuous leisure. Now that new equalitarian relations between officers and men are being imposed on modern armies by the nature of modern ultra-open-order warfare, this influence may be reversed in the next era

of American-patrolled world peace, if and when it comes. The social implications of this subject take off in so many directions that more questions are raised than can possibly be answered.


Perhaps a type of civilian or a civilian group will develop, capable, by reason of tough-mindedness, of competing with the new post-war military influence. But that does not mean that such a rival group, a merger perhaps of hard-boiled politicians, labor leaders, and industrialists, might not work closely with the Army and Navy authorities. A group of this character would have to eschew the visible emoluments of power for the inner essence. It would be essentially fascist in nature, but probably would be considered "anti-fascist," confirming Huey Long's prediction that if fascism comes it will be in the name of anti-fascism. It would, however, be essentially radical, in the sense that a man is now radical who puts the war program ahead of every other consideration or tradition.

Periodic upsets in Washington are already weeding out conservatives who still cling to other things than furtherance of the war and of the armed services' interests. Further similar upsets are almost certain, and their significance for the future may be great.





One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

THE mail this morning brought my occupational questionnaire from selective service headquarters. I have been working on it off and on all day, trying to give my country some notion of what sort of life I lead—which I take to be what it is after. Since my life is cluttered with dozens of pursuits, some of which seem wholly unrelated to the others, the form has proved hard to fill out. Explaining oneself by inserting words in little boxes and squares is like getting an idea over to a jury when you are limited to answering the questions of the attorneys.

I was rather surprised, but not alarmed, to discover that "writing" is not recognized in selective service, either as professional work or as an "occupation." Nothing is said in the questionnaire about a writer. In the lengthy list of pursuits and professions the name of writer does not anywhere appear. Scarfers, riggers, glass blowers, architects, historians, metallurgists—all are mentioned in the long alphabet of American life. But not writers. This, I feel, is as it should be, and shows that the selective service system is more perceptive than one might suppose. Writing is not an occupation nor is it a profession. (Bad writing can be, and often is, an occupation; but I rather agree with the government that writing in the pure sense and in noblest form is neither an occupation nor a profession.) It is more of an affliction, or just punishment. It is something that raises up on you, as a welt. Or you might say that it is a by-product of many occupations and professions, which the writer pursues (or is pursued by) recklessly or necessarily. A really pure writer is a man like Conrad, who is first of all a mariner; or Isadora Duncan, a

dancer; or Ben Franklin, an inventor and statesman; or Hitler, a scamp. The intellectual who simply says "I am a writer," and forthwith closets himself with a sharp pencil and a dull Muse, may well turn out to be no artist at all but merely an ambitious and perhaps misguided person. I think the best writing is often done by persons who are snatching the time from something else—from an occupation, or from a profession, or from a jail term—something which is either burning them up, as religion, or love, or politics, or which is boring them to tears, as prison, or a brokerage house, or an advertising firm. A great violinist must begin fairly early in life to play the violin; but I think a literary artist has a better chance of producing something great if he spends the first forty years of his life doing something else—grinding a lens or surveying a wilderness. There are of course notable exceptions. Shakespeare was one. He was a writing fool, apparently. And I have often suspected that some of his noblest passages were written with his tongue at least halfway in his cheek. "Boy," you can hear him mutter, "will that panic 'em!"

Since I now lead a dual existence—half farmer, half literary gent—I found difficulty making myself sound like anything but a flibbertigibbet. The initial disappointment at not finding my life's work listed among the selected occupations, professions, and sciences was greatly relieved, however, when after a careful study of the list I found, under the "f's":

Farmer, dairy
Farmer, other

I'm not getting a cow till next year, but it is something in this life to be Farmer Other. Not Farmer Brown or Farmer White but Farmer Other. I liked the

name very much, and immediately wrote the words "4 years" in front of Farmer Other. When I consider that most of my neighbors have been carrying pails for half a century, four years is a mere apprenticeship, I know; but nevertheless, it is a beginning, and in the greatest occupation of all.

I imagine that my local draft board, like any group of registrars, prefers to have lives fall into conventional patterns and will not take kindly to a citizen who is so far out of line as to be both farmer and writer. It doesn't have a clean-cut sound. It is Jekyll and Hyde stuff, lacks an honest ring. In war it is better to be a clean-cut man: a hammersmith plain, a riveter simple, a born upholsterer, an inveterate loftsmen, a single-hearted multi-purpose machine operator. To be farmer and writer suggests a fickleness of character out of key with the war effort. To produce, in a single week, seventy dozen table eggs and a twenty-six-hundred-word article, sounds confused, immature, and smacks of divided loyalty.

Question 20 is called "Duties of Your Present Job." Three lines are allotted for the answer, space for about forty words of crowded confession. I got myself into thirty-seven, by taking thought and by following closely the sample reply given above, starting "I clean, adjust, and repair watches and clocks. I take them apart . . . etc." I could almost have followed the sample exactly, changing only a word or two: "I clean, adjust, and repair manuscripts and farm machinery. I take them apart and examine the parts through an eyepiece to find which parts need repair. I repair or replace parts. Sometimes I make a new part, using a jackplane or an infinitive. I clean the parts and put them back together again."

Under JOB FOR WHICH YOU ARE BEST FITTED I wrote "Editor and writer." Under JOB FOR WHICH YOU ARE NEXT BEST FITTED I wrote "Poultryman and farmer." But I realized that it was not so much fitness that I was thinking about as returns. What I meant was job BY

WHICH YOU MAKE THE MOST MONEY. And NEXT MOST. It is hard to tell about fitness. Physically I am better fitted for writing than for farming, because farming takes great strength and great endurance. Intellectually I am better fitted for farming than for writing.

* * *

Walt Whitman should be around today to see how the boys are regenerating his stuff. For a long time I kept wondering where I had heard all this singing before—the radio programs dramatizing America, the propaganda of democracy, the music in the President's chats, the voices of the poets singing America. Then it came to me. It is all straight Walt. The radiomatics of Corwin, the sound tracks of Lorentz, the prophecies of MacLeish and Benét, the strumming of Sandburg, the iambics of Anderson and Sherwood. Listen the next time you have the radio tuned to the theatrics of the air—you will hear the voice of old Walt shouting from Paumanok. If there were any doubt about where he stands in the literary ladder this decade has put an end to it. He is right at the top. He must be good or he wouldn't be heard so clearly in the syllables of our contemporaries.

There is a certain something about this sort of writing which is unmistakable: the use of place names, the cataloging of ideas, the repetition of sounds, the determination to be colloquial or bust, the celebration of the American theme and the American dream, the appreciation of the man in the street and the arm round the shoulder, the "song of the throes of democracy." You can't miss it when you hear it. Sometimes, when one is jittery or out of whack, it seems as though one heard it too much—so much that it loses its effect. But Walt unquestionably started it. He was the one who heard America beating on a pan, beating on a carpet, beating on an anvil. He heard what was coming, and he said the words.

* * *

A lot of good could come out of a war if we could just nail it down. I am not

thinking of the idea of the United Nations, which I believe to be a good which may come out of this war, but of certain small economies or adjustments which war brings about. This morning I got a letter from an insurance agent containing a little certificate, renewing a policy on a car. The letter said that in order to save paper for the war effort the insurance company was asking all its policyholders to accept this little certificate instead of a new policy. You simply attach it to the old policy, and all it says is that the date of expiration is hereby advanced one year, to such and such a date. I am sure it must be legal and binding, or the company wouldn't have sent it to me; and what I want to know is, if it *is* legal and binding and if it *does* save paper and simplify matters in general, why the devil isn't renewal always managed that way? Must we save paper only in desperate times? What is there about peace which causes men to waste their resources and their strength and to elaborate their ways? And why does a business house feel happier if it is making a big noise about something, and using great quantities of paper and time, than when it is doing something easily and simply? From now on, in peace as in war, I want all policies renewed by the issuance of a small certificate, advancing the date one year.

* * *

Paid off the mortgage on the farm last week, the first time I had ever done anything like that although I had read about it in books. I put on my best clothes for the occasion and presented myself at the bank, looking like a man of affairs. The disguise didn't work very well though. While the proper paper was being drawn up the president and I chewed the fat and after a while I got a little nervous and said: "Don't I have to sign something?" He looked at me in surprise and then smiled indulgently.

"Sign something?" he repeated. "*You* don't have to sign anything; *we* do."

The bank, it turned out, was very sad at losing title to my property and was not

consoled by all the money I paid them. They painted their grief so vividly that they had me almost in tears when I left, and I felt like an old skinflint as I walked down the steps and out into the sunshine, free and clear. Actually I wouldn't hurt a hair of a banker's head and was only paying off the mortgage because the government was instructing people to pay their debts. No matter how hard a man tries to do the right thing someone is always hurt and grieved.

* * *

Our trading center, where the bank is, is quite a distance from home, and nowadays, with the tire situation what it is, the trip is quite an event. We used to go about once a week to this embryonic metropolis; now we go about once a month—to meet a train, or anæsthetize a dog, or pay off a mortgage. Once upon a time this little city looked small to me; now it seems a boiling metropolis, vast and inscrutable and pleasantly corrupt. In it you see people in that curious larval stage, between country worm and city butterfly—the town beginning to get in its licks. Clothes are a curious compromise of farm and office, of barn and salon. The ladies have studied the fashions and have gone about the matter with a will; but their efforts don't quite come off. Men are city from the waist down, country from the waist up. Or sometimes the other way round. You see a man dressed four-fifths for business, one-fifth for chores—apportioning his apparel as he apportions his time. He may have on the trousers, shirt, vest, tie, shoes, and socks of a Brummel, but for his jacket he has substituted an old zipper sweater in a two-tone design. Or he may be turned out in the mode, complete except for his feet, which are encased sensibly in hunting boots. In general, the people in small cities of this sort seem to lack the homespun and genuinely comfortable appearance of the countryman, without having achieved the well-groomed appearance of the city slicker. It has to be a compromise. One minute a clerk will be tending his counter, half

an hour later he will be tending his hens.


There are unmistakable signs which always betray embryonic cities and show that they have the makings of concentration. The presence of pigeons and of English sparrows, those unfailing followers of the smart metropolitan whirl, is a sign. An English sparrow wouldn't be found dead in the country, and it seems to me pigeons feel about the same way; but the minute you get into Main Street there they are, enjoying the hot pavements and the excitement and the congenial vices of congestion and trade. The faces you see on the streets have a slightly different look too. They are not the faces you left back in the country. You see a fellow and he has a look in his eye, or perhaps it is the way he holds a toothpick in his mouth, as though he knew a secret. And as you pass along in front of the shops you hear the muffled sound of distant bowling balls, the tell-tale thunder of civilization.

* * *


There was an article by Dr. Felix Morley in the *Saturday Evening Post* a while back called "For What Are We Fighting?" (An interesting sentence incidentally, because if you were to put the preposition last, which is where it would naturally go in informal usage, the question turns on you and bites you; and so you have a writer compelled to decide between ambiguity and formality and choosing the latter—wisely, I think.) Dr. Morley says we are fighting for the

establishment of certain blocs—an Anglo-American Union, a European Union, a Russian Union, and a Far-Eastern Union. He says what is needed is a "formula of regional equipoise." That may be what some are fighting for, but not all. It seems to me regional equipoise, of a sort, is what we have had for centuries and what we had better abandon. No poise, it turns out, is so delicate as that of a region, no equipoise so quick to become *unequi*. If we are to have federation after this war let's have one region, not several. That's what I am fighting for, or will be when the government puts me to work. The trouble with two regions in equipoise is that there is always an individual turning up who believes that the weight of his own body (or mind) is just the weight needed to tip the scales in favor of his region. And the fight is on.

Poise, not equipoise, is my goal in this stage of history. Federation is the way out, but it must be everything or nothing. I have no faith in regions any more, but only in the United Regions, or Nations. There must be a congress of the world, and a President of the United Regions. After all, although the title sounds rather grandiose, the presidency of the world would be an office of comparatively little power—nothing to be leery of. For if the world were made one—which is the way the Lord made it—there would be nothing left to conquer, and the President would have to invent little things to help him get through the day.



The Easy Chair



COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THE ceremonies we perform to-day embody one of the deepest American faiths—the faith that to grow in knowledge is to grow in personality and citizenship. They have a complex symbolism. They formally receive the Class of 1942 in a continuity which reaches as far back as the human spirit has sought to know the nature of things. And they formally proclaim that the Class of 1942 have completed an apprenticeship in learning and may now begin the lives for which, according to our enduring faith, their education has prepared them.

Twenty-five years ago these same ceremonies invoked this same symbolism on behalf of the Class of 1917. Then, as now, some members of the graduating class were already absent when the ritual was fulfilled. Then, as now, that ritual had an irony hardly to be borne. For young men are educated in order to live their lives in function, develop what is in them, and achieve their expectation. Education, if our faith is not merely frivolous, is education for peace. And in 1917, as in 1942, the graduating class was called upon to relinquish its preparation for peace and assume instead the obligation of war.

I conceive that it is as soldiers you should be addressed, and that any member of the Class of 1917 who ventures to speak to the Class of 1942 on Commencement Day should speak as a soldier. What could a man who was a soldier in 1917 say to his son who is a soldier in 1942? He would avoid the pitfall of

rhetoric, he would say no more than he has found true in his own experience as a veteran of war and also of peace. He would try to phrase what the Class of 1917 found out.

They went off to war, they prepared to fight, some of them fought, some of them served without fighting, and the war reached its end—or its twenty-five years' armistice. When it ended some of the class of '17 were dead, some were crippled in body or in soul, some were unaffected, some were diminished, some increased. Those who were left took up the interrupted expectation. They began the completion of their individual experience, which has included the begetting of sons and the hope that their sons might live out their lives in peace.

Decent reticences fence off a soldier's privacies. He can no more speak of love of country than any man can truly find words for love of a woman. Yet the inestimable experience is there, and a soldier has had his moment of dedication. It is, in his full consciousness, hardly more than a moment—a brief exaltation soon crusted over by the human habit of being shamefaced about consummate emotion and by the routine of war. It is remembered only in oblique associations, precisely as the privacies of love are remembered. But in that moment the soldier has achieved a knowledge otherwise altogether beyond his attainment. What were mere words have become a living truth for him, he has found the reality in experience deep in the bitter

grief of mankind and knows that the function of those who might live for a country may also be to die for it and that to die for it truly is seemly. . . . That moment will overtake you suddenly at some point of the path you now start out on. In that moment you will seem to yourself already dead in your country's defense and already fulfilled by dying. It will pass swiftly, you will allude to it only with a grin or a cheap joke, you will deny it many times, it will lie covered over with the dreariness and the manifold boredom of soldiering. Nevertheless at the depths an immutable change will have occurred, for you will have been touched by something eternal.

Other knowledge comes to a soldier. It is not that he has looked on the unspeakable and survived, or seen the dignity of the human body made a mere blasphemy by wounds and filth and dismemberment, but has nevertheless endured. He has felt the deepest affirmation. No man has ever known that death must be faced—death in peace or in war—without fearing that his fear of death would betray the fundamental honor of life. For his God has promised him, and man's conception of himself has promised him, that at the extremity he will behave with dignity and fortitude. All men fear that fear may break this honor. What a soldier learns is that, at the extremity, he will rule his fear and do whatever it is his part to do. He will see it through. So that, whether he lives or dies, the knowledge will not fail him that when the simplest but most rigorous test of manhood was upon him he met it.

There is also the fellowship of soldiers. It may come to you quite suddenly and by way of only an eight-man squad marching down a road or resting under trees. You are suddenly members one of another, in daily boredom and labor, in the risk of death, in the necessity of the nation. You are enlarged in a fraternity of things shared, and the awareness widens out to the company, the regiment, the army, to a knowledge too often slurred or denied or scorned in times of

safety, a knowledge that the Americans are members one of another. . . . During your college years you have seen the world break up. And in your senior year you have seen the nation form, as it always forms in times of danger. You have seen the discords lessen, the phantasms fade, the will harden, and the purpose take shape. You have felt your own doubts go. Some of you, I do not doubt, were long troubled by ignorance: you thought that you had no faith, that America had found for you no belief real enough and precious enough to make you will to live for it, still less to die for it. You have now come to know that it had been there all along, too plain to be seen, too mighty to be realized. You have seen it waken all around you. They say that in the Naval Hospital at Pearl Harbor on December 7th a young sailor with half his body shot away held out his hand to no one in particular, to someone unnamed and unseen, and said, "We were there together." In five months you have seen America wake to the knowledge of a soldier, that we are here together. While we meet in a college hall other Americans face death in all the oceans and continents. A year ago no one could have communicated to you the fellowship you now feel with the men who died and those who lived at Pearl Harbor and on the Bataan Peninsula.

As you go to war some private symbol will mean that faith to you. It may be one of those names which embody the poetry of the American land—Susquehanna, Yemassee, Kaskaskia, Niobrara. It may be a glimpse of some familiar landscape, the swell of a prairie, the edge of a woods, a hayfield or orchard, the curve of a highway, some effect of rain or cloud or sunlight over your own place. It may be the verse of a song, something from Stephen Foster, from some idle, ephemeral song, or from one of the songs sung on this campus last night. It may be a memory of some college hour, the sun on the lawns, or voices over the tennis courts, or friends talking together after midnight. Whatever it may prove

to be, it will mean America in you. It will mean that you were nurtured to the expectation of peace and that on you also has fallen the necessity of war. On you also has been put the challenge which Abraham Lincoln put on other Americans long ago, to "nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth."

A few weeks ago America called on the Class of 1917 to register for the second time in universal liability to serve. Chance had me registering in a building of my own college, one which was erected as a memorial to the men of that college who died in the Civil War. Our line of registrants moved through a long hall where names of no meaning to us personally are recorded in marble with names of places where they died—Bull Run, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Shiloh, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, the Wilderness. We never knew them, but on them as on us had fallen the summons and the necessity. And every man who moved down that line beside those names could remember other men, members of the Class of 1917, who had been our friends and who had sat with us in that same building during the college years. Their names mean nothing to you, but on you has fallen the summons and the necessity. We were all there together.

I will not speak their names but only say that they were my friends. One would have been a lawyer in a small, obscure town. He married a girl in September, 1917; he was killed at Saint Mihiel. He begot no sons, he died, so we say, without issue, he never lived to be a lawyer. One would have been a chemist. He fought the war through, was in a number of battles, was wounded several times, survived, came home, studied chemistry for another year, and died. He also begot no sons. One served through the war, came home, lived according to his light, and died ten years ago. Another, a bacteriologist, served through the war and came home and took up the career that had been broken off, and died two years ago. He died triumphant, we should say, since

when he died the terror of one disease that has afflicted mankind was ended forever because he had lived to do his work.

That bacteriologist nobly fulfilled the promise of his generation, after honorably fighting in its war. He married and begot children, worked out as much as might be of his expectation, lived fully, and when he rounded out his years had added to man's knowledge and power. Therein, we believe, is the implied contract which life makes with us and which is ratified by the college years: that every man shall have his chance. It would have been sweet and seemly if those others had had their chance. If the young lawyer had been able to come back to his wife, live in his little town, beget children, rear them to maturity, and round out his years. If the young chemist had been able to find his place, make his talent fruitful, and marry and beget children. But the past five months have taught you, as the years have taught me, that the phrase which you and I both have sometimes mocked is true—that their death was sweet and seemly, that their life was sweet and seemly in their death. They did not die without issue or without function. You are their issue, and their function was not to work out their personal promise but to die maintaining the continuity in which you have lived.

Now on the Class of 1942 has fallen the necessity they faced in 1917. No old soldier would dare in the slightest to mitigate for any young soldier the horror of what must be faced. Hell is real and you must go into hell and run your chance. No father can mitigate to himself or to his son the ruth of a young man's dying in war. It may be that your name will yet be carved in marble when this college lists her sons who died in the service of America. Your very dog may outlive you, and your father, who survived his war, be left to make what he can of hearing someone else whistling to that dog. All anyone can say is: good luck, God give you courage, may you do

your parts as men and soldiers. Your cause is the last, best hope of earth, and in you the American people, all people who accept decency and practice freedom and believe that mankind has dignity, are working out their destiny. Moreover, in the knowledge you have discovered in yourselves during the past five months exists the certainty of triumph. When you felt the common will asserted in you, the fixed universe on which our enemy has staked his destiny was shattered. In that moment the underlying fear that has besotted the modern world was proved unreal; for you knew that the spirit of man is truly free and that its contempters, who have staked everything on the guess that it was bound, must go down defeated.

Living or dying, you have found your function and will have your issue: to do the common job, at the summons of your country, in the need of your kind. Your fathers, the Class of 1917, won their war. They lost their peace. I will not say that they meanly lost it but they did not do all that peace required of them. The disease that overspread the earth after the last war had many causes. In part we were ignorant, in part careless, in part weak. We were too timid or too stupid to assume for the United States in peace the responsibility of power we had asserted for it in war. We were too easily discouraged, too easily cynical, too superficial, too untrue to the knowledge and faith we have proved in ourselves. We were too Utopian, we asked too much of fallible men and so were too readily disheartened. Twenty-five years ago it was in our power to advance more than a little the solutions of the unsolved prob-

lems of giving order to the societies of the world. We failed, and so the disease spread, hope died, and you have grown up in an era abandoned to despair. You have the knowledge that we failed. But you have the knowledge that your generation, though it faces the result of our failure, also faces the possibility of repairing it.

So the summons has now fallen on you. You will win your war. You have a chance to win your peace.

There is no certainty that you will win it. With death and life, as with steel and explosives, men may either build or destroy. But if it is true, and it is true, that in my generation hope went out of the world, it is true that in your generation hope has come back to the world. If when you have ceased fighting you do not deal more successfully than your fathers with the problems of giving order to the societies of the world, then indeed the world will be more full of sorrow than anyone can understand and your sons will grow up to unmitigated and absolute despair. But before your eyes the wild and inconceivable has happened, the thing itself. Meaning has come back to men's effort and men's desire. When you recognized the will in yourselves, determinism was refuted and the monstrous nightmare of our time was broken. In you the world of free men again has a chance to bring itself to be. There is no more than a chance, a fighting chance. But need you, or the lives fulfilled in you, ask for more than a fighting chance? You have a chance to win the fight your predecessors lost. In the inexorable working out of man's fate, that has come to be the meaning of your lives.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages



Harpers *Magazine*

THE RUSSIAN ENIGMA

AN INTERPRETATION

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE word enigma has been horribly overworked in connection with Soviet Russia. Yet it expresses quite accurately a current American mood of bewilderment and uncertainty about that country. A prominent writer on the Far East, confessedly puzzled by her contradictory reactions to what she has heard of the Soviet regime, pleads for a book that will build a bridge of understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union. From letters and from conversations I get the impression that many Americans are deeply anxious to obtain a picture of Russia that makes sense. There is a general feeling of having been oversold or undersold, of wishing to fit together the pieces of a difficult jigsaw puzzle.

How has Russia, where oppression has supposedly been so ruthless, been able to offer such steadfast resistance to the German military machine? What is the key to Stalin's foreign policy? What will the Soviet Union be after the war—a

bulwark of collective security or a new threat to the democratic way of life? What has the Russian Revolution, which will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary on November 7, 1942, achieved in terms of living standards and popular psychology and political and economic institutions? Russia's conspicuous role in the war during the past year as clearly the strongest land power in the anti-Hitler coalition has lent a new urgency to these questions.

Before attempting to suggest the answers it may be worth while to review briefly the various phases of American public opinion about the Soviet Union. In the first years after the Russian Revolution the Soviet regime invariably provided one of the most animated subjects of discussion at the meetings of the Foreign Policy Association. Whatever information the speakers at these meetings might offer, there was always the prospect of a rousing fight. By the time the question period was reached two clear-cut groups had formed, a Left minority made

up of what H. L. Mencken once called Grand Street Platos, vehemently pro-Soviet, and a Right minority consisting of prosperous-looking Americans and of variegated Russian émigrés, who might and usually did disagree among themselves, but who cordially disliked the Bolsheviks. Before the meeting was over these two groups would be screaming affirmations, denials, and insults at each other, while the majority of the audience looked on in perplexity and the harassed chairman hoped that he could terminate the proceedings without calling in the police.

Right here was an illustration of one characteristic that has balked our understanding of Russia. Our attitude has been surcharged with emotionalism, with "pro" and "anti" fixations. Polemical argument has been at a premium, reasonable analysis at a discount.

As is natural in a country with a middle-class conception of civilization, the "antis" would have outnumbered the "pros" on a Gallup poll. What the latter lacked in numbers, however, they made up in enthusiasm and disciplined energy.

During the 'twenties Russia, for the average American, was little more than a large hole in the map. The early passion on the subject gave way, for the most part, to a bored indifference. In refusing to accord diplomatic recognition to the Soviet Government the State Department was reflecting a very general public attitude.

When the Soviet Five Year Plan coincided with the Great American Depression Soviet stock took a sharp upward bound, at least among radical and liberal intellectuals. Russia became the only country in the world with Hope and a Plan. Foreign observers in Moscow who returned with stories of hunger and all-pervading espionage and mass executions were frowned on as counter-revolutionaries.

Middle-class disapprobation of the Soviet Union was not overcome. But there was an amazing amount of articulate un-

critical pro-Sovietism among Americans with Leftist sympathies who did not hold cards of membership in the Communist Party. The first breach in this phalanx occurred when the purge of the Communist Party set in and many famous old revolutionaries, such as Zinoviev, Kameney, Rykov, Bukharin, and Pyatakov, were shot.

What had been a trickle of critical defection became a torrent after Stalin signed his pact with Hitler in August, 1939, and launched his attack on Finland later in the year. Soviet prestige was then at its lowest ebb. Many fellow-travelers wrathfully or regretfully quit the Soviet bus. The impression gained ground that Stalin's regime was not only sanguinary and unprincipled, but weak and inefficient.

Then came the German attack on June 22, 1941. Americans had been conditioned to expect a speedy Soviet collapse. As Soviet resistance was prolonged, as positive victories were won last December and January and some lost territory was retaken, there was another violent swing in the pendulum of public opinion. A former American Ambassador to Russia rushed out with a pen picture of Stalin as a man infinitely wise, infinitely kind, on whose lap a child would sit, while a dog would sidle up to him. A favorable word about Russia had gained little hearing during the interval between the Stalin-Hitler Pact and the invasion of Russia; now any criticism of the Soviet regime, however well-documented, however moderately phrased, was denounced, and not only in Communist quarters, as an insidious form of fifth or sixth columnism.

But the enigma remains, with its challenge to every thoughtful observer. Throughout all the oscillations of public opinion there has been continuity in Russia. Stalin has remained the same man. The Russians have remained the same people. The Stalin who killed his old revolutionary associates and signed the Pact with Hitler has proved a courageous, clear-sighted, astute, tenacious

leader of his armies and his people in Russia's greatest ordeal since the Tartar Conquest. The Soviet regime that starved its recalcitrant peasants and decimated its pre-revolutionary intelligentsia has been able to command the last proof of devotion from the millions of its citizens who have perished in the struggle.

The professional friends of the Soviet Union have been quick to interpret the Russian resistance as a blanket refutation of all unfavorable testimony about Soviet political and economic and social conditions. The professional "antis," some of whom had climbed out on the limb of rash prophecies of early and certain downfall of the Soviet regime, were as confused by the new turn of events as the "pros" were when they received the news of the Stalin-Hitler Pact.

But the Soviet military showing, impressive as it has been, is by no means a miracle if viewed in the light of ascertainable facts about Russia's population and resources and military preparedness. We shall never advance very far toward a realistic appraisal of the Soviet Union if we do not firmly and resolutely put aside the amiable American fallacy that moral excellence is the prerequisite of material success. Because our own background has been democratic, because we have never experienced the blood-baths of countries with traditions of absolutism and unlimited violence, we cannot bring ourselves to realize that an authoritarian government can employ extremely cruel methods in suppressing dissidents and still inspire a good deal of enthusiasm and loyalty on the part of the mass of its citizens. An enlargement of historical knowledge and perspective is required.

II

Take the example of Russia in 1812. Most of the Russian people at that time were serfs. And the worst thing that the severest critic of the Soviet Union could say is that some of its more drastic edicts, tying the worker to his factory

and the peasant to his collective farm, are reminiscent of serfdom. Yet Napoleon found no fifth column in Russia. He encountered the fiercest resistance not only from the regular Russian armies, but also from the peasant serfs, who took up pitchforks and hunting rifles, organized guerrilla bands and hunted down parties of stragglers. Hitler, like Napoleon, has come into conflict with something deeper and more enduring than the Tzarist or the Soviet political system—with the attachment of Russian people to Russian land.

Equally instructive in understanding the compatibility of determined fighting morale with a good deal of cruelty and arbitrariness in the Soviet administrative system is the example of Nazi Germany. It would be absurdly one-sided to attribute the courage and enthusiasm which German troops have shown when they stormed Crete in parachutes and maneuvered tanks in the blazing desert of Libya merely to the terrorism of the Gestapo. No one would seriously suggest that German military accomplishments disprove the obscene cruelties of Dachau and Sonnenberg or Hitler's purge of 1934. In the same way the stubborn courage of the Russian troops in the present war in no way affects the historicity of the "liquidation of the kulaks as a class" or other manifestations of Soviet ruthlessness.

There are several reasons for the unexpectedly powerful Soviet resistance. The Soviet Union began large-scale war preparation in 1931, when over half the national income went into new industrial construction, mostly in heavy industries which are essential to war effort. The price of this strained development in suffering and deprivation was very high. It was higher because of bureaucratic maladministration and because the peasant's way of life was being violently changed by the forcible imposition of collective farming. But the fruits of this stern policy, in terms of tanks and airplanes and the supporting network of factories capable of producing them,

were very substantial. Russia was achieving a wartime tempo of output and of civilian sacrifice when the Western democracies were keeping their military establishments on a peacetime basis.

Totalitarian economics, the system under which the state by one means or another maintains absolute control of the labor power, the industrial plant, and the natural resources of a country, is a militarist's dream. It is certainly no accident that the three powers, Germany, Russia, and Japan, which have thus far proved most effective in land warfare are also three powers which, by different methods and for different reasons, have organized their economies along totalitarian lines.

It is one of the grimmest dilemmas of our age that democratic peace-loving peoples must either match and surpass these power machines or run the risk of being ground to pieces, like France and many of the smaller European countries. That totalitarian economy makes for military efficiency is only too painfully obvious if one looks at the present map of Europe—or of Asia. It has been one of our pleasing but dangerous illusions that a high standard of living was an indication of military power. So when returned travelers or resident foreign correspondents who never came within eyeshot of Red Army maneuvers or Soviet munitions factories reported quite truthfully that Soviet trains were stuffy, overcrowded, and odorous, that Russians stood in line all night for a chance to buy a piece of shoddy textile, that the life of the Soviet citizen was lacking in almost all luxuries and many comforts, we instinctively wrote off the prospective Russian war effort as negligible. (The same false conclusion was often drawn from similar true premises in the case of Japan.) But Hitler has no monopoly on the idea that a people can be coerced and cajoled into foregoing butter for guns.

The Red Army has been less subject to the spell of the last war than any other large military organization. The breach

with the old regime had been sweeping and complete. A few Tzarist generals remained in advisory capacities. But the strategic thinking of the Red Army, both before and after the shooting of Marshal Tukhachevsky and his associates, was shaped by new men who were not obsessed with the traditions of trench warfare and immobile fronts. Soviet military preparations (strongly influenced, it may be noted, by the German Reichswehr during the period, which lasted until the rise of Hitler, when Soviet-German political relations were cordial) took full account of the possibilities of air and mechanized warfare. The rattle of tanks of many sizes and types over the cobbled surface of the Red Square was a familiar sound on the days of ceremonial parades, May 1st and November 7th. Of the hardening of the mental arteries which was characteristic of the majority of officers in the French General Staff and of much British military thinking before the spring of 1940 there was no trace in Russia.

The vast size, varied resources, and large population of the Soviet Union were notable aids in standing up to the shock of Hitler's onslaught. When the Germans had penetrated two hundred miles into the country, France was finished. Even if there had been more fighting spirit in the French Army there could have been no long struggle after the Germans had mastered the coal and iron deposits of the eastern provinces and the industrial area around Paris. There would have been no means of supplying a large army with the required munitions.

But the Germans pushed six or seven hundred miles into Russia without dealing a knockout blow, without breaking the Soviet resistance. For the Soviet Union is almost three times as large as the United States. It is about forty times the size of France. It contains almost one-sixth of the land surface of the globe. There is always endless space in which to maneuver, to retreat, to counter-attack. Russian natural resources in

iron, coal, oil, manganese, and other metals are rich and widely distributed. While the loss of iron ore in the Ukraine, of coal in the Donets Basin cannot be taken lightly and the seizure of the oil in the Caucasus would be a stunning blow, Russia during the last decade has insured itself to some extent against an economic knockout by shifting its industrial center of gravity eastward, to the Urals and Siberia. And the one hundred and seventy million people of the Soviet Union outnumber the inhabitants of all the European countries which Hitler successively attacked and overran.

Both physically and psychologically the Russians are a tough, resilient people. I was visiting a Cossack village in the Kuban region of southeastern Russia in the autumn of 1933. It was the aftermath of a great famine. In the first house which I entered there were an old woman, her daughter, and the latter's newly born baby. The daughter's brother, his wife, and five children had died of hunger. But this young woman herself was full of energy and will to live. She had borne a child in this terrible year. And she had gone back to work in the collective farm as soon as possible after giving birth. The toll of death in this famine was staggering. It might have been a mortal blow to a Western country with a stationary or declining birthrate. But in Russia, as in China, the process of recovery from such a natural catastrophe as war or famine is amazingly swift.

One can imagine how much this quality of toughness has been cultivated since 1914. Russia has lived through two major foreign wars, a violent social revolution, a ferocious civil war, and two disastrous famines. A people to whom death, sometimes in very horrible forms, has become so familiar would not shrink from any sacrifice in a struggle for national survival. There is a grim Russian proverb: *Dvum smertyam nye bivat a odnoi nye minovat*. ("There are not two deaths and one cannot be avoided.")

This proverb reflects the spirit of the Russian people in the present war, as in many other crises of their history. While the French thought of the incomparable beauties of Paris and surrendered their capital without firing a shot, the Russians were willing to throw into the melting pot of total war their first industrial achievement, the Dnieprostroi dam and electric power plant, together with the Westernized architecture of Leningrad and the more Eastern glories of Moscow, the Kremlin, and the Church of St. Basil.

III

Stalin's foreign policy has been profoundly secretive and no authoritative documented interpretation of it is yet possible. The Soviet dictator has been variously represented as a sinister plotter of world revolution through war which he incited while planning to remain aloof, and as a frustrated idealist who was eager to fight for Czechoslovakia but was checked by Chamberlain and Daladier. The accuracy of both these interpretations is doubtful. The emphasis on the world revolutionary ideal has been steadily diminishing since Stalin came into absolute power more than a decade ago. Russia's national interests, the maintenance of his own power, have bulked larger in Stalin's mind than the prospects of communist revolution in other countries.

Nor is there any convincing evidence that Stalin would have fought for Czechoslovakia. His agreement with Hitler, concluded at a moment when England and France were clearly committed to fighting Germany, is more eloquent than Litvinov's disquisitions in favor of collective security. This agreement has sometimes been explained on the ground that Stalin had to win time for military preparation. But this argument would have been even more cogent in 1938, so soon after the sweeping purge of the Soviet armed forces, than it was in 1939. There is no positive act of Stalin's that does not square with the proposition that he was

pursuing a "Russia First" policy of trying to canalize the impending war away from Russia's frontiers, of refusing to fight until and unless he had no alternative.

And Stalin has been waging a thoroughly nationalist war. In his appeals to the Russian people and the Red Army he has urged them to fight to clear the German invaders out of Russia, not for the triumph of international working-class revolution. There have been a few polite references to the aid which Russia has been receiving from Great Britain and the United States. But the idea of a coalition war against Hitler has not been emphasized. And Stalin has been very uncommunicative on the subject of blueprints for a new world order.

A book that has recently appeared in an English translation (it was published in Russia in 1938), Eugene Tarlé's *Napoleon's Invasion of Russia—1812*, casts some interesting sidelights on Stalin's "Russia First" ideology. While it would be unreasonable in a democratic country to interpret a historical work as necessarily indicative of the government's point of view, nothing of a political character that is published under the strict Soviet censorship is without such significance. Moreover, Tarlé was exiled for some "dangerous thoughts" which he cherished, or was supposed to have cherished, some time ago. He was later rehabilitated. It is a fair assumption that he would not give offense a second time.

The hero of Tarlé's narrative is Marshal Kutuzov, who wished to stop the war as soon as the French had been driven out of Russia. The villain, after Napoleon, is the British Ambassador to Russia, Sir Robert Wilson. The prolongation of the war after Napoleon's defeat in Russia is represented as a triumph of British gold and British intrigue. Here are a few typical citations from Tarlé's book:

From England came not only rifles, but also gold pounds, and they came in generous amounts—the English have always been generous when trying to defeat a strong enemy with the help of a foreign army.

In 1812 Kutuzov had many opportunities to observe the generosity of foreigners in shedding the blood of Russian soldiers.

What happened was exactly what Kutuzov had foretold . . . England profited most from Napoleon's destruction. England's economic primacy, which Napoleon's most desperate efforts could not wrest from her, now remained uncontested for decades. Russian exports, imports, and exchange became strongly dependent on London.

The treaty with Great Britain and the verbal understanding with the United States which were the fruits of Foreign Minister Molotov's secret visits to London and Washington mark a relaxation of Stalin's previous isolationism. The idea of a separate peace is specifically ruled out and the Soviet Union assumes the role, with England, of co-guarantor of European stability after the war. There may well be hopeful germs of future world order in these agreements. But it would be unrealistic not to recognize that these understandings were largely a product of what may prove to be a supreme war crisis, when Hitler was giving signs of preparing new heavy blows on the eastern front. It was a matter of primary importance to England and America to keep Stalin fighting. And to the practical-minded Soviet dictator the promise of more supplies, the prospect of a second front in some form, were well worth a few gestures of respect to the phraseology of the Atlantic Charter.

The events of the next months, perhaps of the next weeks, will show whether the invasion of Russia was a military blunder on Hitler's part. Politically and economically it was a logical move, given the Nazi program of predatory imperialism. It was only in Russia, and especially in its more productive regions, the Ukraine and the Caucasus, that Hitler could hope to obtain the surplus food-stuffs and raw materials, the cereals and meat and dairy products, the oil and manganese, which he needed if his European empire was to be a workable self-sufficient organism. In the face of Anglo-American sea power it would be many years, perhaps decades, before

Germany could hope to establish secure lines of communication with overseas colonies. But in Russia was a potential large, rich, contiguous land colony which, if it could be conquered, could be held without sea power.

What will Stalin want after the war? Much depends of course on how the struggle comes to an end. No one can foresee now whether the German Army and the German social order, in the event of defeat, will retain as much cohesion and discipline as they did in 1918 or whether the Nazi regime will dissolve in an atmosphere of sheer chaos and anarchy. It is premature to predict whether Stalin's armies will play the predominant part in the final victory or whether British and American forces, on land as well as in the air, will deliver the decisive blow.

Although the question was shelved in the Anglo-Russian treaty and in the Anglo-American understandings, apparently in deference to American scruples, Stalin will most probably expect, as a minimum reward of victory, the restoration of his 1941 frontier. When the German armies begin to roll back in eastern Europe there is no reason to suppose that the Red Army will stop at the former state frontiers of Latvia, Lithuania, and Esthonia, unless Anglo-American domination of the Continent is firmer and wider than now seems probable. The Soviet Union, as Stalin sees the future, would be flanked by a smaller Poland, a restored Czechoslovakia, and a group of Balkan states, not Sovietized but subservient to Moscow in matters of foreign policy.

In this age, when mechanized warfare automatically places such terrific power in the hands of a highly industrialized state, the mainly agricultural lands of eastern and southeastern Europe seem almost predestined to fall under some form either of German or of Russian domination. There is a bare possibility that Germany and Russia may exhaust each other in the present struggle. Then the situation at the end of the last war,

when both Germany and Russia, for different reasons, were eliminated from the scheme of power politics, might be reproduced and the peoples who live between the great Russian and German population masses might be able to attain genuine independence again. But it seems more probable that one of the two mastodon military machines which are fighting on the plains of eastern Europe will emerge victorious.

In the matter of direct territorial annexation and in the imposition by force of communism on countries outside Russia's frontier Stalin may prove less formidable than some observers who are terrified by the specter of post-war bolshevism may anticipate. Of course his hand may be forced by spontaneous communist outbreaks in at least some of the countries which are now under German occupation. It may be that movements of revolt and despair which will be beyond the control of Stalin, as of Roosevelt and Churchill, will develop. It would have been an uncommon prophet who would have foreseen, in 1917, that Lenin, Hitler, and Mussolini would dominate the post-war aftermath in Europe. But at present it looks unlikely that Russia will wish to build a bolshevist empire.

There is nothing in Stalin's political record or psychology, however, to suggest that he would fit in very easily with any far-reaching scheme of world federation or world control. The idea, for instance, of a Soviet contingent in an international police force upholding some decision of a supra-national authority against Russia is not convincing. Nor would an international armaments-inspection commission face an easy task in the Soviet Union. And the autarchy which has long been an outstanding feature of the Soviet economy does not seem very adaptable to international economic arrangements designed to promote a freer flow of trade and all-round access to raw materials.

Russia is too big and powerful a country to be ignored in the post-war settlement. The United States and Great

Britain will have every reason to seek a *modus vivendi* with the Soviet regime, and it is to be hoped that common ground will be found in a general desire to preserve international peace. But the ideological and institutional chasm between the Soviet Union and the Western powers is so wide that there seems to be strong reason to believe that peace preservation, at least in the immediate future, will be based on some regional scheme, not on the foundation of some all-inclusive world federative state.

IV

When the Russian Revolution flamed on the world horizon twenty-five years ago it challenged four old and deeply rooted human institutions: religion, the family, private property, and nationalist feeling. Religion was "opium for the people," in Marx's phrase. The family was "bourgeois"; early Soviet legislation made divorce a matter of a post-card notice from one partner in a marriage to the other. Moreover, the very impact of the social upheaval disrupted many families, the children being attracted by the new creed, while the elders remained aloof, embittered, unreconciled. Private property in every form, in cash and securities, in land and real estate, in ownership of factories and mines and shops, was unsparingly and completely destroyed. Nationalism was condemned, and the Bolshevik Revolution was hailed as the first act in a world upheaval, with an international Republic of Soviets as the ultimate goal.

It is interesting to cast up the balance sheet of the Soviet regime in the light of this fourfold challenge, in the perspective of the quarter of a century that has now elapsed.

Toward all forms of religion the Soviet regime has remained uncompromisingly hostile. While the intensity of anti-religious activity has varied, there has never been a fundamental change in the attitude of discouraging religious faith and practice by every means of propa-

ganda, reinforced by some methods of repression. No Communist may profess any religious faith; little or no religious literature may be printed; education in the schools is anti-religious. So far as I could observe, the younger Soviet generation has grown up in the main without religious convictions, although of course there would be individual exceptions. Apparently there has been a suspension of aggressive anti-religious propaganda since the beginning of the war. One of the latest issues of the chief organ of this propaganda, the magazine *Bezbozhnik* ("The Godless"), was even devoted to an indignant and somewhat humorless denunciation of religious persecution in Germany. No doubt Stalin desires both to avoid unnecessary division at home and to conciliate public opinion in foreign countries. But how permanent this more tolerant policy will be cannot be predicted with assurance.

Soviet policy in the matter of family relations changed appreciably during the past decade. The original antagonism between the older and the younger generations abated as the Soviet regime was more and more taken for granted and as the number of people who have grown up under its influence increased from year to year. The advantage of a high birth rate from the military standpoint has been emphasized in recent Soviet publications. Divorce has been made more difficult and those who practice abortions are liable to severe punishment. While women are free to take part in the risks and opportunities of life on equal terms with men, to become engineers, aviators, presidents of local Soviets, the Soviet family has become more stabilized.

There are two widespread illusions about the status of private property in the Soviet Union. There is the belief that everything in Russia is equally shared. And there is the idea that the Soviet leaders have "gone back to capitalism." Both these statements are inaccurate. The Soviet regime does not

practice and never has practiced that form of communism, of equal sharing of food and clothing, which one sometimes finds in small communities, usually held together by some religious sanction. Indeed the necessity for unequal reward for work of unequal amount and value has been strenuously advocated during the past decade. The high Soviet official, the manager of a state enterprise, is far better paid than the skilled worker. The skilled worker receives considerably higher wages than the unskilled. Allowing for the all-round poverty of the country, for the fact that there are many luxuries and some comforts which no Soviet citizen can obtain, there is about as much variation in individual standards of living in the Soviet Union as in the so-called capitalist states.

Yet Russia has broken finally and irrevocably with private capitalism in the matter of ownership for profit. No private business, however petty, is tolerated. Only a small and dwindling remnant of peasants farm the land on an individualist basis. The vast majority of the peasants have been more or less forcibly organized in collective farms, which are practically state agricultural factories, with the peasants being paid, like industrial workers, on the basis of what they produce. The peasant has the right to cultivate an individual garden, to raise pigs and sheep and chickens as personal property. But his principal work must be for the collective farm.

Here there has been a major economic revolution. National socialism and fascism have achieved the similar result of putting the state in complete control of the national economy without formally abolishing private property by establishing a system of rigid directions and government controls over all important phases of business life, over wages, prices, credit, and production. But Russia has gone farther by completely dispossessing the owning class (even the small handicraftsman and the peasant with fifteen or twenty acres of land). Production has

been placed in the hands of a newly created and very changeable bureaucracy. Key posts in this bureaucracy, like important political offices, are invariably held by members of the ruling Communist Party.

In regard to nationalism, on the other hand, Russian communism has executed a complete *volte-face*. Gone are the days when the Red Army was exhorted to fight for the world revolution, when Trotsky conjured up for gaping peasant conscripts the vision of a Communist United States of Europe which would send out an invincible armada to smash the last stronghold of capitalism in the United States. The indiscriminate abuse of the Russian past (apart from its revolutionary movements) which was characteristic of the first phase of the Revolution has given way to appreciation of outstanding figures in Russian history, in war and politics, in literature and art. This tough vitality of national feeling under the challenge of a revolution which set out to be militantly internationalist should give pause to some of the more ambitious framers of world-reconstruction projects that would throw nationalism completely out of the window.

When one tries to evaluate the effect of the Revolution on the Russian way of life and the Russian standard of living one must tread warily. By a skillful manipulation of statistics, by a deliberate arrangement of citations, one could prove that Russia under the Soviets has been either an earthly paradise or an unredeemed and unredeemable hellhole of creation. Many of the arguments about the Soviet Union are essentially insoluble because they come down to the question of individual taste, whether one likes or does not like a highly regimented, collectivist form of society, where the pressure of the mass on the individual is extremely strong. One must also consider in drawing comparisons between Russia in 1913 and Russia in 1941, before the war tore up the life of the country, that life did not stand still in pre-war Russia and that progress

in education and industrial development and changes in living habits would have occurred even if there had been no revolution or a more moderate form of revolution.

Russia has been very much urbanized under the Soviet regime. This helps to explain the apparent contradiction between Soviet statistics showing increased output of manufactured goods and the chronic shortage of these goods in Moscow and other Russian cities. Far more people are dependent for their clothes and boots on factory production. The peasant handmade coats and boots and the clothing made by small local tailors no longer figure in the national budget of consumption goods.

The latest available statistics indicate that prices of staple foodstuffs and manufactures have risen much more than wages, by comparison with 1913. On the other hand, employment is much fuller; and perhaps the increased family income offsets the unfavorable price-wage relation. There is a good deal more outdoor exercise and there is probably less excessive drinking than one would have found in pre-war Russia. The rapid industrialization of the country has created a multiplicity of jobs for young men; and the opportunities of the poorer classes for education and vocational training and for economic and social advancement are certainly wider than they were under the Tzars.

Censorship of every kind is more rigid and the opportunities for expressing political criticism, restricted under the Tzars, are non-existent under the present full-blown totalitarian system. More people can read and write; the Government has done a good deal to encourage artistic production and scientific research. Yet the dead hand of political

control has often had a bad effect on the expression of creative thought; the freedom which the intellectual takes for granted in democratic countries exists only in such nonpolitical fields as exploration and the physical sciences.

The last word on the Russian Revolution has not been said. The very existence of the regime which it brought into being hangs on the outcome of the gigantic struggle that began on June 22, 1941. But it seems quite probable that, for the collectivist twentieth century, the Russian Revolution has played the role of herald and precursor that belonged to the French Revolution in the individualist nineteenth century. A precise repetition of what occurred in Russia is scarcely to be expected in any other large country. Many aspects of the Soviet regime can be understood only in the light of a peculiarly Russian tradition, which Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great would have understood—of achieving change with a tremendous sacrifice of human lives.

And, like its French predecessor, the Russian Revolution has its full share of paradox and contradiction. The massacres of the Reign of Terror were not a favorable augury of respect for individual liberty. And the Soviet citizen has experienced little sense of security during a quarter of a century when social revolution and new economic experiments have led to an almost unprecedented uprooting of human existences. Yet on the long view the French Revolution was a force favorable to individual liberty. On a still longer view the Russian Revolution may seem to have made a contribution to that search for economic security in which mankind has been engaged, not very successfully as yet, during our own age.



CIVILIAN DEFENSE—THERE SHE STANDS

BY C. LESTER WALKER

ON December 11th, four days after Pearl Harbor, a number of air raid wardens of New York City pronounced their air raid precautions set-up "a perfect farce." On February 25th newspapers in Wisconsin began howling "civilian defense in this State is a mess" and blamed it on the Governor. Los Angeles, about the first of April, reported that it needed 50,000 auxiliary firemen and fire watchers but could enroll less than 5,000. Then, about May first, the chief of civilian defense in Buffalo (rated by the Army as a target area surpassed in military importance by only San Francisco and Detroit) resigned in deep disgust. Politics, he felt, had wrecked Buffalo's civilian defense program. Privately he predicted chaos and public panic if enemy bombers came.

To almost any one of us it had become evident by this time that all was not well in our civilian defense. But nobody knew the true all-over state of affairs, nor where the chief weaknesses or chief accomplishments lay. Was civilian defense really very badly organized? Under-equipped? Deficient in personnel—numbers and morale? Then, was the seat of the trouble—much or little—at the top, in the Office of Civilian Defense in Washington? Was that office muddling or was it doing its job efficiently?

Any examination of the OCD in Washington must take into consideration its origins. Under the La Guardia-Mrs. Roosevelt regime conditions were

pretty obviously often on the Gilbert and Sullivan side. This is no reputation for any government agency to have; but it was OCD's when James M. Landis—once head of the Securities and Exchange Commission and subsequently Dean of the Harvard Law School—took it over as Director on February 10th of this year.

Landis got to work with the ax right away. Departments that he thought irrelevant to civilian defense (or with activities better performed by other government agencies) he lopped off. The Library Section went. It was simply engaged in utilizing public and private libraries to tell the civilian defense story. The Racial Section—which dealt mainly with Negro problems—followed fast after it. To Paul McNutt, Landis transferred OCD's Physical Fitness Division—to the Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services, where it belonged. The Division of Youth Activities was jettisoned. This was the department that early OCD releases had pridefully announced as appointing for its co-ordinator "a collegian fresh from the campus." And among the others relegated to the old-parts pile was one little jewel in the civilian defense timepiece called The Know-Your-Government Division—another of the civilian morale-building activities.

By May, Landis had his agency stripped for action; and at this writing OCD has fewer frills and is smoother-functioning than it has ever been. It is housed in the Du Pont Circle Apartments, a long,

flatiron-shaped red brick building overlooking the green elms and the plashing white marble fountain of Du Pont Circle park, and its offices crowd the six upper floors. Personnel runs to 600 people in Washington, 350 in the nine Regional Offices outside. Landis's office is in the center of the building on the tenth floor, now air-conditioned against the summer heat. Landis, a rather high-strung, chain-smoking person, given to pacing his office, is working on the job fourteen hours a day. Some of his colleagues think he is pushing himself too hard and are worried about him.

Don't imagine, however, that all these activities have ironed out all of OCD's difficulties—for they have not. Its work is still hampered by traditional Washington impediments: pettiness, politics, and interdepartmental jealousies. Two Senators—Byrd and McKellar—who have all along rated OCD's accomplishments as of a very low order, at an early date had Landis report progress to their committee on non-essential Federal expenditures. Dissatisfied, they are said to have told the OCD head: "Thirty days to straighten out the mess—or then we crack down." Another sample of petty squabbling—not without overtones of humor—came when the Senator from Virginia discovered that OCD possessed a Bowling Co-ordinator! A sharp exchange of letters followed, with Landis finally setting Byrd right in rather peppy periods:

The appointment of Mr. Jack Willem as Bowling Co-ordinator was purely on a voluntary basis. He was not nor will he be entitled to receive a nickel from the Federal Government. For that reason there was no occasion for putting his name on the list that was furnished your committee.

Any Washington newspaperman can tell you how OCD's work is hindered by departmental jealousies. Every head of a government department considers himself of course as a potential President. So he watches every other department head like a hawk. Landis is believed by close associates to be without any

political ambitions whatever; but will any other department head believe it? "Remember how Hoover made Belgian Relief a stepping-stone to the Presidency? If enemy bombers paste us, and OCD has done a good job and is ready for them—well, Landis will be a national hero, won't he? Well——?" So OCD has to tread softly wherever it goes. So delicate are the questions of protocol that when Landis planned to shift OCD's Physical Fitness Section to McNutt's Defense Health and Welfare, the prophets (although later proved wrong) freely predicted that such a transfer would never stick.

Some other OCD difficulties concern the press. Some of the papers seem unaware that Landis's regime is a new one. Their reporters still simperingly refer to the organization as Ocy-Docy. "Cissie" Patterson's paper reported with fiendish glee after one blackout that the only lights glared forth from the Civilian Defense building—although the District of Columbia local Civilian Defense Council had complete control there, Landis's office none. The same local Council, after OCD had produced the loudest warning siren known to man, disdainfully ordered a number of smaller types of its own choosing.

You can add to these difficulties an intermittent agitation in the national capital to put civilian defense under the War Department. In January, before Landis took over, the House, it will be remembered, one day actually voted the transfer. To-day the Army is terrified at the idea. It estimates that 30,000 new officers would be needed for the job. Nevertheless the scheme is said to find favor even within the ranks of OCD itself. The argument runs that OCD has no way to impose its authority on anyone. How can it be expected to get things done?

No doubt this is a major weakness. OCD has under its supervision thirty-odd services. Even a mere listing of them somewhat staggers the mind with their vastness and variety:

Air Raid Wardens
 Auxiliary Firemen
 Auxiliary Policemen
 Utilities Repair Squads
 Rescue Squads
 Emergency Medical Services
 Nurses' Aides
 Emergency Food and Housing Corps
 Drivers' Units
 Messengers
 Road Repair Crews
 Demolition and Clearance Crews
 Decontamination Squads
 Fire Watchers
 War Stamp and Bond Sale Services
 Salvage for Victory Programs
 Victory Gardens
 War Relief Programs
 Family Security Services
 Child Care Services
 Health Services
 Nutrition Services
 Consumer Programs
 Housing Programs
 Recreation Services
 School Programs
 Reference Library
 Information Services
 Red Cross Programs
 Agriculture's Wartime Program
 Young Citizens' Services

All these services OCD in Washington "supervises," but just what the relationship is which ties them to the top has remained obscure to most of us from the beginning. Actually the relationship is very tenuous—of about the strength of an armband. By Federal law, you, as a civilian defense worker, may not wear any official civilian defense insignia unless you have first complied with the training regulations. *There* is the tie-up with the "services." And the relationship of OCD with the local defense *councils*, as such, is even more gossamery, the councils being completely autonomous, with OCD unable to command anyone or anything.

"We exercise considerable influence in advising, encouraging, and assisting local groups," an OCD official has explained. "Influence" is the word. That is, while OCD does the over-all planning for all civilian defense, and provides one national policy, it can in no way enforce that policy anywhere. Its nine Regional Offices keep in touch with the

State Defense Councils, but do not and cannot control them. If a State wants to refuse to co-operate with OCD, and to let its air raid defense preparations go to pot, it may and does. As this is written, Landis's office concedes that some States refuse to co-operate, and that only in a majority of the States can it distribute material and instructions direct to the local defense councils.

If you want to see some of the consequences of this lack of power to coerce, just take a look now at the city of Buffalo.

II

Buffalo, as a military target, should make any Nazi flight commander's mouth water. Within the city or near it lie several important aircraft plants, steel plants, and other vital war-manufacturing concerns, and on the Niagara River are big abrasive companies, so important for machine tools. With all these tempters, Buffalo ought to be the best prepared city in the country against the day when bombs fall. Actually Buffalo's civilian defense preparation has been a farce because of city politics.

The Common Council is Republican. The Mayor, Joseph J. Kelly, is a Democrat. The Mayor, at this writing, has never attended a meeting of the Civilian Defense Council (now known in Buffalo as the War Council) but has constituted himself as its head. "Governor Lehman personally telephoned him," states one civilian defense official, "and begged him not to take the job. But he's like La Guardia—got to head everything." Then the Mayor appointed as deputy in complete charge of civilian protection, at a salary of \$5,200, a political reporter from a local newspaper. "Who knows little about the job," civilian defense workers subsequently remarked sourly, "but will certainly improve the Mayor's press notices in the *Courier Express*!" This appointment further antagonized the city Council. When I was in Buffalo a few weeks ago it was prophesied on all sides that the

Council would refuse to vote the Mayor sufficient additional civilian defense funds.

In addition, departmental jealousies have daily compounded confusion. Each department has guarded the powers it had and grasped for more. Civilian defense officials believed that the Central Control Panel—through which come all warnings of fire, police, and Interceptor Command—should be under independent control. The Chief of Police blithely ignored the wishes of the Civilian Defense Board and took the Control Panel for his department. His explanation was: "I'm working for the Mayor."

Buffalo's previous Civilian Defense Council managed to get \$44,100 appropriated for its work, but as late as June there was still an unencumbered balance of approximately fifteen to twenty thousand dollars—money unspent, by and large, because of the unco-operative attitude of city departments. An example is the Department of Public Works. John J. Egan, no politician but a Buffalo business man, who headed civilian defense up to April 30th and then resigned in despair, had read in the March *Harper's* that fire wagons could be improvised from commercial trucks by putting aboard a pump and hose. Buffalo direly needs fire apparatus; so Egan scoured the departments and uncovered twenty-five WPA dump trucks in Public Works. Some of them were idle, others were on unimportant work. Egan figured it would take only about \$12,000 to convert eleven trucks—bringing Buffalo's pumper total almost up to that of Detroit, the second target city. Was Egan able to get the eleven trucks? No. The Department of Public Works didn't like the idea. By May (he had started working on the idea in February) Egan had got only four. This, when Buffalo expects bombing by incendiaries!

What does all this politics in Buffalo add up to in terms of civilian defense? Here is a city whose leading citizens freely tell you they expect general chaos if enemy bombers come. At this writ-

ing the warning control panel is not yet in operation. No auxiliary police have been enrolled. Air raid wardens have no flashlights, no helmets, no whistles. Egan's dump trucks to be made into pumpers are still "being converted." Medical equipment for emergency casualties is woefully short. The stirrup pumps on hand suffice for demonstration purposes only. There has been one practice blackout, back in December. For the alert on that occasion the city trotted out all the fire engines and made their sirens wail overtime. Constructed for intermittent service only, half the sirens promptly burned out. Has a better method been set up in the interim? No! So this leaves Buffalo—the third likeliest target in the country—a city without even a warning system worthy of the name.

Now OCD in Washington can do very little about this sort of situation. It can refuse to give Buffalo handbooks, or refuse to loan fire apparatus and other equipment when it has it to loan. But that is about all. And even loans of such equipment would be not too persuasive to good behavior, for title remains in the possession of the United States. (Why, and what the Federal Government will do with all the stuff after the war, no one seems to know.) So the OCD has no power with real teeth in it. Nothing, for instance, like the English method. The British Ministry of Home Security by its grant-in-aid system can give or withhold actual funds. It thus can assure adequate local defense preparations. And it does.

You cannot prove that OCD is inefficient and muddling, or the opposite. It is too big and too complex to prove that. But it is very easy to show that OCD could get things right in short order in cases like that of Buffalo if it had some direct power of the purse like grant-in-aid. Just listen to one of Buffalo's civilian defense officials:

"Equipment?" he said to me wistfully. "No, we haven't seen any of Landis's mythical \$100,000,000 yet."

III

When you come to equipment for civilian defense you have the Mayor of New York as the chief prophet of doom. He reported publicly over seven radio stations one afternoon that OCD was bungling the equipment job, had sent out no medical supplies, no pumpers, no stirrup pumps, no auxiliary fire equipment. "I want to tell the Office of Civilian Defense," he warned, "that you cannot put out a fire with an armband."

We were then told by Mr. Landis that governmental red tape had caused delay. Whereas he had taken office in OCD on February 10th, the President did not sign the bill authorizing expenditure for civilian defense equipment until March 6th. Then the Budget Bureau failed until March 16th to notify OCD that the funds were available. After that, however, contracts for the equipment were let as soon as possible, subject however to further delays owing to La Guardian specifications which conflicted with Army and Navy priorities.

At this writing the OCD has had \$100,000,000 to spend and has allocated it to the following equipment:

Gas masks	\$29,000,000
Fire Fighting Equipment	57,000,000
Protective Clothing	8,000,000
Emergency Medical Equipment	5,000,000

If you work as an air raid warden you may wonder why you have not yet seen a gas mask. And the chances are that you may never see one. "We have put the money into experiment and the development of factories," OCD officials will tell you. Some masks are to be delivered for training purposes; about five million in all by September. Should gas attacks occur, however, mass manufacture will begin immediately, rising to a possible peak rate of about two and a half million masks a month.

In this policy the OCD is taking a great gamble, but experts agree that it is a sensible one. Gas laid down from the sky by bombings is ineffective compared to other ways of inflicting casualties.

Fire bombs or high explosives, ton for ton of airplane load, pay bigger dividends. Probably no enemy bomber could afford to carry lethal gas to American shores. The OCD remembers that the British miscalculated grossly on the danger from gas, expecting to be blanketed with it from the moment war began; and so gas masks—which deteriorate rapidly—ate up thousands of tons of rubber and other critical materials that could have been better utilized elsewhere. In all this the OCD is, with good sense, simply taking a leaf out of the British book of experience.

On fire apparatus we are going to be short for some time to come, and apparently there is no help for it. The OCD's Fire Defense Committee—experts from all over—have set up a "needs" formula which recommends allocating to cities under 200,000 population one auxiliary pumper for each pumper now in operation, plus one for each existing pumper over fifteen years old. Cities with more than 200,000 inhabitants are to have two pumpers for each in operation, plus one for each over fifteen years of age—if they can get them. But most cannot. About June 1st, OCD stated that "18,000 to 20,000 pieces of fire-fighting equipment will be issued to fire departments." Invitations for bids for 9,000 trailer pumps were announced back in May, but Washington itself admits that delivery will still be some time in coming. So if we are bombed, our cities will probably have to take it for a while and think of Bataan.

By contrast, on another important item of civilian defense, the situation is encouraging indeed. For a warning siren which would blast through skyscraper walls, OCD went to the Bell Telephone Laboratories. The result is that its Victory Siren makes the loudest sound in the world. This siren was even considered by the Army for a while as a weapon of offense: it will break the eardrums of anyone within a hundred feet. Previously the loudest sirens in general use produced at 100 feet about 100

decibels of sound; this latest yowler gives a noise over *thirtv times* as loud!—and out-roads our biggest naval guns. One Victory Siren does the work of over 100 of the smaller sirens. Yet the mechanism is simple—a blower forces blasts of air through whirling choppers and the device projects sound on a beam, so that it can be played like a search-light. It is cheap compared to other sirens, considering its effect—it costs about \$3,200; a standard automobile motor will run it, and 85 per cent of its material is cast iron—unfettered by priorities. Not only have plans and technical information been turned over to manufacturers, but Chrysler in June was actually delivering the finished sirens to the towns.

In all this matter of equipment production the OCD has undoubtedly made mistakes here and there, and will no doubt make several more. But remember that the British made errors too, even in the face of war twenty-two miles from their doors. They over-planned on medical aid and supplies, expecting day-long raids and 60,000 daily casualties. London prepared 200,000 hospital beds, and hundreds of London doctors left their practices to enlist in civilian defense work. An eye-witness tells of seeing while en route to his home in the country outside of London dozens of medical trains, with doctors and nurses, waiting on sidings for the emergency calls that even the all-out blitz of 1940 did not bring. Even the simple distribution of a pamphlet sometimes was bungled. "The *Dig for Victory* handbook," the London *Times* growled one day, "has certainly fallen into strange hands—invalid societies, hospital almoners, and keepers of goats!"

Taken all in all, our own equipment program is better organized and more intelligently managed to-day than it has ever been. Certainly you would not find it giving such frenetic advice as one civilian defense official received in Buffalo in pre-Landis days. "How many blankets have you ordered for evacua-

tion?" queried the \$7,200-a-year adviser straight from headquarters. "Why—why none," stammered the Buffalo man, "how many do we need?" The adviser picked it right out of the air:

"Brother, you need 50,000—and you better get 'em to-day."

IV

All Jim Landis's speeches these days hammer home one theme: "This is a *people's* war." If civilian defense figures mean anything, it must be. To date over 7,280,000 Americans have volunteered their services. The figures are impressive, as figures go—but inadequate. It is only when you know what some of the 9,200-odd local defense councils are producing that you really catch the spirit of the thing.

We are told that in Oregon a whole town spent an entire Sunday practicing against air raids. When Northport, Alabama, held a town meeting for civilian defense (on the Baptist Church lawn) the Mayor rode to the meeting by horse, and 2,000 townsfolk attended, out of a population of 2,500. Labor unions in San Diego—CIO, AF of L, and independent—have buried the hatchet and organized as one against air raids. Brothers in debris, they will handle the cleanup of wreckage if bombs fall. Down in Atlanta a meek little man entered the civilian defense headquarters and stood without saying anything. "Do you want to help in civilian defense?" the girl at the switchboard queried him. He took a piece of paper and wrote on it "Yes." He had come from the local chapter of the National Fraternal Association of the Deaf. His deaf-mute friends wanted to volunteer. To-day thirty-five of them take first-aid courses, which are taught to them manually. In New York City volunteer air raid wardens for months on end have been ungrudgingly paying telephone bills and all other post expenses out of their own pockets. When Hannibal, Missouri, Mark Twain's old town on

the Mississippi, recruited for civilian defense with a town meeting and a parade, we are told that 4,000 volunteers jammed the local armory, and 15,000 couldn't get in. And I know of three old ladies in an obscure town in New England who unassisted do all the airplane spotting for their district. From the top of their own house they watch the clock round (they are all over seventy) twenty-four hours a day.

In towns in the Eastern coastal States you will often find people who are giving their spare time almost entirely to civilian defense activity. Sometimes the spirit of working for the cause takes hold of a whole community like a crusade. An example of this is the town of Kent, Connecticut, a place of 1,240 people, sixty miles north of New York. When the chairman of the Kent Defense Council some time back wanted to get the count on the town's civilian defense workers, he found it easier to do it in reverse, by toting up the non-participants: only 200.

Examples of the time and effort put into civilian defense in Kent are plentiful. The chairman of the Defense Council, James Humphreys, a teacher of Latin at the Kent School for boys, organized his council six months before Pearl Harbor and at once had volunteer workers conduct a survey of the town. It was certainly a work of love and much labor; for when it was done, Humphreys knew practically *everything* about Kent. He knew he had people speaking fourteen foreign languages, and who they were; he knew that a third of the town would contribute to the blood bank; that there were 256 motor cars and what kind and where; that 80 homes burned coal, 111 wood, and 91 oil; that the town had 123 horses and 120 people who could ride them. Forty-four townsfolk owned the 974 cows, with a daily milk production of 1,255 gallons. Humphreys even knew how many people kept chickens (55), how many there were, to the last Dame Partlet (7,119), and the average number of eggs laid (177 dozen daily). The

nurses, bicyclists, owners of firearms were all duly recorded and filed. Arms were listed—rifles 91, shotguns 83, revolvers 21—and all possessors of ammunition. Humphreys even inventoried the citizens who possessed crutches (12 pair), the number of rowboats, the people who possessed extra bedsheets, tents, extra cots, mattresses, and all the sewing machines. Even the seven people who knew Morse Code were carefully set down. The result provided Kent with what is probably the most detailed inventory of civilian defense resources made by any city or town in the forty-eight States. And the job of patient and meticulous preparation was done entirely by unpaid volunteers.

"The survey questions were delivered personally," Humphreys will tell you. "We didn't mail them or have someone just leave them and run. You stayed and told what it was about and then went and got it later on. Reached everybody over sixteen."

That done, Humphreys set his nine civilian defense committees to work, and has been overseeing them ever since. "He teaches Latin five hours every day," one of his fellow-townsmen pointed out to me, "and then coaches one of the school teams. After that he gives about eight hours daily to civilian defense. No wonder he says, 'No bed till one A.M. in this house.'"

Remembering that Kent is forty-five miles from the salt-water regions most likely to get the earliest bombings, you might think of such an amount of work as overdoing civilian defense a bit. But it isn't. Kent sees its problems clearly and knows there are really only two: handling of possible evacuees, and fire set by planes. If people are bombed out of Bridgeport, New Haven, or New York, the civilian defense workers of Kent are to-day ready to feed, clothe, and house them to the town's maximum capacity. On the fire threat, Kent is also phenomenally well prepared, and again chiefly because of unstinting effort by an individual citizen.

The Chief Air Warden for Kent is Robert Nisbet, a painter in oils. Nisbet believes that not only could German planes burn Kent down but that they could set forest fires by bombs or showers of phosphorous cards which, in dry weather, could almost wipe out whole States. He therefore has organized and trained 600 fire fighters out of Kent's 1,200 people.

"No fire ever started but could at one time have been put out with a glass of water," Nisbet preaches; "so the civilian defense job is to have everyone know how to put out a fire everywhere. My map shows the location of every house in Kent. A red pin shows where every fire warden lives, a brass pin where every fire pump is kept. Green pins indicate wardens, black pins the police, and small-sized pins the home of every man in each of the various groups. Phone numbers also are given. At last count the map has 685 pins; our aim is to have 1,200, which, for Kent, means everybody."

Nisbet happens to be one of the few artists who can write *National Academy* after his name; but he has practically abandoned art for civilian defense.

Nor is Kent without other zealots in the cause. The way it got its plane-spotting post on Treasure Hill is an example. The post is an old bus body converted into a trailer, with bed, stove, table, oil lamps, and all. In the winter it was mounted on a truck, and you climbed in by ladder. It even had a rough windmill attached, vanes made of the slats of crates, which attempted to recharge the battery of the idle truck. On winter nights, when the glass hit twenty below and the wind howled, the elevated bus-trailer is said to have swayed like a ship. But it was warm and snug and comfortable inside. It was the gift of one man, the rural mail carrier. "I was building it," he told me, "to use in Vermont on my fox-hunting trips. Say, did you know the Army rates its own spotter posts 60 per cent efficient and ours—the civilian ones—97 per cent?"

For one more instance of devotion to the civilian defense idea you should have the Kentish lad who came to the Chief Air Warden one day and offered his horse and himself to replace one of the alarm cars (Paul Revere cars, Kent calls them) which go round in the blackout. "The horse is black, sir," pleaded this freckle-faced eight-year-old, "so it would be sort of invisible."

But don't think that this one Connecticut town, with all its merits, does not wrestle with the same problems in civilian defense that your own community does. Human frailty enters here as elsewhere. New York City police, in one precinct I know of, during a test raid warning could not even get their zone headquarters on the telephone for fifteen minutes because of people calling in—despite all the instructions not to—and finally had to send a patrolman out to use a pay station. After a "Blue Alarm" in Kent, Chief Warden Nisbet sent a memo to his wardens saying: "There were delays in getting phone connections. *People used the telephones even to ask about the alarm!*" And there was the occasion on one blackout night when Kent's postmaster took a little nap after dinner. Awakened about 8:30 by the air raid alarm, he jumped into his Paul Revere car, left all house lights on and all doors fast locked, and dashed madly over the township to tell other citizens to douse their lights.

In Kent too the tentacles of red tape trammel things up. When the local defense council wanted to get a magnesium fire bomb for demonstration and training it could not, because all that would be against State law! So a permit had to be applied for. On another occasion the State Civilian Defense Council at Hartford ordered towns to equip air raid warning cars with red headlights for the blackout. Kent suddenly discovered itself blocked: such lights violated State law! A way round again was to get permits. To get them Kent had to apply to the town's head selectman, the fire chief, the Superin-

tendent of the State Police, the State Motor Vehicle Commissioner, and an official of the State Defense Council itself! Kent asked for 46 permits and received 18, after some weeks of waiting. Then it discovered that only five of them could be used on air raid warning cars!

It is because of incidents like these that one citizen of Kent said to me, "Kent organized itself for civilian defense long before instructions or advice came from Hartford or Washington. If those higher-ups would only let the localities prepare in their own way. American communities have always had a knack for independent action anyway."

V

Although any town like Kent gives the impression that in personnel civilian defense is sound—strong in numbers and good in morale—the picture is not the same countrywide. The OCD in Washington is well aware of this. "There are sections," Landis has said (and recently) "which are relatively unawakened as to the imminence of danger." Some parts of the country, it is obvious, are to-day unconcerned that a people's war is going on.

If you scrutinize parts of our inland States you will see it. As one sectional example: you can scan the newspapers of many Kansas towns and find, weeks on end, no news of civilian defense. Some five months after Pearl Harbor the big community activity in Emporia—William Allen White's town—was the rehearsals for the municipal pageant, "The Unseen Captain." They were being held every night, there were eight hundred people in the cast, and "excellent support was being given by all the clubs in Emporia." At Gridley the Happy-Go-Lucky Quilting Club had just organized—not for civilian defense; and at Admire the ROS Club met and embroidered tea towels for the hostess. The college faculty at Lawrence, which is the University town, had dedicated its energies to digging the dandelions out of

the campus, as the students, in contrast to former years, this year had refused to dig. When a test mobilization of civilian defense volunteers (yes, there are some) was called in one Kansas town, the newspaper announced that its purpose was "to see how many will show up."

All this may be natural and normal (Kansas is far from our borders) and therefore of little significance; or it may suggest what may prove to be a turning point in civilian defense morale. No bombs have fallen on us yet; are our civilian defense volunteers here and there becoming bored?

The OCD is not unconcerned about this possibility. "It is difficult now," one of their officials has said, "to get additional personnel in the field." "A big job," another remarks, "is to keep the local defense councils from losing interest. One way is to suggest new activities. Recently in some of the States we started rumor-exposure groups."

Unless one night we should suddenly be bombed, you can safely bet that this problem in personnel—keeping up numbers and interest—is going to increase rather than wane. Selective Service, summer farm work and, in many States, the inconveniences attendant on gas rationing will almost inevitably reduce the rolls. And if England's experience proves anything, the waiting for bombs that do not come will knock the props out from under the morale.

In England the Birmingham Air Raids Precautions Committee, eight months after war started, declared it was "gravely disturbed by the lack of interest shown by so many volunteers," and announced a recruiting campaign to replace resignees. Keith Ayling, the writer, has said that in the waiting period English air raid wardens were considered a nuisance by the public and that many of them, consequently, resigned. "They were bored—and believed they would never be needed." We should be sanguine indeed, human nature being what it is, to imagine that the same disintegrating process may not set in here.

Is there a way to meet it—and still keep the civilian defense set-up ready for emergencies if they come? The British found a way. They took on some of the volunteers as full-time paid officials, and intensified their training. In mid-1940 London had over 50,000 paid ARP workers, and Manchester had expended over £460,000 on hers. Their waiting-period experiences have convinced them that civilian defense services (the air raid sections especially) should be reduced to a skeleton organization in times of lull, with the members, being under pay, able to accept authority, give orders, and be penalized if they neglect their duties. Even the slow-on-decisions London *Times* concedes editorially: "A certain proportion of full-time paid persons is necessary." It is not unlikely that fairly soon we may find the same necessity here.

Of course just one real bombing attack will probably banish most of civilian defense's personnel problems overnight. This is an army not in action, so it is not yet keyed to its best. When action does come, the peculiarly American capacity of the people for doing things as individuals should come into its own.

"When the blitz finally arrived," a Britisher recently said to me, "even those in London who had never volunteered became a part of the civilian defense effort overnight—acting as individuals. Take the way, when food distribution broke down, the women of the professional classes, on their own initiative, strapped rucksacks of food on their backs and went into the bombed-out sections of the East End, and just said, 'Well, I've come—here's food.' If trouble starts, you'll find that same rising to the occasion over here."





HOTELS INTO HOSPITALS

A PRACTICAL WAY TO CARE FOR AIR RAID CASUALTIES

BY CHARLOTTE MURET

PREPARATION for the care of the injured in case of air attacks is one of the chief needs in civilian defense to-day. There are few places where existing hospitals can handle the casualties that may occur.

A plan has been worked out in Moore County, North Carolina, which will prepare the region to meet any emergency at a minimum expense. The plan proposes to use *local hotels* to create temporary casualty hospitals in each town in the county. There are seven towns in the district with a population averaging two thousand five hundred persons apiece, and each town has at least one hotel. Moore County is well inland, but an important air base is near by and Camp Bragg is only forty miles away. It was essential to provide for the distribution of injured people about the county to places where they could be cared for. This would prevent jams and breakdowns at the few regular hospitals.

The idea originated with Dr. Clement Monroe, the head surgeon of the principal hospital of the region. His hospital contains only seventy beds and when, last year, a bus accident sent some thirty seriously injured people there it was almost more than the institution could deal with adequately. There weren't enough doctors and nurses, and so great were the demands on the staff that a dangerous confinement and a very sick baby—from the neighborhood—could scarcely be attended to. Dr. Monroe

foresaw what confusion would occur in the event of an air raid and at once began work on the hospital plan.

There was no notion of commandeering the hotels; the proprietors were asked to volunteer. Of course, in case of real need, their buildings would be commandeered anyway. The sacrifice is not great; each is asked to put two rooms permanently at the disposal of the authorities in charge of the casualty hospital plan. In one of the two rooms is stored the materials that will be needed if the hotel is used as a hospital; the other room is prepared for use as an operating theater.

In every section of Moore County a list was drawn up of all large covered vehicles, such as trucks and station wagons, and their owners were asked to volunteer to drive them as ambulances in case of a raid. Each volunteer is given two folding stretchers to be strapped to the roof of the vehicle, and two blankets, which he is required to carry in the vehicle at all times. Good tires are essential and the prospect of obtaining some degree of priority brought forward all the volunteers needed.

This hotel-hospital plan can be adapted to the needs of almost any community. Its most obvious advantages are economy, the use of existing resources, and the distribution of responsibility. The effect on civilian morale is excellent: the people of the district know they are provided for and have themselves taken part in the providing. Hotels are better

than schools and town halls in an emergency. If public buildings are used, accommodations and housekeeping facilities have to be improvised and volunteers found to cook and clean; in a hotel the staff and the kitchen simply go on functioning as usual. All that the room destined to serve as an operating theater requires is a suitable table, a system of powerful lights, and special connections for an electric sterilizer.

To each of the casualty hospitals a staff is assigned, composed of local doctors and nurses and volunteer nurses' aides living in the neighborhood. When the alarm comes the doctors and nurses go at once to their posts, the doctors bringing with them such necessary instruments as are not kept in the store room and a sterilizer. The nurses open the operating theater, start the sterilizer, and prepare a few beds. It may be possible to use the hotel's pressure cooker for auxiliary sterilization. Within thirty minutes the hotel is ready to function as a dressing station and emergency hospital; everything is set to receive incoming casualties.

For the little hotels of smaller towns, where the permanent use of two rooms may represent a real sacrifice, the county authorities or the Red Cross may be induced to pay a small rent.

The cost of furnishing the two permanent rooms for such a casualty hospital is slight. Three hundred and fifty dollars will probably cover it. Here is a list of the essential instruments:

Scissors:

- 3 pairs straight
- 2 pairs curved

Scalpels:

- 3 with No. 20 blades
- 2 with No. 11 blades
- 1 B.P. knife handle No. 7—blade No. 11
- Pick-up forceps 3 pairs with teeth, or
- Tissue forceps 3 pairs with teeth

Needle Holders:

- 2 medium size
- 1 large size
- 1 small size

Groove Director 1

Hemostats:

- 3 curved

- 5 straight
- 1 large hemostat
- Towel Clamps 7
- Mosquito Clamps:
 - 2 straight
 - 1 curved
- Kelly Clamps:
 - 2 curved, without teeth
 - 1 straight, without teeth
- Alice forceps 1
- Splinter forceps 1
- Nasal speculum 1
- Alligator forceps 1
- Tissue curet 1
- Retractors 2 with 2 prongs
- Hartman's ear syringe 1

The local Red Cross can assemble or make the needed supplies, while other organizations canvass for volunteer hotels and arrange for their reimbursement. All this gives an outlet to local spirit in each town.

Many of the supplies—bandages, gauze, sponges, gowns, and instruments—are standard goods, always in demand. When the need for the casualty hospital is over the supplies can be sold or turned back to the Red Cross.

In large cities the plan may develop complications. Probably hotels will hesitate to volunteer, but they could perhaps be induced to give one floor in time of need. The relief to hospitals in cities like New York, Boston, Detroit, and Los Angeles would be very great if the plan were adopted; the hospitals would know that they would not be swamped suddenly with great numbers of unassorted casualties which would disrupt the whole hospital system.

It is probable that of the injured fifty per cent would be suffering from minor injuries, and could be sent home after treatment; twenty-five per cent might have to be taken to regular hospitals after preliminary examination. The remaining twenty-five per cent would be cared for in the hotel-hospital. Some of these could pay for their care. The cost of looking after the rest is going to fall on local government anyway; provision for casualty hospitals will ease the burden.

Why shouldn't this plan be widely adopted?



THE WRITER IN WARTIME

A REPORT FROM ENGLAND

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

AT THE end of the last world war, when there was no radio and motion pictures were still young, an English novelist, Arnold Bennett, was at the head of the British Ministry of Information. At the beginning of this war, although the direction of the Ministry was in the hands, successively, of men celebrated rather in the law or in politics, many English novelists received a polite inquiry as to their willingness and special ability to assist the Ministry's work, and were asked not to undertake any other activity without first getting official approval. The value of writers to the community in wartime was thus expressly recognized.

The response to the first inquiry may well have been overwhelming. For one thing, British authors with Nazi or Fascist sympathies could be counted upon the fingers of two hands. Those who, like Philip Gibbs, had tried hard to bring Britain and Nazi Germany together were in no sense Fascist in thought. The intelligentsia, who in the last war sometimes refused to admit that they had any concern with society, and who then had some respect for German scholarship and critical opinion, now had no respect for Germany, and were so much committed to dialectical materialism that, however disconcerted by the Russo-German Pact, they did not waver in hatred of the new barbarism. The rest, who had well understood the happenings in Spain, Abyssinia, Austria, and Czechoslovakia,

knew that within twelve months the civilized world might be destroyed.

There had been a representative meeting at Queen's Hall in the early summer of 1939, John Brophy in the Chair, at which Hugh Walpole, Compton Mackenzie, Rose Macaulay, Rosamond Lehmann, Philip Guedalla, Desmond MacCarthy, and others had all spoken (some of them vehemently) against jackboot government; and those who spoke, who were not politicians in the sense in which the majority of Continental authors are politicians, expressed British opinion far more accurately than members of the Government, whatever their private views, could do in a period of dangerous tension. An impulse more humanely generous than patriotism—the spirit, unless we are all deceived, of the new and irresistible idealism—made them ready to give energy and, if necessary, life for the salvation of liberty.

The younger authors immediately or as soon as their quickly-rising age-groups under conscription were reached joined the armed forces. Some of the not so young rejoined. A. P. Herbert, for example, a man of respectable maturity, who fought in Gallipoli in the last war, was soon afloat in uniform. Christopher Hollis and John Strachey are in the R.A.F. Evelyn Waugh, R. C. Hutchinson, Richard Llewellyn, Geoffrey Household, Peter Fleming, to name only a few whose work is very familiar to American

readers, became soldiers; and at least three of them have seen extremely active service.

But that first inquiry from the Ministry of Information showed how well it was understood that in a long war men and women of all kinds, from countryfolk to miners, old ladies with shrinking incomes from investments, urban shopkeepers, and Civil Servants, would need incessantly to be told many things they did not and could not already know. We have found that there is no need to dope the public with optimism—on the contrary, as Mr. Churchill has more than once remarked with grim ruefulness, the British public likes to know as much of the worst as it can by any means get hold of—but that its hunger and thirst for facts upon which to base its own judgment of what is happening are insatiable.

The Ministry of Information has been a target for every sort of complaint, and in the English provinces it is often regarded with indulgent irony, as a center of exceedingly sophisticated but, on the whole, unpractical culture. The English provinces, I may say, represent the backbone of British opinion. They look toward London, but they have no more use than the Americans for what is merely genteel. They sometimes see as mere gentility what is really excessive tact concealing great expert knowledge. Therefore they have been unjust to the Ministry of Information. Its handicap has been, not unwillingness to inform, but powerlessness to extort facts from ever-cautious Service departments, which think less in terms of civilian instruction than in those of military secrecy; and the work it has done has been increasingly less amateurish.

In a sense, the Ministry has been tremendously helped by the *spirit* of the people, and by the usually underrated *intelligence* of the people. Those who have written and spoken for it will all, I think, testify to the same remarkable experience. The modern public, its wits quickened by films and the radio, may often be ignorant in particular subjects.

It is never, where the acquisition of urgently needed knowledge is concerned, apathetic. Indeed, in one instance known to me, when through a road accident a traveling speaker arrived after the night was far gone, he found his audience waiting with its close attentiveness unimpaired.

Facts. Facts about other countries, their ways of life, their political systems, and their trade, agriculture, transport, domestic habits, and thought. Facts about our own history, the history of the United States, the histories of China and Japan. Facts about Russia. Facts about the causes of the French collapse. These are what the ordinary men and women of Britain have wanted and what, at last, after a good deal of fumbling, they have been given. The fumbling was due to the belief of those who have been academically educated—even, as his writings show, such brilliant men as Aldous Huxley—that they were forever cut off from the possibility of free interchange of thought with the herd. They are not so cut off. The difficulty is largely one of vocabulary and the ignorance of the learned. When E. M. Forster writes that “the B.B.C. and M.O.I. conception treats the artist as if he were a particularly bright government advertiser, and encourages him to be friendly and matey with his fellow-citizens and not to give himself airs,” he is expressing, in his scorn, this attitude of mind, and unconsciously testifying to the ability of the British Broadcasting Corporation and the Ministry of Information to learn from experience.

It is sometimes assumed that the Ministry is a propaganda machine (propaganda being the honest or dishonest presentation of a case); nothing could be less precise. It is what its name implies. But in a country in which John Smith and Jane Brown have as much at stake as any intellectual aristocrat the information to be given must touch every aspect of life in wartime. No wonder, therefore, that the Ministry has taken into its general staff such writers as Phyllis

Bentley, Theodora Benson, C. Day Lewis, C. Arnot Robertson, Arthur Calder-Marshall. No wonder that its speakers range from Sir Bernard Pares (on Russia) and Professor Brogan (on the United States) to E. M. Delafield, Sylvia Thompson, myself, Bernard Newman (our specialist in spies), and Naomi Jacob, whose jolly exhortations to women are as popular as her novels about Yorkshire families, and whose ability to "take" (that is the technical term) meeting after meeting must astound everybody but herself.

All these speakers and of course dozens more, famous and less famous, have enjoyed great freedom. They have not been briefed with strict official instructions, but have been allowed—where it was natural to them—to be "friendly and matey with their fellow-citizens" and to express their own points of view. Their audiences have ranged from round-table gatherings of a few responsible men to open meetings, on Sunday nights, of possibly two thousand people. They have had illuminating and reassuring contacts with innumerable types of the British citizen. But in order to meet these types and enjoy these reassurances they have had to undertake, without remuneration, much exhausting travel (Hugh Walpole died as the result of over-strain); and it must be admitted that for many of them; whose business is with their pens, such traveling and speaking is a deliberate war service, in which strength is wearied and the capacity for authorship is crippled.

However, the Ministry of Information is by no means the only absorber of the energy of authors. The British Broadcasting Corporation, in its many activities at home and overseas, has room for and has energetically given important occupation to a number of our leading writers. Rebecca West, for example, has superintended broadcast talks to Yugoslavia; Norman Collins has given some of his own drive to the Overseas Service; such writers as Gerald Bullett and John Brophy have been speaking regularly to

the Dominions. As for J. B. Priestley, there is, I am sure, no need to speak of his broadcasting, which has been one of the outstanding successes of British authorship in a new medium. Mr. Priestley's talks on the British radio brought him an immense following; and he has spoken far and wide all over the country, captivating not only the ordinary men and women of his own way of thinking but the very "intellectuals" who have hitherto decried him as somebody much too popular to be "first class."

In a sense these writers who have found work that they can usefully do and those who have gone into the Forces are the lucky ones. I am told that there are many women authors, especially those who have hitherto contributed to magazines of all kinds (these magazines are shadows of their former bulky selves), who are less fortunate. Some of the lesser-known novelists, not yet subject to the call-up for women, have found it hard to discover work that they can do. Their circumstances are not desperate, but they are not happy. They are also idle. The truth is that this is a war in which serious creative writing is made, for one reason or another, almost impossible.

II

It is almost impossible because the daily tension is such as to affect a writer's power to concentrate upon his own imaginings. I cannot tell how far this tension has hampered American writers. That it must have hampered them I do not doubt. But it has been very immediate and exacting here, wearying to the mind, and, above all, destructive of that belief in the importance of what he is doing without which the artist cannot work. For this reason very little interesting literature—apart from war impressions, war-dominated memoirs, and perhaps discussions of a planned future in which we shall see no more war—has been produced by professional writers. The poetry has been negligible in quality. The novels, written in circum-

stances of extreme difficulty (because a novel, even a bad novel, takes a very long time to write), represent courageous persistence rather than the prolonged fire of inspiration. The plays, although Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" has had here a success comparable to its New York success, are for the most part so poor that it is kinder not to speak of them at all.

It is probably unfair to condemn the plays because, as was the case in the last war, such as we have seen have been produced as distractions, and few but the authors have examined the scripts of the works unproduced. But when the last war had been in progress as long as this one several young writers—Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Graves, Robert Nichols, to give outstanding examples—had made considerable poetical reputations. Julian Grenfell, Rupert Brooke, and Wilfred Owen had left poetry which still survives. D. H. Lawrence had published much of his best poetry. So many young women had been deeply moved by the war that, in their eagerness and feeling and delicacy of expression, they seemed to speak for all their contemporaries. And it was freely said at the time that the war had produced a poetical renaissance. We continued to believe in the renaissance until about 1925, after which T. S. Eliot held the field, and the unimpressibles went back to Wordsworth.

By contrast, this war has seen no new poetical reputations. It has seen very little poetry indeed. In England the past twenty-five years have been years discouraging to the Muse. They have been years, on the one hand, of timidity and, on the other, of dislike, truculence, and destructiveness. While, abroad, the young were being taught to hate, the young in Britain were being taught negative things—exclusiveness, constraint, contempt for all but their own subconscious mysteries, great political self-righteousness, and a lingo derived from Marx and Freud. The decadent preached that only through defeat and disruption,

a sinking of Britain to insignificance, could we be regenerated. The ambitious apparently felt that only by debunking the famous dead and deriding the successful living could they justify their own sterility. England was not a hotbed of poets. As a young satirist, John Nicholas, has lately written:

As virtue throve and intellects improved
Earth's music died, for nobody was moved
To song. . . .

No song! No song!
No youthful poet daring to be young!
They made a nerve-racked nightmare of their dream.
They said all things were fouler than they seem.
They plunged from Shelley's heaven into the dark blood stream.

On the other hand, the constant inescapable pressure of this war upon civilian life may have done much to stifle poetry in those who are still at home, and the stern work of military training in what has become a very professional army may have delayed composition elsewhere. Soldiers are not writing much poetry; they are thinking, talking, discussing. They are learning. They are reading books far in character from the books popular with the troops in the last war. Tanks, mechanized transport, tommy guns, and machine guns cannot be endlessly poeticized. But they hold in their intricacy and terrible strength a suggestiveness of future order in the affairs of mankind which can, and probably will, affect the thinking of this and future generations. It is in thought and action that the younger generation will first show its mettle.

III

What of those through whose efforts the poets, the novelists, the writers about conditions in Germany and elsewhere are brought to the public attention? They have suffered a number of severe blows. In the bombing of London it is believed that twenty million existing books were destroyed. Several publishers lost all their records. The great distributing

house of Simpkin, Marshall was among the casualties; and with its going, if another great house, W. H. Smith & Son, had not with notable generosity come to the rescue, the circulation of books to many of the provincial booksellers would have been paralyzed. Printing works were bombed; binderies were bombed; the stocks of innumerable books which at that time were filling the public eye went up in smoke; and so, in many cases, did the type and plates from which they had been printed. It took three months to bring a best-seller back into the shops, by which time the momentum of sales had disappeared; and many best-sellers went out of print forever owing to the loss of carefully hoarded paper.

More than this, there had already been and there continued to be a great drain upon the staffs of publishers. The younger men joined or were conscripted for the Forces; slightly older men, not then liable for service, among them two outstanding publishers, Hamish Hamilton and Michael Joseph (the latter of whom has written an extremely critical book about his experiences), went at once into the Army; the girls and young women went into munitions factories or into one or other of the Women's Services. Among the printers the same thing happened. The girls left or were taken from the binderies. It would have seemed, to an outsider, that publishing was doomed.

But publishing in England is like a creaking door. I remember that when I was fifteen years old, forty-odd years ago, I ought to have been discouraged from trying to pass from the trade in periodicals to the trade in books by a letter in which a then noted publisher said the whole profession was "in a parlous state." He spoke for all and for all time. Publishing can hardly ever have been in a more parlous state than it was in 1940. Yet publishers did not despair. They remembered the war of 1914-1918. They knew that in that war, after the first panic, in which at least one great publisher asked his lesser

authors to refrain from writing anything until the trouble had been surmounted, books boomed. And their confidence was justified. The number of books published in 1941 was almost exactly half the number published in 1939; the strict rationing of paper cut supplies to a third of what they had been before the war; yet publishers bore themselves with mystifying contentment, their one private anxiety being the Excess Profits Tax; and what they published they sold.

They could have sold far more books than they have done if they had been able to get them reprinted and bound; for the demand for books has been so great that Jonathan Cape has publicly referred to "the coming book famine." And one minor trial that some publishers have experienced is this: they have sheet stocks of certain old books which, if it were possible to spare strawboards to bind them, they could quite prosperously sell. The strawboards are not available. What the publishers have they need for the binding of new books. At this moment, therefore, it is the binding of books that is the bottleneck of production.

The question of the appearance of books equally troubles those publishers who take pride in the comeliness of their publications. By Government regulation no new unillustrated book may be printed on a paper heavier than 65 lbs. to the quad crown ream (516 sheets to the ream), and either the percentage of type area to page area must not be less than 58 per cent, or, alternatively, the number of words per page of a crown 8vo. (novel-size) book must be at least 375. The effect of these rules is to make all new books disagreeably uniform, in some eyes repellent.

Everybody in England knows and is constantly reminded that supplies of paper are short. But the supplies are in fact so short that the problem of reprints has become desperate. A book which has to be reprinted two, three, or a hundred years after publication is a book which is still alive, still essential to the public. It is either a classic or it is of

high educational or instructional value. At the beginning of 1942, to give a concrete example, one hundred of the 970-odd volumes of Everyman's Library were out of print, presumably for the duration of the war. A further 380 volumes were out of stock for an indefinite period. These volumes were all books which had been selected with the utmost care as representative of the best or most useful in all literatures. This was famine indeed! No wonder the Paper Controller has decided to release a supplementary allowance of paper, to be allocated by a special committee of the Publishers' Association, for distribution among publishers who have urgent need of it for essential reprints. The allowance, though small, will save a few books which are worth saving.

Less pleasant to observe than this arrangement is the rise of dictatorial opinion among those reviewers who, when they think poorly of a new book, announce that the publication of such a book in days of paper shortage is unjustifiable. If the habit should continue it would begin something against which we in England have long set our faces—an irresponsible censorship of literature. Except in the case of books dealing with the war, there is no censorship of books here. It is open to anybody who is shocked by what he has read to complain to the Home Secretary, and the book may then be made the ground of proceedings before a magistrate, with possible sequels. But the number of books against which proceedings are taken—almost always because it is alleged that they are concerned with sexual perversion—is infinitesimal. As it happens, several books are at this moment in trouble, which shows that there is a drive toward censorship; but the prosecutions have been instituted by the police under the existing laws. If reviewers are to set up their own kind of censorship, and say that paper rationing is being abused, the whole case upon which publishers have secured that rationing, as well as the immunity of books from

the Purchase Tax, would be endangered.

As to this immunity, British authors and publishers (and readers too) owe much to the fact that the President of the Publishers' Association for 1940 was a man of exceptional caliber, Geoffrey Faber. The Chancellor of the Exchequer decided to impose a tax on the price of many goods, to be called the Purchase Tax. Books were scheduled among articles liable to this tax. But Mr. Faber saw the situation at a glance; and not only the situation but the need for instant and authoritative opposition. Authors and publishers were summoned by telegram to a meeting; and at that meeting urgent decisions were taken. The organization of the case for literature in a war for ideas and ideals was converted into something intelligible to the British Treasury. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was persuaded to receive a deputation. Its force was irresistible. Books, thanks to Mr. Faber, to his distinguished colleagues, and in particular (among authors) J. B. Priestley, Hugh Walpole, and A. P. Herbert, were saved.

IV

I mentioned earlier that the great distributing house of Simpkin, Marshall had been destroyed by bombs. The loss of this firm, which was virtually a clearing house for books, was a great blow both to publishers and to country booksellers; and while the willing help of W. H. Smith & Son saved the immediate situation, certain publishers and forward-looking booksellers acquainted with Continental methods seized the opportunity to attempt the creation of a centralized store on the European model. The initiative came from the brothers Pitman, of the firm which most laymen associate with publications in shorthand. But Geoffrey Faber, Stanley Unwin, Walter Harrap, Wren Howard (of Jonathan Cape, Ltd.), and other active publishers were all enthusiasts for the scheme. Money was found; premises were found; the stock of two hundred and eighty publishers can

now be supplied through the organization.

Some large houses stood out, and still stand out, on the ground that the new Simpkin's is a proprietary and possibly discriminatory concern; there was much criticism from booksellers who objected to what seemed to them to be an elaborateness of method less acceptable than the old carefree relation with Simpkin's; and the plan must be regarded as so far on trial for its life and general acceptance. But the complaints are fewer; some words of praise are being lisped. In a trade in which any expression of contentment is considered a sign of weakness, this means much. Booksellers are not a sanguine body. Now, bombed throughout the land—as if the bombs knew that books were the enemies of tyranny—they say to our authors, as Voltaire once said: "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

Booksellers have always been troubled by the fact that they could not sell books (for the British people are great *book-borrowers*; and housewives are only just learning that books can be dusted); now their trouble is that they have not the books to sell. In this they differ from their colleagues, the secondhand booksellers, who seem to have few troubles and who are being much resorted to by a public which must have books. But the real difficulty, in Britain as in the United States, is that so many people have to make a living from the same book—the author, the publisher, the printer, the binder, and the bookseller; and the bookseller, being the last stage of contact between author and public, has always seen himself as the man who has been left to hold the unwanted baby. He now sees himself as a man with an empty crèche, besieged by those who want to adopt countless children. He also finds his trade grouped irrevocably with that of news agency, stationery, tobacco trade, and confectionery, and subject to a new Minimum Wage Agreement which in its lower level makes him whistle, and

in its higher makes him wonder how he will ever be able to attract and keep competent assistants. He is not optimistic about the future of bookselling. But in the meantime he is selling all the books he can buy. As one ribald friend, in close touch with all such matters, writes to me as I complete this article, "The book trade is flourishing, and combining uplift with profit. What a happy state of affairs while it lasts!"

We have at last a public eager to buy books. The prices are slightly higher than of old but they are well watched. A novel is still published at seven shillings and sixpence unless it is long, in which case the price, varying with the length, may be 8s. 6d., 9s. 6d., or 10s. 6d. And in spite of Income Tax—which for those of moderate means is up to ten shillings in the pound (50 per cent) and which is applied now to lower incomes than ever before—there has grown up a craving for books such as I never remember.

For one thing, we have been convicted, as a nation, of great ignorance of the world in which we live. We have been scoffed at, lectured, bombed, and made to suffer many humiliations. And at the same time we have been lauded to the skies; and we have discovered that we can do a great many things we suspected might be impossible to an old nation. A great thirst for knowledge has come upon us. Although our reading embraces such new novels as the authors can manage to produce, our real reading is of books which will teach us what we need to know. Books about Germany have had their vogue, which is past: the Germans no longer interest us; we think them dangerous bores. Books about France have passed from the rapidly produced arraignment of politicians to serious studies of the social and economic causes of French political sickness. We prefer the serious studies. Books about Russia, books about the United States—for both of which countries we have great admiration—are in demand. Books about economics, about the world which is to follow the war, about the problems

of trade and production, geography, history, and the shrinking universe can count upon very large publics indeed. Books telling us how to make things cannot be printed fast enough. In fact our reading public has spread. It is no longer composed of those who want distraction; the young, who used not to read, are reading. The Army is reading. The workers in factory and on the land are reading. They are going so far as to buy in large numbers, and carefully to read and study, the volumes of the Penguin Series (now priced at ninepence apiece) in which John Lehmann collects what is elastically called "New Writing." The prospects are incalculable.

V

The tendency of nearly all speakers and writers is to say this year that the old way of life is dead, and that a new way of life is coming. But such talk, like the economic proposals of our bishops, will not quite stand up to facts known to some of those who listen. Mr. E. M. Forster has said over the radio that he does not think there will be any more professional authors; the books of the future will all be written by men of action. He forgets that the men of action may not cease to be men of action. If they do write books they may still not dominate our literature. If the war continues long enough we may all be heartily sick of action. Mr. Forster himself is already sick of it; for in another comment, delivered before the 17th International Congress of the P.E.N. Club, he said:

From the poet-writer's standpoint all this prevalent talk about a New Order is sheer waste of time. There never will be a new order, and there never has been an old one. . . . Viewed realistically, the past is merely a series of messes, succeeding one another by discoverable laws no doubt, and certainly marked by an increasing growth of human interference; but messes all the same. And what I hope for and work for to-day is for a mess more favourable to artists than is the present one, for a muddle which will provide them with fuller inspirations and better material conditions. . . .

Consequently I hold that the artist ought to be an outsider, and that the nineteenth-century conception of him as a Bohemian was a just one. . . . He does not consider too anxiously what his relations with the mess inside may be; or listen too intently to the drone of the remorse-mongers as they remind him that he is partially to blame. He can hear something more important than that—namely the invitation to create order—and he knows that he will be better placed for doing it if he attempts detachment. So round and round he slouches, with his hat pulled over his eyes and maybe with a louse in his beard.

This is an important view because Mr. Forster is very greatly admired by the genteel school of young writers in England. What he says will influence the minds of those young writers; it might possibly influence their literary work. I do not think it will affect the men of action; and it will not cause J. B. Priestley to abandon his ardent advocacy of the people as both singers and self-governors. Nor will it fail to irritate those other writers of to-day who think the pen should be the servant of society. Indeed, Mr. Forster, in printing his speech, adds that, while the speech had a kind reception,

the Congress reverted to what it considered important. . . . Politics had not ignored them, so how could they ignore politics? They had private knives to sharpen, local armor to don, a few of them wanted revenge, all wanted security, and they valued literature only if it helped their particular cause or what they regarded as the good of humanity.

In other words, if English writers are to speak, in this hour of peril and turmoil, as if human suffering is no more than material for art, they will find few philosophic enough to listen to them. Mr. Forster is not necessarily, therefore, wrong in believing that the artist should dissociate himself from politics; he is only in a minority. If he speaks as a survivor of the last war he does no more than speak for himself; if he speaks even for the genteelst of our young writers he suggests that reality has brought us all up against the inadequacy of pre-war dogmatic views on the functions of art. The effect of reality upon younger writers is more important than its effect on

writers of Mr. Forster's generation (and my own); because whereas our generation cannot hope to produce work penetrated by unfamiliar ideas, all who are under forty, and still more all who are under thirty, retain a precious sensitiveness to experience from which a modern literature may grow.

A poet, whose name I do not quote because his words occur in a private letter (it is a famous name), has recently commented on the poetry of yesterday that it "seemed to me a negation of the sap and savor of human existence. . . . I foresee a revulsion toward the philosophy of Browning and Meredith. Human beings can't live without hope, any more than they can live without some sort of religious belief. . . . How many writers have ever been big enough to speak out ruthlessly about life without losing their balance and distorting the horrors? A healthy man is happy minded. The time to speak out is when a man is fully mature and not yet losing vitality. Shaw has tried to, but he (I suspect) has entangled himself in too many topical notions. The outspokenness of Maugham is cold and peevish. One wants warm-hearted candor, surely? One wants the clarified result of experience. . . . I agree with you that words are inadequate. But I hope to see life less libeled and written down in the post-war period (though the present suppression of the truth about anything may cause an outburst of uncomfortable revelations—especially by the fighting services!)."

"Less libeled and written down"—expressed negatively, that may still provide a clue to the literature of to-morrow. I wish to say before I close that thought is changing so rapidly in England that any prophecy may be falsified. The cures for discontent, for misery, for inequality, which seemed so obvious yesterday to some of our young warriors are already discarded. Such a typical spokesman of Left Wing youth as Stephen Spender has published a small book, *Life and the Poet*, in which, amid much that

the adult mind must find nauseous, it is made clear that Mr. Spender himself is moving fast away from his own past certainties and toward a more liberal view of life. Elsewhere it is being said that the cure for everything is not to be found in economics. What is very remarkable here is the readiness of all classes (and Americans are greatly puzzled by the number of classes in England; but although incurably snobbish we also are a Democracy) for change and for sacrifice for the common good. This readiness has not yet been expressed in books; it has been expressed in action. But it is bound to affect, after the war, all literature which is not polemical.

Therefore it would be my suggestion that the poet I have quoted has seen clearly into the future when he said that we might see a return to the spirit of Browning and Meredith. Very little new poetry is being published. But that does not mean that poetry is not being read. The old poets are being read. Does that suggest something? I prophesy that if we have a just and worldwide peace, in which men and women can continue to believe that mankind is going forward toward something other than dusty death, we shall have another great period in English literature, comparable to the Elizabethan or the Victorian. I base this belief on the conviction that Britain has greatly endured, and that she has rediscovered her own strength. With the social changes that politicians speak of I am not much concerned. Social changes are going on all the time; and nobody who has been in Britain in wartime can doubt that among the people there has been a unity and mutual tolerance which, if they can be continued in the after-war period, will abolish all bad sense of class and strengthen all those qualities of independence which are inherent in those who speak the English tongue. If our writers will speak for their country, as I think they will do, they will raise English literature once again to high place among the literatures of the world.



ANOTHER APRIL

A STORY

BY JESSE STUART

"Now, Pap, you won't get cold," Mom said as she put a heavy wool cap over his head.

"Huh, what did ye say?" Grandpa asked, holding his big hand cupped over his ear to catch the sound.

"Wait until I get your gloves," Mom said, hollering real loud in Grandpa's ear. Mom had forgotten about his gloves until he raised his big bare hand above his ear to catch the sound of Mom's voice.

"Don't get 'em," Grandpa said, "I won't ketch cold."

Mom didn't pay any attention to what Grandpa said. She went on to get the gloves anyway. Grandpa turned toward me. He saw that I was looking at him.

"Yer Ma's a-puttin' enough clothes on me to kill a man," Grandpa said, then he laughed a coarse laugh like March wind among the pine tops at his own words. I started laughing but not at Grandpa's words. He thought I was laughing at them and we both laughed together. It pleased Grandpa to think that I had laughed with him over something funny that he had said. But I was laughing at the way he was dressed. He looked like a picture of Santa Claus. But Grandpa's cheeks were not cherry-red like Santa Claus' cheeks. They were covered with white thin beard—and above his eyes were long white eyebrows almost as white as percoon petals and very much longer.

Grandpa was wearing a heavy wool suit that hung loosely about his big body but fitted him tightly round the waist where he was as big and as round as a flour barrel. His pant legs were as big round his pipe-stem legs as emptied meal sacks. And his big shoes, with his heavy wool socks dropping down over their tops, looked like sled runners. Grandpa wore a heavy wool shirt and over his wool shirt he wore a heavy wool sweater and then his coat over the top of all this. Over his coat he wore a heavy overcoat and about his neck he wore a wool scarf.

The way Mom had dressed Grandpa you'd think there was a heavy snow on the ground but there wasn't. April was here instead and the sun was shining on the green hills where the wild plums and the wild crab apples were in bloom enough to make you think there were big snowdrifts sprinkled over the green hills. When I looked at Grandpa and then looked out at the window at the sunshine and the green grass I laughed more. Grandpa laughed with me.

"I'm a-goin' to see my old friend," Grandpa said just as Mom came down the stairs with his gloves.

"Who is he, Grandpa?" I asked, but Grandpa just looked at my mouth working. He didn't know what I was saying. And he hated to ask me the second time.

Mom put the big wool gloves on Grandpa's hands. He stood there just like I had to do years ago, and let Mom put his gloves on. If Mom didn't get

his fingers back in the glove-fingers exactly right Grandpa quarreled at Mom. And when Mom fixed his fingers exactly right in his gloves the way he wanted them Grandpa was pleased.

"I'll be a-goin' to see 'im," Grandpa said to Mom. "I know he'll still be there."

Mom opened our front door for Grandpa and he stepped out slowly, supporting himself with his big cane in one hand. With the other hand he held to the door facing. Mom let him out of the house just like she used to let me out in the spring. And when Grandpa left the house I wanted to go with him, but Mom wouldn't let me go. I wondered if he would get away from the house—get out of Mom's sight—and pull off his shoes and go barefooted and wade the creeks like I used to do when Mom let me out. Since Mom wouldn't let me go with Grandpa, I watched him as he walked slowly down the path in front of our house. Mom stood there watching Grandpa too. I think she was afraid that he would fall. But Mom was fooled; Grandpa toddled along the path better than my baby brother could.

"He used to be a powerful man," Mom said more to herself than she did to me. "He was a timber cutter. No man could cut more timber than my father; no man in the timber woods could sink an ax deeper into a log than my father. And no man could lift the end of a bigger saw log than Pap could."

"Who is Grandpa goin' to see, Mom?" I asked.

"He's not goin' to see anybody," Mom said.

"I heard 'im say that he was goin' to see an old friend," I told her.

"Oh, he was just a-talkin'," Mom said.

I watched Grandpa stop under the pine tree in our front yard. He set his cane against the pine tree trunk, pulled off his gloves and put them in his pocket. Then Grandpa stooped over slowly, as slowly as the wind bends down a sapling, and picked up a pine cone in his big soft fingers. Grandpa stood fondling the

pine cone in his hand. Then, one by one, he pulled the little chips from the pine cone—tearing it to pieces like he was hunting for something in it—and after he had torn it to pieces he threw the pine-cone stem on the ground. Then he pulled pine needles from a low hanging pine bough and he felt of each pine needle between his fingers. He played with them a long time before he started down the path.

"What's Grandpa doin'?" I asked Mom.

But Mom didn't answer me.

"How long has Grandpa been with us?" I asked Mom.

"Before you's born," she said. "Pap has been with us eleven years. He was eighty when he quit cuttin' timber and farmin'; now he's ninety-one."

I had heard her say that when she was a girl he'd walk out on the snow and ice barefooted and carry wood in the house and put on the fire. He had shoes but he wouldn't bother to put them on. And I heard her say that he would cut timber on the coldest days without socks on his feet but with his feet stuck down in cold brogan shoes and he worked stripped above the waist so his arms would have freedom when he swung his double-bitted ax. I had heard her tell how he'd sweat and how the sweat in his beard would be icicles by the time he got home from work on the cold winter days. Now Mom wouldn't let him get out of the house for she wanted him to live a long time.

As I watched Grandpa go down the path toward the hog pen he stopped to examine every little thing along his path. Once he waved his cane at a butterfly as it zigzagged over his head, its polka-dot wings fanning the blue April air. Grandpa would stand when a puff of wind came along, and hold his face against the wind and let the wind play with his white whiskers. I thought maybe his face was hot under his beard and he was letting the wind cool his face. When he reached the hog pen he called the hogs down to the fence. They came

running and grunting to Grandpa just like they were talking to him. I knew that Grandpa couldn't hear them trying to talk to him but he could see their mouths working and he knew they were trying to say something. He leaned his cane against the hog pen, reached over the fence, and patted the hogs' heads. Grandpa didn't miss patting one of our seven hogs.

As he toddled up the little path alongside the hog pen he stopped under a blooming dogwood. He pulled a white blossom from a bough that swayed over the path above his head, and he leaned his big bundled body against the dogwood while he tore each petal from the blossom and examined it carefully. There wasn't anything his dim blue eyes missed. He stopped under a redbud tree before he reached the garden to break a tiny spray of redbud blossoms. He took each blossom from the spray and examined it carefully.

"Gee, it's funny to watch Grandpa," I said to Mom, then I laughed.

"Poor Pap," Mom said, "he's seen a lot of Aprils come and go. He's seen more Aprils than he will ever see again."

I don't think Grandpa missed a thing on the little circle he took before he reached the house. He played with a bumblebee that was bending a windflower blossom that grew near our corncrib beside a big bluff. But Grandpa didn't try to catch the bumblebee in his big bare hand. I wondered if he would and if the bumblebee would sting him, and if he would holler. Grandpa even pulled a butterfly cocoon from a blackberry briar that grew beside his path. I saw him try to tear it into shreds but he couldn't. There wasn't any butterfly in it, for I'd seen it before. I wondered if the butterfly with the polka-dot wings, that Grandpa waved his cane at when he first left the house, had come from this cocoon. I laughed when Grandpa couldn't tear the cocoon apart.

"I'll bet I can tear that cocoon apart for Grandpa if you'd let me go help him," I said to Mom.

"You leave your Grandpa alone," Mom said. "Let 'im enjoy April."

Then I knew that this was the first time Mom had let Grandpa out of the house all winter. I knew that Grandpa loved the sunshine and the fresh April air that blew from the redbud and dogwood blossoms. He loved the bumblebees, the hogs, the pine cones, and pine needles. Grandpa didn't miss a thing along his walk. And every day from now on until just before frost Grandpa would take this little walk. He'd stop along and look at everything as he had done summers before. But each year he didn't take as long a walk as he had taken the year before. Now this spring he didn't go down to the lower end of the hog pen as he had done last year. And when I could first remember Grandpa going on his walks he used to go out of sight. He'd go all over the farm. And he'd come to the house and take me on his knee and tell me about all that he had seen. Now Grandpa wasn't getting out of sight. I could see him from the window along all of his walk.

Grandpa didn't come back into the house at the front door. He toddled around back of the house toward the smokehouse and I ran through the living room to the dining room so I could look out at the window and watch him.

"Where's Grandpa goin'?" I asked Mom.

"Now never mind," Mom said. "Leave your Grandpa alone. Don't go out there and disturb him."

"I won't bother 'im, Mom," I said. "I just want to watch 'im."

"All right," Mom said.

But Mom wanted to be sure that I didn't bother him so she followed me into the dining room. Maybe she wanted to see what Grandpa was going to do. She stood by the window and we watched Grandpa as he walked down beside our smokehouse where a tall sassafras tree's thin leaves fluttered in the blue April wind. Above the smokehouse and the tall sassafras was a blue April sky—so high you couldn't see the sky-roof. It

was just blue space and little white clouds floated upon this blue.

When Grandpa reached the smokehouse he leaned his cane against the sassafras tree. He let himself down slowly to his knees as he looked carefully at the ground. Grandpa was looking at something and I wondered what it was. I just didn't think or I would have known.

"There you are, my good old friend," Grandpa said.

"Who is his friend, Mom?" I asked.

Mom didn't say anything. Then I saw.

"He's playin' with that old terrapin, Mom," I said.

"I know he is," Mom said.

"The terrapin doesn't mind if Grandpa strokes his head with his hand," I said.

"I know it," Mom said.

"But the old terrapin won't let me do it," I said. "Why does he let Grandpa?"

"The terrapin knows your Grandpa."

"He ought to know me," I said, "but when I try to stroke his head with my hand, he closes up in his shell."

Mom didn't say anything. She stood by the window watching Grandpa and listening to Grandpa talk to the terrapin.

"My old friend, how do you like the sunshine?" Grandpa asked the terrapin.

The terrapin turned his fleshless face to one side like a hen does when she looks at you in the sunlight. He was trying to talk to Grandpa; maybe the terrapin could understand what Grandpa was saying.

"Old fellow, it's been a hard winter," Grandpa said. "How have you fared under the smokehouse floor?"

"Does the terrapin know what Grandpa is sayin'?" I asked Mom.

"I don't know," she said.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, old fellow," Grandpa said.

He didn't offer to bite Grandpa's big soft hand as he stroked his head.

"Looks like the terrapin would bite Grandpa," I said.

"That terrapin has spent the winters under that smokehouse for fifteen years,"

Mom said. "Pap has been acquainted with him for eleven years. He's been talkin' to that terrapin every spring."

"How does Grandpa know the terrapin is old?" I asked Mom.

"It's got 1847 cut on its shell," Mom said. "We know he's ninety-five years old. He's older than that. We don't know how old he was when that date was cut on his back."

"Who cut 1847 on his back, Mom?"

"I don't know, child," she said, "but I'd say whoever cut that date on his back has long been under the ground."

Then I wondered how a terrapin could get that old and what kind of a looking person he was who cut the date on the terrapin's back. I wondered where it happened—if it happened near where our house stood. I wondered who lived here on this land then, what kind of a house they lived in, and if they had a sassafras with tiny thin April leaves on its top growing in their yard, and if the person that cut the date on the terrapin's back was buried at Plum Grove, if he had farmed these hills where we lived to-day and cut timber like Grandpa had—and if he had seen the Aprils pass like Grandpa had seen them and if he enjoyed them like Grandpa was enjoying this April. I wondered if he had looked at the dogwood blossoms, the redbud blossoms, and talked to this same terrapin.

"Are you well, old fellow?" Grandpa asked the terrapin.

The terrapin just looked at Grandpa.

"I'm well as common for a man of my age," Grandpa said.

"Did the terrapin ask Grandpa if he was well?" I asked Mom.

"I don't know," Mom said. "I can't talk to a terrapin."

"But Grandpa can."

"Yes."

"Wait until tomatoes get ripe and we'll go to the garden together," Grandpa said.

"Does a terrapin eat tomatoes?" I asked Mom.

"Yes, that terrapin has been eatin'

tomatoes from our garden for fifteen years," Mom said. "When Mick was tossin' the terrapins out of the tomato patch, he picked up this one and found the date cut on his back. He put him back in the patch and told him to help himself. He lives from our garden every year. We don't bother him and don't allow anybody else to bother him. He spends his winters under our smoke-house floor buried in the dry ground."

"Gee, Grandpa looks like the terrapin," I said.

Mom didn't say anything; tears came to her eyes. She wiped them from her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"I'll be back to see you," Grandpa

said. "I'm a-gettin' a little chilly; I'll be gettin' back to the house."

The terrapin twisted his wrinkled neck without moving his big body, poking his head deeper into the April wind as Grandpa pulled his bundled body up by holding to the sassafras tree trunk.

"Good-by, old friend!"

The terrapin poked his head deeper into the wind, holding one eye on Grandpa, for I could see his eye shining in the sinking sunlight.

Grandpa got his cane that was leaned against the sassafras tree trunk and hobbled slowly toward the house. The terrapin looked at him with first one eye and then the other.

SOLAR SONG

BY LORRAINE CATHERON

LEAVE meaning alone. Don't talk
 But remember in echoes. Be still
 While the deep sea sings to you, while the alarm
 Sounds out from the storm, while the sky
 With its high individual bells
 Provides its own voice. Be patient,
 Wait for the rain, for its balanced lyrics,
 Its swift intermezzos—for snow,
 Sheer drift of innocent song.
 Be a listener only. The roots will tell you
 Their own dark strains, surge and creation.
 Hear the cries from the roses' lips, or the limpid
 Violet warnings. The social stones
 Will unloosen their shocks of words.
 The grave ice will swing forward
 Solemn cadenzas. Weeds will speak
 Their fitful impressions, their delicate messages.
 Everything, given its tongue,
 Will be truthful enough, be fluent enough.
 Never seek. For the world's urge spells it all
 Out in great brave sentences, now and forever,
 Everywhere solar song.



FREEDOM TO PRODUCE

PROPOSING A DYNAMIC POST-WAR INDUSTRIAL PROGRAM

BY JOSEPH H. SPIGELMAN

WE SHALL be unable to overcome economic defeatism if we are afraid to be realistic about the sources from which it arises. The fact is that millions of loyal Americans believe that the more fully we mobilize for war and the more adequately we readjust to the peace after the war the more seriously and irreparably will their own interests be hurt. It isn't Axis psychological warfare which makes them think so; it is their own experience. Unless we dare understand how brutally real this danger is, no plans by any of the one hundred post-war planning agencies will have any significance and no reassurances of a thousand publicists will carry any conviction. Nor will people postpone worrying about their future until after the war merely because Donald Nelson tells them to, unless we dare penetrate into the quite material core of their worries and start drilling away at it.

The last war left America's civilian economy relatively undisturbed. At its peak, in 1918, war expenditures took only twenty-three per cent of national income, as compared with the estimated sixty per cent of national income which will go into the war effort in 1943. But even this does not reveal the whole difference. By far our greatest contribution to the Allied war effort last time was in the form of food, raw materials, and industrial staples, all of which required expansion of productive facilities rather than

conversion. Only in shipping and in small arms and ammunition did our production of the finished armaments of war reach significant proportions, and these too were in the main the products of expanded facilities. Further, at no time was our access to Asia, Oceania, Africa, and South America—our major sources of raw materials—seriously threatened in spite of U-boat activity.

Since, therefore, there was incomparably less occasion for conversion than there is to-day, it was not until the middle of 1918 that the job began really to be undertaken at all. And it was never any more than a half-hearted and, by our present standards, unimportant affair—a mere by-consequence of priorities rather than a positive policy. (For example, not a single order was issued which completely prohibited the production of any civilian product, whereas hundreds of stop-production orders have already been issued in this war.) As a result, when the war ended, our domestic economy was left with only one problem of abiding significance (apart from the traditional problems of the inflation-deflation cycle): that of excess capacity.

So far in our efforts to set up adequate correctives for the post-war consequences of our current war economy we have largely solved the problems of the *last* war. The amortization provision in corporation income taxes and the fact that upward of eighty-five per cent of all new war production plant has been financed

by the government have relieved business of most of its old anxieties about excess capacity. (What the government will do with the industrial capacity it will own is, it is recognized, a political rather than an economic problem, and therefore easier to handle.)

Quite naturally, most business men tried desperately to confine the war-production effort within the terms of the solution provided for it. Up to Pearl Harbor they succeeded quite well in making this a war of excess capacities only. Since it cost them nothing and since it involved little risk, patriotic industrialists vied with one another for the chance to build new war plant. (The opposition of aluminum, steel, and power companies to expansion was not typical of American industry as a whole; and even this opposition weakened long before our entry into the war.) In this new plant, production for war could be kept apart from ordinary civilian production; here the disruptive effects of war economy could be minimized and controlled. But though some people, in and out of WPB, are still keeping up a forlorn fight against total conversion, the battle is now definitely lost. We are now irretrievably involved in the first total-conversion war in history. Each business, each trade, each skill must either find and hold its place within the rigid framework of a war economy, or find no place at all save as the recipient of whatever pittance the government may be pleased to contribute to its relief.

If these dislocations were only temporary, it would be comparatively easy to bear with fortitude the sacrifices they entail. But conversion will have consequences that will extend far beyond the war and be more serious than those of mere excess capacity—consequences, moreover, that have nothing to do with the possibility of a post-war depression, that may indeed be worse if we avert a depression. For businesses which undergo conversion tend to lose their market position to firms which somehow escape conversion or—more frequently

and irremediably—to new products and services which arise to satisfy an insistent civilian demand. Other firms, forced to share their trade and production secrets through pooling arrangements and the compulsory licensing of patents, will lose the advantage derived from the exclusive possession of these secrets. Nor are business men the only ones hurt by total conversion. Millions of workmen are being shifted to occupations and communities that will have no place for them after the war, while, on the other hand, skills which previously were tightly held by small groups of privileged workers are being diffused, so that there will inevitably be a decline in the post-war value of these skills. Total conversion means the upsetting of traditional routines, the breakup of old monopolies, the loss of established positions, the feverish shifting about of man power, the transmutation of our whole economy.

And most of what is lost in this transformation will be lost forever. Floyd Odum, formerly chief of the Contract Distribution Division of the old OPM, was right when he told Congress: "A shut-down plant and disbanded organization will be hard and oftentimes impossible to revive." Just as hard, and quite as often impossible, will it be to reconvert a piece of equipment or a plant to peacetime use, or to recapture a peacetime skill forgotten during the long years of war. We are the nation of single-purpose machine tools. Our very factories, with their minute specialization of functions and skills and their intricate organization, are themselves huge, single-purpose machine tools. Our workmen too are predominantly machine-tenders, trained to a particular type of machine; not like the artisans of Germany's 2,000,000 handicraft shops or even like most of Britain's skilled and semi-skilled workmen, all-round mechanics. And those who are being trained for war work now are, for the most part, learning some specialized war-production machine—not machinery. The skills and tools and factories that we are converting to special

war purposes will be at least as expensive to reconvert to the peculiar uses of peace.

If it were only a matter of expense, reconversion would perhaps be no greater problem than conversion is now. But this war is also a great technological revolution, perhaps the very greatest ever. It is a revolution that is forcing whole industries into obsolescence. No assurances of return, no guarantees that concentrated production will be unscrambled again, no "victory" brands and models are going to protect the positions of firms converted to war work (or of those hit by material and labor shortages, or of those stripped of their equipment by commandeering) unless the nation is willing and able to prohibit technological progress and to close our markets to new products. The urgencies of war have of course broken through the customary barriers to innovation; and each innovation, as soon as it gets a footing, creates a new group of interests that will not willingly yield ground to those who might wish to reoccupy their old positions. Nor, indeed, would it be in the national interest to compel industrial reaction even if it were feasible. The new experiences with close tolerances and hard steel, the new construction methods and building materials, the new aluminum and magnesium alloys, the new plastics, the new ceramics, the new synthetic fibers, rubber, oils, drugs, bristles, and whatnot, will be found better and cheaper for many uses than the products and methods they will displace. And displacement will therefore be permanent.

But it does not follow that those who succeed in making a satisfactory wartime adjustment will therefore be secure in their new interests. They will still have to reconvert to peace. Since many of the new developments will be insecurely grounded in a war economy, and since they will—for that very reason—have but uncertain title to protection, they will in turn be exposed to still newer shifts and innovations and will again

suffer maladjustment and displacement. There will again be, in Donald Nelson's words, a "better way to do almost everything." Victory will not be a stepping back to the peace before the war, but a two-step-forward movement. And those who cannot successfully maneuver both steps will lose their stake in the economy.

II

Conversion to war and reconversion to peace will not mean, however, that the country as a whole will be any worse off. Quite the contrary. In spite of whatever devastation air raids and other accidents of war may occasion, in spite of the necessity of scrapping some of the inconvertible war plant, our country will be immeasurably better off. The building of new plant (generally more efficient than the old), the spreading of useful skills, the development of new products and of new industrial technics and processes, the newly won freedom for invention and for the application of invention, the overcoming of old scarcities, the cultivation of new crops, the more intensive exploitation of our mineral resources, the breakup of old monopolies in industry and labor, the liquidation of old debts and claims, the bankruptcy of thousands of chronically maladjusted and inefficient firms—all these will make the nation as a whole vastly more productive and its standard of living higher than it has ever been. Since, moreover, the war will have taught us how to make even the strongest economic power responsible to the needs of the nation as a whole, and how, in general, to organize for full production, there will be less inevitability about a post-war depression than most of us believe. In the very ruin of special interests we should at last have our golden opportunity to rise above these interests to an economy of abundance.

But we dare not take advantage of that opportunity. For the special interests that are to-day threatened with ruin are not the "vested interests" of old; not the

interests of the rich and powerful, but of the poor and weak; not the interests of "big business" and "bloated capitalists" but of little business and of labor and of the farmers and of all the "little people." If it were still a case of the "vested interests" against the "common people" the solution would be simple. We could expropriate the vested interests and have done with it. But the conflict to-day is between everyone's common interests and almost everyone's special interests. That is altogether a different matter.

After the last war "big business" was loaded down with excess capacity and inflated capital structures and was infested with the inefficiency, the maladjustment, and the obsolescence that breed so freely under protection. Not so to-day; still less so after the present war. True, certain big businesses still enjoy a large measure of protection for their fat incompetence, but this they owe not so much to their own inherent strength as to the fortunate alliances they have made with "little people": with small and institutional investors (the case of railroads, for example), with powerful trade unions (for instance, the alliance of the coal operators with the United Mine Workers), with little business and community interests (as in the case of the power companies' successful campaign against the St. Lawrence waterway and power project). Nevertheless a decade of depression and public hostility, of TNEC and of Thurman Arnold's relatively vigorous trust-busting has made big business—as a whole—lean, respectable, and alert.

Then, from the time war broke out in Europe to the last quarter of 1941, when subcontracting first began to gather momentum, big business enjoyed the considerable advantage of having virtually the whole field of defense production to itself. This gave it a long time to make adjustments—a period, moreover, when it could operate and make its profits under the leniencies of peace instead of the rigors of war. Our entry

into the war found it, accordingly, less unprepared to serve the country—and itself—than the small business man. When the war ends big business will be in possession of much new and unburdened capacity; it will have used its profits to liquidate much of its debt; and it will be able to draw upon generous "reserves for special contingencies," upon the fruits of all its present labors in research and planning, and upon whatever other expedients its "vice-presidents in charge of planning for the future" can think up. Big business will emerge from the war more sound and more progressive than it has ever been.

How different the situation of small business! For one thing, as tolerance of backwardness and inefficiency in big business declines, incompetence seeks its last refuge in small business, where it can still get full public support. And since the effects of war will aggravate maladjustments, small business will be in ever greater need of that support. Its limited technical and financial resources make adjustment to war a difficult and hazardous venture—where, indeed, it is feasible at all—and readjustment to peace a nightmarish prospect. James S. Knowlson, head of the Division of Industrial Operations of WPB, in charge of conversion, summed up the situation last February: "Big business is more anxious for conversion than anything else. . . . They have a great variety of products. They have great facilities for change from the production of one thing to another. . . . And so the conversion of a large plant is not a serious matter. The real problem, the fundamental problem, is the middle-sized business, the business that has been created to compete with the big business on a specific line; the man who, with his ingenuity, his skill, has developed a single product. . . . His problem is a difficult one. . . ." It will be no less difficult for him to reconvert to peace, and it will be a great deal more risky, since it will not be conversion to the determinate needs of one great big war machine, but to the infinitely various,

unpredictable demands of civilian customers.

The big producers of staples like steel, rubber, oil, and aluminum; the standard services, like transportation and the public utilities; the manufacturers of durable goods with a fairly dependable market, like automobiles, radios, and refrigerators; huge concerns, like duPont and General Electric, with their ever-changing kaleidoscope of products and their independence of any of them; the wholesalers, mail-order houses, and chain-store companies which can so easily accommodate themselves to population shifts—all of these have little reason to worry about post-war reconstruction. But what is to happen to the closed-down small enterprise, left far behind in the onward rush of technology and fashion; and to the small metal foundry or textile mill, when after the war the old raw material is displaced by some new synthetic which they are not equipped to handle; and to thousands of small building contractors and their millions of workmen, most of them with antiquated skills, when the construction industry is finally overtaken by the full impact of prefabricated housing and when construction costs begin to count again; and to thousands of small storekeepers, who will find themselves stranded in ghost towns; and to hundreds of thousands of cultivators of export crops, when foreign agriculture recovers from the war?

Small wonder there is so much "save small business" agitation in Congress. Senator Murray, Chairman of the Senate's Special Committee to Study the Problems of American Small Business, was right (except for his exaggeration of the political strength of big business) when he told his colleagues on February 5th that unless effective protection is given "we shall find that when the war has ended, the battered and decimated ranks of small business will be too weak to carry on; and big business, backed by its great financial and political powers, will move in and occupy the entire field. . . ."

III

After this war we shall be caught squarely on the horns of the most fundamental dilemma of our age. On the one hand, most of small business and large sections of labor and agriculture are reactionary. What they fear most is not depression, but rather a vigorous post-war expansion, in which they, however, would lose their old places. To the extent to which we yield to such fears our whole economy will inevitably become reactionary. We shall be unable to carry through a swift and thorough demobilization, especially since no foreign menace will inspire that singleness of purpose which makes the present mobilization possible. We shall be unable to liberate that trade on which so many of our hopes for world peace and prosperity depend. And we shall, therefore, again have, and this time in its most virulent form, an economy of sheltered incompetence, of frozen high costs and administered high prices, of managed scarcity and mass unemployment. It will be an economy paralyzed by fears of the expansion of trade and production, because in the process of our economic growth a number of claims to wealth will be wiped out and a number of sinecures in production vacated. Because such an economy will have lost all it yet retains of its old dynamism, nothing will remain but for government to take up more and more of the slack, until it assumes full control of production in the special interest of the incompetents.

Thurman Arnold, in his recent *Democracy and Free Enterprise* has well said: "A nation that fears production . . . enters the race for production dragging a ball and chain." A nation which permits its special interests to stand in the way of the fullest, the most efficient, and the best adjusted production will risk defeat in war and internal decay in peace. A nation that affords protection to the inefficient and maladjusted must itself become inefficient and maladjusted. A nation that recognizes that war creates

new interests which deserve to be protected runs the danger of perpetuating its war economy indefinitely. A nation which puts the protection of claims to wealth above the creation of wealth will have increasing claims and decreasing wealth.

On the other hand, because so many of our people will expect personal ruin (no matter how the country as a whole may fare) as we move toward a fully adjusted economy of abundance, there will be the danger that economic defeatism will continue to grow apace and our national morale be sapped. Efficiency itself will suffer. The researches of F. J. Roethlisberger and his associates in the Harvard School of Business have shown how a laborer's productivity declines when his psychological and social needs are neglected, when he is denied the secure status he believes his due and is treated as a mere subhuman cog in a production mechanism. How much more is this true of business men, who, because their sense of status is more highly developed, are more acutely sensitive to the danger of losing it. We cannot permit the horrible dread of being left out of a post-war reconstruction to gain dominion over the minds of men.

On the one hand, a dynamic economy of abundance will require that we refuse protection to the special interests. On the other hand national morale and social justice (not to speak of the political strength of the special interests) will forbid our denying them a full measure of that protection. Because post-war planning has not, thus far, grappled honestly with this dilemma; because the projects of the post-war planners are designed either to serve the common interest (revival of trade, public works, over-all planning for a decent life for all our people) or the special interests (small business relief, farmer and labor legislation, industrial stabilization, and so on); because, when they face the issue at all, they deal with it by weakly temporizing (schemes for delaying and limiting demobilization) instead of by attempting a

forthright reconciliation of our common and our special interests; post-war planning to-day is without much significance.

Reconciliation does not mean compromise. It is already sufficiently clear that we cannot compromise with either mobilization or demobilization. Nor, on the other hand, can we persuade the special interests to abandon their rights to security in whatever positions they have won for themselves, by giving them in exchange the assurance of a "national minimum." This might satisfy the down-and-outers, those content with a reliefer's handout, those willing to spend the rest of their productive lives on some "public projects shelf"; but not the great middle classes in business, in agriculture, in labor. It was precisely this sort of unwillingness of the middle classes of Europe to sink to a "national minimum" that led to fascism. Nothing less than middle-class security, security for differences of income and status, can keep our special interests from turning against our democracy and destroying it.

If two sets of interests are in fundamental opposition; if neither can nor ought to yield to the other; then, if we are to avoid a head-on collision in which both must be checked and frustrated, one side must contrive to by-pass the other so that both can pursue their ends without conflict. Since at the present juncture in our history the national interest must continue its present line of advance without swerving for an instant, the by-passing will have to be done by the special interests. For it is plain that the old static security cannot be reconciled with the national interest; that, accordingly, it must be transformed to a dynamic security, security grounded in the very process of radical change.

We cannot and should not attempt to protect fixed positions; but we can make it easy to move to new positions from which the needs of peace can better be served. We cannot and should not attempt to shield individuals and enterprises from the necessity of making prompt and adequate adjustments, but

we can help them generously in making these adjustments. In place of the old kind of static security based on holding on to fixed positions and of the new kind of static security at the level of mere subsistence, we must achieve security which is based on the assurance that one will be helped to make a *new* place for oneself at the *old* level.

IV

We cannot develop the full meaning of dynamic security in one article, and indeed the problem is too complicated for an easy solution. But it is possible to indicate, in a general way, the proper treatment for the three main groups of economic casualties of this war.

I. In this group are *those enterprises which will have managed to keep going during the war, but which will be seriously maladjusted for peace:*

1. Firms converted to specialized war production and rendered thereby unfit for peacetime production.

2. Submarginal industrial, extractive, commercial, and agricultural enterprises called into being—with government support—by the needs of war, but unable to make a go of it once support is withdrawn.

3. Submarginal enterprises sustained by abnormal consumer demand in certain lines, but doomed to collapse when consumer demand shifts.

For all such enterprises the government should institute a system of readjustment insurance that would release funds for reconversion, for modernization and rationalization, for mechanization, for shifting to new products or crops, for migration to centers of peacetime production or to more fertile land. It is for Congress and the experts to decide the precise terms of this insurance; but if it is to serve its purpose, the insurance must have a certain character.

The cost of such insurance, for example, must be shared by both government and enterprise. The amount of benefit would depend on the amount of insurance a business or farm might choose to carry, and upon the size of the enterprise; the

less its capital worth (if that is made the criterion of size) the larger should government's relative contribution to the insurance fund be. Enterprises larger than a certain arbitrary size or those with more than a certain amount of post-war tax credit might be excluded altogether, on the supposition that they can or should take care of themselves.

The premium payments that the enterprise would have to make would be a legitimate cost of production—the cost of building up a reserve for actual contingencies—and should be recognized as such by tax authorities and government contracting officers. Unlike the post-war tax credit now under consideration in Congress, the reserve it would create would not depend on whether or not a firm made excess profits. Tax credits will of course reflect the ability of an enterprise to stand on its own feet; but precisely those firms which will have failed during the war to build up much of a tax credit or much capital reserve of any kind will be most in need of help when the war is over. It is for these that special insurance provision must be made.

It should be emphasized that payments of insurance benefits must not be part of some scheme for restricting production, as is so notoriously the case with the AAA's "conservation" payments. (It is to-day generally recognized that American agriculture cannot be saved by subsidizing its stagnation; and that, accordingly, this kind of insurance will have gradually to be transformed into insurance of a more dynamic sort.) Nor should benefit payments involve the assumption of responsibility by the government for the survival of the enterprise, still less for restoring its pre-war position. Benefit payments, a strictly limited series of payments, should cushion change, not guarantee against it. It would be up to the beneficiary to make the most of the government's limited generosity. If an enterprise is incorrigibly inefficient or maladjusted it would just have to get out of business. (The business man or

farmer, *as an individual*, should, however, get additional protection as described in Section III.)

II. This group includes enterprises which will not be able to make premium payments—*firms which will have been forced out of business during the war* either because their facilities will have been commandeered and dismantled or because production will have been concentrated by collective agreement. Such firms (but not those forced into liquidation or bankruptcy in the ordinary course of business without coming to terms with the government) should be given the assurance of easy credit terms from the RFC or some other government credit agency when they resume business after the war (the amount of credit possibly being based on the capital worth of the business before the shut-down). Such guarantees of easy government credit would be part of the compensation for commandeering or concentration.

Here again this should involve no responsibility on the part of government for the success of the enterprise; no guarantee about reopening the same business, in the same industry or in the same community. In very many cases either there will simply be no possibility of unscrambling concentrated production or else too much ground will have been lost ever to be recovered. Guaranteed credit would just give the enterprise a chance to re-equip itself, to modernize, to transfer to new fields, to get its bearings, and make a new start as best it can.

III. This group would include *individuals whose occupations have been dislocated by the war*:

1. The millions of young men in the armed forces who have never had significant experience in production.

2. Workers whose peacetime skills will have grown rusty during long years of fighting and war work.

3. Those whose skills become obsolete (as in the building trades).

4. Those whose industries are due for serious contraction (as in most specialized war work or in the production of export crops).

5. Those with no positions to return to, and those unable to hold on to their positions.

These individuals will be in need of training or re-training, or of transfer to other jobs, other industries, or other centers of production, and should accordingly be covered by re-training and transfer insurance.

This insurance would differ from unemployment insurance, which it would supplement, in certain important respects. (1) Only employees confronted with the prospect of serious post-war maladjustment would be eligible for it, except that farmers and business men whose enterprises had failed even after readjustment insurance might also be made eligible. (In general, eligibility should be determined by a division of the Federal Security Agency.) (2) Benefits would have to be used for actual re-training, transfer, or resettlement, not merely for keeping alive while the beneficiary waits to be called back to his old kind of work. As a condition of eligibility for benefits, accordingly, the beneficiary would have to become the active, not merely the nominal, client of the education and re-training services of some existing government agency—such as those grouped in the Federal Security Agency—or of whatever other agency the government might set up for the purpose. (3) While the cost of insurance to the individual would depend on current income (with easier terms, perhaps, for soldiers and sailors, and special provision for business men or farmers who may be interested) benefit payments would depend on both status and need and would continue as long as the need continues. Since in this instance security for the individual and not merely for the enterprise is at stake, the government should assume full responsibility for the beneficiary's successful adjustment. It should help him find satisfactory employment: that is, employment that would not involve a drastic decline in the beneficiary's status or standard of living (unless of course he became the victim of old age or incapacity, when he would pass automatically into the care of some other kind of social insurance).



JOHN L. LEWIS: LAST BID?

HIS ADVENTURE WITH THE DAIRY FARMERS

BY DALE KRAMER

WHEN John L. Lewis announced last spring that he intended to organize the nation's three million dairy farmers into the coal miners' union the cartoonists had a field day, but in many circles the proposal was greeted with anything but amusement. Heads of the existing farm organizations—the Farm Bureau, the Grange, the Farmers Union, and regional groups—laid aside old jealousies and banded together against the intruder. Labor leaders like William Green and Philip Murray, familiar with upheavals plotted by Lewis, tried to calculate the effect of this one, and politicians on Washington's Capitol Hill saw a drastic shift in ancient balances of power if Lewis were to gain important influence in the farm bloc.

Out to organize men—used to thinking of themselves as minor capitalists, Lewis proceeded in a fashion likely to impress them. The Utica, N. Y., offices of the Dairy Farmers Union, which Lewis took over as the nucleus for his all-important campaign in the New York City milk shed, were ample. But his representative, a former personal bodyguard and veteran of the southern Illinois mine wars named Ray Thomason, quickly established more spacious headquarters, complete with private offices, efficient secretaries, and the rest of the accouterments of a go-getting commercial enterprise, in the most impressive downtown office building he could find. Within a fortnight each of the nearly sixty thou-

sand milk producers in the shed—which includes the State of New York and parts of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont—had received a free copy of a newspaper which told of organizers rushing to all corners of the nation by airplane, spoke of unlimited millions to be spent in battling the “milk trust,” and extolled Lewis in every column.

Strong talk and action are not unknown among the dairymen of the New York shed, for intermittently they have been in arms against the dealers for a century. The first recorded strike occurred in 1883—it ended in higher prices for consumers but not for farmers—and numerous strikes have taken place since. Those of recent years have been under the leadership of the Dairy Farmers Union.

Most of the farms in the shed are the family-sized units typical of America, but of all farmers the dairyman undoubtedly toils the hardest and his duties are the most exacting. The number of cows to a farm ranges up to 50; the farmer can handle 10 by himself, and for each additional 15 he must depend on a member of his family or on hired help. Pastures and hay and silage harvests fill part of his feed requirements, but most of his grain is shipped from the Middle West—which means that unfavorable growing conditions in other areas, as well as his own, can play havoc with his plans. Refrigeration is essen-

tial and endless sterilization of pails and cans is required, for the slightest odor will cause his milk to be rejected at the point of delivery. Cows, barn, and water supply must stand frequent inspection. For all this he is not very well paid.

Of recent years a complicated marketing scheme known as the Federal-State Marketing Orders has stabilized prices and proved generally beneficial; but the dairyman is convinced that the government's agricultural program has aided him less than others—a point of view held strongly enough to impress Gallup-pollers when they tapped around recently in an effort to discover the reaction to Lewis's campaign. A study of 500 farms by the New York State College of Agriculture of Cornell University showed the average "labor income" for the year ending April 30, 1940, to have been \$431, while the value of "privileges," such as use of dwelling and consumption of fuel, milk, eggs, etc., was \$404; or a total income for the farmer's use of only \$835. Conditions improved to some degree during 1941, but lately the price of commodities, particularly labor, that the farmer buys has risen more rapidly than the price of his produce.

Consequently, while farmers watched in some amazement the brawny and intrepid figure of John L. Lewis in clanking armor galloping to their rescue, they were not altogether disdainful. "We're between the devil and the deep blue sea," one farmer told a reporter who was traveling in the region. "Lewis is out for the money but so are the others and if he can help us, more power to him." Another, who doubted that he would join, expressed a willingness to listen to Lewis's proposition before making up his mind for certain, and added, "I guess it's a fact that John L. Lewis has never been licked in a fight yet," indicating that the campaign to make the miners' leader appear invincible is not without effect. A neighborhood leader of the farm group absorbed by Lewis declared: "Lewis wants power, no doubt of it; but

isn't it a fact that the farmers never had a really big man at their head?"

That the campaign, if pressed with Lewis's usual energy and resisted by the farm organizations and milk dealers, will result in major explosions—perhaps including a strike in late summer or early fall—is apparent. Of equal interest is the influence its success or failure will have on John L. Lewis himself. Perhaps the most vilified American of his time—yet for better or for worse a mold of the nation—he is as unpredictable as he is competent. His shrewdness and resolution placed him at the head of a great labor movement. Gambling for more power and wanting also to punish his enemies, he threw his leadership away. Yet his belief in his own destiny never faltered. During the past year he has defied the President of the United States by calling the captive coal miners on strike—and he won; he has sulked in the great hall of the United Mine Workers' building—once the Washington Yale Club—accused of failing to speak out wholeheartedly for the war effort; and he has intensified his relentless fight on old comrades of the CIO while failing to make peace with his more ancient foes of the AF of L. Now he has launched a last desperate campaign—and he is admittedly at his most dangerous when cornered and alone.

II

A few years ago Lewis was pictured as a Saul of Tarsus converted on the road to Damascus. During the 1920's he had been the conservative, old-line labor politician who differed from his fellows only in greater ruthlessness and flamboyancy. Then, with the advent of the CIO, he became a messiah leading the underprivileged to salvation. Lewis himself scoffed at any suggestion of conversion, maintaining that he had prepared himself for the new role from that day when, a freckled, redheaded boy of twelve (with the years his hair has darkened to auburn and then grayed, but his eye-

brows are red still) he went to work in a coal mine at his home town of Lucas, Iowa. On many an occasion, while gathered with his new-found liberal friends round the well-laden board (he is a great trencherman, fond particularly of pig's knuckles) or in the firelit library, he recited the story. It was a fine tale, well told, and each piece fell perfectly into its place. Only a few skeptical listeners inclined to the opinion that he had made it up.

If Lewis was misjudged by his new associates, there is some excuse for it. To a large part of the public he is a glowering, selfish man whose quenchless thirst for power has brought about numberless strikes and riots and who, at the expense of impecunious toilers, rides about in a twelve-cylindrical Cadillac driven by a liveried chauffeur. The wide mouth in the boulder-like face seems never to have smiled. If he speaks well of a man it is forgotten. This is due partly to the scarcity and mildness of his praise, but more to his truly extraordinary powers of vituperation. He is extravagant in Shakespearean quotation. This he used on William Green: "Let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, and crook the pregnant hinges of the knee." On another occasion, referring to Green, Lewis spoke of "droolings from the pallid lips of a traitor." Enemies found themselves thrown out of conventions after his request to the delegates that "you now remove their carcasses without the door." Ex-Vice-President Garner became "a poker-playing, whiskey-drinking, vile old man," and his prediction of the President's "ignominious defeat" is likely to live for its terminology as well as its inaccuracy. Once he came dangerously near suffering a backfire after either picking a quotation from a compilation or nodding over the actual text. In a formal speech during the captive-mine controversy he directed a quotation from Milton's "Paradise Lost" at the "sinister" figure of Eugene G. Grace, president of Bethlehem Steel: "When and what art thou, execrable shape, that dar'st, though

grim and terrible, advance thy miscreanted front athwart my way to yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass, that be assured, without leave askt of thee." The next two lines, which he did not quote, "Retire or taste thy folly, and learn by proof, Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n," may have thrown Lewis off. Actually the speaker who was quoted was Satan, masquerading in false colors.

But in private Lewis can be amiable and captivating. The magnetism of his personality fills the room and his wit is as quick and subtle there as it is broad for the platform. Recently he has been a frequenter of Washington's smart circles, and not long ago the public was treated to a photograph of the lowering bull of the miners seated across a mammoth birthday cake from Alice Roosevelt Longworth as they jointly celebrated their birthdays, which fell on February 12th. A common hatred of the President is perhaps the immediate cause of the social companionship of Lewis and Princess Alice, but many intimates of both are of the opinion that he is the quicker of the two in conversation. Usually Lewis is mild of manner; he seldom swears; a drink or two is his limit, and his perusal of the classics is for pleasure as well as for lumps of garlic with which to flavor his speeches. He claims that the *Panchatantra*, an ancient Oriental book of beast fables, shaped his life. No one has been quite able to puzzle out the analogy he has hit upon, though there are a number of possibilities. The first two parts of the book, which is supposed to have been related by an old scholar to three young men named Fierce Power, Rich Power, and Endless Power, are called "The Winning of Friends" and "The Losing of Friends."

More than most men of large affairs, Lewis is wrapped up in his family. It was not until he was twenty-eight and had married Myrta Bell, a Lucas schoolteacher, that he settled down and looked for advancement in the miners' union. Mrs. Lewis gave him lessons in "elocu-

tion," making him declaim from Shakespeare—a training the results of which are still easily discernible. She advised him in matters of policy and in the judgment of men, and continued to do so when he was bargaining with millionaires and presidents. To-day his thirty-one-year-old daughter Kathryn is his most trusted lieutenant, and ten other relatives are on the payroll of the miners' union. Fond of domestic life, he erected a brick wall round his handsome colonial house in a fashionable section of Alexandria, Va., because passers-by stopped to gape at the fierce John L. Lewis engaged in the gentle task of watering the lawn; and when he takes the dog for a walk in the evening he follows a back path to an old wharf where he sits and spins yarns with the watchman.

The public has not been permitted to see this side of Lewis because he does not consider it good policy. When, during his period as hero of the liberals, one of them begged that his publicity staff be permitted to "humanize" him in the manner in which Ivy Lee created a new public character for the late John D. Rockefeller, Sr., Lewis curtly rejected the suggestion, declaring that the public's picture of him as a swashbuckling bruiser was helpful. Older associates, considering Lewis a consummate actor, inclined to the theory that he loved his role too well to give it up. They knew that when a cartoon showing him in a particularly menacing attitude appeared he was apt to ask the artist for the original drawing; and they had, figuratively speaking, seen the old Shakespearean don his robes when newspapermen or other outsiders were admitted to his presence. They had joked with him as he stepped behind the scenes from a convention platform but would not have dared even to nod to him as he made his way up the aisle. In a dining room filled with mine delegates they had seen him sit at a table alone, the problems of the world apparently lying heavy upon his shoulders, and they had known it was a part of his act.

Yet if Lewis were no more complicated

than this—a man who in private is his real self, in public the creator of a role—there would be less internal conflict ahead for the nation. During his messiah period he liked to put his feet on the desk when the day's work was over and discuss the motives of men. He laughed at the intrigues about him, scoffed at "poor old Billy" Green, ridiculed Washington's brigades of memo-senders, and often ended by asking of his little court: "What makes me tick, is it power I'm after, am I a St. Francis in disguise, or what?" Many theories were presented. They credited him with grasping for power—but a degree of power is necessary for the accomplishment of even noble aims. Some ventured that he had too much accustomed himself to think in terms of men rather than ideas. But all agreed that he possessed an analytical and even introspective mind that permitted him to plan and execute each step with a minimum of emotion. They were wrong. His foresight and timing in a given campaign are brilliant, but his vision of the whole is clouded by personal hatreds, a desire to punish no matter what the cost, and a congenital inability to share leadership equally with another. In no other way can his actions of the past two years be explained.

III

If Lewis were to write a book setting forth his opinion of President Roosevelt it would require about a day and a half's dictating time. No pauses for marshaling of thoughts would be required. The story has already been shaped, revised, and polished in his mind, and because of its length he relates it to his intimates by chapters. Though half a million dollars of mine workers' money went into the campaign for the President's re-election in 1936, Lewis now holds that Roosevelt was always more of a hindrance than a help to labor. The suggestion that the President through the NRA saved the miners' union enrages Lewis—though admittedly in 1933 the organization was

broke and membership had dropped from 400,000 to 150,000 since he assumed leadership in 1919. Lewis's answer is that he wrote labor's protective section 7a, put it through Congress against the President's wishes, and single-handedly obtained its enforcement while he conducted the organizational drive which brought back the membership and replenished the treasury. In all subsequent controversies between capital and labor, Lewis declares, the President equivocated.

Yet Lewis has taken half a measure and less from many a man and remained on friendly terms with him. Some hold that the Lewis family—and the views of his wife and daughter play a large part in his decisions—believes that it was given an inferior place on the White House's social list. The Lewises have been heard to deny almost too vigorously that jealousy of the Roosevelts played any part in the difference. Others declare that the President helped the CIO because he wanted to see labor's influence increase, and then thwarted Lewis's grasp for more power. They know that Lewis feels he could have destroyed the AF of L leaders and emerged as head of a united labor movement—on his way to the Presidency of the United States—except for Roosevelt's behind-the-scenes maneuvers. His assumption is not entirely without basis. Whatever the cause of the feud, it is certain that Lewis's conduct of the past few years has been shaped by his effort to humble the President.

The struggle developed on all fronts. Lewis charged that the New Deal's domestic policy had failed miserably, and spoke of "53,000,000 shrunken bellies"—the owners of which could easily elect a President. As the fight over foreign policy developed he placed himself squarely opposite Roosevelt. The result was friction inside the CIO itself, as Sidney Hillman and others sided with the President. When the CIO had opened headquarters in Washington the largest office had been set aside for Lewis, and, though preferring his stately offices in the

miners' building, he had appeared several times a week, stalking through the corridors in his public, or grand, manner. But by late 1939 he was not appearing at all and his office was divided into spaces for others. He was already beginning to seclude himself, to see himself in a death struggle with the President.

The initial stages of the conflict had brought him closer to the Communists. In the 1920's he had inserted a clause in the mine workers' constitution barring Communists from membership and he interpreted the clause to include anyone who seriously disagreed with him. But in the CIO, finding the Communists useful in the difficult and often dangerous organizational jobs, he accepted them while steadfastly denying their presence. A well-known Hearst political writer frequently visited Lewis's luncheon table in Washington's celebrity-frequented Occidental restaurant and after a diversity of preliminary small talk always ended: "John, I've known you for thirty years and you've never given me a bum steer—just how many Communists are there in the CIO?" Lewis's reply never varied. He laid his knife and fork carefully on the edge of his plate, cocked his head in an attitude of thought, and inquired of whatever CIO leader happened to be dining with him: "If we were to search the organization with a fine-tooth comb would we find a single Red?" Lewis now proposes to save the farmers from the Communists, but he made it his business to know who and where they were, and until their quick shift following Hitler's attack on Russia he co-operated with them in every CIO assembly to defeat resolutions favoring the President's foreign policy.

The hunter, he had always said, would control the dogs, and this theory he applied to other associates than Communists. His experience in labor's hierarchy—he was never elected to an important post until *after* he became president of the miners' union—led him to believe that a man's life is governed almost wholly by economic interests. That prin-

ciple had proved itself in the creation of his own smooth-working miners' machine, and he followed it in making gifts of miners' money to new CIO unions. Once when he was fearful that R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers, was becoming too independent he said to a member of his inner circle: "This morning I gave that fellow's union \$40,000, put it right in his hand myself; that ought to keep him in line." Later when he set out to vilify Thomas he could think of no harsher term than "ingrate."

Allied with the Communists in the CIO, he made a gesture to the left wing outside of it by proposing a farmer-labor party, then marched across the street and sat down at the council table of the Right. At the Philadelphia convention of the Republican party he exonerated Herbert Hoover of blame for the depression and implied that had he remained in office the country would have recovered more rapidly. (He explained later to intimates that Thomas Lamont, a J. P. Morgan partner, had told him Hoover would be nominated after a Taft-Dewey deadlock and he was trying to get in on the ground floor.) During the first months following the conventions he conducted a campaign through third parties to bring officials of CIO unions into Wendell Willkie's camp, but without success, and his determination to defeat Roosevelt grew in proportion. Men who brought reports that the miners were solidly for the President went away under accusation of disloyalty. When E. L. Oliver, executive vice president of Labor's Nonpartisan League, the CIO's political arm, issued a statement favoring Roosevelt, Lewis in a towering rage stormed into his office and demanded his keys. Finally he threw his position as head of the CIO into the balance, offering should Willkie be defeated to "accept the result as being the equivalent of a vote of no confidence" and to retire. On the radio he said that he spoke as a private citizen. But the other CIO leaders knew otherwise because shortly

after the broadcast he called them together and commanded that they stand publicly with or against him.

For the first time he met real opposition from men he considered his own, and he was not capable of accepting it. When later he drove Philip Murray, his trusted lieutenant of twenty years, from the vice-presidency of the miners' union, Lewis spoke of him as a "former friend." But the term was inexact. As boss Lewis had no friends; even Murray had never been treated as a friend and comrade-in-arms. It was essential that Lewis retire as CIO president in order to keep his promise, but had he been willing to hold his peace—and even for his present purposes it would have been cleverer to have done so—the convention the following year would have drafted him. Perhaps he intended to. At a testimonial dinner for Murray, his successor, he raised his right hand and swore to stand with Murray when he was right and when he was wrong. But it was not in his makeup to see a former aide in a higher place than his own, even temporarily. Murray said recently that Lewis opened his punitive campaign on the day after that testimonial dinner.

IV

In his new bid for power Lewis is not depending entirely on his farm campaign. He has also the celebrated District 50. District 50 is a huge catchall appendage of the miners' union and was originally set up to organize workers in industries which use the by-products of coal. This subsidiary is run by Ora Gasaway, its president, who is an old Lewis wheel horse and who for years was an official of the United Mine Workers. Gasaway says that "by-products of coal" can be stretched to include anything animal, vegetable, or mineral. Dairy-men are included in District 50 because, according to the Lewis interpreters, the casein of milk is used, as well as coal, in the manufacture of plastics!

Lewis has been making other moves.

Raids have been made on unions in the transportation and construction fields under the direction of Lewis's obstreperous younger brother Denny ("Me Too") Lewis. Energetic attempts have been made to block any peace moves between the CIO and the AF of L, and Murray, an old official of the miners' union, has been thrown out of the United Mine Workers. But these maneuvers are of small account compared with the present campaign to organize the farmers. It is quite possible that Lewis's whole future depends on the outcome.

Urban people may be startled to learn that the great national farm organizations are afraid of Lewis. They are afraid, however, and the reason is that their hold on their own membership is tenuous. The big groups are the Farm Bureau, the Farmers Union, and the Grange. The Farm Bureau was organized in the early 'twenties when demands for farm relief were getting vociferous. It was thought that the "solid" and the "responsible" farmers ought to be organized as a check on the firebrands. Contributions were made by farm machinery manufacturers, the great grain companies, and others, and the Farm Bureau was set up under the direct patronage of a Republican Administration. It was tied very closely with the Department of Agriculture and, in large measure, the Farm Bureau depends on the Department of Agriculture for its existence down to this day. In many instances the County Agent and the Farm Bureau representative are one and the same man. Much of the work of the farm demonstrators and of the 4H clubs—these are composed of boys and girls of school age—is shared between the Department and the Farm Bureau. For years it was impossible to tell which was the tail and which the dog. But recently the Farm Bureau leaders, many of them conservative Southern planters, have broken with the Administration because the Farm Security Administration has been helping the low-income farmers. Now there is a move

to take away the support of the Department of Agriculture, a heavy blow for the Bureau. This move would help the Farmers Union, which has a New Deal economic philosophy, and it may help the Grange, though the vitality of the Grange has dwindled away in the passing of time and it shows its old-time vitality only in the Far West.

But the great difficulty that affects these organizations in their fight with Lewis lies in the fact that they cannot offer the farmer much in the way of direct money benefit, and Lewis can. The big groups save the farmer a little money through co-operatives, but that's about all. They send out printed matter, they conduct meetings and send speakers around the country. They carry some weight in Congress, but their direct bargaining power over the price the farmer receives is nil. Lewis is in a position to make some real promises.

At one time or another in the past Lewis had contemplated a farm alliance. It was clear that a partnership between the nation's 6,200,000 farmers and the CIO could dominate the country. Furthermore, since he had come from Iowa, Lewis fancied that he understood farmers and the way they felt about things. Some years ago, however, when Harry Bridges asked him to charter agricultural workers in the hope that they might provide a balance of power in the struggle with the AF of L on the Coast, Lewis agreed with great reluctance because he knew that it was the middle-class farmers who possess real political strength. (In his present farm drive any interest in wages and hours of hired help is sharply disclaimed.) On a number of occasions Lewis met with agricultural leaders and once he offered practical aid to the Farmers Union and to progressive State groups of the Farm Bureau. But the leaders drew back in alarm when Lewis spoke with contempt of the co-operatives, the foundations of their organization. His position was that farmers could be organized into a sort of mammoth trade union which would bargain with the big

processors and distributors on prices, exactly as working men bargain for wages. Now, at last, Lewis has begun to move and the farm-organization men are panic-stricken.

The first move came last year in a dairymen's strike in the Flint, Michigan, milk shed. When auto workers, who had taken up residence on land outside the city limits, went on the picket line, it occurred to the farmers that affiliation with the CIO would help. The auto workers couldn't see it, but Kathryn Lewis could. She talked it over with her father—couldn't the farmers be used in the total war which he was planning? The result was that Kathryn, who is secretary-treasurer of District 50, was placed in direct charge of the campaign.

Kathryn Lewis is believed to have more influence with her father than anyone except, perhaps, Mrs. Lewis. After her graduation from Bryn Mawr Kathryn served as her father's secretary, and she was put in charge of District 50 not long ago when a loyal hand was needed to purge the new organization of dissidents. Large like her father, but soft-spoken, Kathryn bosses the District from Washington. She believes the farm campaign to be as big as the original CIO drive; if she can direct it successfully she sees herself playing a major role in defeating the family's enemies. And she is as intense a hater as her father ever was.

A charter was issued to the Flint dairymen, and Ralph Marlatt, a District 50 representative, was sent out on a nation-wide trip to sound out other farm groups. Scattered about all over the country are the wrecks and the remnants of regional farm organizations. Some of them still have life in them. Lewis's men picked up odds and ends here and there—what's left of the Wisconsin Co-operative Milk Pool which conducted several strikes some years ago may prove of value—but the biggest catch was the New York Dairy Farmers Union. The Union's strike in the summer of 1939 had cut off New York City's milk supply

and, though the 1941 stoppage was less successful, the Union retained a paid-up membership of about ten per cent of the shed's dairy farmers and had the support—at least in hard times—of a majority. The leaders were capable and honest, but, like all the others before them, they couldn't solve the problem of holding together a militant organization. The history of the fighting farm groups—the Farmers' Alliance of the '90's, the Non-Partisan League, and the Farmers' Holiday of the 1930's are examples—has been the same. Because of the great distance between farms, which makes the collection of dues and co-ordinated action extremely difficult, and because these organizations never were able really to come to grips with the big processors, all of the farm crusades have collapsed. But Lewis brought with him a completely different sort of tactic and a new sort of organization.

Lewis undertook to take over the financial burdens of the Dairy Farmers Union (he changed the name to United Dairy Farmers) while granting the union complete autonomy. At the same time members were asked to sign a pledge making District 50 its bargaining agent "in all matters pertaining to the price of my milk and condition of its sale." The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away!

Once organized, Lewis expects to keep the United Dairy Farmers going by the trade-union method of checking off dues. The farmer brings his milk to either a co-operative or a plant owned by one of the dealers. The plant managers would be asked to check off dues in the same way the mine operator deducts union fees from his employees' pay, and they would be requested to do it for every farmer whether he was willing or not. To influence recalcitrant managers Lewis may use boycotts, with member-milk trucked to competitors for a time, or he may tie up the plant with a local strike. Other and more nightmarish methods, such as pollution of milk shipments with kerosene, are predicted by opponents.

If successful on a wide enough scale—and he may be able to win with a minority of the farmers as actual members—Lewis will demand price contracts with the big distributors under threat of strike. This is the individual dairyman's hope for a higher price. Because milk prices drop with the greater supply in summer, and drought with resultant high feed prices often occurs, a try for a quick decision in the New York shed may be made in late summer or early fall.

If successful in fitting the trade-union key to the milk industry, Lewis would be certain to expand in other directions. Though the machinery would be more complicated, bargaining by growers of wheat, hogs, cotton, and other crops with their processors is entirely feasible. It was the aim of striking farmers in 1932-33 to raise prices by cutting down the flow of produce to market, and they had some success. A closely knit organization under the direction of seasoned strike leaders might tie up the great Chicago meat packing plants, particularly if the packing-house workers co-operated—though here old wounds might hurt Lewis, for the unions are CIO. The same principle holds for processors of all kinds. Other grievances might be adjusted. For example, in 1932-33 farmers scaled down mortgage debts many millions of dollars by resorting to a curious "strike" which consisted of bidding in chattels and land for a few pennies under threat of dealing harshly with higher bidders.

It is no wonder that leaders of the national farm groups are alarmed. They denounce Lewis and issue thundering

statements, but none is very strong and they are seldom in agreement with one another. They know that if Lewis is able to get results, if he can show important price gains through his trade-union methods, their organizations may be done for.

No one familiar with Lewis's career is in a hurry to make predictions. The opportunity to organize the farmers is wide open—but can he do it? The odds seem overwhelmingly against him. With the CIO—or better yet a united labor movement—on his side he would be in a fair position to undertake the terrific task of unionizing agriculture. A few years ago he might have had assistance from some of the groups in the Administration. Instead, now he will have opposition on every hand. He will be denounced as obstructing the war effort; the hand of the Administration will work against him wherever possible. Lewis's enemies—especially the men he himself developed in the CIO—are mostly young, energetic, and as vindictive as himself, while he must largely depend on old retainers who after a thousand battles would prefer to live out their years in peace.

The man is sixty-two years old, he has his daughter and his wife, he has some money. He is confident and never so confident as when setting out to fight alone. "Let there be no moaning at the bar when I put out to sea," he told the reporters as he took the sleeper for Flint at the time of the sit-down strikes. It may be that he has the cunning and the strength to win one more victory still. If he loses, he is through.



HILAIRE AND THE MARÉCHAL PÉTARD

A STORY

BY KAY BOYLE

AT THAT time in France, say in the first six months or so that followed what happened, every café table in the Un-occupied Zone became a sort of refuge. People who had never set eye on one another before would find themselves sitting down in cafés and looking into one another's faces for the answer, not understanding yet how it had happened or why it had happened, but only that they shared a disastrous fate in common, and that was the fate of sudden and incredible defeat. They would tell the story of their own experiences, or the experiences of friends, or merely of people they had heard about somewhere, as if in saying these things over and over they must somehow find the explanation in the end. If they sat silent it was not because they reflected—for there are times in a country's history when its people no longer have the courage to reflect on how tragically the national land lies. They were silent as if harking for the voice of the still unheard expositor to find the arguments and speak them out.

Perhaps it was this role that young Count Alain filled when he sat down with the peasants in the *bistro* of the mountain village he had come to, sitting there drinking *pinard* with them as probably no Count had ever done before. He was articulation, he was almost authority to them as he sat there talking of Flanders and what he had seen and the way things had been. He told them that every army officer was still in the service of his

country, and he said it so quietly and deliberately that none of them sought to question it or even to ask what it meant. Perhaps he was saying they would all put their uniforms on again before too long and go on with the fight, or else that every French officer, whatever clothes he wore, was still on some singularly honorable mission; but because they were not yet at ease in the role of the conquered, they did not ask if it were in the name of the people or in Vichy's name.

He would sit there talking over a glass of wine at night, listening to the news bulletins with them and to what they had to say. If he seemed to pay particular heed to what they said among themselves, as if giving ear to which way the wind of opinion was blowing, they did not notice. To them, the depths of betrayal had already been reached and they did not know how far there was yet to go. If anything passed their lips in violence and impatience the Count was there to speak out and recall them from the dream. He would summon them back to reality, however grim its face was, saying:

"We must listen to our leader," and after a while the peasants themselves would say it: "*Il faut écouter notre chef*," the sound of it bringing some semblance of peace and quiet for a little while to the soul's bewilderment and the soul's despair.

He told them all he had come up here for the skiing, and he had the look of a skier—the long legs and the narrow

waist and the rather slouching back and shoulders—and he seemed a rich enough young man although he was a refugee. They knew his French army officer's uniform was hanging in the closet of his hotel room because he had worn it when he stepped off the bus among them, and he told them he was here because there were Germans billeted in his mother's property in Brittany. The Germans were exceedingly correct, he said, there was not a breath of criticism against them, but while they were in his mother's home he preferred to stay at a distance. And when a peasant sitting there with him would clear his throat and wipe the wine off his mustaches with the back of his hand and say:

"Ils sont deux fous, ce Hitler et le Fureur," he would not correct him, and he would be careful not even to smile.

He talked of Flanders to them, and they could see the horses and mules—beasts that were a part of their living—running amok under the bombs and the whining planes with the ancient cannon they couldn't get loose from crashing this way and that behind them as they bolted. They could see the road quite well where, he said, the four horses went galloping in terror to their death, not killed by gunfire this time but by the cannon they were harnessed to outstripping them as they swung wildly abreast and foaming down the hill.

"It rammed the four of them into the bridge's parapet at the bottom," the Count would say, and the peasants sitting at the table with him would see the way their necks had been broken, and they would shake their heads in outrage over so much horseflesh canceled out either for plowing or carting or for the work that was to be done. "Horse-drawn cannon!" the Count would go on saying. "Horse-drawn cannon in a 1940 war," and as he said it the mountain men who had not been there would see for a moment the awful meeting of the two disparate sides.

He sat there talking to them like this the night the American woman walked in

with the little boy just behind her. It was October, and it had been raining. The *bistro* keeper, leaning on the bar, had said there would probably be snow on the heights by morning when Susan Farrow pushed the café door open and walked in. As soon as Count Alain saw her he stood up and slid his glass of wine back with his fingertips across the table. Why he stood up he could not explain to himself later; perhaps the sight, as startling there and at that moment as the American Field Service uniform she wore, or perhaps the automatic sign made just once more after a number of years of giving homage to pretty women; or perhaps it was nothing more than the look of weariness moving him as he faced the stern, young, intrepid eye.

She asked if there was a hotel in the town, looking from one to the other of them, and it was the Count who answered her out of that roomful of mountain men. He said there was a hotel just across the village square, and he stepped forward as he spoke, saying the words in English to her.

"And there are rooms free?" she said quietly. "There are rooms and actually food to be had?" The Count said that he was the only guest at the hotel because of the season, and that the food was ample. "Milk, butter, eggs? You mean things like that?" she asked, and the little boy beside her looked as well into the Count's face as if asking corroboration of something as fabulous as Santa Claus.

"Yes," said the Count, smiling, "of course there are, that is if you don't say their names too loud."

"How loud?" asked the little boy sternly. "How loud can we say it?"

"Not very loud," said Count Alain, and without warning the little boy suddenly called: "Milk—eggs—butter!" in French and in a pure, ringing voice across the room, and the Count burst out laughing.

The mother put her hand on the back of the nearest chair, and the Count saw something falter in her.

"I've driven a long way," she said. She looked in some sort of numb confusion at the Count and at the other men. "I think I need a drink," she said.

Count Alain jumped to hold the chair and he ordered the drink for her, and when he asked if he could sit down at the table with her she made a brief gesture with her hand.

"Where did they stop you?" the Count asked, sitting there looking at her. Because since June that was the way the questions would begin, she understood and said it had happened at Evreux.

"I had three wounded in my ambulance," she said as she stripped her gloves off. "My base hospital had evacuated, so when I went I took my wounded along. I stopped for my boy at his school at Fontainebleau, and he rode on the driver's seat beside me. We managed to get our wounded through alive," she said. Her hair was soft and longish under the cap, and her mouth was young, and in the *bistro's* uncertain light she looked scarcely more than a girl to the Count, but he knew from the eyes' clear, cool implacability that she could have done this thing or anything else she might have set out to do. "We were bombed pretty regularly," she said, and as if there was little to it, she added: "It took us over a week to reach Bordeaux."

"I wish I had seen you there," said the Count across the table. "I was there too."

"Perhaps you did see me," said Susan Farrow, and she took another drink from her glass. "I was the woman who made a spectacle of herself the day the Germans came. Perhaps you saw them drive in with French tin helmets and English Tommies' caps hanging like trophies of the hunt on the radiators of their cars?" she said. "I couldn't stand it. I stood there by the fountain and cried like a fool."

"The English Tommies' caps weren't much to look at at Dunkerque," the Count said, looking at her, and Susan Farrow lighted her own cigarette and threw the match away.

"Whether you liked them then or not," she said, "if you're still a Frenchman you've got to like them now." She looked him in the eye a moment and then she said: "Why didn't you get across from Bordeaux?"

"Across?" said the Count, pretending not to understand it. He turned his glass in his fingers a moment. "I went there to try to find out what there was still left for a French officer to do," he said, and he did not lift his eyes.

"And having found out the only thing left for a French officer to do," said Susan Farrow, "what in the world are you doing here?"

The Count did not speak at once, and when he did it was not to answer her question. He turned to the little boy with a smile and he asked him if he'd like another grenadine, his tone almost wilfully playful and light, and then he looked at the mother again.

"In all the panic and stampede of those first days," he said, "I should have loved to meet you walking coolly down a Bordeaux street."

"Not so coolly," said Susan Farrow. "I was also that woman who got up and left a café terrace one afternoon because German officers sat down at the table next to her. I didn't like the look of the enemy even then," she said, with the little edge of grimness on her voice, and the Count's eyes shifted a little.

"You sound like a Frenchwoman," he said pleasantly, and Susan Farrow's voice was quiet when she spoke.

"My husband's French," she said, and the Count's eyes returned with interest to her face. She had lifted her glass, and he saw again the first thing that had moved him in her—the look of desperate weariness or of desperate, valiant grief—halted just this side of despair.

"I hope you have good news of him," Count Alain said and he watched her carefully as he spoke. Susan Farrow put her glass down and looked at the little circle of liquid that remained.

"I have no news," she said. "I've been waiting for news since June."

That was the first night, and the snow had not fallen yet, but all the next day there was the feel of it in the air. Count Alain played Russian billiards by himself in the entrance hall of the hotel and waited, or else he walked up and down in the village square where the church was and smoked cigarettes and looked at the brooding sky. He was bored, unutterably bored, in spite of the mission he had undertaken. There were no books here, no women, no life except this life of keeping watch upon other men's emotions. There was no snow even. He remembered a book he had read in London one spring, an English book or an Irish book, and the name of it was unpleasant to him. *The Informer* it was called, and he put the word into French as he chalked his cue.

"*Le Mouchard*," he said and he didn't like the taste of it.

All that day he might have been waiting for the snow to fall or for the American woman and her little boy to come downstairs together, but neither one thing nor the other happened. It was not until nearly five in the afternoon that the little boy came down alone and stopped at the bottom of the stairs.

"I'm glad to see you," said the Count. "I hope you'll have a game with me."

He rubbed blue on the ends of the two cues, and he said he'd been hoping for company all day. The little boy wore ski-trousers and a navy sweater too short for him, with the elbows of it darned.

"I don't know how to play," he said, and he stood looking at the billiard table.

"Didn't your father ever play billiards with you?" the Count asked casually enough, and the little boy said he hadn't. He drew one finger slowly and carefully down the length of the table in the red wood's groove.

"Maybe I was too young to learn before he went away. I was only nine then. That was a year ago," he said.

"So he went away," said the Count, shooting the first ball. "You mean he left the country, he left France?" he said, still in that casual, easy way.

"Yes, he left France," the little boy said, watching the balls. "He's a lieutenant. He's in Syria with Weygand."

The Count straightened up and looked at the billiard table in speculation a moment and then he placed the stick in the boy's two hands. He turned his shoulders for him and arranged his fingers so that the cue might rest easily in them, and he said:

"Well, now the war's over," and he steadied the boy's hand, standing behind him as a father might have done. "Make your arm a little looser," he said, and he went on saying: "For Frenchmen the war's over. You know that, don't you? Now let it go," he said about the cue. It wobbled uncertainly forward and the tip of it seemed to rise of itself into the air and it missed the white ball by three inches. "Try it again," said the Count. "That one doesn't count," and he guided the cue back through the little boy's hands. "The war's over now so they'll be demobilizing your father."

The little boy pulled the cue back and let it go again, and this time he hit the white ball squarely and it cracked into the red.

"I hit it," said the little boy.

"That was a good one," said the Count, and he walked around the table for position. "When your father comes up here you can show him how to do it."

"I'm saving my sugar to give him," the little boy said.

It was not until the next morning that the mother was to be seen, and then she came downstairs early with the little boy walking beside her, freshly groomed and the shabby clothes he wore quite clean. The Count could see her from the hotel dining room where he sat drinking his *café national* with a little skimmed milk in it and eating his one slice of un-buttered bread. She was wearing the uniform still—probably only for the warmth of it by this time, or because she had nothing else to wear—and her head was bare and her soft hair floating. She took the little boy across the square, and the Count watched them mount the

length of the village street to where the school was and he saw them go inside the schoolhouse door. When she came out the Count was on the square lighting his first cigarette, and he saw she was alone now. She had put her hands in her jacket pockets and she did not look back at the schoolhouse windows as she went quickly up the road.

Count Alain caught up with her just before the corner where the road turned off into the cart track, and he said good-morning to her, and mentioned the weather, doing it—as he had done before—in English, and doing it well. He was wearing his military boots, and the honorary bit of bright red silk was threaded in his jacket's lapel, and he walked with a certain, flattering intimacy beside her.

"So school," he said as they started to climb from the village towards where the first, dark-timbered farmhouses lay.

"He didn't want to go," said Susan Farrow, and her voice was a little uneasy. "I didn't want to leave him. This year it means going back and trying to be a little boy again," she said, and the Count liked the sound of her voice as they walked together. "It means ceasing to be a witness to all the crimes he has seen committed. He's seen too many of them since June."

"You mean—death?" said the Count, and he cleared his throat, watching the well-turned toes of his military boots appearing, first the right and then the left, as they mounted the frost-stiff, rutted soil.

"Hunger and violence—different kinds of violence. And death—yes, death," said Susan Farrow. All about them was the dour, stone-gray landscape with the islands of needle-trees dark and rich as velvet on it. High against the lightish, clouded heavens, the everlasting snows lay a brilliant, unstained edge around the world. "There were three nuns on bicycles who pedaled half a day before us down the bombarded road," she said. "He has to forget about them: the two of them lying dead after the bomb, and the

third one, with a hand gone, trying to pick up her rosary beads that were scattered all over what was left of the road. He remembers everything. He remembers she didn't even know her hand was gone," she said.

"Perhaps America," the Count murmured, looking at his shoes as he walked.

"I can't leave until I have news," said Susan Farrow. "I'm going to wait here until I know about my husband."

They walked on in silence a moment and then the Count said:

"Of course no fighting took place in Syria."

"Yes," said Susan Farrow. "I know."

"And if there had been an accident the authorities would have advised you," said Count Alain.

"Yes," said Susan Farrow, "that is true."

The Count glanced at the side of her face as they climbed, seeing almost in spite of himself the clarity and the color of it laid startling as a flower against the sapless and lifeless, stony land.

"Perhaps you have reason to believe he is trying to get to another country?" he said, but her face gave no sign.

"I'm not certain geography can alter what has happened," she said, and at the same instant they saw the little animal flash across the land before them. "White! Is it an ermine?" she cried out, and the Count answered with satisfaction:

"When the weasels turn white it means the snow isn't far."

It may have been then, as they walked up the country, that she first told him the parable of the dream. That was October, and de Gaulle had already tried to land at Dakar and failed, and the Tchad was flying the Free French flag on its military staffs, and it may have been then that she first mentioned the dream to him. She may have said that, whatever was lost, the dream still remained to be given; or that it was the dream he could still give to the peasants instead of what he gave, and the Count had cried out in irritation:

"The dream? What dream? What dream?" and he could feel the vicious pain of indecision turning in his heart.

Another time that she spoke of it was the afternoon when the Count took them both out from the other side of the village to eat the homemade bread and honey on the hill. School was over for the day, and the snow had not begun to fall yet, and the weasels were still running pure white across the land. The mother and the Count and the little boy followed up the deep cold gully where the waters poured swiftly over the frost-sprayed rocks and the mosses' bleached hair, and the water fell so deeply and loudly that, even though they were close enough to touch one another, they must shout to be heard above its clamor.

"We're going to eat honey, honey!" the little boy tried calling out, but the sound of the falling water engulfed his voice and carried it downstream beneath the ice-bearded trees.

But once they had rounded the highest boulder of land it was as if they had clapped their hands to their ears; for here the tumult of the water died first to a whisper and then abruptly ceased to be. Here the ski-jump was erected at the summit where they paused, and the needle-trees stood frail and tall and delicately boughed about them. Just across the barren, ice-bound plateau they could see the one farm lying straight ahead.

"That's the honey farm," said Count Alain, and he ran lightly up the ski-jump's boards. He had turned his back on the distant farm, and he stood looking down the jump's swift, sloped avenue of leaves. "Here's where the jumpers start sliding," he said, and the little boy watched him from the path. "Here's where you take a little drink for courage, and then you put your legs together and you close your eyes."

The little boy stood to one side watching him do it.

"And then what do you do? What do you do after that?" he said.

"And then you say a prayer," said

Count Alain. "You ask for strength in the name of '*Travail, Famille, Patrie.*'"

"You do if you're a collaborationist," said Susan Farrow quickly. "If you're still a Frenchman you ask for strength in the name of '*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*'" and then the little boy said the thing that neither of them had been expecting to hear. As if it had been he instead of the peasants who sat each night in the *bistro* listening to Count Alain, the little boy said:

"We must listen to our leader," speaking the words in terrible mimicry.

"Don't say it like that!" the Count cried out, and he swung violently around. "I forbid you to say it like that!" he said. His face was white, and as he came across the rotted pine cones and the stones of the path to where the little boy stood there was something they had not seen before as cold as iron in his eyes. "Do you know what you're saying?" he said, and in another moment it seemed he might lift his hand in fury and strike the little boy.

"I'm saying what everybody at school's saying," said the little boy.

"Not like that!" said the Count. "That isn't the way we say it!"

"It's the way we say it at school, and the way everybody says it. The teachers say it like that, and the bus-driver said it like that, and the postman, and everybody says it like that," the little boy said. "*Il faut écouter notre malheureux chef, le ga-ga de Vichy,*" he said, and he stood there in his too-small navy sweater and his ski pants, looking Count Alain stubbornly in the eye.

The silence that fell upon them now had nothing to do with the height of the place or the mere cessation of sound. But it was this other thing, the rift between reality and the dream that poured wild as a torrent between the man and woman as they climbed. The Count looked almost in anger at the mountains ahead and at the pale cold sky, hating the reprimand, the accusation, the issue that kept the soft-haired, the young-mouthed, the slender woman and him apart. The

words she did not say cried out in silence to him: Count Alain, Count Alain, look into our faces and let us save you, as if calling out to all youth in one man's name as his likeness fled smaller and smaller from them on the desperate tide. Count Alain, Count Alain, turn and look at us, he knew she was crying after him, and the mountains rose vast and pure ahead in attestation, but the Count would not turn and look in fear of what he might see summoning him there.

"There are two men in the story," Susan Farrow was saying as they walked up the country. "There is no woman in it, for it is a discord in which she plays no part."

"I want there to be a woman in it. I want you to be in it," said the little boy, and the Count climbed sullenly ahead.

"The men are not distinguishable by any race or nationality or color," said Susan Farrow. "They may even have the same race and nationality or color, but they are different because one of them asks of the truth if it will give substance to the dream, and the other one asks if it will bring profit or fatality to him. The first man can be exiled from his country and his people if the survival of the dream demands it of him, and the other man will accept whatever comes, saying, 'This is reality,' and shape his course to it," and the Count, walking ahead, still loved the sound of her voice in his ears. "The first man is faithful, the second man is not—"

"Why? Why do you say that?" Count Alain cried out, swinging round. "Why do you speak of it as a matter of faith?"

"Because the dream does not alter," said Susan Farrow. "Reality alters from century to century to suit the physical needs and the designs of continents and men. But the dream has never altered."

They came across the fields of the plateau, splitting the brittle roofs of the high, ice-held swamplands, their feet snapping the crusts of water and the short, faded, friable grass. When they

reached the door of the farmhouse the old lady who had watched them from the window coming through the pale, snowless light of afternoon led them into the stone-flagged hall. There they sat down at the heavy, thick-legged table under the beams and the Count asked the old lady to bring them what food she had, and then he sat looking at Susan Farrow.

"Let's put our cards on the table," he said at last. "I think there's an exchange we can make." He liked the game of adventurer he was playing, and he opened his cigarette case before her and smiled across the boards. "You talk vaguely of men getting 'across.' I'd like to know just how far your knowledge goes about it."

"What have you got to exchange for the answer to that?" asked Susan Farrow, and she lighted her own cigarette and shook her hair back and threw the match away.

"Perhaps your freedom of movement, yours and your son's," said the Count. "It's possible that you might want to go back to America one day."

"Ah, if I knew how they got across!" Susan Farrow cried out in a low, despairing voice, and she brought her fist down in passion on the boards. "If I knew I'd be going on foot from town to town telling men how to do it! I wouldn't be sitting idle here!"

The old lady put the great pitchers of milk down before them, and the slabs of butter, and the slices cut from the honeycomb itself running deeply and slowly with gold. The bread was freshly baked and good, and there was sugar. It was the kind of lavish, casual thing which the whole country, in just four months of quiet-faced disaster, had almost forgotten could be.

"There's a law against this now," said the Count, but he went on eating. "The old lady'd have trouble if ever an inspector stopped by."

"Inspectors don't climb mountains," said Susan Farrow, and she poured the rich milk into the glasses for them.

"I believe our government's changed

all that," Count Alain said as he buttered his bread. "There are new men in the new order."

"You mean, inspectors even on skis, even at this height?" said Susan Farrow. "To see we do the approved Vichy method?"

"Why not?" said the Count, and suddenly Susan Farrow halted, and she sat there, silent a moment looking at him, with the milk pitcher still lifted in her hand.

At the end of the first week the little boy came home from school one afternoon and said he was starting a newspaper. He crossed the hotel hall and went straight to the desk where his mother was writing letters, and he slung his schoolbooks in the leather bag down and said he was starting a newspaper with two other boys. Count Alain was playing billiards by the plate-glass window, and he clipped the white ball neatly and the red ball dropped into the center pocket. When he had done this he stood back, tall and elegant, with his legs spread, and he carefully chalked the end of his cue.

"So you're starting a newspaper, are you?" he said. "Well, that's very interesting. Would you like me to write you something for it? I could write you some poetry about my schooldays. I used to have a paper of my own in school. *In statu quo ante bellum*."

"No," said the little boy, "that wouldn't do." He drew his finger thoughtfully down the length of the table in the red wood's groove, and he said: "We're not going to publish poetry. It's a newspaper about the war."

That was the beginning of it, and after that the little boy didn't hang round watching the billiards or watching the bridge games in the evening, or waiting to see if the barometer needle might be altering for snow. Instead, he would go up to his mother's room and sit down at the table under the light to do his homework quickly so as to get on to the things he wanted to do. He would write his

paragraphs out in ink, and he didn't ask her how to spell the words, as if now a certain kind of pride were involved in it. He was doing it as a man might have done it, in high and lonely decision, and there must be no implication of women in the way. It may have been that he was writing it all down for one man to read, perhaps for one man in particular who had made no sign of life to them and who perhaps could make none.

"Do the other two boys on the paper know how to spell a little?" his mother would say, but out of respect she didn't look toward the table where he wrote the things out.

"They're older than me," the little boy said. "One's eleven already, but I'm the editor of it. They're collecting stories about politics and everything, and then we write them up."

"If it's about politics perhaps you ought to be sure and spell the names of the real people and the real places right," his mother said, but the little boy shook his head.

"We don't do that," he said. "We don't spell the names of real people the way other papers do."

On the first of November the newspaper came out. The little boy came in from school with his books on his back and a proud shy look in his eye. He crossed the entrance hall to where his mother sat writing letters at the desk, writing letters to Syria in hope still, and letters to America saying there was still no news of one man out of a nation of them, and until there was she couldn't come home. Count Alain was seated near her, beating himself at chess, when the little boy came in and laid the newspaper down.

"So here it is at last," said Susan Farrow. It was done on foolscap paper, and there was only one copy of it, the little boy said, and he stood there looking at it with his eyes bright and his face pointed delicately with pride.

The Count lay back in his chair and yawned and stretched his long legs and arms out.

"What's your newspaper called?" he asked, putting his voice into his yawn.

"It's called '*La Canne à Pêche*,'" said Susan Farrow, reading the words of the title slowly out, and without a moment's pause and as if the four separate words had been four separate slaps across his face, Count Alain sprang to his feet and crossed to the desk. "I didn't know you were going to write about fishing," Susan Farrow was saying to the little boy, and the Count said: "Excuse me, please," and took the newspaper out of her hand.

He stood by the desk, near the light, the better to read the lines of small, painstaking print, and he did not speak as his eye ran down the page. The paper was already not quite clean, and the edges of it were ragged, and on the front page—where the drawing was—the hotel ink had run. The drawing was of a man with a small mustache on his lip and a lock of hair on his forehead, and what may have been the horns of a devil jutting on his brow. He was not very expertly—certainly not recognizably—done, but it was apparent that he was leading an old gentleman on a cane to the top of what could be accepted as a ski-jump by those who knew. But so that there might be no mistake, the names of the two of them were written across the belts, below the smeared gilt medals and decorations that hung upon their breasts. The name of the man with the hotel-inked mustache was "Hilaire" and the old man's name was "le Maréchal Pétard"; and as the Count studied the drawing the little boy moved nearer to him in the light.

"He's taking him up there to try and make him jump," he said in explanation, and there was his name scrawled beneath it with a boldness those other French cartoonists who could no longer put their names to what they believed in might have looked at with envy and pride.

"I see," said the Count, and he read slowly down the column of uneven, childish print and turned the page to read the article headed "*La Légion d'Horreur*."

"The Legion of Horror consists of wearing a small red ribbon which can be bought by the yard," the article said in part, and the Count's hand fled instinctively to the red thread in the buttonhole of his lapel. "But it will save you a lot of trouble if you just write to Fishy for it."

"Oh, Fishy!" said Susan Farrow, sharing the page with the Count as he read, and she began laughing. "That's where the '*Canne à Pêche*' comes in—"

"Not quite," said the Count. "Look it up in the Larousse. You'll find it under the word 'Gaule.'"

That night the Count did not come to their table in the dining room and lean upon it, talking; he did not call out to the little boy across the tables; he did not even look their way. Instead, he ordered a second carafe of wine, and he drank it fast and bitterly, and then he went out, slamming the hotel door behind him, and paced up and down the bleak wintry square. Susan Farrow could see him through the window walking up and down, his hands in his pockets, his steps long, wide, and slow. Up and down he turned between the church's shadow and the pharmacy's shingled tower, back and forth through the circle of ice-white light the high dim street lamp cast, back and forth in the cold as if seeking to ease the torment in his heart.

How late it was she did not know when the knock sounded on her door. She sat up quickly and switched the light on by the bed. She thrust her feet into her slippers, and pulled the pink quilted robe on as she crossed the room, thinking only that it might be the word come, it might be the one thing for which all life was in abeyance now. She called out: "I'm coming," and she heard her own voice shaking as she said it. She could see the pale strip of paper, the blue shape and size of the telegram forwarded on from one address after another, catching her up here late at night at last.

But when she opened the door, there was only the Count standing there in the long, bare corridor of the hotel hall, leaning against the door jamb with his

young, vain, rather drunken eyes looking gravely at her face.

"I have something to say. Please let me say it to you," he said, and she stood there shaking her head in bewilderment at him a moment, the pain of betrayal and bereavement numbing her before the sense of outrage came. She scarcely knew that she stepped back and let him pass into the room or that she closed the door behind him. It was only when she saw him pick up her husband's likeness in the frame from the table by the bed and stand, swaying a little, looking at his face that she felt the outrage. "So that's his face," he said. "So that's his face."

"You can't possibly meet his eyes," she said, and she took the photograph with a hard, quick movement from his hand.

"Very well," said the Count, standing there before her, "maybe that's what I've come to say. I haven't felt any shame or guilt before, so why should you make me feel it, why the devil should you? What has he done that I haven't done that he's held up like a saint before me? I've had enough of it," he said, and he stood there in his breeches and military boots and his dark flannel shirt looking almost grievously at her. "I'm still serving my country, I'm here keeping order, doing what there is to be done, while he's up to God knows what where he is out there. . . ."

"Serving your country—" Susan Farrow began in anger, holding the photograph against her in her hands not as if it were likeness, but the actual text of the covenant which he had never read and in which he could have no part. But he had come in to have his say, and he stopped her short to say it.

"Talk of reality!" he almost shouted, with the blood coming into his face. "Let me tell you for once what the situation was when I got back to my mother's house in Brittany. The Germans had walked into the town two weeks before, and what did they find when they got there but the mayor gone and the chief of police gone and the fire brigade

gone, and no one in authority left to take charge! When a fire broke out, it was the Germans who had to put it out! A nation of officials on the run! A nation of them!" he cried out in bitterness. "And running in pursuit of what? In pursuit of the dream you will tell me!"

"There were others," said Susan Farrow, holding fast to the covenant in her hands. "As a Frenchman, you should speak of those others."

"But those were Frenchmen, those were Frenchmen!" the Count cried out. "And now we're learning the lesson we had to learn. We who had forgotten national unity are learning the terms of the new order from people who have known for centuries what a national spirit means." He fumbled a cigarette out of his case, and then, in belated gallantry, he held the case blindly toward her, but she shook her head. "Frenchmen!" he said again. "Frenchmen! A whole nation of us flinging off our uniforms as we ran!"

"Not a nation," said Susan Farrow quietly. "There were others. There are other stories to tell." She watched him holding the match to his cigarette with his hand unsteady, and she went on saying: "Remember that long beach. Remember the enemy had been bombarding that beach and the wharves beyond it for three nights and days. There were sixty thousand men on that beach," she said. "Men without food and with scarcely any arms, but they would not surrender. But when the enemy came over the dunes on the fourth morning at dawn they no longer met any resistance. There were only a few survivors left, a few famished men among the thousands of dead." The Count had let the match go out and he stood with the dead stick of it in his fingers, looking at her. "That was last June," she said. "The place was Dunkerque. The sixty thousand men were French."

"So you are to be my conscience," the Count said slowly. "You, without a drop of French blood in your veins."

"There were others," she said, speaking almost in pain to him now. "There was a little group of children, the Cadets of Saumur, who for something as foolish as honor kept two German divisions from crossing the Loire," and suddenly the Count sat down on the edge of the bed, and he pulled her down, in her soft pink robe, beside him. He sat there with his arm in the elegant, dark wool, sport-shirt sleeve laid gently round her, looking down at the toes of her bedroom slippers before he began to speak.

"So you are to be my conscience," he said again. "You are not to be my love, but my conscience." He did not move, but he sat there a little drunk, with his arm around her, on the edge of the bed. "Unless you could come to believe I was someone else," he said. "Unless you could close your eyes and believe I was some other man, or some other kind of man, a man trying to get from Syria to England. . . ."

"Whenever you sit down at the table in the *bistro* and tell the peasants one thing," Susan Farrow said, holding the photograph close, "I'll sit down at another table and tell them other stories."

"Will you tell them how a man gets from Syria to England?" the Count said.

"I would tell them," said Susan Farrow quietly, "I would tell them all if I knew how it was done."

Whether it was for love or for information that he came that night to the room she never had enough curiosity about him to decide. She only knew that when he started speaking of her beauty and her gentleness, and when he sought to take the picture from her, she had got up and walked across the room to the window, and pulled the curtain back and stood there looking out at the church's and the tower's shadows in the street-light's pallor on the square.

"Now you had better go," she said, with her back turned to him, and he did not answer. In a moment she said again, without turning: "Count Alain, I'd like you to go," and almost at once

she heard the door close behind him. It was not until next morning, when she looked for it, that she found the little boy's newspaper was no longer there.

The village gendarmes called it "the Hilaire and the Maréchal Pétard affair" and it never quite ceased to be funny to them. But the secret police, who had been sent from somewhere else to make the investigation, didn't take it that way at all. It was the secret police, in plain clothes, who walked into the schoolroom and gave the names of the three boys to the schoolteacher that cold November afternoon. They took the boys, and later they took each parent, separately into the room of the *chef de brigade*, and they questioned them for three or four hours at a stretch. The first one to be put through the rigamarole was Susan Farrow's little boy.

"Where were you born?" the police began by asking him, and the little boy standing there before the two men in his navy jersey and his ski-trousers said he had been born in Paris.

"Where is your father?" said the first man again. It was he who kept his hat on during the entire inquiry, and the other man sitting at the corner of the desk kept his overcoat round his shoulders because of the mountain cold.

"He's in the army in Syria," the little boy said, and then he caught sight of one document in particular lying on the desk. "Look, that's my newspaper," he said quickly. "I'm the editor of it."

"Your mother told you about your father, didn't she?" said the first man as if the little boy had not said anything at all, and he watched his face carefully as he spoke.

"She told me he was in Syria," the little boy said. "We didn't have any more letters from him." He kept his eye on the document lying on the desk, and he said: "I only made one copy of my newspaper and I lost it. I've been looking for it everywhere."

"Your mother told you your father was trying to get out of Syria, didn't she?" the second man said. He sat quite still, but

alert, at the desk, as if fearing the slightest move might put the sound of the truth to flight. "Whenever she talked about your father she told you she hoped he might be getting to another country, didn't she?" he asked.

"No," said the little boy, and he did not take his eyes off his newspaper lying on the desk. "She didn't. She never said anything about anything like that."

"Now," said the first man, and he picked up the newspaper from the desk, "I'm going to read something aloud to you." He sat there with the painstakingly and childish printed paper held in accusation in his hand. "You are here to face certain charges, charges of a seditious nature," he said, "and we want to find out where the blame lies. So when I'm finished reading I want you to tell me who wrote what I will have read." He cleared his throat and he pushed his hat back off his forehead and he started reading. When he was done with the article he put the paper down and looked at the little boy. "Do you recognize those words?" he said.

"Yes," said the little boy. "I wrote them. And I did the picture on the other side." He put out his hand in eagerness as if to turn the first page back again, but the man with the hat on did it for him. "That's my name. That's it signed under the drawing," he said.

On the second day of the inquiry Susan Farrow waited in the outer room where the gendarmes sat in silence, and once when she glanced up at the window she saw in surprise that the snow had begun to fall. It was a wonderful thing to see it coming down now after all the weeks of waiting for it, the clear little flakes coming delicately like early stars across the window's glass. She watched it falling, and she thought perhaps only mountain people, mountain and skiing people, knew this suspense that attended the coming of the snow. In mountain places there was one kind of impatience for the snow that fell too early and another annoyance for the snow that fell too late in the spring when the time had

come for the plowing. But now, as if by some miracle, the snow had come in its right and proper time, and the peasants' shoes would be hushed beneath them on the roads, and they would all feel the softening of the world, the easing of the tension. The brittle soil would go and the blank rock, and the earth would turn deeply and soundlessly to peace.

She was thinking of this when two other prisoners were brought into the outer room, and she knew their faces: the old lady from the honey-farm up on the hill, and the *bistro*-keeper who leaned on the bar and listened to what the peasants and the Count would have to say.

"*Bon jour, Madame,*" said the *bistro*-keeper to her, and he came and shook her hand, and the little old lady sat down beside her and bowed her head, and the tears fell down her face.

The *bistro*-keeper took his cap from his head, and he shook the sprinkling of snow from it. Then he looked boldly about the room eyeing one gendarme after the other.

"We've been sold, sold, Madame," he said, speaking the words bitterly and loud. "We've been sold for a price they pay across the counter! Do you know why we're here?" He flung out his hand towards the old lady, and he said: "She, reported for serving food in her kitchen to mountain-climbers who came past! For giving people milk and bread and honey! An inspector comes in, orders what he wants, eats it, and then walks down the hill and sends his report in! Who he is, she doesn't know. And I, why am I here? For listening to the English broadcasts! France," he cried out, "inspected, reported, denounced! France, do you understand me!" he shouted, swinging about where he stood so as to face them all. "France, inspected, reported, betrayed, and not by foreigners, but by Frenchmen, by Frenchmen we can't put our finger on—"

"The *flics* are inside," said a gendarme from the corner. "You'd better keep quiet and sit down."

"I'd like to know who the informer is!" the *bistro*-keeper shouted. "I'd like to get my hands around his neck. . . ."

In an hour the little boy came out from the inner room where the secret policemen put their questions. He would have run to the window at once for a sight of the falling snow if the gendarme with him had not put his hand upon his arm.

"Look, mother, the snow, the snow!" he cried, and she felt in herself the same inexplicable elation.

"Yes, yes, the snow," she said as they led her through the door.

The secret policemen were sitting as they had sat for two days now at the desk, one with his hat on and the other in his overcoat, and the gendarme closed the door behind her. They had not before, and they did not now ask her to sit down, and she hooked her thumbs through her army belt and waited.

"You received a telegram to-day," the first man said, and Susan Farrow said:

"No, I did not."

"Yes," said the second man, but his hand did not move toward it. "We have it here."

Susan Farrow took one step nearer the desk, and in spite of herself she had to lean one hand on the edge of it for the strength to hear and know. She saw the color go from her nails with the pressure on the wood, and as she waited the tide of blood ebbed coldly and slowly from her heart.

"It was sent from London last night," the first man said, and he held the narrow, blue, inked paper in his hand. "It says this. It says: 'Address me Amexco all well,'" he said, and he looked up at her. "The signature is in code," he said. "It's signed 'Pimpernel.' Now you are to tell us exactly what it means."

Susan Farrow waited a moment, holding to the desk, before she began repeat-

ing the name aloud, but the look had already altered in her eyes.

"Pimpernel," she said, "Pimpernel," and it might have been music playing strong and sweet in the room, and she seeking to give them the libretto to the music's pure, inarticulate victory. "The Revolution!" she said. "The French Revolution! Pimpernel was a character from a book—the substance of the dream—"

"You are to tell us," said the man with the overcoat on his shoulders, "who this telegram is from."

"But Pimpernel!" Susan Farrow cried. "Pimpernel! He saved French patriots from the guillotine! He got them to England or somewhere—anyway, out of the country! Pimpernel!" she said with love. In a moment she might start laughing aloud.

It was not through choice that she saw Count Alain again, but when she and the little boy got back to the hotel he was playing billiards alone beneath the light. He stood back from the table when he saw them come in and brush the snow from their coats, and he chalked his cue with blue.

"We'll all be skiing to-morrow!" he called across the room, and Susan Farrow did not turn her head. She did not see him lay down the cue and start toward the stairway; but when she put her foot on the first step of the stairs she saw him standing there. "Both of you," he was saying, hardly aloud, "get the night train to Lyon," and he was smiling still. He might have been asking her which run they'd take down together to-morrow while the snow was new, but his lips were saying: "Fix up your papers with the consul and get off quickly."

"Is this the voice of conscience?" said Susan Farrow bitterly, but Count Alain did not answer. He had strolled back to the billiard table and was studying the look of it there.



THE NINE PRINCIPLES OF WAR

BY MAJOR MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

WARS are lost by losing battles. Battles are lost by getting there last with the fewest men and weapons. Getting there last with the fewest is the result of poor planning. Poor planning is the result of attempting to "muddle through" without regard for the principles of war. Attempting to wage war in violation of the principles of war has so far brought defeat and disaster for the democracies which have tried it.

For nearly three years, since the Battle of Poland, our democracy has had opportunity to observe and profit by the errors made by the democracies which have preceded us into the fray. There is evidence that we have profited in many details of weapons and fighting technique; there is little evidence so far that we have profited from our preview of the major error committed by most of the democracies which have preceded us into the war. That error is primarily diffuse military thinking—the failure to appreciate and apply the first principles of battle.

There is no occupation in which man engages that has not its basic principles, and the principles of war are as basic as the principles of carpentry. They are the strategic tools used by the more successful of the military leaders of men since the dawn of history. Modern weapons of warfare, tanks and airplanes, do not change the essential nature of the principles of war any more than modern woodworking machinery changes the essential nature of the adze, saw, and square as the basic tools of carpentry.

As a young Regular Army officer I

was able to find only scattered and vague references to the existence of these principles in the numerous textbooks, regulations, and military manuals put out by our own Army and the armies of France and Britain. It was only by assiduous digging into outside sources, military histories and biographies, that I was able to assemble the principles in their entirety. Marshal Foch's excellent writings referred to only three of them. Recently here in America a popular book has been written round only one of them, the principle of the offensive. Nathaniel Bedford Forrest, when he said "The essence of tactics is to get there first with the most men," combined three of the principles into one sentence. But if we are to engage in good military planning we ought to base this planning upon all nine of them.

The order in which I shall list them here is not intended to indicate their relative importance. It is the combined use of all the principles in skilled coordination that makes for military success. It is the use of any one of them without due regard to the others which makes for military failure. What might be called, however, the basis of all these principles is the first one.

1. *The Principle of the Offensive.* This is obviously the final means by which battles and wars are won. This principle has been steadily and consistently violated by the military forces of the democracies throughout the course of the present war. They have substituted

for it the fatal static defensive, which is either slow or quick suicide, depending upon circumstances. The gods invariably prescribe the static defensive for those nations whom they wish to destroy. It is the direct opposite of the offensive. But the offensive alone may result in disaster if employed without due regard to

2. *The Principle of Security.* This is the dynamic form of the defensive, illustrated best by the protection an army provides for its flanks and rear and its vertical (*i.e.*, air) flank, when attacking. The principle of security was violated by the British in their attack on Norway without sufficient air force, and in their attack in Greece without sufficient air and mechanized force. Security is aptly illustrated in the phrase "A strong offense is the best defense." Security degenerates into the defensive when an inept commander allots so heavy a proportion of his force for protection that he weakens his offensive power. The skilled commander determines the proper balance of force to allot between security and the offensive by using

3. *The Principle of the Economy of Force.* This is, in essence, the requirement of the expenditure of minimum force upon minor objectives in order to conserve maximum force for the major objective. The skilled commander strives to achieve economy of force by disposing his own forces to take utmost advantage of interior lines while forcing his enemy to use exterior lines. The principle was well illustrated by the Germans, who contained or held minor, less important, or future objectives by a minimum of force and a maximum of propaganda and threat while they concentrated the main force on the main objective for the time being. The Germans successively seized Poland, Denmark, and Norway by use of this principle—containing Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, and France with a minimum of force while so doing. To get between two allied opponents and contain one while defeating the other is an application of this principle. The old rule of "divide and conquer" is a

terse expression of one of the elements of this principle. In order to determine which is the minor or holding task for the moment and which is the major or attack task, the skilled commander uses

4. *The Principle of the Main Objective.* The main objective of a campaign or war does not necessarily have to be the first objective. Generally speaking the first objective is (a) that opponent who is most dangerous at the moment, or (b) that opponent who can be reached by the shortest line of attack, or (c) that opponent whose area is necessary as a springboard for the attack on the next objective, or (d) any combination of these. The main objective for the war may be the opponent who is most distant, who can be isolated and conquered only by overcoming each barrier objective standing in the way. This was illustrated by Germany's clearing up of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France before attempting an all-out offensive against Great Britain. What may eventually prove to have been the fatal "gaffe Allemande," the inevitable German error, was the German switch of the main objective when she suddenly attacked Russia. The carrying through of this principle has been illustrated by the Japanese in Asia, who seem to have been striving to clean up all minor objectives in the South Pacific and on the mainland of China before turning with full force to their main objective in the north. In attacking either preliminary or main objective the skilled commander plans to have superiority of force at the point of contact. He achieves this by successful use of

5. *The Principle of Concentration of Force*—a simple requirement that one must "get there," *i.e.*, at the immediately most important objective, with "the most men" and weapon power, without frittering away any unnecessary strength on side issues. Concentration of force is impossible to achieve without economy of force. Without the proper use of these three principles, one achieves dis-

persion. Dispersion is the usual result of attempts to run war by the compromise decisions of a committee instead of by the judgment of one skilled military leader. It is the greatest single fault of the democracies to-day, evidenced by their attempt to be equally strong at all points simultaneously, instead of concentrating forces at only those points which are most valuable strategically. One of the most flagrant and fatal examples of the violation of this principle was the case of the French and British air forces in the Battle of France, where the French dispersed their air power between the Mediterranean and the Italian Alps, thereby leaving only forty per cent of their effective planes with which to oppose the German air force. The Germans, using the principle of concentration, met the forty per cent of effective French air power with eighty per cent of their own. The British dispersed their air force on distant missions far from battle and retained their Metropolitan Force in England. The fault is partially the inability to determine which are the strategically valuable places for concentration, accompanied by violation of the principle of the economy of force. It is an inherent fault with Allied forces through their habitual violation of

6. *The Principle of Co-operation.* "Give me allies to fight and I will give you victory," said Napoleon in effect. Lack of co-operation between allies was illustrated in 1940 by the refusal of Holland and Belgium to hold joint staff conferences with the British and French until the flood of the Wehrmacht had already surged over their borders. It was illustrated again and more recently in Burma. Co-operation with allies is only one phase. Co-operation between branches of the armed forces of one nation is another, as has been illustrated so tragically in this war, including the Pearl Harbor disaster. Co-operation cannot be obtained without

7. *The Principle of Unity of Command.* This means actually, in the present war, a unified general staff for all the United

Nations forces plus greater general staffs in each national force to co-ordinate their air, sea, and land operations under one responsible military head. We are in danger of failing to achieve an effective degree of unity of command in the United Nations and in our own armed forces until further disasters prove the absolute necessity for it. Without unity of command and swift decision, the great advantage of

8. *The Principle of Surprise* cannot be adequately exploited. It was used successfully against us at Pearl Harbor. It was successfully used in the German attack through the Ardennes in 1940. Its use betokens great skill in a commander. The commander who permits himself to be surprised ranks at the bottom in the scale of military ineptitude. Neither the principle of surprise nor any other principle of war can be used successfully without being combined with

9. *The Principle of Mobility.* In simple terms this is the footwork of the fighter in the ring. By rapid footwork, heavier weight and more formidable force can often be overcome. The democracies have violated this principle in their retention of static forces in Great Britain, behind the Maginot Line, and elsewhere. Its violation is part and parcel of the violation of the principle of the offensive.

These are the principles of war—nine of them. Let the reader ponder them and reflect upon how often and disastrously they have been violated throughout the course of this war. Let the reader also ponder the fact that it is not knowledge of the names of these principles, but knowledge of how to apply them, that marks the commander skilled in achieving victory.

Our enemies have followed these principles. We have copied their use of air and mechanized power and improved upon it; but this will avail us little unless we also copy their use of brain power and improve upon it, with all our military planning based on the principles forged from man's harsh experience with the realities of war.



PLASTICS COME OF AGE

BY JOSEPH L. NICHOLSON AND GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

WHEN America went to war plastics had already in their brief span of years entered into our life at innumerable points. They had made the billion-dollar motion-picture industry possible; they had made television possible; they had gone into the making of planes and ships and railroad trains, to say nothing of hotels and bars. They were both big and little: the largest single installation of plastic of its type in the world had been made for the ceiling of a public room in the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco; plastic toothbrushes, ash trays, and soap dishes piled the counters of the Five and Ten. What had started life as a despised *ersatz* product had become the material used to build a boudoir for the son of the Maharajah of Kapurthala and to let the Arctic sunlight into the Grenfell hospital in Labrador.

Yet, as late as 1941, plastics occupied an anomalous position in the public mind. On the one hand they were regarded as trivial, the material from which people made juke boxes, cheap jewelry—in a word, gadgets—as well as the more essential fountain pens and light plugs. On the other hand, the word “plastics” had been glamourized as a mystery and the materials themselves had been declared to be the evidence of a chemical revolution so far-reaching that our very lives might be altered.

The glamourization made people wonder. If more and more parts of houses were being made of plastics, why shouldn't a whole house be made of them? If the plastic age was going to

arrive, let it arrive; the event had been over-announced.

The manufacturers replied that even up to 1941 plastic table tops would not sell for use in the home unless grained to look like wood—even though the plain article was in wide and growing demand for commercial use. Architects, on the other hand, insisted that it was no longer clients' prejudices that hindered them, but the prohibitive prices of most architectural plastics. At any rate the time was not yet ripe for the plastic age.

Then things began to happen. Henry Ford had his picture taken standing beside his automobile body made of plastic panels. He had to put the automobile away for the duration with some of the problems of its manufacture still unsolved, but still a demonstration had been made: plastics were getting ready to go beyond the gadget stage. Both plastics and the materials from which they are made were rushed into use for war purposes. Phenol can make one type of plastic; it can also make explosives. Plastic-bonded plywood like that which was used for the panels of the National Gallery of Art in Washington can be used for wings and fuselages of training planes; assault boats can be made of it, and skis for ski troops. Instead of “glass” slippers for a few women, plastics were needed to make millions of laminated soles for soldiers' shoes and reinforcements for the toes. And the complete house of plastic-bonded plywood, so long disputed, arrived—by the thousands—for war workers' homes.

Now that plastics are thus coming of age we begin to see them in a new light. Until recently most of us have been aware chiefly of their prettiness, their color, their pleasant feeling when touched. Transparent brushes had a deserved triumph; they were clean and new and good-looking. Doorknobs made of plastic did not give us an electric shock when we touched them after walking across a carpet. To-day we get some idea of their tougher qualities. It is partly because of those tougher qualities that plastics are being taken from domestic building for the vital uses of war. It is important that a wall of plastic-bonded plywood an inch thick has many strength characteristics unequalled by a steel wall of the same thickness and is many times lighter; that the plastics used in tanks for Africa can stand a temperature range of from -40 to 160 degrees F.

Why shouldn't what is tough for war be tough for peace also? If we can see plainly how plastics can stand up in any climate and protect us from heat and cold, from corrosion and decay, then we can regard them less as miracles and more as an evidence of what science can do for ordinary living. We can recognize that man is creating a new power to solve perhaps problems which the old ways of wood and stone and metal could not solve, problems of disease, hunger, scarcity of clothing and shelter. For this effort there are already synthetic drugs, like the sulfa drugs; synthetic fibers, like nylon; and the synthetic substances like plastics. These weapons equip mankind to carry the fight beyond the limits of the old weapons and the old ways.

In another respect we are beginning to see plastics in a new light. Up to now most of us have thought of them as *substitutes* for other materials. Sometimes they apologized for their substitute status—as in the case of those table tops grained to resemble wood. The very word "synthetic" had apologetic overtones: it connoted something imitative, something spurious. But plastics are not rightly to be regarded as substitutes, any

more than metals, or brick, or wood, or stone. They are emerging as *materials in their own right*, which will displace the older materials wherever—and only wherever—they prove better for a given specific purpose than steel, iron, brick, wood, glass, reeds, stone, porcelain, or metal alloys.

It is conceivable that plastics may one day become a dominant material, just as steel did in the immediate past. Or, to put it more strictly (since there are so many kinds of plastics for so many purposes), they may become dominant as metals in general have been dominant from times remote.

But aside from any potential revolutionary *function* or performance, synthetics are revolutionary in their origin. They are substances whose molecules are not constructed by nature but constructed to order by man. In the older substances nature arranged the atoms into molecules. By combining the atoms of disparate substances, as of the gases hydrogen and oxygen, nature formed a new substance, water. Man, in synthetics, does as nature has always done: he takes all the atoms found in hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon and makes combinations of them different from those in nature, to form new molecules not found in nature. In this way new substances are created; by combining them it is possible to form one material that is lighter, another that is stronger, another that will stand heat better and so on, than any substance yet found in nature. Man can make a list of the properties which he would like to find embodied in a new material, and—within limits—he can custom-build that material as he never could before in all history. Without some recognition of this radical difference between synthetics and the older materials, without some understanding of what it means for man to be free from dependence on the materials that nature gives him—whether ores, wood, plants, or what not—it is not possible to grasp the significance that plastics may have for our future.

II

For over a hundred years organic chemists have studied the compounds of carbon. In 1773 the compound called urea was discovered in the urine of mammals. In 1828 a German chemist named Wohler synthesized urea, without benefit, he said, of kidney "either of human being or dog."

Until this time it was thought that the carbon compounds required the intervention of some vital or organic force. Accordingly, the chemistry of carbon compounds is still called organic chemistry. Wohler was the first man to make a carbon compound without the help of nature. The groundwork for the plastics industry, unwittingly, had been laid.

Ninety-six years after Wohler's experiment—in 1924—urea-formaldehyde appeared on the market as a new form of plastic. Some three other basic kinds were already in use and the industry was expanding at a tremendous rate.

What had happened to bring these chemicals out of the laboratory, what was the compulsion? One of the reasons was the search for "cheap substitutes." The most famous example is that of John Wesley Hyatt, who discovered Celluloid in 1868. Because of an ivory shortage, a billiard-ball manufacturer had offered a prize of ten thousand dollars for a substitute. Celluloid proved not quite a substitute for ivory, since Hyatt's early billiard balls, if hit together hard enough, exploded, thus bringing the game to an abrupt conclusion. But in making Celluloid the twenty-six-year-old journeyman printer from Albany had made the first plastic; it was an outstanding discovery of the century. (To-day Celluloid doesn't explode and, through the addition of special ingredients, is less flammable than it used to be.) The search which began in the hunt for a billiard-ball substitute has ended in the discovery of a score of plastics.

Incidentally, that prize in 1868 was offered by the Phelan and Collander

Company, the predecessor of the present billiard-table manufacturers, the Brunswick-Balke-Collander Company, Inc. And while Hyatt didn't win the prize, his discovery resulted in the formation of the Albany Billiard Ball Company—the first plastics company.

Shortly after the discovery of Celluloid, the high price of rubber was causing dentists to ask for a substitute for use in dental plates. Hyatt and his brother used their Celluloid for this, and found that in this case their synthetic material was not only a substitute but, in definite ways, an *improvement*.

The Celluloid itself had been made possible through a discovery of the German chemist Schoenbein, who, twenty years before, had treated cotton with a mixture of nitric and sulfuric acids and got the highly explosive nitrocellulose or guncotton. A few years later it had been found that by dissolving nitrocellulose in ether or alcohol, a solution called Collodion or "artificial skin" was obtained. This was manufactured for the government during the Civil War and was used for covering wounds. It was this solution that Hyatt used as the basis for his plastic, Celluloid.

There were other early experimenters with plastics—an Englishman named Parkes made some articles from nitrocellulose which were regarded as curiosities, and casein—made from milk—was discovered "almost by accident," though it did not appear in the United States as a commercial plastic until 1904.

But the next great plastic discovery after Celluloid was Bakelite, which appeared on the market in 1909. Its discoverer was a Belgian chemist named Leo Baekeland who lived in Yonkers, N. Y., and carried out his experiments in a laboratory made out of a stable. Like Hyatt, Baekeland was looking for a substitute, in his case a substitute for shellac, which commanded a high price because of the increasing demand for its use in making phonograph records. Out of his researches came a synthetic resin derived from phenol (carbolic acid) and

formaldehyde, which he called Bakelite. Like Hyatt's product, Bakelite was not successful for the purpose intended; for it could not be remelted, and dealers were in the habit of returning phonograph records that didn't sell so that they could be melted down and the material used over again. But Bakelite was a prompt success as a material for other articles, notably electrical insulating parts.

From 1909, when Bakelite appeared, to 1919 there is a gap. During these years only one new plastic—cellulose acetate (1911)—was discovered and no developments of old kinds were put on the market. These years included the years of the First World War. But from 1919 onward new plastics and new processes and new applications for plastics piled up at a prodigious rate. The following table, taken from Simonds' *Industrial Plastics*, gives some notion of the speed of the development.

1875 Celluloid—Sheets, tubes, rods
 1904 Casein—Thick sheets, rods
 1909 Phenol-formaldehyde (Bakelite)—Castings
 1911 Cellulose acetate—Sheets, tubes, rods
 1919 Vinyl acetate polymers—Adhesives
 1922 Phenol-formaldehyde—Laminated sheets
 1924 Phenol-formaldehyde—Molding powders
 1924 Urea-formaldehyde—Cast forms
 1929 Urea-formaldehyde—Molding powders
 1929 Modified vinyl acetate—Powders, sheets, films
 1931 Acrylic esters—Castings, moldings
 1931 Urea-formaldehyde—Laminated sheets
 1931 Phenol-formaldehyde—Modified cast resins
 1932 Methacrylic esters—Castings, moldings
 1933 Vinyl benzene—Molding powders
 1933 Cellulose acetate—Injection molding powders
 1933 Benzyl-cellulose—Sheets, rods, tubes
 1934 Celluloid and cellulose acetate—Continuous extruded sheets
 1935 Vinyl chloride polymers and mixed polymers—Sheets, rods, powders, films
 1936 Phenol-formaldehyde—Extruded tubes
 1936 Ethyl-cellulose—Sheets and powders
 1938 Casein—Molding powders
 1938 Polystyrenes—Transparent molding powders
 1939 Cellulose acetate butyrate—Molding powders
 1940 Melamine—Molding powders
 1941 Vinylidene chloride—Extruded strip

Plastic production has increased by about 650 per cent in the past twelve years, according to one report on the industry, and in the past year alone by almost 100 per cent. As one writer says, this is an industry which has taken no steps backward, known no depression.

Its rapid growth is often compared to that of the steel industry in the early years; and in another respect too it offers an analogy with the steel industry. In plastics, as in steel, few companies carry through the whole process from start to finish. Most of them fall into one or another of four general groups:

1. *The producers of the basic ingredients*—chemicals, cotton linters, or filler materials such as wood flour and mica. This group corresponds to the ore-mining companies in steel.
2. *The manufacturers of plastics compounds* who convert the basic ingredients into resins, molding powders. This group corresponds to that of the big steel companies, and is the most important group in the industry. Some of these companies, like Bakelite Corporation and du Pont, are also producers of basic ingredients.
3. *The molders* who, with heat, pressure, and metal molds, turn the molding powders into the final product—*specific shapes*. The companies in this group include big outfits, like General Electric, as well as many small independent molders.
4. *The fabricators* who work sheets, rods, and tubes into special shapes or who apply resins as bases for coatings, paints, and lacquers, laminates, adhesives, or abrasives. Some of the biggest fabricators are engaged in the manufacture of cockpit enclosures and noses for bombing planes. As with molders, fabricators include both large companies and the small ones which roughly correspond to the small metal-cutters in steel.

It should be noted that these last two groups—the molders and the fabricators—are almost the only ones in the industry which the small business man can enter, though a few go into the raw-material-producer class, turning out wood flour or, more rarely, chemicals. The capital demands in the other groups are very large; it may take two years, for example, to build and equip a plant to make synthetic phenol.

But although the manufacture of plastic compounds—the second group in our list above, and the most important—is controlled to a great extent by large industrialists, the methods of manufacture have not yet been developed to the point where they are on a completely automatic or assembly-line basis. There is still room for the individual workmen; the individual is still of prime importance, from the chemist in the research laboratory to the man who is blending the color; and in many parts of the industry the apprentice system still holds.

III

At a recent meeting of the plastics industry Henry Sang of the Naval Aircraft Factory enumerated the bases on which plastics are employed in the aircraft industry. They are used as:

1. Substitutes—where the plastic is inferior to the metal part but gives adequate performance in an emergency. It may be heavier, less durable, or may have an unpleasant odor.

2. Alternates—where the plastic appears to be equal to the metal or where it is better but more costly or slower in production.

3. Replacements—where the plastic is superior to the metal in both cost and performance.

This is true not only for the aircraft industry but for every point at which plastic parts are used. As the early developments in plastics seemed to grow out of a search for substitutes for ivory, shellac, etc., and resulted in the discovery of new materials with certain specific properties which were superior to any previously known, so these same materials were first applied as substitutes, and then sometimes reached the status of alternates, or even were promoted to the status of replacements which definitely benefited the industries to which they were applied.

Edison's "magic lamp," for example, was definitely benefited when the properties of Bakeland's phenol plastic were

realized as a cement for fastening the bulb to the ferrule. Because it could be molded more accurately and in shorter time than any other suitable electrical insulating material, it was adopted by Kettering and Deeds for distributor heads in the first ignition system in automobiles. The same material was used in the form of resin-impregnated canvas laminated for camshaft gears. At the present time both the automobile and airplane make use of the phenolic plastics for distributor heads, instrument housings, and numerous electrical insulation parts, including radio sets and decorative lighting.

The newer plastics have also found a place in the modern automobile. Particularly well adapted to the production-line methods of the automotive industry, molded thermoplastics* were lavishly used as decorative trim in the 1941 models—for steering wheels, knobs and handles, dashboard dials, light frames and shades, compartment doors, instrument panels, horn buttons and protective coatings. One of the largest compression moldings of cellulose acetate ever made is a window shade for Greyhound busses. Last year the automotive industry was one of the best customers of the manufacturers of cellulose acetate.

The story of safety glass is typical of the manner in which plastics were developed in this industry. Do you remember the yellowed and cracked side-curtains of early cars? They were made of Celluloid. But plain glass was generally used for the windshield until 1928, when the Model A Ford was equipped with a safety-glass windshield. This was made with an interlayer of cellulose nitrate or Celluloid between sheets of glass. Unfortunately, the interlayer yellowed and cracked on aging. It was replaced in 1933 by a type made from cellulose acetate in which discoloration was greatly reduced. But this became brittle in cold weather; and in 1938 still

* *Thermoplastic* materials may be softened under heat and remolded again and again; as distinguished from *thermosetting* materials, which on the first application of heat set to a solid, more or less permanent form, and cannot be melted for re-molding.

another interlayer was developed which retained the desirable properties and eliminated the disadvantages of the cellulose acetate. This is the rubberlike vinyl resin produced by Union Carbide and Carbon, Monsanto, and du Pont. This same material is used to make bulletproof glass and in thick layers for the pressure-resistant glass needed in stratosphere planes.

There has probably been more public speculation about the plastic automobile than any other phase of plastics development in recent years. The Ford Motor Company have widely publicized their projected soybean plastic, a phenolic plastic embodying soybeans and a fibrous filler material, for automobile bodies. The problems involved in such a production are many, chief among them being the high cost of the plastic and the difficulty of molding it in large structural sections. The plastic with its molded color would eliminate the numerous finishing operations now necessary for metal bodies, and such a plastic could be turned out of molds in endless quantities. The post-war period will surely bring some developments along this line, and the plastic car may be realized either in full or in part.

In recent months the all-plastic house seems to have captured the public imagination almost as completely as the plastic car. Now that wartime shortages in building materials have caused plastics to be widely used as substitutes or alternates, architects are speculating daily on what may happen later. As these plastics are produced in larger quantities and the cost drops, will they win public acceptance as replacements? It may be, for example, that the necessity for conserving critical metals will push the plumbing industry into the trial and eventual acceptance of innovations in the bathroom. Such innovations might include pipes coated with colorful plastics and wooden bathtubs lined with transparent, waterproof, non-skid plastics. Already plastics are being used for showerheads, handles, closet-tank float

balls and valves, towel bars and lavatory legs.

Prefabricated war workers' housing is increasing a hundredfold the use of plastic-bonded plywood as structural material for house exteriors. The plywood is the only plastic to date which can satisfy the architect's demand for plastics in large pieces. Even here, however, the high price of plastic plywood as compared with other building materials is still a drawback; and unless the special characteristics of the plywood—smooth surface and ability to be molded in curved shapes—are utilized in ways really attractive to the public, this period of activity in prefabricated housing may terminate when peace comes.

There are fewer limitations on the possibilities for plastics developments within the home. One authority has suggested that every horizontal surface within a building should be plastic—tables, shelves, window sills—wherever an easy-to-clean surface is desired. Another is seeking a surface-hardened, transparent plastic for windows which, with increased transmission of light, would enable the size of windows to be cut down and with them the amount of heat loss through window space.

Plastic building hardware has been common. We have already mentioned doorknobs which do not conduct static electricity. The metal shortage during the past year and a half has introduced plastic edging for wall panels and tables, stair nosings, and balustrade railings. Makers of household appliances, getting away from their former dependence on metal, have filled the home with plastic vacuum cleaners, juice extractors, liquor dispensers, refrigerator and washing-machine parts. Plastic furniture has appeared from time to time but has been either too expensive or too fantastic in design to be practical. If these faults are overcome and a well-designed type of furniture is put on the market the possibilities are enormous. Plastics are modern, according to one designer,

where metals are not, and are described as having elegance.

But at present the electrical industry is one of the largest users of molded plastics. The properties of the thermosetting plastics particularly make them excellent insulating materials for high-voltage industrial equipment as well as the more familiar household appliances. The phenolics, such as Bakelite, Durez, and Resinox, are used for terminal blocks, commutators, switches and switch parts, motor and generator parts, and housings for radios, telephones, business machines, and fuse boxes. The new melamine plastic made by American Cyanamid is reported to have superior arc resistance and is finding uses based on that property. The ureas, such as Beetle and Plaskon, are used for lighting equipment because they are colorful, translucent, and have high dielectric strength. Among the thermoplastics polystyrene—Loalin, Lustron, and Styron for example—is important in controlling the high voltages which make television possible. As the shortages among the thermosetting materials have grown they have been replaced by thermoplastics in housings, switch plates, and other parts which do not require excessive heat resistance.

The point at which plastics really come of age in industry is where they are so fully accepted for heavy-duty work that their special properties may be taken into consideration in the design of a part and its components, and they may thus be used to the fullest advantage. Laminated phenolic gears, for example, are now used wherever a non-corrosive, quiet, dimensionally stable gear is required. More recently nylon brush bristles have replaced tampico fibers and Oriental hog bristles in the finishing brushes used in textile mills; one nylon brush is reported to have been in use for more than a year where brushes formerly lasted only a week. The chemical industry also takes plastics out of the gadget classification, molding and fabricating corrosion-resistant equipment from them.

IV

It was the war that, in a sort of public way, proved the plastics' case. When it first dawned on the American manufacturer that a large proportion of the nation's raw materials were going to be diverted from civilian use to the needs of the war machine he looked to the plastics industry for his salvation. He had been told that plastics were made from such simple ingredients as "air, coal, and water," that they were wonder materials—look at what a giant industry the manufacture of synthetic fibers had become!—and that the industry was waiting with open arms to receive him.

For a while the industry itself may have believed this too, but not for long. The shortage of the plastics raw materials was as acute as the metals shortage; the materials were necessary for smokeless powder and other essentials. Priority control was placed over formaldehyde, phenol, acetic acid, numerous plasticizers, and eventually over some of the plastics themselves. And even where plastics were comparatively plentiful it became almost impossible to obtain steel for new molds without a high priority number.

At a meeting early in December, 1941, in New York City, OPM officials told several hundred molders that one-third of them might be out of business within a year unless they obtained defense contracts, because there would be few pounds of molding powder for gadgets or even for appliances which civilians had come to regard as essential. The prediction has come true at least in part, for many molders have been hard hit.

But while the prospect holds small immediate promise for the molders unless they are engaged in war work, it has great promise in other respects. Because of the war plastics have been turned to new uses and the adaptability of plastics demonstrated all over again. All the glamour-magic talk may have been very fine from the advertising point of view; now the facts of the adaptability of plastics are really being driven home.

For the immediate need it is important to know how well the new phenolic resin-impregnated fabric helmet liner serves our Army: it is claimed that the liner can stand temperatures from 40 degrees below zero to 160 degrees above zero Fahrenheit, that it has a 15 foot-pound impact strength and can stand a delousing treatment at 253 degrees for 30 minutes. The Quartermaster Corps is using plastics for canteen closures, the Ordnance Department is using plastics for M52 trench mortar fuses, for pistol grips and bomb detonators, the Navy is using enormous amounts of plastics for insulating electrical parts on ships and in aircraft. Both the Army and the Navy use plastics in almost every form in their aircraft—as fabricated sheets in bomber noses and gun turrets, as molded parts for control boards and instrument housings, as extruded strips for tubing, as foil for electrical insulation, as resin-impregnated plywood or canvas for structural parts, and as resin lacquers for finishing. The fact is that the number of applications of plastics in aircraft construction is increasing so rapidly that the all-plastics plane may precede the all-plastics automobile. All these developments are important now; the fact that they open new ways for the peacetime use of plastics is important also.

There is no use in saying the sky's the limit for plastics; they cannot be used for everything. But that the advance of plastics will be extraordinary is certain. The industry is out of its infancy and the effort expended in research and investi-

gation is steadily mounting. The annual summation of this research, both in chemistry and in the technics of shaping, as shown, for example, in *Plastics Catalog*, the industry's annual, is evidence of the vigorous development in the whole field. There is scarcely an expanding force in American industry in which plastics are not involved: communication—radio, telephone, and television; in the automotive field, and in aviation.

The use of plastic coatings to make other materials corrosion-proof—as in metal cans and water tanks—is already accepted. The wider use of extruded plastic pipe is a certainty. Still other possibilities are opened with the molding of ever larger shapes. Coffins, for example, have been made of plastic in England. What this trend may mean in furniture making, provided cost is reduced, is obvious. Plastic canes for weaving seat coverings that may be washed off with soap and water have proven more durable than the natural cane coverings used in New York subway cars.

It is extremely difficult in enumerating examples to avoid giving the impression that after the war we may look for an all-plastics world. There is no such possibility. In many cases where plastics could be used, trial will show that for one reason or another, the application is impractical. This fact cannot obscure still another fact: a way has been found to devise materials to meet precise specifications. That is a great step toward the practical mastery of the physical world we live in.



ROUTINE PATROL OUT OF PORT DARWIN

Based on an Official Report by

LIEUTENANT T. H. MOORER, U.S.N.

Commanding Officer, Navy Patrol Bomber

Hardly a day goes by when some member of the armed forces does not encounter an adventure which in less violent days would command headlines throughout the nation. In time of war, however, such actions are usually recorded only in the routine confidential reports which are regularly submitted to the War and Navy Departments and which must in many cases remain secret.

The following narrative is based on one of those reports, which has been officially released for publication.—The Editors

ON THE morning of February 19, 1942, Lieutenant Moorer and a crew of seven men took off in a PBY-5 bomber from Port Darwin, Australia. They were to engage in routine patrol in the vicinity of a Japanese-captured base at Amboina in the Netherlands Indies, about 675 miles to the north. Amboina was much in the news at that time; despatches from the Netherlands Indies the previous day had made it clear that the Japanese were thrusting southward from Amboina and southern Celebes as part of a pincers movement to invade Java. Lieutenant Moorer's plane was to find out what was happening in that area.

The patrol plane did not get very far on its journey, however. When only about 150 miles out, the crew sighted an unreported merchantman off the north cape of Melville Island, which lies not many miles off shore from Darwin. Moorer altered course to approach and challenge the ship. They were less than ten miles away from it, and flying downwind at an altitude of only about 600 feet, when they were suddenly at-

tacked by nine fighter planes. The fighters, which were later observed to have been part of a formation of 72 Japanese planes headed southward toward Darwin, came at them directly out of the sun and were right on them before the bomber's crew saw them.

In the first attack the enemy planes set Lieutenant Moorer's bomber afire, destroying the port engine and putting large holes in the fuel tanks and fuselage. Moorer tried to turn his plane into the wind, but with one engine and all the fabric ripped away from the port side, and only the starboard aileron remaining in working order, he found that a turn was impossible. It was all he could do to keep the plane straight and level. With the fuel going and all chances of controlled flight gone, he would have to land on the ocean.

Being unable to turn, he had to land downwind, which is always difficult even under favorable conditions. It was doubly difficult now. The bomber's float mechanism had been destroyed by gunfire and it was impossible to lower the floats. Fire was burning

along the port side almost to the tail, and large streams of fuel were pouring from both tanks. "Small balls of fire" were bouncing around inside the mechanic's and radio operator's compartments, and there was a terrific noise caused by the hail of Japanese bullets striking the plane.

Several members of the crew had already been wounded. Ensign W. H. Mosley, who was at the throttle of the starboard engine, was dazed and bleeding profusely from a head wound but nevertheless handled the throttle so skillfully that Moorer was able to make a landing. Flying downwind at high speed, they smacked the water with terrific force and bounced three times, but the plane did not break up under the shock.

During all this time one member of the crew had manned the starboard gun (no one could get near the port gun on account of the blazing heat), and he continued to return the enemy fire—whenever Jap planes came within his range—right up to the moment when it was evident that the bomber was sinking and all the men had to abandon ship. Then, with Moorer and the others, he helped to launch the one collapsible rubber lifeboat which had not been riddled with bullets.

It was dangerous and risky work getting that bulky rubber boat out through the navigator's hatch. The entire plane aft of the wings was by then in flames, and burning gasoline covered the water all round them. But somehow they succeeded, and as soon as the enemy planes withdrew to rejoin the large formation they inflated the boat and picked up all hands.

So swiftly had the Japanese attacked, and so devastating had been their fire, that the bomber's radio operator had not been able to make contact with headquarters. The switch panel and the radio apparatus itself had been shot out of commission at once; the men had no prospect of help coming. (Incidentally, had they had time enough to send out

an S.O.S. and to report the flight of Japanese planes toward Darwin, that vital port—from which supplies and reinforcements were daily being sent to Java—might have been spared the element of surprise in the enemy's first attack on Australia. For it was that very formation of Japanese planes which made a wide detour around Darwin and came in unexpectedly to attack from the south. The attack on Lieutenant Moorer's plane was an unpremeditated part of a Japanese raid which within twenty-four hours was flashed in headlines throughout the United Nations.)

Once settled in the rubber lifeboat, Lieutenant Moorer found that fortunately none of the bomber's crew was seriously injured. He himself had a wound in his left hip; another man had a scalp wound, another had a scalp wound and a broken ankle, and another had a shrapnel wound in the left knee. The merchant ship which they had been going to investigate was still in sight; but they were not sure that it was a friendly vessel—or even that it had observed them—and so they decided not to try to reach it. They set out instead, even though they had no fresh water in their lifeboat, to row southward to Melville Island where they hoped to get help.

But the ship in the distance *had* seen them. About half an hour later she altered her course and came toward them. Fortunately she proved to be a merchantman which we shall call S.S. *Censored*, flying the American flag. Moorer and all his men were picked up, taken aboard the ship, and given first aid, dry clothes, beer, and food. From the Captain Moorer learned that the vessel had been heavily attacked the previous day (February 18th) and had been forced to withdraw toward Darwin.

Shortly after the rescue the Japanese planes were observed returning from their raid on Darwin. As far as the men could tell, there were only about sixty of them this time, which led Moorer to conclude that ten or twelve

of the original 72 had been shot down (though American newspapers the next day reported only two).

A few minutes later the radio operator of the *Censored* received an S.O.S. from another merchant ship which reported that it was under continuous attack about twenty miles to the north and had many wounded on board; and the *Censored* swung about and headed toward her to give what help she could. On the way she was attacked by a Japanese twin-float seaplane. It approached very low, dropped two one-hundred-pound bombs which fell short of the ship a good hundred feet, then strafed the ship with a light machine gun and retired to the westward. Since the *Censored* couldn't fight back, being entirely unarmed, the Captain had developed the technique of anchoring his ship during an attack and retiring with all hands to the protected area of the main deck.

As soon as the plane withdrew they resumed their search for the ship which had sent out the S.O.S., and two hours later they sighted her going in a southwesterly direction at high speed. She quickly outdistanced the slow-sailing *Censored*; so the Captain changed course once more and also headed southwest.

From then on the Japanese really got busy. About half an hour later Moorer saw seven carrier-type dive bombers headed for the fleeing merchantman. Then, shortly afterward, he heard the familiar whine as a dive bomber came down at the *Censored* itself. He started to run toward the protected deck but was knocked flat by a terrific explosion in the bow. Getting to his feet again, he ran on, but just as he reached cover a second bomb hit amidships, extinguishing all lights and plunging the interior of the ship into darkness.

Groping his way aft among the wounded he found most of his bomber crew and ordered them over the side. Then he went over after them. As soon as they cleared the propeller they swam as fast as possible away from the ship—already well down by the bow, with the

stern so high that the churning propeller was almost clear of the water.

The attack continued for several minutes, during which three bombs missed the vessel and exploded near the swimming men. In the words of Lieutenant Moorer's report, "It is impossible to describe the sensation experienced when in the water adjacent to the explosion of a five-hundred-pound bomb. The pain is terrific and results in the coughing and spitting of blood."

By the time the planes retired he had drifted well clear of the ship and, grasping some driftwood, he began to look for other survivors. Fortunately the ship had gone down in such shallow water that its bow stuck in the mud and held the stern high in the air. It was therefore possible for those of her crew who had remained on board to launch two boats, one of which picked Moorer up about an hour later. For the second time that day he found himself in a lifeboat.

As many of the ship's Filipino crew were terribly burned and the Captain had also been badly injured, Moorer took command of one of the boats and put Ensign Mosley in charge of the other. While they were gathering up the survivors the Japanese returned to strafe what was left of the ship, but when the planes had finally gone and the count was taken they found that only four men were lost out of the forty-four who had been on board the *Censored*. One member of the bomber's crew and three of the ship's crew had died.

The lifeboats were poorly stocked. There were no medicines nor blankets; there was only a little water, and that little was immediately consumed by the injured. All they had were dried crackers and quantities of condensed milk. Ten of the men had been badly burned, five others less severely, and the man with the broken ankle was running a high fever.

A friendly plane came up out of the south, circled the sunken ship, and then headed for the lifeboats. The men

were unable to read its blinker signals, but they at least knew that they had been observed and that their situation would be reported, and the plane did manage to indicate to them the direction of the nearest land.

Fortunately the sea, wind, and tide were with them. By rigging sail and rowing with all their strength they were able to sight Melville Island before dark, and by midnight they entered the surf and successfully beached the boats.

The wounded were promptly made as comfortable as possible, with protective windbreaks improvised out of the sails. But it was very cold, all their clothes were soaking wet, they had no blankets, and it was impossible to sleep.

The next day Moorer and a few others left the wounded in charge of volunteers and set out to walk around the island to the mission which they knew was on the south shore. It was frightfully difficult walking along that rugged cliff-stabbed coast. Moorer himself was barefoot, wearing only shorts, and the going was tough when they had to cut back inland through the underbrush to avoid the cliffs. The sun's heat was terrific, and they still had no water.

After walking about fifteen miles they decided they could not make it and that they had better return to the boats, launch them, and try to sail down the strait between Melville and Bathurst

Islands. That night, having found a fresh-water stream from which they could drink, they felt better and got some sleep.

The next day a Royal Australian Air Force plane spotted them. They wrote in the sand with large sticks to identify themselves and to indicate their need for food, water, and medicine, and several hours later the plane returned to drop the supplies along with a note saying they would be picked up the following morning. That was the first solid food they had had in forty-eight hours.

Early the next day (February 22nd) an Australian subchaser came for them. It seemed as if their troubles were over. The subchaser sent out a small boat to pick them up, but just as they were climbing aboard her a Japanese flying boat attacked the subchaser. Two salvos—of two one-hundred-pound bombs each—missed the vessel. Then the chaser's Captain, who had begun laying down a smokescreen as soon as the planes appeared, maneuvered cleverly and managed to avoid another attack.

A few hours later the subchaser had returned and all the survivors had been picked up. They were taken to Darwin—arriving February 23rd—where Lieutenant Moorer reported to his commanding officer and forwarded to headquarters the letter from which this account is taken.



MR. JUSTICE DOUGLAS

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

THE Dick Whittington tale of the New Deal is that of William Orville Douglas. Sixteen years after he jounced eastward out of Yakima, Washington, on the brake rods of a Northern Pacific freight train he was sworn in as the youngest member of the United States Supreme Court since President Madison appointed thirty-two-year-old Joseph Story in 1811. Mr. Douglas was not quite so precocious. He took his seat on the Supreme Court at the ripe old age of forty. When he learned on a March morning in 1939 that he had been selected to succeed one of the heroes of his legal career, Justice Louis D. Brandeis, he told his wife that he felt just like the fellow who received the first message ever sent over the telegraph: "What hath God wrought?"

Yet there are many people in the national capital who believe this success story is not ended. They think Douglas will surely become President some day, perhaps comparatively soon. At the time of his appointment to the Court, New Dealers in Congress publicly predicted that he would be the 1940 nominee of the Democratic Party if Mr. Roosevelt did not run again. Mr. Roosevelt ran again. The same men still make the same prediction, but with the date revised to 1944 or left indefinite.

Meanwhile there have been constant demands that the youngest of the Justices be enlisted actively in the war effort. No important position is vacant for long without vociferous suggestions being heard that Mr. Douglas occupy it.

He has been mentioned in the recent past for such assorted jobs as WPB director, head of man-power mobilization, and Secretary of War. Most of this talk originates with men convinced that the sternness and executive competence which Douglas demonstrated as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission should not be interned on the Supreme Court during one of the gravest crises of American history. "When is the President going to send in the varsity?" asks a Wall Street banker who, although disagreeing with Douglas on economic questions, believes his talent for getting things done is now sorely needed in the Government.

But the recurring talk about Douglas stems also from another source, a source that has a lot more to do with his personality and background than with his ability. Probably through sheer coincidence, of the twenty-five or thirty people closest to the President in the war effort not one comes from the Far West. This rankles in a region which has had black-outs, and air raid alarms, and radio silences for forty-eight hours at a time, and which feels itself on the frontier of the fighting in the Pacific, particularly since the Japanese threat to Alaska materialized. When he was in Los Angeles several months ago Walter Lippmann detected strong sentiment for greater consideration to regional needs. And Governor Culbert L. Olson of California, although he is a supporter of the Administration, contends that the capital "fails to understand the problems of California,

the Pacific Coast in general, and Alaska." All along the seaboard, from the British Columbia line to Mexico, one man is put forward as the person to close this breach: Mr. Justice Douglas.

Congressman John M. Coffee, an all-out New Dealer who represents the Puget Sound seaport of Tacoma, recently demanded the presence in the nation's high war councils of "a man with a Far Western background, familiar with the Far West, and with an understanding of its difficulties." He recommended Douglas. But this suggestion comes not alone from New Dealers. It is repeated in such conservative newspapers as the *Portland Oregonian* and the *Los Angeles Times*. Editorials advocating Douglas for a top war position are put into the *Congressional Record* by the Republican minority leader, Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon. Some of these editorials ask the President to give Douglas a leave of absence from the Court so that he can accomplish the dual task of jacking up the war effort and assuring the Far West a larger measure of participation. Whenever even a potential opening looms in the Government, Washington is bombarded with petitions, letters, and resolutions from Denver on west, all insisting that Douglas is the man.

To understand this agitation it is necessary to understand something about William Orville Douglas.

Pussyfooting and shifting loyalties are unfortunately prevalent in American public life. The most striking characteristic of Mr. Justice Douglas is that he has never been accused of either of these. His performance as head of the SEC was distinctive for bluntness and courage. He took over the chairmanship in 1937. "Under Joe Kennedy," said the new chairman, "the gains made toward protecting the rights of investors through President Roosevelt's legislative program were consolidated. Under Jim Landis we were taught how to get things done. And now we're going to go ahead and get them done." Douglas stalked into the Bond

Club of New York and delivered the most extraordinary speech ever heard there. After announcing that "the economic utility of continuity of banking relationships is of unestablished value to anyone except the banker," he further startled the assembled brokers by maintaining that the directors of a collapsing corporation owed first allegiance to the stockholders rather than to themselves.

Some way had to be found, he said, of "obtaining directors who will represent the public interest." He wondered about the propriety of one man serving as a director on many different boards. Perhaps the basis of directors' compensation ought to be overhauled. Might not "so-called public directors" be a solution? Certainly there was no excuse for centralizing, under the stress of emergency, all of a corporation's powers in the hands of a few men. "These voting trusts," he charged, "are the apotheosis of the process of divesting the stockholders who own the company from control or voice in the affairs of the company. They afford promoters convenient devices for eating the cake and having it too. They merely make the stockholder an easier prey to pressures brought upon him by management or other dominant groups, whose power the stockholder is rarely in a position to challenge. In sum the voting trust, as currently observed, is little more than a vehicle for corporate kidnapping."

The title of this speech was "Democracy in Industry and Finance." When Douglas sat down there was barely a handclap. His audience stared at him in hostile silence. Wall Street had been told off, straight to its collective face, by a rangy thirty-eight-year-old upstart from Yakima, Washington, who looked something like Gary Cooper playing a hayseed role. A banker nudged a director of the Northern Pacific who was sitting at the table and whispered hoarsely, "I understand he used to ride your trains, blind baggage."

The heads of the Stock Exchange

visited Douglas's office to determine whether these words would be followed by action. He motioned them to be seated, lifted his long legs on to the desk, squinted as though he were peering at the sun, and delivered an ultimatum: "Gentlemen, the job of regulation has got to be done. It isn't being done now, and damn it, you're going to do it or we are. All you've given the Commission is the run-around. If you'll produce a real program of regulation I'll let you run the Exchange. But if you just keep on horse-trading I'm going to step in and run it myself."

Hope dies hard and the Exchange tried to compromise with Douglas on a list of halfway reforms. Douglas put on the five-gallon Western hat he invariably wears and went to see W. H. Jackson, counsel for the Exchange.

"Negotiations are off," said the SEC chairman striding in. "Letting the boys in the Street throw a perpetual party isn't going to help recovery. The proposals given the Commission are phony clear through."

"Then I suppose you'll go ahead with your own program," Jackson murmured cautiously.

"You're damned right I will."

"Well, when you take over," said Jackson, "remember that we've been in business a century and a half. There may be some questions you want to ask."

Douglas leaned across the table and looked at Jackson. "There's just one question I'd like to ask," he said. "Where do you keep the paper and pencils?"

The Exchange could no longer doubt that the legislative ammunition provided by Congress for its subdual would be used. The new chairman had shown he was ready to empty the whole arsenal. The Exchange reorganized. For the first time a paid outside president administered trading—William McC. Martin, Jr., who later joined the Army as a private. Three governors were installed to represent the public. What was left of the old system which had per-

mitted pools and manipulation and the rigging of securities passed out. The Street itself clamped down on overspeculation. The "death sentence" of the Wheeler-Rayburn Act was applied to utility holding companies, bringing to bay, among others, the squirming Mr. Hopson of Associated Gas & Electric. In Douglas's words, "the casino element was being removed from what should have been an old-fashioned open auction." And investors voted overwhelmingly in a special Gallup poll that their faith in stocks and securities had increased since the reorganization began.

These changes were by no means revolutionary, yet even the skeptical *Nation* agreed that the new chairman of the SEC had found "the New York Stock Exchange a private club and made it a public institution." The important element in all this is that the Exchange moved slowly and unwillingly toward reform of its own basic practices until it bumped into an SEC chairman whose bluff it could not call because he was not bluffing. Douglas was the third chairman of the SEC but the first to venture a genuine showdown with high finance.

In the midst of his stubborn battle for Government operation of Muscle Shoals, Senator George W. Norris once observed that a man cannot accomplish a lot for the people unless he is willing to risk being destroyed in the process. Douglas put his entire career on the line when he went to the mat on the question of reorganizing the Stock Exchange. John T. Flynn attributed his ultimate success to the fact that he had "no extraneous ambitions, no hankering for either wealth or honors." These are qualities which Douglas's friends emphasize now as they urge him for a key role in our war effort. They contend that in both the industrial and military fields the hour demands a departure from old notions and practices and that a young man who was unawed by the mightiest American bankers will not pay undue homage to gold braid from cuff to elbow. They insist that no assignment, regardless of its magnitude,

could make him lose his nerve or abandon his convictions.

II

One of the most revealing facts about this youngest Supreme Court Justice, who will be forty-four in the fall, is that the same people are boosting him to-day for a place in the war Cabinet who at the start of his public career backed him for the SEC, then for its chairmanship, and finally for the Supreme Court. In the intrigue of Washington, friendships and political alliances melt like slush. Lewis breaks with Murray; Hopkins and Ickes do not speak; Hull and Moley hunt each other's scalps; Congressional colleagues come to the parting of the ways.

Douglas has always been backed by four groups: (1) The original young liberals of the Roosevelt Administration headed by Tommy Corcoran and Benjamin V. Cohen. (2) New Deal Democrats in Congress like Claude Pepper, Lister Hill, Frank Maloney, John M. Coffee, and Walter Pierce. (3) The independent progressives such as Senators Norris, La Follette, Borah, and Bone. (4) The Far West in general.

This support has been constant. One reason is that Douglas has warmly reciprocated it even when it was not expedient for him to do so. Although isolationists are out of favor in Washington now and although Douglas himself was a pre-Pearl Harbor adherent of the President's foreign policy, he often associates with his old friends, Bob La Follette and Homer Bone. Tommy Corcoran has been under heavy assault for some of his recent legal fees, but Douglas indorsed him for the post of Solicitor General. Some of the intellectuals in the Administration see this "my friend, right or wrong" attitude as a flaw in Douglas. They mistrust his admiration for the late Senator Borah of Idaho, whose speech hailing Douglas as the choice of the West came at a time when his appointment to the Court was in doubt.

These loyalties have weakened Douglas in certain circles. They feel he should have dumped Corcoran for ethical reasons and men like La Follette and Bone for their opinions. Yet his faithfulness is also a source of strength. In the loosely knit alliance that is the Democratic Party a leader must win the liberals through his views and the politicians through his behavior. Such a leader is Mr. Roosevelt. Few others possess these special qualifications. McNutt has the support of the politicians but not of the liberals; Vice-President Wallace, of the liberals but not of the politicians. Both factions, however, support and trust Douglas.

Loyalty is a basic factor in politics. Jim Farley has always put a top premium on it. Douglas is known in Washington for one of Mr. Roosevelt's weaknesses—a tolerance of shortcomings in his friends. In fact, despite the difference in their backgrounds, there is considerable similarity between the President and his youngest Supreme Court appointee. Both are liberals and definitely not radicals, and both lack the pomp and Olympian aloofness customarily associated with high office. Douglas fervently admires Mr. Roosevelt, whom he calls "the boss" and considers one of our three greatest Presidents along with Jefferson and Lincoln.

A hostess in the Capital once told her friends that "that young Mr. Douglas is certainly not a fit person to be on our Supreme Court." She had seen the Justice scratch a match on the seat of his trousers while eating lunch at the Hay-Adams House. Had she heard him talking to his companions she might have been shocked further. Working in logging camps, taking bands of sheep to market in boxcars, and bunking with migratory farm laborers are experiences which contribute words to a man's vocabulary found in no dictionary. Justice Douglas remembers most of them. Some of his critics fear he is not sufficiently dignified to be a member of America's highest Court, but he has

given many average Americans their first direct contact with an institution long identified in the public mind with beards, ritual, and stuffiness.

After Douglas had visited some of the railroad workers in the Union Pacific yards at La Grande, Oregon, a leathery engineer on No. 26, the Pacific Limited, said: "He looks and acts a hell of a lot more like my fireman than a Supreme Court judge." And after Douglas had crowned the queen of the Wenatchee Apple Blossom Festival, one of his critics grumbled, "He acts more like a candidate for county commissioner than a Supreme Court Justice." Another critic said, "Douglas ought to fish or cut bait. If he wants to be a Supreme Court Justice he should behave like one. But if he wants to behave like a small-town politician he should get off the Supreme Court."

Never before has the Supreme Court had a member quite as plebeian as Mr. Justice Douglas. Douglas and his dark-haired wife and their two namesakes, Mildred, who is eleven, and Bill, Jr., who is eight, have driven across the country in an inexpensive sedan when Court has adjourned each summer. On the way to their twelve-hundred-dollar cabin in the Wallowa National Forest of Oregon they have put up for the night at "motels" and tourist camps. Not many landlords along U.S. 30 would believe that the angular young man with unruly hair and blue eyes who loped in and bargained for a bungalow for four was one of the fabled "Nine Old Men." His signature, "W. O. Douglas, Silver Spring, Maryland," was never much of a giveaway in this land of first names. This let him sit on a hardtack box and freely acquire local gossip about weather, politics, and crops. (The transcontinental drive is out this summer, for Douglas and his family are traveling by train because of gasoline rationing and tire shortages. He did not apply for an X card.)

The fact that few people ever call Douglas anything except Bill affords a pretty accurate estimate of his personal-

ity. Palmer Hoyt, publisher of the *Oregonian*, took him fishing on the Columbia River a year ago and found that the Justice, having been there the season before, was nonchalantly addressed as Bill by Indians, storekeepers, and Forest Rangers. Douglas was brought up along the rim of the frontier by a family which lived on the sagebrush side of the N. P. right-of-way, and he still can throw a diamond hitch on a packhorse and cut down a Ponderosa pine twenty-four inches thick. Keith McCool from the McGraw Creek Ranger Station reports that Douglas is the best woodsman ever to camp in his district, even including a troupe of movie heroes noted for outdoor roles.

In Washington the Douglasses seldom attend social functions. He does not like to dance and enjoys most of all sitting around with highballs and smoked Chinook salmon sandwiches (made with fish which he caught and smoked himself), talking politics, government, and war with some of his cronies—Under Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal, Justices Hugo L. Black and James F. Byrnes, Jerome Frank, Ferdinand Pecora, Lowell Mellett, Governor Ernest Gruening of Alaska, Secretary Ickes, Eliot Janeway of *Fortune*, and Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War for Air. At a reception last winter Mrs. Douglas noticed that her husband had been missing nearly an hour. She found him outside, trying to extricate Congressman Knute Hill's car from a snowdrift.

Douglas is seldom inhibited by formality. He does practically all his own driving, helped out once in a while by his Negro handy man, Rochester. Supreme Court attendants twitch remonstratively when the Justice leaves Washington on the train. He trudges the seven or eight blocks from the Court to the station carrying his own valise.

Sprawled out with his feet on the desk, pencil behind his ear, surrounded by a redoubt of law books, Douglas derives a steadying assurance from the fact that he is Brandeis's successor. On a trip to

Boston on SEC business in 1936, Douglas wandered into shops looking for a good etching of Justice Brandeis. The one that he bought hung over his desk at home for three years, until he could take it down and hang it in Brandeis's old chambers. One of the great moments of his life was when Brandeis greeted him after the Senate had confirmed his nomination, 62 to 4. "I wanted you to be here in my place," Brandeis said.

Perhaps some of Brandeis's faith in him stemmed from their mutual mistrust of excessive size in both bureau and corporation. Douglas believes the war effort should be decentralized so that decisions affecting farflung localities are made regionally rather than in the national Capital. As chairman of the SEC, he proposed a chain of Federal loan banks to lend funds exclusively to small mercantile and industrial enterprises, but the proposal was blocked by Jesse Jones.

"Bigness," Douglas told an audience of Chicago business men, "taxes the ability to manage intelligently. The needs of a small Middle Western community are apt to be better served by a banker at the head of a small local bank than by the same banker at the head of the nation's biggest bank. Bigness concentrates tremendous economic and financial power in the hands of a few. The growth of bigness has resulted in ruthless sacrifices of human values. The disappearance of free enterprise has submerged the individual in the impersonal corporation. When a nation of shopkeepers is transformed into a nation of clerks enormous spiritual sacrifices are made. Service to human beings becomes subordinate to profits to manipulators."

This sounded like Brandeis. In fact, Douglas began the speech by quoting from *The Curse of Bigness*. To-day he is extremely conscious of the fact that he occupies Brandeis's seat on the Court. In his own handwriting he carries on a voluminous correspondence with the friends of his predecessor. He asks questions about the problems in which

Brandeis was interested—State insurance, co-operatives, health and safety standards in industry. He maintains close contact with the Brandeis family. "We all think," said Elizabeth Brandeis Raushenbush recently, "that father could have had no better successor, especially in an appreciation of the dignity and identity of the common man." Smallwood, Brandeis's graying Negro messenger, continues to work for Justice Douglas. From his vantage point Smallwood has decided that both "my Justices" have been plain, kindly men. "'Course," he qualifies, "there's one big difference. Justice Brandeis—he used to bring a sandwich from home in his pocket. But Justice Douglas, he eats more. He sends me over to the Methodist Building cafeteria to fetch him a whole lunch."

III

The story of William O. Douglas is unique in the New Deal. It is one of the paradoxes of this Administration which has done so much for the laboring man that most of its leading officials have come from prosperous homes. The President himself, Francis Biddle, Henry Wallace, Frances Perkins, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Robert H. Jackson, William C. Bullitt—all grew up in well-to-do or comfortable households. Bill Douglas was born on October 16, 1898, in the threadbare flat of a Presbyterian "home missionary" in the town of Maine, Minnesota. His father, who sang hymns in the brogue of his native Nova Scotia, moved to Yakima in 1900 and died when Bill was six. Bill's mother, of Scotch ancestry from Vermont, was left with a small girl, two small boys, and \$1,800 in life insurance.

The \$1,800 paid for an old house. After school Bill sold the arch-Republican Yakima *Republic* on street corners and ran errands for Falkenburg's jewelry store for ten cents an hour. Bill attended Yakima High, where the *Annual* predicted of him (along with virtually every other member of the class) that he

was "sure to succeed." But he was valedictorian and won a one-year scholarship to Whitman College at Walla Walla in the Palouse wheat hills. He pedaled the one hundred and thirty-one miles from Yakima on an old bicycle and landed a job on the campus washing windows and waiting on tables. To save dormitory rent so he could send money home, he pitched a tent in a nearby grove of trees and lived in it throughout his college career. During the summers he picked fruit, and drank water out of the irrigation ditches with the Okies, and shared their mulligan stews. The only luxury he allowed himself at Whitman was membership in Beta Theta Pi.

Douglas left college in 1918 at the age of nineteen to enlist in the Army. He emerged with a sergeant's chevrons and went back to Whitman and graduated with a Phi Beta Kappa key. He taught history and English at Yakima High for two years and worked for the Forest Service putting out fires in July and August. At the end of this time he had less than \$75 in the bank, so he decided on a different profession. He threw everything he owned into an ancient family trunk and shipped it on ahead to Columbia University Law School in New York City. Then on a dark night he swung silently aboard a long freight train as it threaded through the Yakima yards. He arrived in Manhattan dusty and gaunt, with six cents in his pocket.

Law school was a struggle and twice he was locked out of his room in the dormitory for failure to pay rent. He finally got some money in his wallet by brashly annotating and editing a course for a correspondence law school, although he was barely under way in his own legal studies. This paid \$600 and, thus affluent, he returned to the Northwest, in a day coach this time, and married his campus sweetheart, Mildred Riddle, who was teaching school in La Grande. He graduated from Columbia second in his class and editor of the *Law Review*. On a tip he invested every cent he could scrape together in a stock selling

at \$9. It soared to \$28.75 and he sold at a big profit. Three days later the stock was back at \$9. This was his sole personal flier in Wall Street.

He went to work for the crack corporation law firm of Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood and taught at Columbia on the side. For a period he returned to Yakima to practice law on his own, then hurried to New York again to teach full time at Columbia. He resigned in protest when Nicholas Murray Butler appointed a new Law School Dean without first consulting the faculty. "That's not democracy," he complained. A few weeks later at a party he met Robert M. Hutchins, then Dean of Law at Yale. Hutchins and Douglas retreated into a corner and talked all evening. In three days Douglas had been hired to teach at Yale. He set about preparing a course which would discuss the facts as well as the theories and fancies of business and finance.

Along with his teaching Douglas studied corporate bankruptcy procedure. Soon he was one of the highest-paid professors in the country, earning almost \$20,000 a year altogether. Many businesses employed him as a consultant in reorganizations. On the side he dabbled in Connecticut politics and was one of the campaign managers for a liberal Democrat from Meriden named Frank Maloney, who was elected to the United States Senate in 1934. That year Douglas took nearly a fifty per cent reduction in income to go to Washington and begin a series of corporate studies for the SEC. He was offered the job by Joe Kennedy and they are still good friends, another contact for which Douglas is criticized by some of the interventionists.

In 1936 it was practically automatic for a vacancy on the Commission to go to Douglas, and he got the chairmanship by default after Landis resigned in the fall of 1937. The New Deal had just been returned to power, the liberals were riding high, and there was no other important candidate. His first press conference as chairman of the SEC was historic. A

reporter asked what sort of fellow he was. "What kind of bird am I?" began Douglas with the inevitable lifting of his feet to the desk. "To tell you the truth, I think that I am really a pretty conservative fellow from the old school, perhaps a school too old to be remembered. I am the kind of conservative who can't get away from the idea that simple honesty ought to prevail in the financial world. I am the kind of a fellow who can't see why stockholders shouldn't get the same kind of fair treatment they would get if they were big partners instead of little partners in an industry."

As a member of the Temporary National Economic Committee Douglas met Senators Joe O'Mahoney of Wyoming and William E. Borah of Idaho. Borah in particular was strong for him, and in 1932 Borah had been the main influence in President Hoover's appointment to the Supreme Court of Benjamin N. Cardozo. When Brandeis resigned Borah said that Douglas was a natural for the post. The West wanted a judge. Brandeis had been a liberal, a militant opponent of monopoly and privilege. Douglas satisfied all the qualifications. He was appointed by President Roosevelt in March of 1939 and took his seat on the bench April 17th, approximately sixteen years after he had ridden the rods out of Yakima.

Felix Belair of the New York *Times*, looking through the records of the Court, discovered that the new Justice was not a member of the Supreme Court bar. On the way up he had not had time.

IV

Large in the tradition of the United States Supreme Court is the phrase "Justices Holmes and Brandeis dissent." It is too early to tell whether the dissenting team of Justices William Orville Douglas and Hugo La Fayette Black will occupy as famous a niche in American judicial history. They are the new liberal minority on the liberalized Court selected by Mr. Roosevelt. Sometimes

they swing enough of their colleagues to speak for the Court. Sometimes they are joined in their dissents by Justices Murphy and Reed. But they are almost invariably together, on the left of decisions involving fundamental social and economic issues. During the recent session Douglas dissented twenty-seven times and in twenty-one of these dissents he was allied with Black. Even when agreeing with the majority decision they have gone beyond their colleagues in strength of argument.

Justice Douglas's score of dissents during the 1941-42 session was higher than that of any other member of the Court. In a few cases his disagreement was based on technicalities, but more often it resulted from his feeling that the Court was interfering unduly with the Federal agencies created by Congress and was thus whittling down the gains recently won by the average man. His language in these opinions paralleled in some measure that of Brandeis in his great dissent in the Oklahoma ice case of 1932, which held that legislatures, both State and national, had wide power to deal with social and economic ills. "We are not a legislative committee," Douglas several times reminded his colleagues.

When the Court outlawed a California statute forbidding indigent workers to cross the State line, Douglas remembered his Okie pals in Yakima and wrote a special concurring opinion. He held that a State could not "curtail the right of free movement of those who are poor or destitute. To allow such an exception to be engrafted on the rights of national citizenship would be to contravene every conception of national unity. It would also introduce a caste system utterly incompatible with the spirit of our system of Government. It would permit those who were stigmatized by a State as indigents, paupers, or vagabonds to be relegated to an inferior class of citizenship. It would prevent a citizen because he was poor from ever seeking new horizons in other States."

This shows quite clearly the slant of

Mr. Justice Douglas's mind. Perhaps he recalled the young vagabond from Yakima who had sought new horizons in 1923. The decisions written by Douglas have pointed toward extension of collective bargaining, toward control of trespassers on the public domain, toward greater power for the Government under the commerce and general welfare clauses of the Constitution. When the Court went only halfway in upholding an NLRB order that the San Antonio, Texas, *Express* had to deal collectively with its employees in the American Newspaper Guild, Douglas thought the entire order should have been enforced. In this opinion he stated his philosophy on both labor organization and the power of the judiciary to restrain the verdicts of Governmental agencies.

"Take the case," he wrote, "where an employer is playing ducks and drakes with the National Labor Relations Act. He pays mere lip service to the requirements of the Act while intent on blocking in his plant any effective union action. Employees are dropped—perhaps the leaders of the union; labor spies are employed; a company union is sponsored and financed; new employees are selected who promise not to join any outside union. The purpose is to thwart any effective action by that union. Such obstructive tactics could go on apace and yet no 'efforts' of the union 'to bargain collectively' need be denied. The employer could continue the so-called negotiations with the union, and yet in a myriad of ways undermine it if the breadth of the Board's order were delimited."

Should the Supreme Court be able to modify the order of the NLRB? Douglas and Black, joined by Justice Reed, did not think so. "Congress has invested the Board, not us," Douglas went on, "with discretion to choose and select the remedies necessary or appropriate for the evil at hand. Whether the remedy chosen by the Board was reasonably necessary in this case is not for us to determine. Nor is it for us to say what

language is adequate to safeguard the labor rights which are in issue. To cut down the language of this order not only substitutes our judgment for that of the Board; it will also result in the creation of a host of uncertainties."

When Justice Frankfurter wrote a majority decision affirming a Texas court's injunction enjoining a strike by a carpenters' union, Douglas was among the dissenters. He joined Justice Reed's dissent against an opinion ruling that the NLRB could not compel shipowners to rehire seamen who had gone on strike while a ship was in harbor. He dissented when the Court, speaking through Justice Frankfurter, vacated an order issued by the Federal Communications Commission. "The Commission, not the courts," wrote Douglas, "is the ultimate guardian of the public interest under this Act." He dissented when the Court held that a redcap's tips could apply on the minimum wage he had to receive from the transportation company. "The tip-paying public," contended the minority, "is entitled to know whom it tips, the redcap or the railroad."

Like the amoeba, the Supreme Court, whether appointed by Roosevelt or Hoover or other Presidents, continually breaks up into subdivisions. David Lawrence's *United States News* regards the present Court, although largely the handiwork of President Roosevelt, as split into three factions: (1) Chief Justice Stone, Roberts, and Frankfurter on the right. (2) Byrnes, Jackson, Reed, and Murphy in the middle. (3) Douglas and Black on the left. Murphy sways toward the liberals, while Byrnes is inclined in the direction of the conservatives. How the Justices at the center make up their minds determines the decision of the Court.

The one case that really shattered this lineup was the celebrated Jehovah's Witnesses verdict of 1940, in which Frankfurter decreed the compulsory salute of the flag and only Harlan F. Stone dissented. Why Douglas and Black at first went along on this decision is still not

clear; they later challenged Frankfurter sharply on a number of questions affecting civil liberties. The best guess is that the Roosevelt appointees, then being comparatively new to the Court, were trying desperately to stick together. At all events, after that Frankfurter inched toward the right, Douglas and Black veered left, and the schism was complete. In June of this year, when the Court again restricted the activities of Jehovah's Witnesses, the completeness of the break was clearly shown; in a move without precedent Douglas, Black, and Murphy not only dissented in the case immediately at issue but also declared that the earlier case had been wrongly decided.

Not enough time has elapsed since Douglas's appointment in 1939 to appraise him as a Justice of the Supreme Court. He works hard and puts in long hours, and on his summer fishing trips takes along writs of certiorari and reads them at night by kerosene lamp. Judicial history will probably estimate him and Frankfurter on the same page. The famous professor from Harvard, passionately resentful over the depredations of the Axis, evidently believes that both social reform and a measure of civil rights must be shelved temporarily by the war effort. Douglas, on the other hand, sees the world struggle as all one piece—whether the endeavor of a farm community in Montana to get electric power, or the revolt of a village in Yugoslavia against its Nazi masters. And perhaps history will decide that both of them were right.

V

Ever since the President's speech at Chicago in 1937 urging a "quarantine" of nations which attacked their neighbors, Douglas has been an interventionist. Yet he has believed that America must accompany its military might with a promise of real political and economic freedom for the masses of Europe and Asia. He thinks now that the Atlantic Charter must be specifically applied east

of Suez. T. V. Soong and Pearl Buck and her husband, Richard J. Walsh, the editor of *Asia*, are among his closest friends and his sympathy for India, China, and other colonial peoples is well known in Washington. He carried proudly in his pocket a magazine published in Malaya which reprinted a commencement address of his on American democracy. "I wonder how many of the folks there can read English?" he inquired of a friend.

Back of Douglas to-day is a record of liberalism on domestic questions and an international outlook on foreign affairs. He is among the few men in public life who might succeed Mr. Roosevelt in the Democratic Party as the leader of the Eastern factory workers and Western agriculturalists who have decided the last three Presidential elections. Who else is there? Many of the progressives have branded themselves as isolationists. Senator Norris is past eighty. Harry Hopkins is chronically in bad health. Under the pressure of a campaign will labor ever accept McNutt after martial law in Terre Haute? It finally resolves down to Henry Wallace—and Douglas.

Douglas himself has never said a word about this, not even to his most intimate friends. If he has any higher ambitions they are secret. Yet no man of his age, with his possibilities, can remain unaware of the role he could play. He has a grassroots personality, a homespun Lincolnian appearance, and the nearest thing to a log-cabin background there is in American politics to-day. "Justice Douglas," said a Washington correspondent, "is the kind of fellow that most politicians' press agents wish their politicians were." The Democrats must carry the West solidly to win any future elections in which the Republican Party puts up a candidate of Willkie's stature, and men all over the West are waiting for the chance to start a favorite-son boom for Douglas. He is the first genuine White House potentiality the Pacific seaboard has produced in several generations.



HERE COME THE SHIPS

WILL THEY COME FAST ENOUGH?

BY IRWIN ROSS

MERCHANT shipbuilding is perhaps our number one war success story. To transport and supply the armed forces of the United Nations we are producing cargo vessels in greater number and less time than ever before. The achievement of America's shipbuilders can be credited to a variety of factors. But perhaps most important is the adaptation of mass-production methods to an industry that has traditionally operated on a handicraft basis. Ships used to be custom-built. Each one was a separate job—individually designed—its hull plates, innards, and superstructure cut from its own, specially made, set of patterns, called templates. The entire body of the boat was built up on the ways, each steel plate fitted by hand to the next and then riveted together. It was a slow and intricate process which usually took at least a year. To-day a virtual revolution has occurred. Each of our 1,500 Liberty Ships is the exact duplicate of the next. Instead of building the entire structure right on the ways as was always done in the past, whole sections are now prefabricated in other parts of the yard and transported to the ways for final assembly.

To view the process in operation, I went to the Bethlehem-Fairfield yard at Baltimore, one of the largest producers of Liberty Ships. A year and a half ago this bustling establishment was little more than swampland. Bethlehem took over two dilapidated ways which had

been used for ship repairing, built the rest from scratch. Fourteen modern steel and concrete ways have now arisen along the waterfront. Administrative buildings, canteens, machine shops, carpenter shops, tool rooms have been constructed, railroad track laid, steel fencing and guard houses thrown up to enclose 25,000 workers, who alternate on two ten-hour shifts. At the time of my visit, in mid-May, 41 keels had been laid, 25 vessels launched, and 17 delivered into service. The yard has contracts for 172 Liberty Ships; present schedules call for eight deliveries a month.

Taken in hand by a guide, I began my tour at the fabricating shop, two miles inland from the shipyard—a huge building, one-third of a mile long, 280 feet wide, four storeys high, it used to be the Pullman repair shop. We entered at one end of the dim, gaunt structure, trod our way over steel girders and coils of electric wiring crisscrossing the floor. Overhead three moving cranes, each directed by a man in a little box that resembled the Toonerville Trolley, rumbled and honked along their aerial runways. The honking horn was a warning signal as the mammoth crane, bearing a heavy load of steel plates in its loose, careening tackle, came thundering down the length of the shop.

The roar of the overhead cranes alternated with the clang of punch presses, the massive thunder of the fifty-ton roll

press that shapes the curved hull plates, the dull, insistent thud of hydraulic hammers in the blacksmith shop, where the sternposts, chains, anchors, and other heavy forgings are made. But these are the traditional operations and the traditional noises of the fabricating shop.

Shipbuilding's production miracle begins at the stockyard, where the strip and sheared steel coming from the mills is stored. We watched workmen lay wooden templates against the metal sheets and mark their outlines with paint, much as a tailor uses a paper pattern to mark the pieces of cloth which are to be cut. A few yards beyond, solitary figures stood beside little acetylene cutting machines, attached on runways to the flat steel plates, which with a steady blue and then gold flame and a low hiss effortlessly sliced out the patterns.

We moved on and came to the welding table, a broad, low platform where the steel plates which had been marked and cut up were being pieced together to become inner bottoms, bulkheads, even portions of superstructure. Workmen wearing huge fiber hoods and leather gauntlets stooped and crouched in a dozen cramping positions as they moved their blue-flame-throwing welding guns between the sheets of metal. Here was the heart of the process that has transformed American shipbuilding. Without welding, which is speedier and stronger than riveting, prefabrication would hardly be worthwhile.

And finally, as we reached the other end of the fabricating shop, we watched the prefabricated bulkheads and inner bottoms being lifted by the overhead cranes and placed on railroad cars, to be carried on Bethlehem's private railway the two miles to the shipways. At other shipyards the fabricating shop is situated just behind the ways, so that the preassembled sections have merely to be moved to the doors of the shop and from there can be hoisted onto the ship by the giant gantry cranes.

A company car drove us to the shipyard. The guards waved us through

the gates, and the car squirmed its way along the narrow roadway, stopping every now and then for a cluster of overalled, helmeted workmen to pass, halting once at the railroad tracks while a row of cars carrying prefabricated sections went by. We parked the car behind the ways, which are really little more than an inclined platform and an intricate network of steel scaffolding that rises on either side of the ship.

The ways we visited had launched a vessel the previous day. The keel plate for the new ship was already laid. Stacked behind the ways were bottom plates and double-bottom sections, each numbered for the sequence in which it was to be hoisted and for the place it was to occupy in the ship. I watched as the fifty-ton gantry crane, which resembles an excavation derrick atop a four-storey steel stand, lumbered down its track alongside the ways, lightly picked a piece of steel off the ground, swung it through a wide arc in the air and deposited it in the vessel, where three men gently guided it to its resting place. In a few minutes the rapid-fire tattoo of the riveting gun began and a welding torch started to hiss. At the Bethlehem-Fairfield yard both welding and riveting are used to join the prefabricated sections. The horizontal joints are riveted, the vertical ones welded. Some shipyards favor all-welded construction.

We left the ways and visited the outfitting dock, where the ship's accessories—pumps, electrical conduits, cargo winches, bunks, galleys, whatnot—are installed after a vessel is launched. All was apparent confusion. Painters, carpenters, electricians stumbled over one another on the deck of the vessel then in dock, jostled in the narrow passageways, cursed and puffed, but somehow managed to get their work done. A hot blast of air shot up from the engines, which were being tested. A gantry crane swung a light gun over the forward deck. A long coil of electric wiring, attached to a welding gun, spilled out of a porthole. Someone overturned

a bucket of paint on the deck, and a Negro workman, carrying a screen door, fell on his backside. Chaos could hardly have been worse confounded. And yet twenty-four hours later the boat steamed away on her trial run. Thus are production records made.

II

But despite such production records shipping is still the number one bottleneck of our war effort. For too long, planes and guns and tanks came trundling off our assembly lines faster than ships to carry them to foreign fronts. Lack of boats to haul men and equipment was a prime obstacle to opening a second front this spring. We could not supply England with enough ships to ferry an army across the Channel—not to speak of providing transports for an A.E.F. formidable enough to penetrate the Continent.

We cannot be too often reminded that we are up against the staggering and unalterable realities of world geography. During the last war we had to build a Bridge of Ships to straddle the narrow lanes of the North Atlantic—a mere 3,000 miles. To-day supply lines to Russia's northern ports stretch over a hazardous 4,000 miles. Australia is 10,000 miles away—40 days for the average freighter lumbering along at 10 knots. And to ship supplies to the vital Red Sea area involves a voyage of 12,000 miles, a long and agonizingly slow journey around the southern tip of Africa. Most of our ships can make no more than three round trips a year.

Last war, three and a half tons of shipping were required to transport and equip an American doughboy in France. This war, seven or eight tons per soldier are mandatory. Equipment weighs more and the stuff must all come from home—food for the men, gasoline for their machines, every implement and accessory of war, from heavy guns to shaving kits. Well-provisioned bases, supplied by our allies, are no longer available in France.

To-day the good news is that the boats are finally on their way—not to Europe as yet, but tumbling in a roaring crescendo off the greased ways of three-score American shipyards. Beginning in May, American shipyards hit the two-a-day production rate. Sometime this fall the pace will jump to three-a-day, which means that our vast merchant shipbuilding program is on schedule—8,000,000 deadweight tons this year, 15,000,000 in 1943.

It is the greatest shipbuilding feat in world history—double the tonnage we produced in World War I, far above the capacity of all the rest of the world—both totalitarian and democratic. And the productive leap is breathtaking. During fifteen years, from 1922 to 1937, American shipyards turned out only two cargo carriers, exclusive of tankers. This year we are producing 750; next year, 1,550.

The shipbuilding program is without doubt a success. But other factors are involved in the shipping problem: existing capacity; the needs of the United Nations; the rate of sinkings.

We entered the war with inadequate tonnage. At the time of Pearl Harbor the United Nations controlled a pool of 25,000,000 tons of shipping—as compared with the 27,000,000 held by the Allies in the First World War, when the job was much smaller. Since Pearl Harbor the United Nations pool has shrunk considerably—nobody knows how much.

No numerical figure can show total shipping requirements. No expert has bothered to hazard a guess. We need all the ships we can get—the sky is the limit. The net effect is that our shipbuilding goals are not based on military need. Rather, military plans are delimited by the capacity of American shipyards.

Meantime Axis submarines chip away at our modest hoard. Unofficial reports indicate that two United Nations vessels a day go to the bottom. At this writing not a single U. S. convoy has been successfully attacked, but mer-

chantmen unescorted by warships—even though they may be armed—provide an easy target. For some time after December 7th sinkings outnumbered replacements. Subsequently equilibrium was attained—at least two new ships for every two that expired. If sinkings continue at their present rate, by the fall the sheer weight of replacements (three a day) may lick the submarine menace. If sinkings go up we shall be no better off. If they decline we may well be on the high road to victory.

From time to time optimistic predictions drift out of Washington that the Navy will eventually best the under-seas enemy, but no miracles are anticipated. The United States is fighting in all seven oceans with only a one-ocean navy; fleets for two oceans will not be ready until at least 1944. It is impossible to divert enough strength from naval fighting fronts and convoy routes to provide adequate protection to merchant shipping. Some improvement can doubtless be looked for as the months pass, but the job is a big one.

The task of making the best use of what ships we have is entrusted to the War Shipping Administration, directed by Admiral Emory S. Land. The WSA has requisitioned all American merchant vessels (except those already under government charter), allocated them according to the varying needs of the Army, Navy, Board of Economic Warfare, and Lend Lease Administration, as well as America's shrunken civilian economy. Ships are diverted from normal trade routes into those more essential to the war. Vessels which in peacetime carried sugar are now handling munitions; tankers that formerly shipped gasoline for East Coast filling pumps now transport aviation gasoline to our forces in Australia. Manganese, ore, and nitrates instead of coffee are bulging the ships from South America.

The WSA has recently come in for much criticism. Land is accused of surrounding himself with shipline dollar-a-

year men who suffer from a continuing "business as usual" attitude. A variety of charges of inefficiency in parcelling available tonnage, in altering traditional shipping routes, and even in the actual loading of the vessels are leveled at Land and his associates. The Admiral, a hard-bitten, tough-minded, and vituperative individual, has so far restrained an answering volley. Underlings hint that he fears a reply from him would lend to his detractors the dignity of objective critics.

When it comes to shipbuilding, which Land, as head of the Maritime Commission, also directs, most of his critics admit that the record is good and the future glowing with promise. The 1942-43 schedule of 2,300 merchant vessels breaks down into 1,500 emergency cargo carriers—the so-called Liberty Ship—313 tankers, and the remainder cargo and passenger vessels of the standard or C-type Maritime Commission design. The 2,300 figure does not include more than 700 other craft under Commission order, such as tugs, wooden barges, and small power boats.

Success in meeting our schedules is easy to gage. From January 1, 1942, until May 31st American shipyards delivered 161 merchant vessels. Future deliveries can be estimated on the basis of present keel layings and average production time. In March, for instance, 60 keels were laid. At the present time, an average of 100 days are required to produce a ship. Some yards take more, others less. During the month of June, therefore, 60 ships were to be delivered—two a day. Similarly, in April, 69 keels were laid—July will thus see 69 deliveries. On the basis of keel-layings in May, June, July, deliveries will total 75 in August, 88 in September, and 88 in October—almost three ships a day. One hundred deliveries in December have been predicted by Admiral Howard L. Vickery, Land's assistant in charge of ship production. Totalling these figures gives 729 ships by December 31st—just a little shy of the

year's goal. But since scheduled keel layings have invariably been bettered, and since average production time is steadily dropping, it is likely that the 750 mark will be attained. To meet the 1943 schedule of 1,550 vessels, the pace will have to be stepped up to four and five ships a day. But the current acceleration indicates that the jump will not be too difficult to make.

America's role as shipbuilder for the democratic world is urgently necessary as our allies lack both men and facilities to produce anywhere near the required number of cargo carriers. Great Britain delivered a million deadweight tons of shipping in 1941 and will be able to do no more this year. Canadian shipyards, recently refurbished and speeded up, are capable of another million. While these totals are hardly paltry, they do not get within reach of the need.

Our present program derives from the Maritime Commission's modest pre-war efforts to rebuild America's decrepit merchant marine. Beginning in 1937, the Commission essayed the construction of 50 vessels a year for 10 years. The boats were without exception models of speed, beauty, and technical virtuosity. The approach and eventual outbreak of war forced the Commission to compromise its æsthetic integrity: it had to concentrate on the production of emergency cargo vessels in which speed and luxurious appointments were sacrificed for economy of operation and rapidity of construction.

A British tramp steamer was taken as model for the Liberty Ship. Compact, sturdy, unimpressive in appearance but hardly an "ugly duckling," the Liberty is in every way a serviceable vessel. Four hundred and forty-one feet long, weighing 10,500 deadweight tons, she is slower than the C-type boats but faster than most merchant ships, and she possesses ample cargo-carrying capacity—9,146 tons. She is propelled by old-fashioned triple-expansion reciprocating engines, since the supply of modern turbines and gears and Diesels suffers

from an almost unbreakable bottleneck.

The Commission's original program of fifty vessels a year soon underwent a bewilderingly fast step-up. In 1939 the schedule was increased to 100 ships; in 1940 to 200 ships; in 1941 to 400 (roughly 4,000,000 tons). By January, 1942, the production total had been set at 12,000,000 deadweight tons. Then the President, in his State of the Union speech before Congress, announced a directive to the Maritime Commission to expand the program 50 per cent and make the quota for the two years, 1942-43, 18,000,000 deadweight tons. Barely a month later a further directive increased this order by another 5,000,000. Thus the 23,000,000-ton goal was established.

III

The assembly-line technic of mass production, while perhaps the most important element in our shipbuilding achievements, does not tell the whole story. Standardization of parts has permitted widespread participation of sub-contractors. Virtually the entire country is involved in shipbuilding—landlocked manufacturing towns as well as the maritime cities of the east and west coasts. Boilers come from Barberton, Ohio; lifeboats are manufactured in Kokomo, Indiana; main engines are received from Milwaukee, Wisconsin; heaters from Norfolk, Virginia; stuffing boxes and ventilators from San Antonio, Texas. The list extends to thousands of items.

The Maritime Commission has shown rare prudence in not allowing the seventeen yards working on Liberty Ships to compete among themselves for the services of sub-contractors. Any one company is thus prevented from building up unnecessary stockpiles, to the detriment of competitors. Instead, a central purchasing pool, set up and operated by the Commission, handles the job. The Commission lets contracts to sub-contractors and vendors, and allocates the materials among the different yards. The purchasing pool is one of the prime

regulators which keep the program rocking along on schedule.

Profiting from the experience of the last war, when excessive concentration of shipbuilding in a few spots caused transportation bottlenecks, fierce housing shortages, and general disruption of production schedules, the Commission has been careful to disperse its shipyards. Labor must be plentiful and supplies within easy reach. To-day we possess 60 yards, with 300 ways, working on Maritime Commission vessels. They are scattered throughout the country—more than 20 on the Atlantic coast, a dozen on the Gulf, another 20 up and down the Pacific coast.

Despite the success of these measures the Maritime Commission continually utters words of caution. Promptness in meeting delivery dates depends on an adequate and co-ordinated flow of materials and labor. The biggest worry in the past has been a shortage of steel plates. "Any month I am short 2,500 tons," Admiral Vickery warns, "you are going to be short one ship five months later." By last March the steel deficit amounted to 169,000 tons, delaying the construction of 69 ships. Since then the situation has improved, but Vickery sees danger ahead. Late in April he reported: "At the present time I want 330,000 tons of steel a month, and by July I will want 420,000 tons a month. WPB tells me that last month I got 250,000 and my figures show about 210,000." Some time ago, in order to ease the bottleneck, the Liberty Ship was redesigned to permit the use of strip rather than sheared steel, thus drawing on the considerable capacity of the continuous-strip mills.

Tanker construction has occasionally been held up by a lack of turbines and gears, necessitating a shift to turbo-electric units as main propulsion machinery. Gantry cranes, without which prefabrication of large parts would be impossible, were another source of worry. Construction has sometimes been delayed six or eight months for lack of

cranes. But these bottlenecks have finally been broken.

Labor supply still presents ticklish problems. First, there is the chore of training the workers. An industry that normally employs 100,000 men has jumped its labor force to 750,000 in a little over two years. The pool of skilled men has long since been depleted. Employers have been forced to "dilute" the jobs—to break down complicated operations into their relatively simple components—in order to use people who had never before ventured inside a shipyard. A production line worker, trained to do a single, highly repetitive operation, is now considered "skilled." Training schools have been set up in every shipyard. They shoulder a huge burden: a quarter-million more workers by the end of the year.

Getting the workers and training them is only half the problem: keeping them on the job is the other. Testifying before the Truman Committee, Land charged that loafing is serious. A shipyard is such a widely diffused establishment that laborers are pretty much put on their honor. In addition to loafing, absenteeism is a constant concern. In some yards it has run as high as 10 or 15 per cent of the daily working force. To eliminate both evils the Maritime Commission relies chiefly on newspaper publicity and morale drives. In his caustic way Land has outraged the unions, but few labor men seriously deny that loafing exists.

IV

Indicative of the vast changes that have overtaken American shipbuilding is the fact that the best records are being scored by production men with little or no previous shipbuilding experience.

Particularly outstanding has been the work of Henry J. Kaiser, the famed builder of Grand Coulee, Boulder, and Bonneville dams. Except for some financial interest in the Seattle-Tacoma yard of the Todd Shipbuilding Corporation,

he had no acquaintance with shipbuilding until the winter of 1940. In partnership with Todd (they have since separated) Kaiser threw up a shipyard at Richmond, California, under contract with the British to turn out thirty Liberty Ships. The ways were built in three months instead of the scheduled six, and since then Kaiser has gone ahead to smash every record. The Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation, of which his son Edgar is general manager, received the first Maritime Commission Award of Merit as the yard which has made greatest progress in constructing Liberty Ships in the first quarter of 1942.

Kaiser, the man who completed the world's biggest construction job—Grand Coulee—a year ahead of time, is an innovator on the grand scale. He tackled the problem of the mass production of ships with a mind undulled by the fogs of traditional knowledge. By using huge cranes that had previously been seen only in construction work, he developed sufficient hoisting capacity to allow him to prefabricate larger ship sections than most yards find possible. Ninety per cent of his ship is welded. He also began building parts of the superstructure upside down, which allows for downward welding rather than the slower and more arduous overhead work. In one of his yards Kaiser speeds production by constructing ships in below-water basins rather than on ways. When the boat is completed the basin is flooded and the vessel floated out into the bay.

Radical as Kaiser's innovations have been, they may soon be outclassed by the novel methods being fabricated by Andrew Jackson Higgins, Sr., of New Orleans. Higgins is a bluff, expansive Irishman from Nebraska who made a name for himself in the 'twenties as a manufacturer of prize speedboats. When the war began he piled up impressive records producing tank lighters and surf landing boats for the Navy. To-day he holds the biggest chunk of the Maritime Commission's program: a \$385 million contract for 200 Liberty Ships.

His schedule, once he hits full stride in the winter of 1942-43, calls for the production of 24 ships a month, almost one a day. The size of the undertaking can be grasped when it is remembered that the seventeen yards working on Liberty Ships now produce only two ships a day between them. Land has called Higgins's methods "the most unique type of ship construction that has ever been tried in the history of the world." The details of his scheme are still a secret, but it is known that instead of using conventional shipways containing one keel, Higgins is building ways each capable of accommodating a number of vessels. A keel will be placed on rollers at the head of the way and will gradually be moved down to the water's edge, the entire ship being assembled en route.

Land has loaded so many eggs into Higgins's basket because of his company's record—"They always delivered ahead of time and better than they promised"—and because of Higgins's native aggressiveness, which verges on the flamboyant. Recently, when Higgins received a rush order from the Navy, he found that his present plant was inadequate. Without waiting for the formalities of legal permission, he immediately took over an adjacent city street, roped it off, strung up lights and expanded right over into it.

That is essentially the spirit that has made shipbuilding one of our war success stories. During the First World War the Hog Island shipyard turned out the S.S. *Cliffwood* in the then remarkable time of 230-odd days; the average was ten or twelve months. Average total time from keel-laying to delivery in the present war has already been reduced to 100 days, and Kaiser's Oregon shipyard has set a record of 48 days. If the Navy can provide increasingly effective measures to counteract Axis submarines, and if existing ships are used with maximum efficiency, the shipping situation will improve rapidly. The shipbuilders are doing their job.



One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

IN our living room, in a great old-fashioned frame, there hangs a painting of a lady and a dog. This picture rather dominates the room, and I have become quite fond of the lady. It is not a great painting but it is rather a pleasing one. You can look at it again and again and not tire of it. The lady is of Victorian mold. She is young. She sits with one elbow cocked on the table next her chair, gazing down quizzically at her little dog. The artist responsible for this unsung work of art is my wife's aunt, a lady of eighty-five years, whose career as a painter was somewhat broken into in middle life when she laid aside her brushes and married a Japanese.

I have never met this fabulous aunt. She went to Tokyo and, except for a couple of brief visits, never came back. But she seems vivid enough—one of those semi-fictional characters you acquire by marriage and through much hearsay, just as you acquire, by slow degrees, the whole childhood history of the person you marry and at length feel that you know the child. I feel that I know Puss quite well, or Aunt Poo as she is invariably called by her three nieces, who cling with New England grit to the whimsical name by which she was known in the nursery. Although eighty-five, she is still beset by the enormous vigor which has filled her lifetime. At any rate she recently completed, in time to get it to America before all communication with Japan ceased, a volume of her memoirs, including a family history covering the years 1680 to 1908. I have just been reading it. Only three copies exist (one for each niece); for in fact it is not a printed book at all but is a typed book—typed by her, single-spaced, on heavy drawing paper, and beauti-

fully bound in an old brocade handed down from her husband's ancestors. Since in her scheme of bookmaking there had to be three copies of this monumental work, Aunt Poo had to run it through her typewriter three times, an appalling task. You see, if she had merely made an original and two carbons she would have been left with an unthinkable problem in discrimination: the problem of deciding which of her three nieces was to get the original, which the first carbon, which the second. Rather than face this distasteful dilemma, and because any book of hers, even a bound typescript, must meet certain standards of craftsmanship, she laboriously executed it three times, punching away night after night in the settlement house over which she presides in the slum district of Tokyo, minding her margins and neatly pasting in photographs by way of illustration.

To have so close a link with the enemy as Aunt Poo is both sobering and salutary. In war one tends to dehumanize the foe and to take pleasure in the thought of the dropped bomb. The presence in Tokyo of a member of the family, while it in no way lessens our determination to win, somewhat tempers our blood lust; we drop our bombs rather gingerly, trusting that our old aunt is dodging with the same skill and courage with which, at the age of four in Minnesota, she was dodging musket fire in the Indian uprising while her father rode two hundred miles on horseback to the rescue of a besieged garrison of whites in Fort Abercrombie. I feel that these new bombs will not prove an impossible burden at the end of so spectacular a career, but they will tear at her heart, since they bring into conflict the two

great loves of her life, her ancestral New England and her adopted Nippon.

The story of her marriage to the Japanese and of the founding of the settlement house called Yurin-En is one which I hesitate to tell, since it is just family stuff; yet it is unique and timely and perhaps worth a try.

There was always something about Aunt Poo which was vaguely exciting, according to my wife's account. She was the member of the family who had thrown off conventions and become an artist. She had been to Paris. She was Bohemia, in Suburbia. Strong-minded, sentimental, domineering, she had a flair for giving life (for little girls anyway) a certain extra quality. She was a great one to make an occasion of a day. Any sort of anniversary inflamed her. It would suddenly occur to her that to-day was Lincoln's Birthday, or the Ides of March, or Decoration Day, and in no time at all the house would tremble with the violence of redecoration or cookery or charades. She had the gift of celebration. There was no day so drab but, under Poo's fiery tutelage, could be whipped into a carnival.

She had been to Paris. She had had a studio in New York. In those days the very word studio was drenched with glamorous living. But despite her art and her wanderings, the great preoccupation of the first half of her life was her family, to belong to which seemed a career in itself. Her father, her mother, her sister, and her brother—to these she gave much of her energy and most of her thoughts. Within a relatively short space of time all four died, leaving her alone, and it was then that she bought a house in Woodstock, Connecticut, where the second phase of her life began.

Woodstock itself meant nothing in particular—her people had been rooted in the colder soil of Maine, in the little towns of Fryeburg, Naples, Bridgton, in Saco, and in the metropolises of Portland and Boston. Her infancy had been spent in the frontier town of St. Cloud, Minnesota, her childhood on a farm in

Naples. But Woodstock contained a cousin, and to Woodstock she went to settle down for the long agreeable grind of spinsterhood. She applied herself rather briskly to fixing up the place, which she named Apple End, and rather desultorily to painting. She had come into a little money and could afford a cook. She could afford one but she couldn't seem to find one. In desperation she turned to the Springfield Y.M.C.A. Training School, among whose students were a few Orientals learning to be athletic directors in the American manner. It was summertime, and classes were over for the year.

As a result of her inquiry there arrived at Apple End one Hyozo Omori, a young Japanese of distinguished lineage, frail, æsthetic, and anxious to earn a little money. He had a slight beard which, with his delicate features and sensitiveness, gave him a Christlike appearance. He was shown the kitchen and given a rough idea of his duties: he was to cook the meals and serve them and tidy up. He seemed polite but worried.

It became apparent almost immediately that Mr. Omori and a kitchen were strangers of long standing. Aristocracy stuck out all over him. Although his efforts at cooking were preposterous, his conversation was charming. Aunt Poo saw in him a man who had been waited on all his life and who was clearly unsuited for any sudden reversal. So she set to and prepared Mr. Omori's meals for him, and as soon as possible engaged a large colored woman to carry some of the rapidly mounting household burden.

Mr. Omori, it must be said, offered to leave, but she urged him to stay on and assume duties of a more wispy sort—poking about the flower garden and exchanging views on poetry. He consented. For a while the domestic situation at Apple End was confused; the Japanese student was unwilling to sit at table with the colored woman, and the mistress of the house was disinclined to sit at table with the Japanese student.

Everybody was eating off trays, in aseptic splendor.

In this way [writes Aunt Poo in her memorial volume] began my acquaintance with Hyozo Omori, a gentleman of ancient lineage and culture who, like most of the Japanese students of that day, regarded all Americans as quite inferior in culture but were quite ready, given a respect for all honest work, to earn money from us in a perfectly impersonal way, making a contact with unpleasant things for a moment for convenience, without feeling oneself degraded.

I take it what slight momentary degradation Mr. Omori had been subjected to during his first few days at Woodstock was forgotten in the ensuing weeks. Aunt Poo and he liked the same books. Together they walked in the garden and talked of Japanese art—which Mr. Omori knew a great deal about—and he told her of his two ambitions in life: to found a settlement house in Tokyo, and to increase the stature of the Japanese race. In the fall he returned to Springfield, she to Boston. They corresponded. He visited her several times, and finally asked her to marry him. She decided after a while to accept.

The news exploded like a time bomb in the house in a Boston suburb where my wife was then living as a young girl. Since Poo's immediate family were all dead, the conventional and decent thing of course would be to have her married under her brother-in-law's roof. But to a Japanese!

"What will the papers do with this?" groaned Papa, who had troubles enough of an Occidental nature without an involvement with the Rising Sun.

The *Boston American*, already banned from the house on general principles, broke the story with a mild flourish. Family councils were held behind closed doors. The girls, bursting with direct questions, were put off with evasive answers. It was a time of incredible consternation and embarrassment. But my wife's father was no quitter. He announced to the children that the wedding, if indeed their aunt was determined to go through with it, would be "under

our roof." This took courage of a high order.

Meantime Mr. Omori was introduced to the household and made something of a hit with his nieces-to-be. He showed them how to make tea in the Japanese fashion, green tea served in cups without handles. Gracefully, politely, they would sip it and nibble on the little rice cakes, which were slightly sweet. Mr. Omori seemed genuinely attached to his New England fiancée, and regarded her with amazement and humorous delight. His cultivated mind and his gentle manner were disarming to a considerable degree, and his appearance was celestial. He lacked only a halo. Aunt Poo, by contrast, appeared more earthy than ever, with her plump and friendly frame.

They were married in the parlor. The girls were delighted to have a wedding in their house and to have the mantelpiece transformed into an altar by the addition of some Mrs. Humphry Ward roses. The couple left immediately for Tokyo on their wedding trip. It was the first of October, 1907.

Since then I have lived thirty years and more in Japan, more than one-third of my life, and have never regretted that daring [writes Aunt Poo in the memoirs]. There is something in the Japanese character that can be understood by one of Puritan stock. They like simplicity, even a sort of severity of life. There is no pretense about them. In manners they are punctilious. At heart they are very kind. I do not say that I have never had homesick moments, but I truly loved my husband's beautiful spirit. When he could no longer do for his country what he so much wished to do, I tried in my small way to supply his place, and perhaps Japan is now my home as New England could not be now; and that other life is now not to me unloved, nor dead, but separated as death does separate, in a way never to be put together again.

That was written in 1939. Mr. Omori died in 1912, five years after the marriage.

One of the things he had "so much wished to do" for his country was, as I have mentioned, to increase the stature of the Japanese race, whose diminutive size he found out of keeping with their

large destiny. It seemed like a detail worth correcting. First, however, he and his wife set about realizing his major aim—the Tokyo settlement house, which soon became a reality and has for a quarter of a century been an institution of considerable importance, the Hull House of Tokyo.

The other goal was less easy, but Mr. Omori made a start. What he did was to organize the first Japanese team ever to enter the Olympic Games; he hoped that participation in sports would sooner or later result in bigger bodies for his little countrymen. Proudly he escorted his team to Stockholm, over the trans-Siberian railway, and took Aunt Poo along. The whole junket seems, at this date, curiously roundabout and tinged with musical-comedy intrigue. I haven't any idea whether Uncle Hyozo was dreaming, even then, of Pearl Harbor and the straits before Singapore. My wife is sure he was not. In a way it doesn't make any difference. The Japanese are still little fellows, for all the competition they met at the games.

The team returned by way of Siberia but Aunt Poo and Uncle Hyo continued west, turning up in the Boston suburb bearing some aquamarines from the Urals as gifts for the girls. It was plain, by that time, that Mr. Omori was a sick man. He was, in fact, in an advanced tubercular stage. The doctor ordered him to quit traveling, but Mr. Omori was not a man to be ordered about. He announced that he and his wife were returning immediately to Tokyo, and together they set out. The couple got as far as San Francisco and there he died.

San Francisco must have been a sort of crossroads for Aunt Poo. One way pointed back to New England, to her beloved villages and the elms and the kinsfolk. It was the clearest way. The other pointed to the Orient. Aunt Poo apparently never hesitated. She turned west across the Pacific, escorting her husband's body home, and there she remained to carry on the settlement house which was her husband's dearest desire.

The flyleaf of the memoirs is inscribed: "To my dear niece K—— S—— W——, a tribute to our common past." The story is one of the most revealing I have ever read. Page by page one learns what it was that nourished her through her busy and useful years in a foreign land. It was her extraordinary sense of the past, her deep sense of family. It was New England in Japan. As time went on she became thoroughly involved in life at 370 Kashiwagi, Yodobashi, Tokyo. She translated Lady Murasaki into English. In the earthquake of 1922 she performed heroic service and was decorated by the government. But through it all the sense of the past grew stronger rather than weaker. Her letters flowed in an endless stream, keeping the past alive. Now and again she would request that something be sent her—a root from a common field flower, a recipe for an ancestral pie. Her thoughts returned constantly to the Maine villages of her childhood, to the snowberries and blush roses under the windows of the house in Naples, to the syringa and the spiraea, to the living room with Hannah knitting and sister reading with the kitten in her lap.

I don't know what the war is doing to her. Intellectually it is an impossible situation. She has always stood up for Japan and has felt that everything Japan did was right—even the "China incident" as she called it. For her nieces, who saw nothing "incidental" in the ravaging of China, correspondence with Aunt Poo was becoming increasingly difficult when it was shut off altogether.

At any rate I find it, as I say, salutary to read in the neat typing of this very old lady the findings of her thirty years' ministering to the poor people of an alien race, her insistence on their good qualities. It is a valuable antidote to the campaign of hate which war breeds; for somehow I don't believe that hate is the answer to our troubles. Hate is a mere beginner of wars. To end them, we shall have to marry our indignation with our faith.



The Easy Chair



GIVE IT TO US STRAIGHT!

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

IN the middle of June the most striking aspect of the national mood is a nearly universal belief that nobody understands how serious the crisis is; that nobody is doing as much as he should be doing; that our achievements on the home front are disastrously short of what they ought to be; and that we are all criminally complacent, self-satisfied, and indifferent to our fate. It is difficult to find anyone who is complacent, self-satisfied, or indifferent. In spite of secrecy and censorship, it is impossible to be unaware that the national achievements in production have come close to the miraculous. Most agencies of civilian defense have more volunteers than they can use; subscriptions to war-relief enterprises invariably pass the quotas set for them; the Treasury has no trouble selling bonds; rationing measures operate practically unopposed; even the dislocation caused by the forced obsolescence of the automobile has been accepted with unpredictable good nature. Visiting English voice their amazement at finding the Americans so unanimous and so well along in their war. But the Americans are confused; they don't know what to think about themselves; and they refuse to believe that they can be doing as well on the home front as they obviously are.

Newspapermen and radio newsmen hold the government agencies of information responsible for this doubt and confusion. They allege timidity and capriciousness in censorship, irreducible

tangles of red tape, failure of the agencies to co-operate, and jurisdictional rivalries and jealousies. They say that the system has come close to breaking down, and recent public contradictions seem to bear them out. Thus Mr. Nelson tells us that the rubber shortage is even more desperate than we had supposed and more drastic restrictions must therefore be imposed; just as he is releasing his statement, Mr. Roosevelt tells us that so much progress has been made in developing substitutes for rubber that we may soon be more comfortable than we are now. Mr. Ickes announces that it may be possible to increase the gasoline ration in the East; in the same hour OPA announces that the East is going to be shorter of gasoline than the worst pessimists have so far feared. Some admirals and a member of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs declare that anti-submarine measures in the Atlantic have begun to operate with gratifying effectiveness; before the papers can reach the street with that statement, they have to insert beside it a Navy communiqué which shows that sinkings in the Atlantic have reached a new high. Is there reason to hope for a shorter war than we have feared or to fear a longer one than we have dreaded? Has the shipbuilding program fallen behind schedule or has it outstripped the wildest hopes? At the moment you could take your choice and get support in the statements of responsible officials. It was not till a month after the Japanese

Navy learned everything that happened in the Battle of the Coral Sea that the American public was given even a partially satisfactory account. News of the battle off Midway Island was not delayed so long, but it was delayed too long to rouse any great public response, and it was neither extensive nor sufficiently specific when released. The public does not jubilate over vagueness and feels it will get few facts with meat on them for a long while.

These few specimens suggest that the newspapermen are right, that doubt and confusion in the public mind reflect vagueness and confusion in the information provided for that mind. Now, we must not expect too much in the wartime management of information; much confusion and ineffectiveness will always occur. Military men are always unwilling to release information; sometimes they have sound strategic reasons and always they ignore the social and political values which military secrecy interferes with. No organization of government news service could possibly prevent mistakes, eliminate delays and contradictions, or work out a consistently effective compromise between what the public ought to know and what must be concealed from the enemy. That is certainly true. But it is also true that the services of information could not easily be doing a worse job than they did before the appointment of Elmer Davis. The Easy Chair suggests that a decisive factor may have been a habit of mind of those operating them. The clue is not in the news services but in propaganda.

The official position of course is that we are not conducting any propaganda, foreign or domestic. Actually American propaganda goes out to foreign countries by radio, to mention only one medium, at least eighteen hours a day, and to the home front rather more than that. Many large businesses are advertising themselves by means of war propaganda. The Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, the Coast Guard, the United States

Treasury, the Department of Agriculture, and the services of information themselves are sponsoring radio propaganda. There is nothing evil, offensive, dishonest, or irreligious in that fact. The trouble is that the propaganda is badly done.

In pointing out that the government propaganda is pretty bad, the Easy Chair is not saying that that done by the advertising business or the radio business in general is good. A news broadcast ends: ". . . heroic Americans giving up their lives that you and I may be free. Do your part by buying War Bonds and Stamps. In order to keep fit for freedom, take old Doc Herkimer's safe but sure Kickapoo Cathartic. . . ." When the advertising business forcibly attaches the patriotic sacrifice of soldiers' lives to somebody's patent remedy for flatulence it commits blasphemy. But the immediate point is that it also brings war bonds and stamps into disrepute. This is on the level of the local broadcast and the thirty-second "reader." The mistake is most offensive at that level but it exists also on the level of nationally broadcast programs. Many of these, though laudably designed to unify our feelings and increase our awareness of the war, fail because of their blatant phonyness.

Rightly or wrongly, the radio uses the dramatic sketch as its commonest vehicle. It undertakes to dramatize heroism, battle, patriotic dedication, and the last full measure of devotion. In ninety per cent of its product so far, however, it has achieved only a rich hamminess of content made worse by the resonant falsity of an announcer who heard too many Fourth of July orations when he was a boy and, as an adult, has listened too reverently to the March of Time. The average radio dramatization of heroism presents its heroes shrieking, bellowing, sobbing, moaning, and expressing nobility through a succession of sneezes, belches, and other explosive sounds intended to inform us that the emotions are too grand or too awful for

words to convey. Then at the end, an ululating baritone mushy with pumped-up pity or unfelt awe tries to draw the whole thing to a fine point of inspiration by producing bugle tones on the vocal cords. The whole performance is pure corn and its inevitable effect is disgust.

A simple fact accounts for this failure. In some households which the drama reaches, sons or husbands have already been killed in such circumstances as the drama fictitiously portrays, and in thousands of others sons or husbands are expected presently to run their chances of dying in such circumstances. The radio can dramatize these tremendous realities effectively only if it employs a truth which the drama of the stage realized long ago. You can render the tremendous only by understating it, by being simple and concrete, by telling the hundredth part sincerely and letting that one-hundredth suggest the rest—and by underacting it, by being quiet and soft-spoken, by permitting the hundredth part of the emotion to imply the rest. A man or woman whose son has been killed or is risking death for his country is necessarily revolted by the phony noise of an actor who will be lighting a cigarette and calling for a drink as soon as the red light has gone off. The stage learned that principle a long time ago, but the radio has regressed to the ham of a more sentimental day. When asked why, it answers that it has had to. Its effort, it says, is not to convince you and me, sophisticated adults who read *Harper's*, but to hold an audience whose mental age is twelve years. It is a bad mistake. The listeners are older than the radio thinks.

On the whole, however, it is not so bad a mistake as that made by the government programs, which have no laxatives to sell and merely want to make us more resolute for the times ahead. They have varied greatly in effectiveness. (So have the commercial programs.) They have been best when least pretentious. And in general the Army and Navy hours and similar

programs have been better than the most ambitious essay in pure propaganda, lately known as "This Is War." If anyone had been wondering what had become of the Little Theater Movement, he found out when this program took the air.

The Easy Chair was not acquainted with the work of Mr. Norman Corwin before he began to direct "This Is War" but is informed by students that he is one of no more than two geniuses so far developed in the art of radio. Genius did not manifest itself in his government program. Some of the things done in "This Is War" were excellent: flashes of actual soldiers speaking from army camps, one announcer who talked straightforwardly, one script by (apparently) Stephen Vincent Benét, and occasional high moments when a sincere emotion was permitted to express itself sincerely. But in general the scripts, if they avoided corn, tumbled headlong into artiness, and Mr. Corwin's direction, if it avoided oratory, broke up in hysterics. His admirations seemed to be Pheidippides and the mad Ophelia. His actors gasped the simplest speeches as if they had just run all the way from Marathon or chanted them as if they were gathering flowers just where a willow grows aslant a brook. Every emotion was stretched to breathlessness as if it were more than they could bear, and, representing fighting men, they were constantly swooning with the ineffable.

It was clear too that the poet MacLeish had done the propagandist MacLeish no service. Writers producing scripts for his organization could not forget that he had written plays in verse for the radio. "The Fall of the City" hovered as disastrously over "This Is War" as Bryan's Cross of Gold speech hovered over its commercial rivals. The lines did not often rhyme but you could usually scan them and they were packed with alliteration, assonance, and other portentously poetic devices which made them offensively arty. The Easy Chair's private opinion is that such a

representation is an affront to men in whom resides the final dignity that they are offering their lives for their country. But the immediate point is that they are also an insult to the audience whom they are supposed to move, inspire, and unify. The commercial programs assume that the audience is twelve years old, but people twelve years old can at least understand facts and reason about them within the limitations of that age, whereas the government propaganda seems to be assuming that the people are feeble-minded and cannot be addressed straightforwardly but must be wheedled, cajoled, and bamboozled.

It seems likely that the state of mind revealed by the handling of propaganda was an element, possibly the decisive one, in the breakdown of the services of information. One considerable part of the Administration has always held this same dogma of literature and liberal thought, that the people are worthy but their intelligence is feeble, that they must be hoodwinked for their own good. In the release of information about the war that dogma works out to the corollary that the people cannot stand the facts, that they must be protected from unpleasantness, soothed, and kidded along. Such a notion handsomely co-operates with the military dislike of telling anyone anything, and with the bureaucratic unwillingness to let any news issue out of any other department if there is a chance of getting my department authority over it. The results are public confusion and public doubt, both rapidly becoming intolerable.

Part of the strength of our democracy, our spokesmen have insistently told us, is that it is able to learn, appraise, and implement the truth—our strongest armament is the intelligent public opinion of a free people, based on knowledge and subjected to the analysis and criticism of free minds. Yet there has been little sustained effort to provide the basis of knowledge by means of which a free people can develop an intelligent public

opinion. The basis of that knowledge is news—information. That means the facts of war, good or bad, pleasant or unpleasant. It means the facts of combat and the facts of production. It means these facts freely made accessible to everyone, up to the limits of military security—and frequently well beyond those limits.

The appointment of Mr. Elmer Davis puts that point of view in control at Washington. No one else anywhere near so well fitted for the job by intelligence, experience, and understanding of the American public could have been found. Mr. Davis is at the opposite pole from the type of mind objected to above. He understands that the people are not feeble-minded and do not need to be protected from unpleasantness for their own sake. He has always implicitly accepted and explicitly acted on the belief eloquently expressed by certain officials who failed to act on it—a belief that a nation armed with the truth will not fear the future. With his appointment heartfelt relief and rejoicing ran through newsrooms and editorial offices, and the public understood that the hardest job ever given to a newsman was in the hands best qualified to do it.

Mr. Davis apparently takes office with all the authority he needs. He is, however, without cabinet or even departmental rank; his authority issues from an Executive Order, a status which is never secure in the institutionalism of Washington. He now has power enough to tell department heads that he, not they, must decide what news shall be released, to tell generals and admirals that the public interest may take precedence over their professional mysteries, and to tell the evangelical that the people want and can take their news straight. All three groups will presently be trying to cut down his power. The most important war issue on the domestic front depends on their success or failure in that regrettable, altogether inevitable attempt.



Harpers Magazine

ON LIVING IN A REVOLUTION

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

THE world's most important fact is not that we are in a war, but that we are in a revolution. (No, Mr. Dies, I am not a Communist; nor have I any intention of overthrowing the Government of the United States by violence!) It is perhaps a pity that the word *revolution* has two senses—one an insurrection, a bloody uprising against constituted authority, the other a drastic and major change in the ideas and institutions which constitute the framework of human existence; yet so it is. If we like, we can use *rebellion* for the first, *historical transformation* for the second; but I prefer the word *revolution*, and shall continue to use it in what follows, with the express warning that I do not thereby mean merely barricades or bolshevism. If we once accept that statement and all its implications we find ourselves committed to the most far-reaching conclusions concerning both immediate action and future policy. From a combination of brute fact and human reason an argument emerges, proceeding as inexorably to its conclusion as a proposition of Euclid.

Let me anticipate my detailed discussion by setting down the proposition as baldly as possible. This is the sequence of its steps:

First, The war is the symptom of a world revolution, which, in some form or another, is inescapable.

Second, There are certain trends of the revolution which are inevitable. Within nations, they are toward the subordination of economic to non-economic motives; toward more planning and central control; and toward greater social integration and cultural unity and a more conscious social purpose. Between nations, they are toward a higher degree of international organization and a fuller utilization of the resources of backward countries.

Third, During the present war both military efficiency and national morale are positively correlated with the degree to which the inevitable trends of the revolution have been carried through.

Fourth, There are alternative forms which

the revolution may assume. The chief alternatives depend on whether the revolution is effected in a democratic way or a totalitarian way.

Fifth, The democratic alternative of achieving the revolution is the more desirable and the more permanent; the purely totalitarian method is self-defeating in the long run.

Sixth, The only universal criterion of democracy and the democratic method is the satisfaction of the needs of human individuals, their welfare, development, and active participation in social processes. A further democratic criterion, applicable in the immediate future, is equal co-operation in international organization, including the treatment of backward peoples as potential equals.

Seventh, The revolution, like the war, must be consciously accepted and deliberately entered upon. Formally, this can be accomplished by proclaiming war aims which include the achieving of the revolution. This releases the latent dynamism of the nation and the social system.

Eighth and last, This again can be done on a democratic basis. By deliberately entering on the revolution in a fully democratic way it is possible to arrive at satisfactory and detailed war aims which will release the powerful forces latent in the democracies, shorten the war, and, if implemented, produce a stable peace.

There is our proposition of political Euclid in skeleton form. Let us now take its bare bones and clothe them with convincing flesh and blood.

II

Point Number One was that the war is a symptom of a world revolution. Clearly the first thing to do about a revolution is to recognize it as a fact. Surprisingly enough however, it is quite possible to ignore its existence. Just as Monsieur Jourdain in Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* discovered that he had

been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, so many people to-day are beginning to discover that they have been living in a revolution without knowing it, and many others have still to discover this surprising fact.

This is possible, partly because a world revolution is so vast in scope and, even though it proceeds at a rate far faster than that of history in its more normal phases, so gradual compared with the happenings of everyday life. The ordinary man sees his taxes raised, or unemployment go up, or banks crash down, or the central government extend its control, or war break out in some remote part of the globe; and he is concerned with each incident as an event in itself, not as a symptom of a larger process. It is also partly because most of us dislike radical change; after all, it is a somewhat dubious privilege to be living in anything so drastic as a revolution. Because we dislike it, we unconsciously push it away from us, begin to treat the danger as if we were ostriches, and are temporarily enabled to believe that the nasty revolution doesn't really exist.

It is worth remembering that it took us democracies a long time to recognize the existence of this war. It is and always has been a world war, ever since its first beginnings in Manchukuo. But we refused, most of us, to admit the fact. German rearmament and the occupation of the Ruhr; Italy's attack on Abyssinia; the fighting in Spain; Munich: though some were bloodless, all were parts of a rapidly ripening world conflict. Both the fact that a world war existed and the ostrichism of our reactions to it were most obvious in the case of Spain. Here we had Franco's revolution, aided and abetted by the Axis; then Italy and Germany actively intervening, partly to secure the triumph of their side and partly to enjoy a little practice for the major struggle that they knew was to come; the Axis intervention providing counter-intervention by the Russians and the Volunteer Brigades, and under-cover help from France; and yet the

democratic Great Powers persisted in building up the fiction that it was nothing but a local civil war. I remember a cartoon in a left-wing French paper—an official of the Non-Intervention Committee saying to an attendant, "Put the non-carafe on the non-table." Non-Intervention was England and France saying to each other, "Let us take non-sides in the non-war." It was the political expression of a psychological refusal to recognize an unpleasant fact—the fact that a world conflict existed. Hitler's marching into Czechoslovakia at last made Britain as a nation realize that the world war existed. I suppose it was not till his invasion of Poland that the full realization came to the United States.

It was even later that the democracies began to recognize the existence of a world revolution. This is a surprising fact, considering that it had been going on for much longer than the war. The old tribal and feudal Japan had always been totalitarian in the sense that the individual was entirely subordinated to society. The new Japan merely translated this into modern terms, with the addition of an aggressive foreign policy (in the process anticipating many of the ideas of the Nazis); but the transformation was drastic and had obvious immediate consequences. The Russian Revolution of 1917, the Turkish Revolution, the Fascist Revolution in Italy, the social and industrial transformation in Britain and other western European democracies, the New Deal in America, the Nazi Revolution in Germany, the establishment of a dictatorship in Portugal, the revolution and counter-revolution in Spain—these, among other events, were all manifestations, sometimes total and drastic, sometimes partial and hesitant, of the world transformation in progress.

The Russians long ago recognized its existence, and so, in their fashion, did the Fascists, the Nazis, and the Japanese expansionists. Britain as a nation did not recognize it until much later, but

when it came the recognition was explicit enough. A distinguished Swedish woman economist who spent some weeks in England in 1941 on her way to the U. S. A. told me how one night in the Savoy Hotel she found herself sitting next to a young officer in one of the Guards regiments, a typical English aristocrat. "You know," he said, "we're living in a Social Revolution here: very interesting, what?" Very interesting indeed to a representative of a class which was likely to suffer considerably as a result! The remark was a symptom. Toward the end of 1940 the adjustments of people and Government alike to the threat of invasion and to the Nazi air bombardment, together with the writings and radio talks of men like Priestley, had brought an acceptance of the fact which was both general and, on the whole, remarkably good-natured.

France has had to accept the revolution, in the guise of Pétain's pale imitation of Fascism. The United States is the only great Power which has not generally recognized its existence as an inescapable fact. The proportion of its people who still imagine that after the war they can go back to the old social and international system—with a few minor differences no doubt, but essentially the same—is still a high majority. I would say at least eighty per cent; many American friends to whom I have talked have said ninety or more. The most important single thing for the Americans to do now is to recognize that they, like the rest of the world, are living in a revolution, and that in some form or other it will achieve itself inevitably, whether they like it or not.

III

The next step after recognizing the existence of the revolution is to understand its nature and probable results. This can best be done by studying the trends already manifested by the revolution as it has operated in various countries, discovering what they have in

common, and projecting them forward to their logical conclusion. At the outset let us be quite clear in our minds that the revolution can achieve itself in a democratic or a totalitarian way (or a mixture of the two), but that in all cases it manifests certain common tendencies. We thus can and must distinguish sharply between the inevitable aspects of the revolution, and its alternative possibilities.

The inevitable aspects of the revolution are those trends which are being produced by economic and social forces entirely beyond our control. It is they that constitute the "wave of the future." But it is a plain error to equate this revolutionary "wave of the future" with Nazism or any other brand of totalitarianism. The character of the wave depends on which of the alternative methods we adopt to achieve the revolution—or, perhaps we had better say, to guide the revolution as it inevitably achieves itself. Thus dictatorship and forcible regimentation are not inevitable aspects of the revolution. Neither, we may add, is greater concern for the common man.

The revolution is a result of the breakdown of the nineteenth-century system, and especially of economic *laissez-faire* and political nationalism. Peter Drucker documented this in an exciting and stimulating book called *The End of Economic Man*. But he made no attempt to characterize the new system that is destined to emerge from the transformation of the old. If one must have a summary phrase, I would say that the new phase of history should be styled the Age of Social Man. Let us consider the trends of the revolution so far as it has taken place, to justify this assertion.

Within nations, in the first place, purely economic motives, though naturally they continue to be important, are being relegated to second place in favor of non-economic motives which may broadly be called social, since they concern the national society as a whole,

or else the welfare of the individual considered in his relation to the society of which he forms a part.

In Nazi Germany the primary motive has been national power and prestige, to be realized through war. The complete subordination of purely economic motives can be measured by the criticisms leveled by orthodox economists against the methods adopted by Dr. Schacht. Since then the democratic countries have had to do the same sort of thing. The extent of the change can be realized when we find the May Committee reporting, only eight years before the outbreak of the War, that "democracy was in danger of suffering shipwreck on the hard rock of finance," because Britain was confronted with a budget deficit of 120 million pounds—not much more than a week of its war expenditure in 1942. To-day finance has come to be generally regarded merely as a necessary part of the machinery for realizing our aims. People are no longer asking, "How shall we pay for the war?" Instead, they are beginning to say, "If we can finance the war in this way why can't we apply similar methods on a similar scale to realizing social and cultural aims in peace?"

In Russia the subordination of the ordinary profit motive to social ends has been even more obvious. The deliberate encouragement of heavy industry under the Five Year Plan, at the expense of all other kinds of enterprise which would have flourished in a *laissez-faire* economy, is the most clear-cut example. In general, though economic efficiency is naturally insisted upon, the primary criterion for an enterprise is not whether it shall show a profit in its balance sheet, but whether it is desirable from the broad national point of view summed up in the current plan. A particular example of some interest is the expenditure on scientific research. As Bernal has pointed out in his book *The Social Function of Science*, the U.S.S.R., in spite of its low per capita wealth, was already before the war expending one per cent of its

national income on scientific research. Under the system of competitive private enterprise this does not "pay"; and we find that Britain (before the war) expended only one-tenth of 1 per cent of its national income on science, and even the U. S. A. only six-tenths of 1 per cent.

In many other aspects of life in totalitarian countries the economic motive has been relegated to the background. I will mention only the concern of recreation. In Italy the *Dopo Lavoro* organization and in Germany the *Kraft Durch Freude* or "Strength through Enjoyment" did give the common man an outlet and a sense that the community was interested in him and his personal needs for a richer life: economic considerations were entirely subordinated to this. In Russia the elaborate system of rest houses and holiday centers and the equally elaborate arrangements for holiday transport achieved the same end.

It is especially significant that similar trends have been at work in democratic countries, even when there has been no recognition of the existence of a revolution. One of the most telling examples is that of housing in Britain. It is impossible to provide the lower-income group with decent housing which shall give an economic return. Accordingly, the State has stepped in, and has given subsidies toward the building of no fewer than one and a quarter million houses or apartments in England and Wales alone during the inter-war period. The economic motive of profit has been overridden by the social motive of providing adequate living accommodation.

Nutrition offers in some ways a still more interesting example because of the progressive change to be seen. In the nineteenth century charity did its best to alleviate obvious distress. The new outlook was first expressed in Britain by the recognition that badly undernourished children could not possibly profit by education; and the consequent provision of cheap or free school meals for them. To-day the provision of free meals has been considerably extended

and has been combined with the scheme for providing cheap dinners to a steadily increasing proportion of all children in State-aided schools. Free or under-cost milk for children and for all expectant and nursing mothers is also being provided on a much more generous scale than before the war.

In general, the motives that have become dominant or are tending to do so are those of social security, health and housing, education and culture, recreation and amenity, and national prestige and military power; in special cases economic considerations have been overridden for almost mythological considerations, as in the Nazi persecution of the Jews as an inferior and enemy race, and the expulsion from Germany of some of the best German brains, in the interests of uncritical acceptance of orthodox Nazi doctrine.

Other apparently inevitable trends are those toward more planning and toward a greater degree of social unity or self-consciousness. The trend toward planning is so universal and obvious that little need be said on the subject. It is inevitable because, with the end of the era of industrial expansion, *laissez-faire* was defeating itself and unregulated private and sectional interests were coming into disastrous conflict with one another and with the common good. The trend is not merely toward more extensive planning in more fields; it is also toward a greater initiative and authority at the center. Here again the totalitarian countries have gone farther; but the U. S. A. contains some remarkably developed examples of planning, such as the Tennessee Valley Authority, and the war has forced a planned economy on every belligerent country.

Social unity and self-consciousness perhaps demand a little more discussion. The Nazi doctrine of Aryan and Germanic superiority and Jewish inferiority and evil is a myth encouraging permanent and super-patriotic unity. In all totalitarian nations, and in the U. S. A.

as well, the government has encouraged art and other cultural activities on a large scale until they provide a much fuller and more intensive expression of society's awareness of itself and its ideals than in other countries. In the U.S.S.R. the subsidiary nationalities have been deliberately encouraged to develop their own traditional cultures. The organized youth and health movements of the totalitarian countries and of prewar Czechoslovakia, the fostering of the belief in a peculiar "German science," the great prestige and publicity given in Russia to scientific and geographical achievement are also symptoms of the same trend, as is the tendency to see in education not merely an intellectual, a moral, or a practical function, but a social one—the function of projecting the character, the ideals, the needs, and, in general, the social consciousness of the nation into the next generation.

In international affairs one inevitable trend is toward a higher degree of international organization. This has gone much farther in totalitarian countries—theoretically in Japan's "East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere," practically in the unification of Europe in Hitler's iron "New Order." In the democratic countries it is beginning to appear under the stress of war. Lend-Lease, the leasing and sharing of strategic bases, organizations like the Middle East Supply Council, the various organizations for unified strategy and supply—these are important beginnings.

The second international trend is the greater concern with the organized exploitation of the resources, both material and human, of backward areas. This, like the first, is an inevitable outcome of that shrinking of the world to which Mr. H. G. Wells has so forcibly drawn attention. The world has become a unit, its frontiers and empty spaces are filling up.

The exploitation may be exploitation in the bad sense, like that of occupied and dominated Europe by Germany at the present moment, or like that of the mineral resources of helpless or de-

pendent peoples by powerful foreign financial interests. Or it may be exploitation in the good sense, like the encouragement given by the United States to the political development of the Filipinos, or certain aspects of native development in British colonies like Uganda or the Gold Coast. Another symptom of the trend is the widespread talk about the need for investing very large sums in the development of backward regions, even if this be uneconomic in the short-range terms of private finance.

The logical conclusion of these various inevitable trends is a world where nations or federations have put non-economic aims into first place, and exhibit a high degree of central planning, extending to every main activity of life, and a high degree of social integration in education, cultural expression, and social self-consciousness; but also a world where nations are getting tied together more closely in international organizations, and where the resources of backward areas are being more consciously exploited and developed.

IV

The third step in our proposition was that the degree to which the revolution had been achieved was in some way related to military efficiency in the war. The correlation is striking though by no means complete, and the relation appears to be a causal one, in the sense that planning, social integration, and the deliberate relegation of economic motives to second place are all essential to the successful waging of modern total war.

Here again the totalitarian countries provide the most obvious examples. Germany and Japan have been able to score their spectacular military successes because they have for years been planning for war, and because they have carried out the most drastic revolutions of their economy and social structure in the interests of that plan. The same is

true of Russia: the military and technical efficiency which has surprised the world is the fruit of a deliberate and truly revolutionary plan. The lesser military efficiency of Italy has many reasons; but it is a fact that the Fascist revolution was not so thorough-going or so wholehearted as the Nazi revolution in Germany or the Communist revolution in Russia, and this fact is undoubtedly one of the causes for Italy's military failure in this war.

In other countries failure to embark upon the revolution has demonstrably impeded military efficiency. The most conspicuous example was France, where conflict as to the form the revolution should take was so acute that no agreed action was possible, and the result was disunity, disintegration of morale and national feeling, unpreparedness, and inefficiency. The inadequacy of British production and planning during the Chamberlain "phony war" period is another illustration. So is the unfortunate effect of Britain's slowness in changing her official attitude toward so-called inferior races, whether subject peoples or allies. American readers will be able to provide plenty of examples from their own country during the months since Pearl Harbor. From an earlier period, the shipment of oil and scrap iron to Japan, the behavior of Standard Oil and other big companies with regard to synthetic rubber and other new technical advances, and the huge output of pleasure automobiles during 1941 provide further examples of how failure to abandon the ideas of an earlier age may interfere with military efficiency when the revolutionary war eventually blasts its way in.

There will be more to say on this subject in relation to war aims. Meanwhile the fact that there is a definite connection between the extent to which a country has progressed in achieving the inevitable trends of the revolution and that country's efficiency in the war, is a solemn warning to those who persist in proclaiming that the war is no time

for social experiments. On the contrary, the war calls for the most drastic social experimentation, so drastic as to merit the term revolutionary. The only question at issue is the form which the social experiment is to take.

V

This brings us to the most interesting step in the argument, for it is here that alternatives present themselves and that the outcome may be determined by our conscious choice and deliberate effort. The revolution itself is inescapable. Even if we struggle against it we merely make the inevitable process longer, more painful, perhaps more bloody. But its form and character are not: it can be achieved in different ways, of which the alternative extremes may be described as the democratic way and the totalitarian way.

Our fifth point concerned the desirability and the efficiency of the two alternatives. We in the democracies know the undesirability of the totalitarian way. It is the way of force and domination. Inside the nation, it is employed to secure power for a small gang. It operates by means of armed force, secret police, concentration camps, the building up of irrational mass enthusiasm, the suppression of freedom of discussion, thought, and inquiry, and the persecution of contrary opinion and of scapegoat minorities. It demands disciplined uniformity and regimentation. Internationally, it imposes the domination of a chosen people or a master race, who will shoulder the burden of directing the international organization required; in return, other peoples are expected to acquiesce in remaining at a lower level of development and prosperity. In both cases, power is the primary aim, force is the primary method, and domination of the less powerful by the more powerful is the avowed object.

The totalitarian method of achieving the revolution may be undesirable, but it is certainly capable of producing ex-

treme efficiency, as the enemies of Nazi Germany have found to their cost. However, there is every reason to believe that this advantage is not a lasting one, and that the method is essentially a self-defeating one. It is self-defeating just because it holds its power by sheer force and can maintain itself only by constantly extending that power. But the more it extends its power the more resistance it generates both from the inside and from the outside. The question is thus not whether it will fail in the long run, but how long that run will be, and how much of civilization it will destroy in the process.

What of the democratic way? To be clear on this, the sixth step in our proposition of political Euclid, requires some hard mental effort. We may be sure in principle that it is preferable, and that it does not contain the necessary seeds of its own defeat within itself. But we must be quite sure of what we mean by democracy, sure that we are not misapplying the term or merely talking platitudes. Democracy requires rethinking in relation to the changing world. A great deal of what we have taken for granted as being of the essence of democracy turns out to be applicable only to a partial aspect of democracy or only in the particular period from which we are now escaping.

Thus it is entirely wrong to equate democracy with a system of free individual enterprise. That was the form taken by democracy, in its economic aspects, during the period initiated by the industrial revolution. In those conditions that aspect of democratic freedom worked efficiently in many ways, but also generated contradictions, for instance, by creating economic unfreedom for large masses of the lower-paid workers. For a different reason, it is entirely wrong to equate democracy with representative government. That is one aspect only of democracy, the political aspect: democracy must extend into the economic and social and all other aspects of life if it is to be complete.

Our first problem is then to find a criterion or a principle of democracy which is universal and is applicable in every period of history, under any conceivable set of conditions. So far as I can see, there is only one such criterion—the individual human being, his needs and his development. The yardstick by which we can measure democratic achievement is the satisfaction of the needs of human individuals, and the yardstick by which we can measure democratic method is their active and voluntary participation in all kinds of activities. The two are in reality not separate, for participation is itself a human need to be satisfied, but for some purposes the distinction is useful.

Under the satisfaction of needs there is to be included not merely the provision of a reasonable standard of security and welfare, including adequate nutrition and health, but also equal opportunity for education, for recreation, for freedom, and for self-development and self-expression. Looked at from another angle, every human being born into the world has in the eyes of true democracy a certain individual birthright—a birthright of health, strength, intelligence, varied enjoyment, and free interest, which must not be denied or stunted if the society into which he is born lays claim to being democratic.

Under participation there is to be included participation in national politics and in local government and community affairs, by discussion, through the ballot box, and by actual service; but there is also freedom of participation in group organizations, whether to protect particular interests like trades unions, or to give outlet to a shared enthusiasm, like choral societies or natural history clubs; and there is also the opportunity of participation in cultural life and in organizations for service. The technique adopted in planning schemes like the TVA or the Columbia Basin projects is demonstrating how the general public can participate in a bold central plan.

Throughout, the basic criterion is that

the individual and his ultimate welfare and fullest development shall be paramount; not the State, nor national power or wealth, nor maximum profits, nor even the cultural achievements of a society in art or science or literature. And this implies the maximum amount of freedom, the fullest equality of opportunity for development, and the maximum degree of co-operation. The freedom must not be freedom at the expense of others, the opportunity must not impair the possibilities of co-operation.

The individual is the ultimate yardstick; but he cannot develop fully or freely except in an organized society. Nor is any one individual the yardstick. His freedom and opportunities must obviously be limited by the need for guaranteeing freedom from interference to his fellow-individuals.

VI

So much for the universal criterion of democracy. What remains is to find those special applications of democracy which will be necessary in the new phase upon which the world is now entering. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—these will always constitute democracy's triple crown; but, to change the metaphor, their edges have grown blunted by use, so that they need redefining in new terms; and their particular expressions must be to a large extent determined by the social and economic conditions of the time.

The outstanding characteristic of the early nineteenth century was that it was an expanding and an industrial world. In that world democratic freedom was inevitably concerned with throwing off the shackles of the semi-feudal past, and with the rights and duties of free individual enterprise to exploit the resources of nature to the fullest possible degree; democratic equality was largely limited to political equality for the middle classes; and democratic fraternity was still largely confined to the concepts of

charity and *noblesse oblige*. The outstanding characteristic of the world we are now entering upon is that it is a closed world, still organized in the form of independent nation-states, but with those states brought into constant contact and constant friction. What application of democratic principle will these conditions bring out and emphasize?

Nationalist self-determination leads, in this closed world, to competition and war; but cultural self-determination (as practiced, for instance, to a notable extent in the U.S.S.R., where regional cultures are encouraged to develop fully and freely) is perhaps the best expression of Liberty in to-morrow's internationalism. The principle of Fraternity may be broadly translated as co-operation: co-operation for defense, for trade, for increased general consumption. This at once rules out punitive tariffs, purely national armies, and imperialist domination, and suggests the lines for new world-scale economic and political organizations, both international, transnational, and supernational.

In the new international sphere the most difficult of the three democratic principles to translate into the relevant concrete terms is Equality, since at the present time the world is composed of peoples at such manifestly unequal levels of cultural and economic development. However, we find a general principle to hand in that of Potential Equality. Our aim with backward peoples will then be to raise them to a position where they can take their international place on a footing of actual equality. This does not imply that all peoples are potentially identical culturally or that there may not be real differences in innate temperament or capacity. Cultural diversity is as desirable as individual diversity. As with individuals, peoples and nations contain vast reservoirs of untapped potentiality, and the democratic approach demands in both cases that they should be provided with equality of opportunity to develop that potentiality.

We are beginning to realize the implications of these ideas in relation to China: the Chinese people must be treated on a footing of equality if the war is to be won and if we are to have a stable peace in the Far East. The same realization is dawning with regard to India. In the case of politically dependent peoples, the United States adopted our principle of potential equality in its encouragement of the Filipino's development toward independence. This was in strong contrast with the British attitude in Malaya—with appropriate results in the military sphere.

The main implications of this principle are twofold. First, a redefinition of the status of colonies and dependent peoples, with a formal pronouncement to the effect that the goal of colonial administration is preparation for self-government. And second, a policy of large-scale development for all peoples or regions who are backward in the sense of being below standard in any aspect of life. This would not "pay" in the short-range terms of *laissez-faire* finance, but will certainly do so in the long run if our other two principles of co-operation and of freedom for cultural development are borne in mind.

VII

The final step in our argument remains—the need for entering upon our revolution consciously and of set purpose, deliberately guiding its course instead of allowing its blind forces to push and buffet our unplanned lives. The war is not merely a symptom of the world revolution; it is also one of the agencies for its accomplishment. The two are bound up together.

Our best method for achieving the revolution deliberately is through the proclamation of comprehensive war aims which include the achieving of the revolution. Our enemies have long ago done this. Hitler, for instance, has included in his aims the establishment of a "New Order" in Europe, with the establishment of Germany in a dominant

position as a "Master Race," and with the crushing both of bolshevism and democracy in favor of National Socialism. Japan has done the same with its slogan of Asia for the Asiatics, and its project of the "East Asia Co-Prosperty Sphere," with Japan in a similar dominant position as divinely-appointed leader.

The war aims of the United Nations are beginning to take more definite shape, through recent pronouncements such as those of Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Eden, and Mr. Lyttelton in Britain and those of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Milo Perkins in the U. S. A. But they could become both more comprehensive and more precise. For this it is not necessary that we should refer explicitly to the revolution nor envisage its complete fulfilment. But it is necessary that we take it and its implications into account.

If the revolution in some form is inevitable, if we agree that the democratic way of carrying it out is the better way, that is the first step. The next is to make sure that we understand the inevitable trends of the revolution, and also learn how to translate the standards and methods of democracy into the new terms that the changing world demands. Then we shall have not only a body of principles to act as a touchstone, but a set of general aims to give us our direction. Our concrete schemes can then be framed in relation to those aims and checked in detail against that touchstone.

It is surprising how much assistance such a coherent body of aims and principles can give—on social security, on our treatment of subject peoples, on the role of art in the community, on international trade, and a hundred other subjects. They can also be important in warning us against possible mistakes—against a disregard of the trends of history, against every kind of undemocratic short cut to apparent efficiency, against the possible imposition of plans, however admirable, without the interest and the participation of the plannees (if I may coin a term), against every kind of

narrow exploitation and racial arrogance.

It may be suggested that the best method of setting about this business is to draw up and proclaim a series of Charters, extending the general principles of the Atlantic Charter into greater detail and into various special fields. Once these were formally proclaimed by as many as possible of the United Nations there could be no going back on them; and meanwhile the experts behind the scenes could be charged with working out the practical schemes through which they would take effect. There has already been considerable talk in Britain of a Colonial Charter. A Pacific Charter might be useful to formulate the democratic point of view on the relations between the Asiatic and the white nations. A Charter of Welfare and Service would formulate the rights and duties

of the individual and be in effect the charter of the common man; a Charter of Security would be the banner under which nations would be invited to co-operate in the prevention of war and aggression; and one might add a Charter of Prosperity to cover international economic co-operation, and a Charter of Peaceful Change as the first step toward the setting up of new international machinery for political adjustment.

Meanwhile it is imperative that we should be clear in our own minds as to the inescapable nature of our proposition of political Euclid. Only when we have accepted the logic of its earlier steps and fearlessly worked out their implications, can we hope to write Q.E.D. at its close by drawing the final conclusion of a set of war aims which shall shorten the war, revivify the democratic nations, and lay solid foundations for peace.





BLOOD AND BANQUETS

THE DIARY OF A BERLIN SOCIETY REPORTER

BY BELLA FROMM

Bella Fromm was born and brought up in a well-to-do Jewish home in Bavaria, where her family for generations had been substantial citizens. After the First World War, when inflation wiped out her inheritance, she got a job with the great Ullstein publishing house in Berlin as social columnist for the Vossische Zeitung. Here her acquaintance with members of the diplomatic set and her family's social contacts proved invaluable. During the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, while the German Republic was disintegrating and the Nazis were gaining power, Mrs. Fromm kept a diary in which she set down her observations. This diary she ingeniously smuggled out of Germany, piece by piece. As Frederick T. Birchall says in the introduction he has written for her forthcoming book, no one not a German by birth and upbringing and no one not admitted to the inner circle of Berlin social life could have compiled this record. The following uniquely revealing passages cover the last days of tortuous and vicious maneuvering by which Hitler ousted Chancellor von Schleicher and got himself appointed Chancellor, and the subsequent days of dull apprehension and intermittent terror while the Nazis tested out the new ground under their feet—trying to find out how far they could immediately go in overthrowing what was left of German democracy.—The Editors

January 17, 1933 [*a fortnight before Hitler became Chancellor*]:

Foreign Minister von Neurath sent out five hundred invitations for a soiree at the Friedrich Leopold Palace. His own private quarters in the garden of the A.A. are too small for such a reception.

Although the evening was a glittering, elaborate affair, there was an almost visible tension. The daily battles between the National Socialists and their antagonists have strained everyone's nerves.

Chancellor Schleicher was, once again, unable to accept the invitation. Bad omen! Colonel von Bredow, his right-hand man, was there. He told me about the almost inhuman strain weighing upon the Chancellor, who has endless conferences and sessions. "Von Schleicher seems to have made up his mind that, at this point, it would be wise

to embody the National Socialists in the government," Von Bredow said. "In his opinion it will be easier to keep them under control when their activities are legalized. He also is confident that if he lets them have a share in the responsibility their rowdyism will subside.

"Lately he has been having frequent talks with Gregor Strasser. He thinks him a very able man. Schleicher said to me this morning: 'I'm sure Papen dislikes the National Socialists as much as I do. But he doesn't mind using them for the purpose of getting rid of me.' Schleicher suffers from the almost hostile coolness of President Hindenburg."

"Why doesn't he do something about it, then? To me he seems hypnotized," I said.

"Von Schleicher thinks it wiser to have them [the National Socialists] bring

about their own ruin. It would be wrong to hold them back by force at a moment when the majority of the German people seem to favor them. The Chancellor also knows that Hitler and Gregor Strasser met in Weimar last Monday. From Weimar Hitler 'phoned to Von Papen asking him to get an appointment with Schleicher."

It has been arranged.

January 22, 1933 [*five days later*]:

Gala performance for the Berlin *Winterhilfe* under sponsorship of Hindenburg. He of course was not present. An exceptionally glamorous affair with the general mood at freezing point. People are slowly waking up to the shocking realization of their blunder in having elected Hindenburg and, what is worse, in re-electing him. They understand now that Hindenburg has been lulled to sleep by his staff. That he is too weak and senile to resist their influence and their plotting. And that a crash is inevitable.

I heard that Dr. Schacht has hitched his horses to the National Socialist star. If things come to a climax he'll be seated nicely. If not, then there is still the lenient Republic and absolution will be granted.

January 23, 1933:

Dropped in at Chancellor Kurt von Schleicher's. He knows by now that he has been excluded from the Palace intrigues. He has no access to Hindenburg; the slanderous whispers against him have persuaded the childish old man that a revolt in the Reichswehr will break out soon if the appointment of a strong man is postponed much longer. The President is deliberately misled by his "devotec" staff.

I tried being coldly realistic with Schleicher, for I get to hear a great deal of Palace gossip. I told him I had heard that Hitler was just waiting at the Kaiserhof for Papen and the staff of the Hindenburg household to get ready. Then the revolution! Perhaps I was talking out

of turn. But I could not spare him. I had to tell him what was being said among people who should know what they are talking about.

January 28, 1933:

There was so much excitement and speculation going on at the newspaper office that I couldn't stand it any longer. I jumped into my car and drove over to Schleicher.

"Don't worry so hard, Bella, dear," he coaxed. "I'll see you to-night at the Press Ball. I'll come to the Ullstein box to have the second dance with you."

It is two o'clock now. Lots of things can happen between now and ten!

January 29, 1933:

An anguish of suspense and waiting hung over the Press Ball, a chancellor-less vacuum waited to be filled. Schleicher had resigned. Hitler, Papen, Hugenberg . . . who was to take his place? Will the inevitable really be inevitable, and will Hitler . . . ? Try not to think, Bellachen.

When I left Schleicher this morning I thought for a moment that perhaps he was right about my being too pessimistic. But in the early afternoon he was forced out. Hindenburg did not support him. Rumors began to spread.

I had to cover the Press Ball. Who flirted with whom, who wore what, who escorted whom, and who shared which table with whom—that's what the readers want to know in the morning. I kept a property smile beaming on my face in accordance with my festive appearance, a pale-rose velvet affair, trimmed with chinchilla and a sweeping train. Specially ordered from Paris for the occasion. My heart was heavy, however, with foreboding over what might be in store for us.

January 30, 1933:

At 11:10 this morning Hitler was appointed Chancellor of the Reich. It took him another ten minutes to form his Cabinet. The ministers had been wait-

ing for his call. Everything ran according to schedule. Hitler certainly loses no time. This afternoon he had already convened his first cabinet session. It seems an ironic foreboding that the new Hitler Cabinet should start off without a Minister of Justice.

Frau von Papen said at a tea party: "The Old Gentleman seemed very relieved. Franz told me that Hindenburg on leaving the new cabinet remarked: 'Now, gentlemen, go ahead and God be with you!'"

January 31, 1933:

Grandmother is dead! This was the prepared password for the Nazi armies. When the word was given they leaped into action. In the flickering light of a sea of torches they paraded—from the west to the *Knie*—through the *Tiergarten* to the *Wilhelmstrasse*. An endless sea of brown. An ominous night. A night of deadly menace, a nightmare in the living reality of twenty thousand blazing torches.

Hindenburg stood with Secretary of State Meissner at his special window on the first floor to the left. I don't know whether it was my imagination or not, but as the brown and black masses thudded past, his face, like cast bronze, seemed bewildered and somewhat startled.

This morning at the newspaper office the report was around that Hindenburg, a bit dazed, had asked Meissner: "Did we really take all these Russian prisoners at Tannenberg?"

February 2, 1933:

The Kurmärker Ball, the annual festivity of the old nobility, was the scene of general excitement. Wild rumors circulated. Adherence to the new masters of the Reich was confessed. More than one mask was dropped for good. There were a great many foreign diplomats there, all anxious to find out just exactly what is going to happen in German domestic affairs.

Heard how the "go ahead" signal had at last been extracted from Hindenburg.

It was so simple that it's hard to believe, but then this whole business is pretty hard to believe if your mind has a leaning toward sanity. Well, anyway, it seems that Papen called on the Field Marshal. He painted for him a highly colored story of an imminent army revolt and a plot to assassinate Schleicher. It was urgent. The tension was so high that it would happen any moment! They worked the Old Gentleman up into a really panic-stricken state, calculated their moment well, and snatched the decision from him before he had a chance to pull himself together.

February 10, 1933:

Last night, at Hindenburg's formal dinner reception, Adolf Hitler made his debut in diplomatic society. When the foreign diplomats received their invitations four weeks ago it was just routine. No one dreamed of the importance this dinner was to assume. Strict observance of prewar etiquette began with the invitations, which bore, at the lower left corner, the warning: "Carriages 11 P.M."

Everyone watched Hitler. The corporal seemed to be ill at ease, awkward and moody. His coat tails embarrassed him. Again and again his hand fumbled for the encouraging support of his sword-belt. Each time he missed the familiar cold and bracing support his uneasiness grew. He crumpled his handkerchief, tugged it, rolled it—just plain stage fright.

The scene was a brilliant one, and in all the large company there were but two Jewish women: Maria Chintchuk and Elizabeth Cerruti, the wives of the Russian and Italian Ambassadors. The former was seated next to François-Poncet, French Ambassador. The other—call it the playful malevolence of fate, if you wish—found herself seated next to the Reichskanzler.

Hitler had a pleasant time with Elizabeth Cerruti. She is enthusiastic about Fascism. It's going to be interesting to learn whether this enthusiasm extends to Nazism also.

February 27, 1933:

What a flurry last night, caused by the sudden appearance of the town-commander's adjutant at the Esplanade Ball!

Colonel Schaumburg happened to be in the same party with me at Signora Cerruti's table. He got a short report from his aide, jumped to his feet, and with the staccato explanation, "I am sorry, the Reichstag is in flames," he dashed off.

One after another stole away. It was impossible to get near the scene of the fire, however. Everything was roped off.

February 28, 1933:

The Reichstag fire has released torrents of speculation. Everybody was in a state of excitement at the Sacketts' today. A cross fire of accusations, information, and statements whizzed across the reception room.

"Did you know about that underground passage leading from the Reichstag to the villa of the Reichstag Presidency, where Goering lives?" somebody asked. "Hitler convened his cabinet during the night between yesterday and to-day. Papen said at a luncheon today that a decision was made during the night session, to set the S.A. on the opponents' heels."

At that point Frau von Papen, with her daughters, made her entrance. The comments in English, French, German, and Italian came to an abrupt hush.

March 2, 1933:

Every day brings many casualties, wounded and dead, in "political clashes."

"The people object more violently than anticipated against the Hitler regime," said my friend Rolf, who works in the Home Office.

"In Bavaria they're making another try at regaining their independence," he told me. "Hitler is going to get tough now. After the election comes the abolition of the state governments."

The Reichstag fire was the pretext for

mass arrests of workers and Leftist voters. There is little question of course as to how the voting will turn out. Goebbels' collaborator, Dr. Brauweiler, is known to be an expert in correcting "defective" ballots.

March 4, 1933:

Reception at the Russian Embassy. The People's Commissar, Maxim Litvinoff, was the center of attention. He stopped here en route to Russia from Geneva.

There is something very reassuring about Litvinoff's well-composed affable appearance. Seeing him standing there, his feet solidly planted apart, sturdy, well-rounded, he seemed the very image of a personality well adjusted to reality. The comfortable creases of his substantial pinkish neck harmonize perfectly with the good-natured expression of his clean-shaven face. His correctly cut tailcoat may well be a contrast to Stalin's blouse, but somehow one does not think of it. He speaks English, French, German, has a good sense of humor and, obviously, a strong appreciation for well-cooked food.

One of the younger members of the Embassy asked me: "Frau Bella, do you believe the Communists set fire to the Reichstag?" The topic is endless. They come back to it over and over again.

"The fire was very badly managed. You Germans are generally more thorough. The incendiary lubrication was applied so economically that the building refused to burn," he said.

March 7, 1933:

The Minister of Venezuela discussed the electioneering terror system to-day. He said that Hindenburg had stopped for several minutes inside the poll booth. "He evidently couldn't decide up to the very last minute whether or not to vote for the National Socialists. . . ."

My friend, Poulette, gave a big tea at the Garde Kavallerieklub. The club includes the members of the eight former Guard Cavalry regiments. The clubhouse is kept in prewar military style:

pictures, etchings, oil prints, and paintings representing the Prussian Kings, the German Emperors, the famous army commanders. The heavy old silver and the china come from the eight exclusive regimental casinos.

The elderly servants too are leftovers from olden times. They served tea and gave the dignified atmosphere the exact finishing touch.

I was a little late. "Poulette was worried that something might have happened to you," were French Ambassador François-Poncet's words of welcome. "But I told her nobody is going to do any harm to our Bella. They know that the Diplomatic Corps protects her."

"Let's hope you are right, Your Excellency!"

He was in high spirits, sparkling and sarcastic. It is not easy to label him. Such a conflicting personality. I have been studying the French Ambassador more closely than any of the other diplomats. He gives the impression of a human icicle, whether at the conference table or on other formal occasions. In his morning coat, as well as garbed in the gold-braided diplomatic uniform, his "three-master" tucked under his arm, his face is set in a mask. But his eyes seem to have a life of their own, scrutinizing, observant, quick. The glitter of his monocle, now dropped, now pressed back into position, emphasizes the frozen aloofness of his expression. Yet at home he is likely, in the midst of the most stimulating topic, to turn to his four boys and sit on the floor with them, engrossed in the repair of a toy train or in the construction of a miniature church steeple. It would be easy to classify him as professionally cold-blooded and privately warm-hearted, but it isn't as simple as that. His sudden whims complicate the analysis. Intensely discussing a subject, something, almost tangible, passes his mind in a flash; the conversation is dropped. His face becomes inscrutable.

Now he speaks scornfully, sarcastically about the Nazis. A little while ago the tenor of his words seemed to betray con-

cealed admiration for the masters of the Third Reich. No doubt he has studied the big and the small Hitlers. He knows what they are and what they stand for. I can't even help feeling that he foresaw their coming approvingly! Now, however, he recognizes the danger. Now he sees there is no way to stop the monster which, so foolishly, has been turned loose. He hides his reactions behind an elegant Latin flippancy. No way to sound out how worried he really is. Or how pleased.

March 8, 1933:

The reappointment of Dr. Schacht as President of the Reichsbank has aroused scorn, including my own.

Way back in November, 1923, the Stresemann government, backed by Jewish bankers and energetic democrats, hoisted Schacht to his position. But this ruthless opportunist does not care whose hands deal the cards of power and position. He sided early with the coming winners. This time Thyssen and Stinnes were his stepping-stones. I heard that these two gentlemen again financed the Nazis last November to help them recover from their blow. The reward exacted was the Reichsbank Presidency for Schacht as soon as the Party seized the power. Hitler has now had to make good the note he endorsed.

"Schacht is going to be reappointed," Schmidt-Pauly told me.

"How about Luther?" I asked.

"Luther," commented handsome Edgar, "is going to be Ambassador in Washington. His is one of the pliable natures. Besides, he has 'connections' over there. He will succeed with his display of good-natured joviality. He's an excellent shoulder-slapper."

Luther is the personification of the small middleclass. Sturdy, cheerful, with an eternally amiable smile.

"But Luther is no National Socialist, Edgar!"

"Wouldn't be any good if he were, right now. We have to reassure the people over there."

March 10, 1933:

Midnight. I am still so upset that there is no chance of my falling asleep anyway. I may as well sit up and write this out.

For years I have given a cocktail party once or twice a month. As the diplomats count me not only as a reporter but also as a friend, I feel I should repay their numerous invitations by entertaining in my own house.

The invitations for to-day's cocktail party had been sent out some time ago. At that time political and social pandemonium had not yet broken loose. There was no reason for me to expect any such acts of imbecility as to-day's.

Early in the morning, apparently acting on official Party order, groups of young S.A. men, almost children most of them, swarmed through the streets, dragging their loot of black-red-and-gold flags of the Weimar Republic through the dust of roads and sidewalks. They seemed to have conducted a thorough house-to-house search. Passers-by, especially women in their easily kindled outbursts of hysteria, went out of their way to trample the soiled flag cloth. Rags of black-red-and-gold material were seized and burned in the streets, while howling mobs yelled "Heil Hitler."

Even in our secluded suburb, with its private family homes, the excitement ran high. Shortly before the arrival of my guests, a troop of S.A. men had discovered a forgotten flag of the Weimar Republic, an especially gigantic specimen, in the attic of the nearby hospital. They dragged it through the boulevard and stopped a stone's throw from my house to build a cosy little fire, right in the middle of the driveway, to burn the banner.

Just then the first limousine, with its little foreign flag flapping cheerfully in the breeze, drove up.

Among the guests who were coming to-day were the French Ambassador, François-Poncet, and his wife; also Signora Elizabeth Cerruti, wife of the Italian Ambassador. The latter is the only one so far within the circles of the

foreign diplomats to have been "honored" by Adolf Hitler's presence at her dinners. In addition there were the Czech Envoy and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Vojtech Mastny; the Belgian Envoy, Baron de Kerchove de Denthergem, and his wife; the Rumanian Envoy and Mrs. J. P. Comnen, famous in diplomatic circles for her beauty. The Comnens brought their house guest, the Marquis Giovanni Maurigi di Castelmaurigi, Mayor of Palermo. (Maurigi has been a friend of Benito Mussolini since his early days, but did not seem to think very highly of the Berlin "Fascisti.")

There was my old friend, Hassan Nachat Pasha, Envoy of King Fuad of Egypt, and the French Naval Attaché, Jean Tracou. I was informed, to-night, that Tracou reported all the events of the day to his chief, who never stops longer than a few minutes at any reception held in the daytime. Mostly he cannot even attend at all. There were some other members of the Corps with their ladies.

Baron and Baroness de Gruben of the Belgian Legation had, as I found to-night, been unable to drive to the house. They had been a little late. The National Socialist hordes had grown to such dimensions that the traffic was blocked. The De Grubens had with them the wife of a diplomat who lives in Bucharest. When their car got into the traffic jam near my house this lady was molested by the Nationalist Socialists. They took her Mediterranean looks and dark hair for Jewish features. These are now becoming criminally dangerous to possess.

Among my German guests was Frau Meissner, wife of the Secretary of State. (He is a leftover from several former regimes which he has survived in true opportunist fashion. Hitler too accepted his services because of the zeal Meissner had shown the party before it came to power.) Vice-Chief of Protocol Herbert Mumm von Schwarzenstein was also there, and of course, Wera von Huhn. I wouldn't have wanted to miss Poulette at any of my parties.

It is still too early in the year to sit in the garden or on the terraces, so I had gathered my guests in the music room, which extends almost through the entire ground floor of the house. The windows look to the east and west. A vaulted south door leads to one of the terraces. As usual at these diplomatic routs, people stood about in little groups, chatting, juggling cocktail glasses and pastry plates, the whole scene in constant informal movement.

Hassan Nachat Pasha had brought faithful Ali, one of his native servants. We had posted him at the door. Upon arrival of the last guest Ali, quaking with fear and turning pale under his dark-brown skin, tiptoed into the room and whispered into my ear: "Madam, thou must come outside, great mishap going to happen."

I tried to leave the salon quite "casually," and dashed through the hall to the entrance door. Outside I noticed a menacing mob of Brown Shirts. In an alarming attitude they kept an eye on the entrance and on the cars outside.

I was panic-stricken, but managed to pull myself together. I shouted at the S.A. man who stood closest to the scene: "What's going on? What do you want?"

After a stubborn silence, and after my repeated question, one of the roughnecks replied: "Passersby have called us here. They have seen that arms and ammunition have been delivered to the house. They have seen spies driving up in these cars. We know very well that this house belongs to non-Aryans. Now we are going to fumigate the place."

At first this incredible stupidity made me laugh. Then, in a flash, I realized the danger which threatened my guests. I even forgot to worry about myself. I told the roughnecks to get in touch with the nearest police station. There they could find out on the spot who the owners of the cars really were.

"You can place a guard here so that nobody can leave the house," I tried to reason. But I might as well have talked to the moon. They did not budge. In

fact, more and more rowdies in brown uniforms joined them. Of course the crowd of onlookers grew too.

I told Ali to hurry and turn on the lights in the music salon, draw the curtains, and close the shutters. Then I made a renewed attempt to parley with the "enemy." When I was still conferring with their leader the next blow crashed down on my poor head in the shape of a police captain. He was accompanied by five officers. Although the captain recognized the low license-plate numbers of the diplomats and government members, he took an important and bullying attitude.

"I am from station Kreuzberg. We have word that this is a meeting of political agitators. I have orders to search your house." That was just what the Nazis had waited for. Their attitude grew twice as threatening.

The police captain finally agreed to wait until the guests had left. He had surrounded the house for the time being. However he refused to disperse the mob. "I have orders not to interfere with the S.S. or with the S.A.," he said.

All I could do, I reflected, was to telephone the Chief of Protocol. "Ru" Bassewitz was very shocked to hear my tense report which, at first, he did not believe because I "did not sound upset." He promised to go over immediately to see my patron, Secretary of State von Buelow, to report the case. Buelow seemed duly impressed. He 'phoned me after a few minutes to keep my chin up, as he had already sent word to Vice Chancellor von Papen. "I am going to rush over to Hitler's office for advice too."

I returned to the gate and assured the crowd they would not be cheated. They would have the pleasure of setting fire to the house once the guests had left, but that they had better await the word of their Führer, whom I had just informed through the Foreign Office.

They muttered in protest. "Everybody can say that. Give us a proof that Hitler really has been informed." I

promised to be at their disposal after one hour.

Somewhat relieved, I returned to my guests. With one glance I noticed that almost nobody had paid any attention to my absence. I discovered, however, the French Naval Attaché, together with the Czech Envoy, on the terrace. They peered through the bushes into the street. We winked at one another and I was glad to have somebody to share my secret and face the danger with me.

Again somebody came to call me to the 'phone. Secretary of State Meissner wanted to talk to me. Basewitz, in his panic, had hurried to the Presidential palace. The Old Gentleman was informed and is said to have cursed and thundered. Meissner wanted me to get his wife to the 'phone. I refused. I assured him that, with the exception of Tracou, Mastny, and myself, nobody had noticed anything so far. Meissner asked me to be brave. Help would be here any moment now. He felt a little uneasy, his darling wife being in the mess.

The second 'phone rang. Papen himself lisped from the other end: "Frau Bella, fifteen mounted police are on their way out to you with orders to shoot; tell the crowd."

"Shoot at whom?" I asked tartly. My question remained unanswered. Well, I didn't tell them anything of the kind. I returned to my guests instead. I used Papen's message, however, to reassure the Frenchman and the Czech. I then asked the two gentlemen to assist me in keeping the affair from being perceived by any of the other guests. I preferred to stay outside to prevent possible incidents.

I arrived just in time to see one of the S.A. men tear the little flags from the radiators of the French and Rumanian cars and shove them into his pocket. The two foreign drivers rushed the S.A. idiot, and in a moment they, together with the trooper, were rolling in the dust of the road.

Then in a clamor of hooting and horn-blowing, the "saviors" sent by Adolf

Hitler drove up in four shining black cars, five men alighting from each one. I recognized Schaefer, a group leader with his gang. He came to the foot of the staircase and asked what the trouble was.

I refused to explain: "There are plenty of your party comrades present. I can't very well assume the right to testify against S.A. men."

This took him aback. He turned round in a rage, and grabbed the nearest brown roughneck by the throat. The little S.A. creature turned purple. He spluttered out the familiar tale of the arms, the spies, and the non-Aryan house.

Schaefer lost his temper. He became increasingly infuriated. He knew these license numbers. When the chauffeurs in their broken German had complained about the stolen flags, Schaefer's hand closed once more round his victim's throat. He happened to be the very one who had taken the flags. Reluctantly, he pulled them out of his pockets.

Schaefer asked me whether my guests had been molested. He was apologetic. "It's too embarrassing that these rascals, who have just been ordered here from the country, behave so idiotically." He wanted to come in to be introduced. He wished to apologize and explain the mistake to the foreign diplomats. I advised him to postpone it until to-morrow. I could not very well ask him to enter my house, especially since he wore the S.A. uniform. He was astonished to find himself turned down.

I excused myself: "I suppose my presence here is no longer necessary. I am sure you will take care of everything. I must return to my guests."

I heard him bark, "Police Captain, take over the protection here. I forbid the searching of the house. I am leaving three men of my staff behind."

Bullied into obedience by the young Nazi, the old police captain with the Iron Cross First Class, clicked to attention and acknowledged, "*Zu Befehl*."

Returning to my guests, I saw that everything was proceeding smoothly.

My two friends outside on the terrace had stayed at the observation post. Nobody else had got wind of the affair. I teased them about it.

Mastny kissed my hand and grinned, "I am most obliged. I have just now experienced a page of world history. I have had the chance to study the Nazi soul."

He was overheard. There were excited demands to be told what had happened. The ladies paled when the Czech gave a detailed survey of what had happened during the last half hour in front of the house. Mrs. Meissner rushed to 'phone her husband. Madame François-Poncet fainted.

Just then the "mounted police" who were sent upon Von Papen's order were announced by Ali. There was nothing for the fifteen horsemen to do. They returned to their quarters, order having been restored by the unmounted Nazis.

When I had seen each guest to his car I went down to the basement. In the kitchen, at the coffee table with my servants, I found the three Nazi guards cosily settled. They praised the coffee and cake, which was better than any they had ever tasted before. I could not help replying how proud I was that they considered the food of a non-Aryan household so palatable.

I found it was time to get dressed for the farewell dinner given by Vice-Chancellor von Papen for the Sacketts. When shortly after seven o'clock, I came downstairs in full evening dress with orders and decorations, the police captain was there clicking his heels again. He had just wanted to come in to bring me his apologies. I insisted that he should search the house for arms and ammunition.

"For God's sake, *gnädige Frau*, you heard Group Leader Schaefer forbid anything of the kind." He led me to my auto, clicked to attention again, and returned to his post. He and his people had orders, together with the Nazi guard, to stay on duty all night long.

Driving in the direction of the Bran-

denburger Tor on my way to the Hotel Adlon, I retraced in my mind the events of the afternoon. I must admit that I entered the lounge with slightly wobbling knees. To my surprise, Louis Adlon came to welcome me. "You are a hero, I am told. The Vice-Chancellor is expecting you in the writing room."

"Fränzchen" put on his best face when I entered, and kissed my hand. "May I express my gratitude for this afternoon? After all this unpleasantness I have one favor to ask in the name of the government. I am referring to the incident of the two flags torn from the cars of the French Embassy and of the Rumanian Legation. The two diplomats will probably undertake a *démarche* because of the disrespect shown to their national colors. We are very anxious to avoid such action: I know you have influence with them. Ask them to forget the incident. You may be assured of the gratitude of the government."

March 30, 1933:

"Vice-Chancellor and Frau von Papen request the pleasure of Frau Bella Fromm's company Wednesday, March 29, 1933, from 9:30 P.M. on, at the Palais Prinz Friedrich Leopold."

The pasteboard has been on my desk for three weeks. I felt uneasy whenever I looked at it. The date rolled around yesterday and I felt I had to attend. I didn't like it. I cannot just say why.

My friend Rolf and I had dinner at the Kaiserhof. Around 10 P.M. we walked over to the palace. I love the historic old building. It saddens me to think of the barbarians from the Ministry of Propaganda housed in its aloof and lofty dignity.

So far everything seemed unchanged. We climbed the white marble steps. In the stately reception room people were already gathering, the crystal chandeliers radiating a flood of light on the brilliant uniforms, the medals, the evening gowns, the jewels. The scene was spoiled only by the ugly smudge of brown and black uniforms scattered throughout.

The horrible high boots preferred by most uniformed Nazis were an offensive dissonance in the general color harmony.

Word had spread that Adolf Hitler had been invited. This was only hearsay. There is a general taboo concerning the discussion of any of sacred Adolf's movements.

Mammi von Carnap and I stood in a group with Frau von Papen, right under the center chandelier. Suddenly our host, "Fränzchen," appeared from somewhere. He dashed up to his wife, whispered hastily into her ear, and hurried off. She turned pale, trembling in every limb. She clung to Mammi's arm and mine.

"The Führer has just entered the palace," she said. When I saw the skinny and unattractive creature, dressed in her shabby silk Sunday best, so excited about the arrival of the Führer, it flashed through my mind that here was still another of the countless females who fell into hysterical rapture at the mere approach of the divine Adolf and who helped him into power.

Suddenly—God knows where they emerged from—black-clad S.S. men studded the place. I looked on in amazement. They had not been there a minute before. Now things went on as though on a revolving stage. Folding doors were flung grandly open. There was a moment's silence and Adolf Hitler made his entrance. Meissner and his wife raised their arms in the Nazi salute.

Adolf paused. A plain-looking little man. The coat tails well-cut, in fact better cut than the head, which seems out of drawing, as if it did not belong with the rest of him. The last time I saw him his suit was not so well-fitting. New tailors go along with new jobs. The better the job the better the tailor.

Behind Adolf loomed a huge, uncouth figure—his adjutant, Oberleutnant Brueckner. At the lieutenant's side appeared the elegant figure of Hans Thomsen. His suave elegance threw the clumsiness of the Führer and his adjutant into rather tawdry relief.

Papen, in his flustered state, had been neglecting his duties. He was dashing from group to group to spread the news of the Führer's arrival when he should have been at the door to welcome the illustrious visitor. I saw Adolf throw a glance in "Thomy's" direction for a cue as to just what to do next. Then I saw him try out the slippery floor with a tentative Nazi toe. Gathering his resources, his coat tails flapping and his body moving forward dynamically, he dashed right in the direction of our group.

My first impulse was the animal one of self-preservation. I wanted to scramble away. But already the Führer was bent over Martha von Papen's shaking hand. I could see Mammi trembling in anticipation of her turn. My actions spoiled it for her however. My attempt at a retreat had attracted Adolf's attention from Mammi. He came to me. I was rooted to the spot.

"May I have the pleasure of bidding you good evening, *gnädige Frau*?" he cooed. He seized my hand, pressed it to his lips, and presented me, gratis, with one of his famous hypnotic glances.

It did not seem to work on me. I felt only a slight nausea. The fact is, I could not even feel that he was a member of the other sex. A glance around out of the corners of my eyes showed me some of my foreign friends grinning more or less openly.

Weird ideas flashed through my mind. Why did I not have my little revolver with me? Then I realized that he was asking me polite questions. That I really ought to give him polite answers.

"Are you having a good time?" I was, I told him. "Where did you gain these decorations?"

They were from the World War. For my services with the Red Cross.

"You enjoy being here?"

I said that I did but that, in addition, it was my job, as I was Diplomatic Columnist for the Ullstein papers.

I saw Hitler wince. The word "Ullstein" rang an unpleasant bell in some noisome depth of his mind. Another

kiss on my hand. "Hope to see you again soon." He was off. He forgot to pay attention to Mammi. She was furious.

When I joined Lammers and Thomsen I couldn't help a slightly catty remark. "Your Führer must have a cold," I said.

"Why?" Thomsen asked.

"He's supposed to be able to smell a Jew ten miles away, isn't he? Apparently his sense of smell isn't working to-night."

They couldn't help laughing—though not without a quick, furtive glance around to see who was listening.

I followed Adolf with my eyes everywhere, not wanting to miss any of his debut. In talking to people you got the impression that he was addressing an audience. The most casual remark was delivered as though to a mass meeting. His gestures appeared as studied, and as unnatural, as those of a ham actor.

He was no awe-inspiring personality. He gave no impression of dignity. He was indifferent to whom he talked or which group he joined. He was self-conscious and inferior in attitude. He did not know what to do with his hands. He clung to his handkerchief or pushed his greasy forelock from his brow. The forelock glistened under the elaborate care of his Majordomo, fat Gustav Kannenberg—formerly owner of a famous Berlin wine tavern.

Hitler's eagerness to obtain the good graces of the princes present was subject to much comment. He bowed and clicked and all but knelt in his zeal to please oversized, ugly Princess Luise von Sachsen Meiningen, her brother, hereditary Prince George, and their sister, Grand Duchess of Sachsen Weimar.

Beaming in his servile attitude he dashed personally to bring the princesses refreshments from the buffet.

He almost slid off the edge of his chair after they had offered him a seat in their most gracious company. Papen found the most exquisite delicacies to feed his Führer. Hitler nibbled a lettuce leaf. He sipped orange juice. Everything else remained untouched. Of course Hitler is known to be a vegetarian. But is there another reason for his public abstinence? Kannenberg told me recently: "The Führer does not eat a bite unless my wife has prepared and cooked it. And even then one of us has to taste it first before his eyes."

Upon the arrival of the immensely rich Prince Ratibor-Corvey and his two daughters, Hitler was again overwhelmed. The princesses' mother is a granddaughter of Pauline Metternich. Ratibor is one of the best-paying members of the Party. The young princesses reacted properly pleased to the kisses on their hands and to the piercing glance.

The evening had further trouble in store for me. I had the bad luck to be placed at a table with the Propaganda Minister. There were a few foreign diplomats at the same table. With the first spoonful of food lifted to his gigantic mouth, Goebbels started to discuss his pet topic—Jews and Communists. I was somewhat surprised, because I knew that the Propaganda Minister usually tried not to come into close contact with foreigners. The diplomats reacted in violent protest. The Rumanian Envoy, Petrescu Comnen, tried to prove that Communists were to be found in all creeds and races. "There are also Jews in conservative circles."

The clubfooted dwarf shrieked hysterically: "There is nothing worse than rightist Jews! It would be preferable if they were all Communists."

Comnen led me away. I was glad. Sometimes I can't keep my mouth shut.

[A second installment of Bella Fromm's diary will appear next month.—The Editors.]



MOVING THE WEST-COAST JAPANESE

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

WHILE the attention of the nation has been riveted upon the rapidly shifting scene of the war the Army has accomplished, with a minimum of fanfare and publicity, one of the most unusual operations in its history: the evacuation of one hundred thousand Japanese—men, women, and children—from Military Area No. 1, a strip of territory extending one hundred miles inland down the length of the West Coast. Wholly without precedent, this largest mass evacuation in American history has been accomplished by the Army on time, without mishap, and with virtually no friction. In retrospect this accomplishment is certain to loom large as a miracle of effective organization.

The timetable is, indeed, impressive. On February 19th the President authorized the Army to exclude any person, alien or citizen, from any area on the West Coast which might be required on the grounds of military necessity. On March 2nd the first evacuation areas were designated; and on March 10th the Wartime Civilian Control Administration was established, to assist in the evacuation, and some eighteen assembly centers were selected. Army engineers went to work immediately to construct 28 shelters a day in these centers, to house the evacuees. On March 19th the President, by executive order, created the War Relocation Authority (a purely civilian organization) to prepare the permanent resettlement centers. On March 29th all voluntary evacuation was prohibited by proclamation. And

by May 31st some 99,770 Japanese had been moved from their homes and transported to the assembly centers; with the exception of invalids, orphans, and a few others, every Japanese on the West Coast was under surveillance. Even the hospitalized cases have been concentrated in a few institutions and plans are now under way to evacuate the orphans.

In effecting this vast movement of people in such a brief allotment of time the conduct of the Army has been wholly admirable. Both officers and troops behaved, at all times, with the utmost tact, good judgment, and consideration. There were, to be sure, minor flaws in the planning, but as a whole the evacuation went through on schedule without a hitch. This may not be as exciting as bombing Japanese warships in the Coral Sea, but it must be credited as a major feat for the Army.

The whole movement was, in fact, executed so swiftly that those of us who were watching from the outside found it impossible to keep abreast of the exciting and dramatic sequence of events. Fortunately many phases of the operation have been documented: by eye-witness accounts, by photographs, by documentary films, and by public hearings, so that a few years hence it should be possible to piece together all the myriad fragments of this unprecedented episode in our history. Not only has the initial phase of the operation, that is, physical evacuation, been almost fully accomplished, but the work of permanent relo-

cation is well under way. Permanent relocation sites have been selected, in California, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Arkansas, and it is now possible to get some perspective on the relocation, as distinguished from the evacuation phase of the movement. One can, however, only speculate on the third or final phase—what is to happen when the war is over.

The evacuation itself was handled on an area basis, as one district after another was designated for exclusion. On the day appointed all Japanese within the area, citizens and aliens alike, reported at a specified place. They came for the most part in their own cars, carrying a limited amount of baggage and equipment. Accompanied by the Army escort, the strange procession then got under way for the nearest reception center. The movement itself was carefully timed, with stops at designated intervals and arrangements made for hot lunches en route. On arriving at the particular center (usually a race track, fair ground, or park), the evacuees were swiftly inducted into camp life. Each member of the family was given a superficial medical examination; their belongings were inspected; a social case-history was taken; the rules of the camp were explained; each member of the family was given a badge with his number upon it; and the family was then shown to its quarters in the camp. Fairly typical of the assembly centers on the West Coast are those at Pomona and Santa Anita, in Los Angeles County, the one a fair ground, the other a race track. I came away from a visit to these centers recently with a bewildering variety of impressions, both good and bad, and profoundly moved by what I had seen and heard.

Until it was taken over by the Army, Santa Anita was a sumptuous race track, ornately designed, beautifully laid out, bounded by exclusive residential districts. Within the twenty-five acres which make up the grounds a city has come into being. When I visited the center, on June 25th, it had a population of 18,562

Japanese residents. Santa Anita has almost everything that any California city of comparable size would have: newspaper, hospital, police and fire departments, recreational centers, stores, ball parks, workshops, and libraries. It has been divided into seven sections, each with its own post office, store or canteen, mess halls, showers, milk stations (on every street); and each district has its representative on the city council. Shortly before my visit the camp residents had held an election. Every adult member of the camp, whether citizen or alien, had been declared eligible to vote. For the first time in their lives, the *Issei*, or first-generation Japanese, had been permitted to vote in an election. Here, in the space of a month, a large city had grown up, with well-organized community facilities, and its residents were going about their business in a quiet and orderly manner.

The essentials of camp life were obviously well established. The residents of the camp eat in shifts in large community mess halls, with 3,000 and 4,000 people sitting down to eat at the same time. Provisioning such a camp is no small undertaking in itself, for the occupants of Santa Anita consume 70,000 pounds of food a day. All of the food is requisitioned through the Quartermaster's Corps (there are no private "concessions" of any kind or character) and prepared by camp cooks. I visited all the kitchens and mess halls, checked the menus, inspected the food, and interviewed, in private, numerous friends among the *Nisei* group. The food is good, there is enough of it, and the kitchens are clean. Many residents of the camp, however, complain of the lack of variety, the mass-feeding technique, and the fact that they have to wait, in long lines, before meals. Tea is served twice a day, coffee once, and milk is available at all times in whatever quantity desired. Mothers can get milk and special formula preparations at milk stations conveniently scattered throughout the camp. No one is starving at Santa Anita.

By and large, I should say that the shelter is adequate. Much has been made of the fact that stables have been converted into dormitories and living quarters. It is true that one section of the camp, housing about 8,500 people, is made up of units which were formerly stables. But these units constitute, if anything, somewhat better shelter than the newly constructed mass-fabricated houses. Judged by standard housing tests, there is overcrowding and a lack of proper ventilation, and the units themselves are not adequately insulated. Each unit has running water and each section has its community toilets and showers which, generally, are not as conveniently located as might have been desired. The units themselves are regularly inspected twice a week; sanitation is properly supervised; and garbage and rubbish are collected through a street maintenance division. The camp as a whole is surprisingly neat.

At the canteens, which are operated by camp residents under supervision (and with profit to no one), the evacuees can purchase some 163 different articles, ranging from shoes to aspirin. The camp boasts of a one-hundred-and-fifty-bed hospital, staffed by Japanese doctors, nurses, and attendants. Some twenty-one babies have been born in the camp, the first, Katherine Anita, being the daughter of Dr. Mitonori Kimura, a distinguished scholar, whose attainments are chronicled in the British Dictionary of National Biography.

II

It would certainly not be accurate to characterize Santa Anita as a "concentration camp." To be sure, the camp is surrounded by barbed wire; it is guarded by a small detail of soldiers; searchlights play around the camp and up and down the streets at night; and the residents cannot leave the grounds. Their automobiles are all impounded; two roll calls are taken each day; and, at least at the Pomona camp, I was able to verify the

fact that there is a military censorship on outgoing and incoming mail. Occupants can, however, receive any publication or periodical they desire provided it is not in the Japanese language. This description may sound perilously like a concentration camp. But the internal policing is all provided by the Japanese themselves. They have an auxiliary police force, made up of volunteers, who function under the supervision of a deputy sheriff. People move freely about the camp during the day; they enjoy their own social life; a measure of self-government has been provided; and the utmost good feeling prevails between camp residents and the management.

By and large, there has been no discipline problem. Camp officials throughout the State have told me that they have nothing but praise for the way the Japanese have behaved. At the Manzanar camp, Hikaji Takeuchi, a twenty-two-year-old *Nisei*, was shot by a guard, but the incident seems to have been the result of misunderstanding on the part of both the victim and the guard. There have been some arrests for gambling; and recently at Santa Anita six aliens and five citizens were apprehended for violation of camp rules. But to date there have been no major "incidents" of any kind.

Strolling through the streets of Santa Anita and Pomona is indeed an amazing experience. It is quite common to see American flags and service flags, with one, two, and three stars, in the windows of the dwelling units. There are twenty-nine World War veterans at Santa Anita and a flourishing post of the American Legion. Many of the quarters have been tastefully decorated with a talent for improvising that borders on the miraculous. I never knew that tin cans could be put to such a variety of uses or so attractively decorated. Miniature victory gardens have been laid out; shrubs and flowers have been planted; dainty curtains appear at the windows, and gaily colored rag rugs cover the floors. The Japanese are, moreover, certainly possessed of a sense of humor.

The streets have been named after famous racehorses: Azucar, Whirlaway, Seabiscuit, Man o' War; there is a "haunted house" on one street with the caption "Whoo-whooh!"; and barracks have been named Dusty Inn, Burlap Row, and Jerk's Jernt. Amateur barbers can be seen at work in the streets and alleys. Santa Anita has eighty-one baseball clubs—with such names as Tigers, Japanita Pals, Stablemates—and its own set-up of leagues and world series. I wish that some of our more rabid race-baiters could have witnessed, as I did, a game in the "junior league series." I have never seen better baseball played by teen-age kids nor have I ever listened to more picturesque baseball fans—fans that handle the vernacular with proficiency, volubility, and a typically American emphasis. The fact is that they are painfully American in speech, action, and behavior.

Santa Anita has its own PTA groups, its Boy and Girl Scouts, its Whiskerino contest, its literary societies, its badminton, volley-ball, and tennis courts, and its Aeroplane Model Builders. The residents have organized a fifteen-piece orchestra, and when they sing the National Anthem and salute the flag in the main auditorium it is a thrilling sight. In the basement of the race-stands I found a dozen young *Nisei* practicing on violins, drums, and horns as they endeavored to master "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Throughout the vast stands on an afternoon—the imposing and ornate stands from which great crowds once witnessed the performances of Seabiscuit and Whirlaway—one can see little islands of Japanese study-groups: youngsters, old Japanese ladies learning the English language from *Nisei* instructors, and a variety of classes in literature, science, history, and sociology. Dr. Yamato Ichihashi, for thirty years professor of history and government at Stanford University, has even organized graduate courses and the beginnings of a normal school. Contrary to popular American belief, the Japanese belong to a variety of religious

faiths. Mike Masoaka, for example, national secretary of the Japanese-American Citizens League, is a practicing Mormon in good standing. Church services therefore are conducted in the camps by many different groups. There is the most complete freedom of religious worship, and a limited freedom of speech, assembly, and press (naturally of course camp residents, in their meetings and in their newspaper *The Pacemaker*, do not feel free to express *all* that is on their minds). The Japanese-American Citizens League however, from its headquarters in Salt Lake City, issues the *Pacific Citizen*, which is as free to print whatever it wants as any other American newspaper. This publication, moreover, circulates freely in the camps. The Army has however made one serious mistake: its prohibition on Japanese publications and on a Japanese-language section in the camp newspapers. The effect of this policy is to make it almost impossible to carry on badly needed educational activities among the *Issei* group. It is interesting to note that many patriotic wartime activities are carried on in the camps, such as Red Cross work, and recently the residents of Santa Anita contributed \$5,000 to buy war bonds.

Every adult in Santa Anita has a job and the variety of camp occupations is amazing: gardeners, barracks inspectors, carpenters, draftsmen, sign painters, plumbers, truck drivers, stenographers, accountants, policemen, firemen, teachers, and so forth. There is no compulsion about these assignments, as the management has depended entirely upon volunteers to staff its various projects. Fortunately an astonishing variety of skills and occupations have been represented. Inside the camp, as well as outside, money is the real problem. Camp residents must purchase certain items: shoes, toilet articles, clothes. Most of the residents are at the end of their resources. Coupon books are given out which enable the residents to buy \$2.50 worth of merchandise a month at the canteens. Admittedly this allowance is

insufficient. As a consequence, wage scales have been established for most of the projects: \$8 a month for unskilled labor, \$12 a month for skilled labor, and \$16 a month for technical and professional services. No charge is made for support or maintenance. A large number of *Nisei* are employed at Santa Anita (they were all volunteers) on a camouflage-net-making project. Only citizens can work on this project because of the provisions of an international agreement signed some years ago at Geneva prohibiting compulsory employment of enemy aliens in cases of war. This particular project happens to represent an important type of defense employment, vital to the war effort. It is difficult therefore to defend a policy which compensates the American citizens employed on the project at the rate of about $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents an hour, when the same work, if performed outside the camp, would command a much higher hourly rate. To some extent at any rate, this situation will be corrected when the evacuees are settled in the permanent relocation centers.

There are strange sights to be seen in Santa Anita. On my recent visit I met an irate redheaded Irishman, who, ironically, finds himself an evacuee. Some years ago he married a Japanese girl in the Orient and brought her to this country on a visitor's visa. He is of course at liberty to leave the camp whenever he desires, but to date he has elected to remain with his wife. He quarrels endlessly with the Japanese and resents the manner in which he is ostracized among them. There are, in fact, many cases of mixed marriages, involving Koreans, Chinese, white Americans, Mexicans, and even Negroes.

The most amazing case of all perhaps is that of the Hayward tribe. The genealogy is somewhat complicated but essential to an understanding of the case. In the Hayward family there were five girls and four boys, all American-born; and all of them, at the time of the evacuation order, were married to white Americans. There were children in seven of the nine

marriages. The Haywards do not speak, write, or read Japanese; they have never been to Japan; they do not resemble the Japanese; and they have never associated with Japanese. But it seems that the father of this tribe, whose name was originally Hayoshi, was one-fourth Japanese. In the Pomona camp therefore are to be found 21 members of the Hayward tribe. Two of the American husbands of the Hayward girls elected to remain outside the camp; the others are with their wives. This strange situation results from the Army's policy of admitting no exceptions: if there is *any* Japanese blood, no matter how small the quantum, the individual falls within the evacuation order. Some of these mixed-up individual cases can perhaps be reconsidered after the Japanese have been removed to the permanent resettlement centers.

Santa Anita and Pomona are, I believe, fairly typical of the reception centers on the West Coast. It is possible, however, that Santa Anita is somewhat better than the average camp. I have received complaints from the *Nisei* from various other camps; and there has been considerable criticism of Camp Harmony, in Oregon. In general, however, I believe it correct to state that many of the camp residents, perhaps a third of them, are living better than they have ever lived in their lives; that another group, also perhaps a third, are no better off and not much worse off than they were before they were evacuated; and that a remaining third, made up of the relatively well-to-do families, are unquestionably having a difficult time in adjusting to the new routine. A definite leveling-off process is discernible, in fact, in all the camps.

There is undeniably a serious morale problem; there is also an undercurrent of resentment. Occasionally signs have been found painted on the barracks, such as "V for the Axis," indicating the existence of such an undercurrent of feeling. None of the *Nisei* with whom I talked believed that there was any possibility of their release during the war and they

were utterly in the dark as to their possible future. There was also much cynicism among them. The fact that in the recent camp election only 57 per cent of those eligible to vote exercised the privilege may be traced, in part, to this cynicism. Jitterbugs abound in the camp and, a year from now, there is going to be a bumper crop of babies. There is discouragement, bafflement, and cynicism; but one can note also high spirits, gaiety, and much admirable fortitude. Many of the youngsters in the camps resent their classification as 4-C in the draft; and quite a number that I spoke to said that they would like to fight in this war if they were given a chance to do so.

What I have said about the reception centers should be sufficient, I believe, to emphasize the point made in the final report of the Tolan Committee to Congress: "The curtailment of the rights and privileges of the American-born Japanese citizens of this country will furnish one of the gravest tests of democratic institutions in our history. As with all previous crises in the nation's history, the preservation of liberties will depend upon the degree to which clear vision is applied to momentary difficulties. Realism must go hand in hand with a profound sense of responsibility for the maintenance of our way of life."

III

The evacuation of the Japanese was ordered as a matter of "military necessity," but the phrase itself fails to characterize the complex situation which prompted the decision. It is extremely important that the nation at large, and in particular the various minority groups, understand something of the nature of this necessity, which was by no means entirely military in character. I was told recently that Jawaharlal Nehru, in a letter to an American friend, had expressed his amazement and concern over the evacuation of the Japanese. Is what we have done actually at variance with our war aims? Is it consistent with our

democratic ideals? The answer to these questions is to be found, not in the realms of abstract speculation, but in a consideration of the facts involved. In this section I am not attempting to rationalize what has been done (I was opposed to mass evacuation), but rather to point out some of the considerations, many of which are quite persuasive, which led the government to believe that the measure was necessary.

In 1940 there were 126,947 Japanese in this country, of whom 112,353 resided in the three West Coast States (83 per cent in California and most of them in Los Angeles County). Of the Japanese affected by the evacuation order about 41,000 are aliens; about 71,000 are American citizens. The aliens, as a group, are about 59 years of age, with an average period of residence in this country of thirty years. The citizen, or *Nisei* group, are, on the average, about 21 years of age. Unlike other immigrant groups, the Japanese have shown no tendency to disperse; on the contrary, they were more densely concentrated on December 7, 1941, than they were twenty years ago.

Americanization of the Japanese, as of other groups, increases with length of residence and loss of contact with the homeland. Not only are the Japanese recent immigrants, but a number of factors have served to preserve their ties with the homeland. Through the presence on the West Coast of numerous Japanese mercantile and financial concerns, the local immigrant groups were tied to Japanese-controlled firms and, through them, to the consulates. Unlike other immigrant groups, the original Japanese immigrants were barred by the provisions of the Exclusion Act from becoming American citizens. Race prejudice largely accounts both for their concentration in certain areas and also for the fact that they were highly organized as a group. There is reason to believe that, because of the Exclusion Act and the Alien Land Act, some of the resident Japanese harbored deep-seated resentments against this country. The cessa-

tion of all immigration in 1924 served to fix the economic and social leadership in the original immigrant group, to the exclusion of the American-born and educated *Nisei*. Anxious to maintain some ties with the homeland, the parents, in many instances, sent their children to Japanese-language schools or arranged for them to receive part of their education in Japan (almost 12,000 American-born Japanese received part of their education in Japan—the so-called *Kibei*). The same considerations prompted many parents to register their children with the consulates as Japanese citizens. In 1930 Dr. Edward J. Strong, Jr., of Stanford University, estimated that one-third of the Japanese children born in California were registered as citizens of Japan.

Considering the obstacles in their way, the Japanese had made a wonderful economic adjustment, as an immigrant group; but socially they were not so well assimilated.

By reason of their race the Japanese never acquired a broad economic base in the community. Almost 20,000, or 50 per cent of those gainfully employed in California, were in agriculture. Largely because of this fact, the Japanese tended to stay together and to develop communities that were socially and economically introverted. Race prejudice, by preventing intermarriage with white stocks, had much the same effect. In Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, Sacramento, San Francisco, and Los Angeles the situation was everywhere much the same: produce farming (peas, cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, celery, berries, etc.) near the large urban markets, with a Little Tokyo settlement located in the city itself. Little Tokyo was operated by and for Japanese, with the usual service trades and professions. Discriminated against in general employment, segregated by building restrictions and similar legal devices, the Japanese settlements tended to remain Japanese. The economic base was far too narrow; it failed noticeably to provide outlets for the talents of the younger generation.

Many Japanese settlements, moreover, in the words of Colonel Karl Bendetsen, were "deployed through very sensitive and very vital areas." For the most part, however, this was a matter of coincidence: the Japanese were already in the particular area before it became a vital defense zone. One such colony was located on Terminal Island, in the center of Los Angeles harbor; another was located in Puget Sound, on Bainbridge Island, near the Bremerton Navy Yard. In Seattle the Japanese operated 206 hotels, many of them along the waterfront, and it was known that these hotels provided an almost impenetrable screen for espionage activities. So many of these settlements were located near strategic areas that a mere relocation within the general area would have involved nearly as much dislocation as total mass evacuation. Since the Japanese settlements were made up of businesses operated by and for Japanese, they naturally suffered severe economic losses after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Import and export firms were closed down; banks and produce houses had their funds impounded; fishing was suspended for the duration; and, gradually, a paralysis crept over the settlement. This development of itself would have forced governmental intervention sooner or later.

It should also be remembered that California has a large resident Chinese and Filipino population, and mounting racial antagonism was a factor to be carefully considered. Unlike German and Italian nationals moreover, the Japanese are easily recognizable. Virtually every law-enforcement official on the West Coast, according to the records of the Tolan Committee, was convinced that the problem of surveillance, from a civilian point of view, was insoluble and that the situation warranted military action. It is apparent therefore that the widespread belief on the West Coast that the Japanese did constitute a special case is not without foundation in fact, however extravagant some manifestations of this belief may have been.

What, then, were the alternatives? No one has doubted, and least of all the *Nisei* themselves, that there were disloyal elements among the Japanese. Those individuals known to be dangerous were of course seized at the outset and are now in internment camps in Montana, North Dakota, and New Mexico. If, in an effort to segregate the potentially dangerous, the aliens alone had been evacuated, it would have resulted in splitting families, creating juvenile dependency, and jeopardizing the success of resettlement projects which stand in need of the talents of the *Nisei* group. Canada, for example, merely evacuated all male Japanese between the ages of 18 and 45; but this policy, again, results in separating families. To have evacuated the aliens alone would have been tantamount to saying that none of the *Nisei* were suspect. It is interesting to note that the law-enforcement officials all agreed that there was more reason to suspect the *Nisei* than the *Issei* (a belief which I find it impossible to share).

If the citizens had been left behind and the coast had been bombed, there was always the danger of mob violence, which might have affected other groups, since, in a moment of hysteria, people would not have distinguished between Japanese and, for example, Koreans, Chinese, and Filipinos. It was deemed essential that the general population receive emphatic assurance that *all* Japanese had been removed, so that they might know that any remaining Orientals were non-Japanese. Law-enforcement officials testified that they had been plagued no end with 'phone calls and complaints concerning Japanese residents since December 7th; and they also testified that, as civilian officials, they lacked authority to take measures deemed essential to the protection of public safety and order.

Another question needs to be considered since it has received considerable public attention. Can it be said that self-seeking groups were responsible for the evacuation program? A careful study of the Tolan Committee hearings

has convinced me that such was not the case. It is true that the large-scale shipper-grower interests in California, for selfish reasons which were freely admitted, wanted to have all Japanese moved from the West Coast. But in the State of Washington, where small-scale production prevails, the produce houses and marketing associations were strongly opposed to evacuation. "White American" nurserymen, in Los Angeles and elsewhere, were quite willing to get rid of their Japanese competitors. But there is excellent reason to believe that a number of banks and a few railroads were opposed to the measure. The fact is that the question cut across the ordinary economic alignments. The Washington Commonwealth Federation, for example, an ultra-liberal and progressive political organization, favored total evacuation. While opinion on the question was by no means unanimous, nevertheless, as the Tolan Committee found, there was a deep-seated conviction on the West Coast that all Japanese must go. That purely military considerations were not solely responsible for the decision is indicated by the fact that the Japanese, citizens and aliens alike, constituted only about 1 per cent of the total population of the three West Coast States; whereas they constitute 37 per cent of the population of the Hawaiian Islands, and we have it on the authority of the Assistant Secretary of War that in the islands the Japanese are deemed indispensable to the economy and the defense of the islands themselves.

Factual considerations dictated also the form that the evacuation program assumed. The Japanese, between February 19th and March 29th, had the option of moving voluntarily. But it was almost immediately apparent that the problem could not be handled on this basis. The Japanese did not know where to go; there was no assurance of acceptance (on the contrary a freely expressed disapproval of the idea) on the part of other communities. Since they had long been concentrated on the West Coast, the

Japanese did not have friends and relatives in other areas; and they feared the consequences of retaliatory measures such as boycotts were they to move. Even the out-of-State employers who were willing to accept them did so upon condition that some supervision would be provided and that adequate measures for their safety would be taken.

Also the financial problem was most acute. While a few of the Japanese have been quite successful (and all of them are amazingly thrifty and industrious), the fact remains that the vast majority of them had only limited resources. Not only were these resources meager in amount but, after December 7th, they had been frozen in many instances by regulatory orders. Only about 6,000 Japanese took advantage of the opportunity to depart voluntarily and many of these merely moved from Military Area No. 1 into the restricted zone, or Zone B, as it is called.

IV

Evacuation, as one witness told the Tolan Committee, is a "surgical operation." It has involved not merely the transfer of persons but also the transfer of property. To give some conception of the magnitude of the problem, there were some 5,135 Japanese-operated farms in California alone, embracing 226,094 acres of valuable farm land which produce about 42 per cent of the State's produce crops. These farm properties were valued, in 1940, at \$65,780,572. And there were of course the other holdings, urban and rural, of the Japanese throughout Military Area No. 1. Because of the uncertainty and confusion which prevailed at the outset and the haste of the evacuation program itself it is undeniable that the Japanese, citizens and aliens alike, have suffered severe economic losses. Properties were sacrificed, crops were lost, frauds were unquestionably practiced.

The transfer of farm properties however has been effected more easily than might have been imagined. Most of

this work was supervised by the Farm Security Administration functioning as part of the Wartime Civilian Control Administration. The latest figures I have been able to obtain indicate that, out of a total on the West Coast of 6,540 farms, some 5,774 have already been sold by the Japanese or otherwise transferred to non-Japanese operators. In many instances neighboring white farmers arranged to take over the Japanese-operated farms. The FSA has made loans totaling nearly \$3,000,000 to enable these non-Japanese operators to expand their operations. But all manner of makeshift arrangements have been negotiated as part of the business of transferring holdings. Schoolboys, veterans, Chinese, Mexicans, Filipinos, dust-bowl migrants, and "week-end" farmers have been utilized also in taking over these holdings. At Fallbrook, California, a group of Future Farmers of America—students at the local high school—arranged to take over a 55-acre Japanese farm as a paying production laboratory. Two young girls, fresh from floricultural studies at San Francisco Junior College, have taken over a Japanese greenhouse and nursery. At Sawtelle, California, a Japanese who had built up over a period of sixteen years a profitable nursery business turned it over as a gift to the veterans of Sawtelle Hospital. Around Bakersfield, dust-bowl migrants have taken over numerous small Japanese properties. In several instances Japanese farmers took in Chinese partners, taught them the rudiments of farming, and turned their properties over to their newly acquired partners. In a number of communities, city residents, anxious for a hand at farming, have taken over small Japanese holdings which they operate as week-end ventures. By and large, the transfers have been successfully effected.

The economic consequences of evacuation can be summarized in a general way, although of course they cannot at this time be fully appraised. The removal of Japanese from the cities will, for example,

have no appreciable effect on the economy of the West Coast States. The Japanese in their Little Tokyos, as I have pointed out, catered primarily to their own people. Their removal has as a consequence not been noted. The Little Tokyos are abandoned and, in general, have the appearance of ghost towns: the "cities within cities" have disappeared. But as a result of the housing shortage and the lack of new construction of all types, these abandoned properties are being rapidly reoccupied. One of the important industries affected has been that of the nursery or greenhouse business, in which the Japanese were entrenched. But fortunately this is not an important wartime industry and its total temporary eclipse would cause no major dislocation. The truth of the matter is that the Japanese did not play a highly important role in the economic life of West Coast cities.

Nor will their disappearance from the produce industry—their major economic endeavor—cause as much disruption as at first was contemplated. This is all the more remarkable because of the high percentage of the production of particular crops which was controlled by Japanese, ranging from 40 per cent in some produce crops to as high as 90 per cent in others. The relative ease with which the transition has been effected can be explained, in general, by two factors. In the first place, Japanese production was primarily concentrated in specialty produce crops, as distinguished from staple produce crops (with the possible exception of canning tomatoes). For example, the Japanese had no great foothold in the production of staples such as potatoes, onions, and squash; but they did monopolize the production of such specialty crops as celery root, escarole, chard, watercress, and leeks. They also virtually monopolized the production of strawberries. As a consequence of their removal there will be less variety of produce in the West Coast markets, but not necessarily any reduction in volume. The entire elimination of strawberry pro-

duction would not seriously affect the "food-for-victory" program.

In the second place, the Japanese had made a niche for themselves in the small-scale production (largely through the use of family labor) of produce crops for the large local urban markets. In this field Japanese growers were linked in the scheme of production with Japanese commission brokers and with Japanese-controlled retail outlets. They had, in fact, nearly monopolized this field. But in the large-scale production for Eastern markets they had never acquired a dominant or even seriously threatening position. For in this other field—production of large commercial acreages for car-lot shipment—the advantage of family labor was offset by large-scale mechanized operations. Hence their removal, while felt in some respects, will not cause any major disruption on a national scale. It will result however in a further and dangerous consolidation of land holdings and of production in the hands of the large shipper-grower interests on the Coast.

V

The present relocation schemes for the Japanese have been largely dictated by the necessities of the situation, rather than by consideration of what might have been socially desirable. Theoretically, in order to avoid social ostracism and to provide a "normal" community life, the relocation units should have been small. But this has been impossible for at least three reasons: the difficulty of obtaining sites; the fact that a small detail of troops can guard 5,000 people as easily as 500; and also the fact that larger units make possible the maximum utilization of the diversified talents and occupations represented. Most of the relocation projects are therefore large-scale in character, involving 10,000 or more evacuees.

In general, most of the reception or assembly centers selected by the Army are purely temporary in character. As fast as possible, the evacuees will be

moved into the permanent relocation sites selected by the War Relocation Authority. To date the following sites have been selected: In Arizona, two projects, one at Poston, on the Colorado River, designed to accommodate 10,000 evacuees; another at Sacaton, also with a capacity of 10,000. In California, the Manzanar project, in Owens Valley, will accommodate 10,000; the Tule Lake Relocation Center, in Northern California, 15,000. In Idaho a large site has been selected at Eden, designed to accommodate 10,000. Other large centers have been selected in Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Arkansas.

Most of these relocation projects are, I believe, permanent in character. It is difficult to imagine the Japanese drifting back after the war to their former points of concentration. A new set of vested interests has already been created; these interests will not welcome the Japanese back with open arms. Nor, for that matter, is it desirable that the Japanese should be concentrated in localized areas as they were prior to December 7th. Besides, California is rapidly locking the doors behind the departing Japanese. Local ordinances are being passed barring the Japanese from certain trades and professions; the loopholes in the Alien Land Act are being eliminated; and suits are pending in the courts which call in question the citizenship of the *Nisei* group.

Vast improvements are being made in the relocation projects: land is being reclaimed, towns are being constructed, new communities are being laid out, small-scale industries are being planned. These improvements, by their very nature, are permanent in character. The Japanese, moreover, are going to have a strong equitable interest in the product of their labor and their industry; and it is at least foreseeable that the government

will eventually work out some scheme by which they can acquire ownership of these projects. As free American citizens, the *Nisei* can of course go wherever they wish after the war; but my point is that they will probably prefer to remain where they are rather than to go through the dislocations occasioned by a second resettlement.

In the long run the Japanese will probably profit by this painful and distressing experience. They had not made a satisfactory adjustment to American life prior to December 7th; and through the unforeseen exigencies of the war it is possible that they can win for themselves a far more satisfactory position in American life than they have enjoyed in the past. On the other hand, it is also possible that the evacuation policy can degenerate into a horrible fiasco, resulting in the possible post-war deportation of the aliens in the Japanese groups and in making social and economic pariahs out of the *Nisei*. The success or failure of the undertaking largely depends upon how thoroughly, in the words of the Tolan Committee report, the whole problem can be interpreted to the American people so as to win for the War Relocation Authority the indispensable freedom of action which it must have in dealing with the problem.

Great issues are at stake in the evacuation program: the question, for example, of whether a democracy can fight a total war and preserve its freedom. The issue is fraught also with great international significance in terms of our relations with colored peoples generally. There is no reason why the relocation projects cannot be successful, cannot in fact reflect great credit upon us as a nation—provided a majority of the American people will insist upon fair treatment of the Japanese and not succumb to demagogues and race-baiters.



HOW TO BE COOL AT 93°

MADE-TO-ORDER INDOOR CLIMATE

BY CLARENCE A. MILLS, M.D.

WE can do nothing about curbing or modifying the vast outdoor climatic and weather forces which have so much influence on our body functions and health, but air conditioning offers us a means of escape from their worst phases. Engineers can now give us almost any type of localized artificial climate we wish in our homes, offices, and factories.

The benefits of such artificial environments may be illustrated by an interesting case in Manila. In a local factory one hundred Filipino women were busy wrapping and packaging sticks of bubble gum. The manager had installed cooling equipment to maintain a 65° F. temperature so that the gum would be kept hard while being handled. This he had done with many misgivings, since Filipinos are extremely sensitive to chilling. The labor supply there was plentiful however, so he had gone ahead. Bundling the women up in sweaters, shawls, woolen dresses, and stockings, he had advised them to eat lunch in the workrooms and to leave the wrapping room only at the end of the day. They thus had avoided the shock of frequent change from indoor cold to outside heat. With the 95° F. midday temperatures outside, the contrast was indeed severe.

The scheme had been in operation four months when I arrived and had been a much greater success than the manager anticipated. Instead of expected objections from the workers, there was keen competition for jobs in the cooled

quarters. Women claimed they felt more energetic and were enjoying better health than ever before. There had already been a distinct reduction in sick leaves. Most pleasing to the manager, however, was the fact that he was getting a thirty per cent greater work output from the women at no increase in daily wage.

The use of air conditioning in homes, offices, restaurants, and factories has become an increasingly prominent part of our civilization. The national emergency has called for man-made weather in the gun rooms of battleships and in mines too deep to run during normal times. One Arizona copper mine, for example, left many valuable shafts idle because at a depth of 4,000 feet the temperature was as much as 140° F. to 150° F. To-day the mine is turning out copper because these shafts have been efficiently cooled. Air conditioning has brought especially great improvements for railroad travelers, who can now enjoy clean comfort in cars which were once stuffy and dusty. Theaters and other halls have been benefited in similar ways, but sometimes the effect of cooling has backfired.

Early attempts to cool the theaters in Manila were unpopular because the standard was "70 degrees the year round." Subsequently the Filipinos took more kindly to theaters cooled only a few degrees below outdoor levels. Experience has shown that people living in tropical heat desire temperatures several

degrees higher than in middle temperate regions. There is even a difference within the United States; for people of New Orleans like their houses four degrees warmer than do those living in Chicago; and in Chicago or Pittsburgh comfort demands indoor temperatures two to three degrees higher in summer than in winter.

Great strides have been made in the mechanics of air conditioning, but the over-enthusiastic hopes people once had for it have faded considerably as experience has emphasized its handicaps. The chief disadvantage is the sharp contrast between air conditions indoors and out which must result either from adequate winter heating or effective summer cooling. Everyone has experienced the disagreeable shock of going from a cooled building out into the choking air of a severely hot day. People have collapsed from the sudden change. But this reaction seems associated more with the breathing of the hot outside air than with its direct effects upon the skin. External heat seems to affect a person much less if he can breathe cool air.

The human nose is a delicate organ with a highly reactive nervous mechanism and blood supply. With all its accessory cavities, projecting fins, and curving passages, it serves as an effective air conditioner in its own right. The air does not pass in a direct stream to the lungs, but eddies over the nasal turbinates and into the sinus cavities. This warms it and gives solid particles a chance to collect on the moist mucous surfaces instead of passing on to contaminate the air sacs of the lungs. As a further means of keeping foreign particles out of the lungs, the trachea and bronchi are lined with hairlike cilia which sweep the dirt back up to the throat for expectoration.

Sudden temperature changes in inhaled air often disturb the blood supply to these delicate membranes lining the air passages. Chilling causes constriction of the blood vessels and leaves the surface tissues so poorly nourished that

infection may quickly obtain a foothold. A sudden change to hot stuffy air, on the other hand, often leads to nasal congestion and a smothering sensation. Present air-conditioning methods throw a severe load on this adaptive nasal mechanism, as people enter and leave the conditioned atmosphere many times each day. Some medical authorities believe that respiratory troubles have thus been made worse instead of better.

Indoor winter temperatures in Europe have usually been kept almost ten degrees cooler than in America; this greatly reduces the contrast between inside and outside air. Europeans heartily condemn our high indoor winter temperatures, and I suspect their criticism is justified. We know that sudden outdoor weather changes are important factors in causing respiratory infections, so it is only reasonable to suppose that these oft-repeated artificial changes—as we come and go from conditioned quarters—may be equally harmful. Certainly Americans have enjoyed no reduction in colds or sinus troubles during the years air-conditioning engineers have been “improving” our indoor atmospheres.

Proper means of controlling the rate of body heat loss are vital in climates with marked seasonal swings in temperature. Cold-weather chilling must be avoided because it is likely to induce respiratory or rheumatic infections; severe summer heat is bad since it depresses general body vitality. But the attainment of desired control over body heat loss through air-conditioning methods is now seen to raise as many problems as it settles.

II

Fortunately there exists a surprisingly superior method which does not require a warming of the air in winter or the cooling of it in summer. I refer to reflective radiant conditioning, as demonstrated a few years ago in my laboratory, in which all warming or cooling of the room occupants is done entirely through radiant channels.

Heat or infrared rays travel through the air at the speed of light or radio waves (186,000 miles a second) without any appreciable warming influence. Their warming effect occurs only when they strike some solid body which can absorb the beams. The absorbed rays cause the atoms of the object to move violently, and the resulting kinetic energy of motion produces heat. A person's heat loss can readily be controlled through radiant channels alone, no matter how hot or cold the surrounding air may be, if arrangements are made to govern the amount of this radiant heat falling upon or leaving his skin surfaces.

Everyone knows the sharp contrast in comfort between standing in deep shade and out in the hot summer sun, even though actual air temperatures may be the same in both cases. And in cold winter air it matters greatly whether you are on the sunny side of a building or in its shadow. Those enjoying winter sports on the mountain slopes of Switzerland or Idaho are kept warm by the sun's radiating heat waves reaching them through zero air. European air-conditioning engineers made some use of this principle by imbedding hot-water pipes in the ceilings or floors of rooms so that the warmed surfaces might radiate heat to the occupants. Remember that this is radiant heat, the kind which does not raise the temperature of the air between its source and the absorbing object. They thus succeeded in achieving comfort at air temperatures ten degrees cooler than those required by American air-conditioning methods.

Scientists at one large industrial concern in America tried for several years to perfect a method for winter heating and summer cooling through control of wall temperatures. Using metal wall surfaces, they could make lightly clad persons quite comfortable in zero air by having the walls radiate heat. Many persons understand this sort of situation in which heat rays pass through air, strike the body, and warm it as a result, but they find it difficult to grasp how heat

may be removed from the body by radiation. The main point is that the body, like any other object, can lose heat by emitting infrared rays, and, if the walls of a room are cooled instead of heated, these rays are removed from the room confines as fast as they are given off from the skin.

The researchers proved this by placing persons in the room at 110° F. Then they lowered the wall temperature. Despite the sizzling heat, the subjects relaxed comfortably because their bodies were able to eliminate the excess heat by radiation. These tests were interesting and valuable. Judging by their skin sensations, occupants of the experimental room often could not guess whether they were in cold air or warm. For some reason, the hot air was not even disagreeable to breathe when body skin surfaces were losing heat readily to the cold walls. In quite thorough fashion the scientists demonstrated that bodily comfort could be obtained by control of wall temperatures regardless of prevailing air conditions.

The studies were finally abandoned for two reasons. There was no way of controlling wall temperatures within reasonable economic limits, either for construction costs or for maintenance; and walls chilled for hot summer weather were always wet with water which condensed upon their cooled surfaces. Obviously no heating system will sell if its hot-weather operation causes wall surfaces to drip with moisture.

In my laboratories the radiant idea was carried a step farther. Instead of using hot or cold wall surfaces, I covered all the inside walls of an experimental chamber with aluminum foil. It is a highly efficient, mirrorlike reflector of all heat rays, so much so that its surface temperature rises very little even when intense heat is directed at it from a close-up source. On two side walls of the foil-lined room I installed steel plates which could be chilled by fluid circulated from an outside compressor unit. The air in this room was kept hot and

moist at all times (93° F. and 70 per cent saturated) by means of an automatic conditioning unit. In another foil-lined room arrangements were made to chill the air down to freezing temperatures, with ordinary electric radiant heaters as a source of heat rays.

I found that a person could be quite comfortable in the tropical moist heat of the hot room when he lost body heat solely by radiation to the cold plates—either directly or by reflection from the foil wall surfaces. With all the cold plates in operation, loss of body heat was so rapid that actual chilling resulted if a person sat quietly reading for an hour. Rats and mice grew just as rapidly, and with as high vitality, as in the 65° F. air of my ordinary cold room. An assistant caring for the animals found that she needed a sweater to keep from being chilled—and this in air at 93° F.!

Metal cages, wooden objects, and clothing in this hot room were cooled by radiation of their heat to the cold plates, while all foil surfaces remained at the 93° air temperature. A person's clothing thus became several degrees cooler than the air immediately in contact with it. This is a result difficult to imagine, but it actually occurred. As one entered from severe outside summer heat no immediate difference was noticed; but within a few minutes a feeling of cool comfort developed as clothing temperatures dropped and more rapid loss of body heat became possible. No shock whatever was experienced on passing from the room's comfort into outside heat, for air conditions were approximately the same inside and out. Here was adequate summer comfort without air cooling and the shock and hazards it brings to those entering or leaving the conditioned confines.

In the other foil-lined room radiant heat furnished delightful shirt-sleeve comfort while air temperatures remained near freezing. A pleasing phase of this set-up was that one had cold air to breathe while the remainder of the body

was properly warm. By sufficiently increasing the input of radiant heat (still keeping air temperatures low) a person would find himself perspiring freely while surrounded by cool air. Under such excessive radiant heat load animals showed the same slow growth and lowered vitality as in ordinary tropical moist heat.

Reflective radiant conditioning, effectively demonstrated in my experimental chambers, offers alluring advantages for both winter and summer use. In the first place it removes the necessity of setting up sharp differences between air conditions indoors and out; this was the particular point I had hoped to achieve because of its health implications. Another very definite advantage is the marked reduction in power load needed either for winter heating or for summer cooling. Different engineers and architects have estimated that the fuel or power load would be reduced 60–80 per cent, since little is wasted in warming or cooling the air mass or wall materials. Such reduction would bring conditioning easily within the gas or electric field, thus doing away entirely with the home use of coal and all the resulting smoke nuisances.

Another benefit of reflective radiant conditioning would be its saving in insulation costs. Since the reflective foil surfaces remain cold in winter air and hot in summer—at practically the same temperatures as those of the outside air—heat transfer through the wall would be small. In addition, the foil surface radiates on into the room very little of the heat which comes to it through the wall. Thus the surface is highly reflective for rays striking its surface but has almost no power to emit heat which may actually be in the foil itself. In this conditioning system the walls need be constructed to turn wind and rain, but with little consideration for heat-transfer values. This is sharply different from the expensive insulation needed for efficient air conditioning.

One installation of reflective radiant

conditioning has been made under actual field conditions. This was in an operating room of a large hospital where surgeons and nurses enjoyed delightful comfort even while midsummer air temperatures in the room remained above 90° F. Certain further developments are needed however before this type of indoor conditioning can come into wide use. Means of decorating the foil surfaces must be found, for few people will be willing to have shiny walls in their homes; but such decoration must not interfere with the foil's mirrorlike reflectivity. Scientists must develop paints which are heat-transparent in thin coatings. Certain lacquers can be used safely on the foil surface, but pigments must be found to put color into a room. Finally, the system calls for a heat-transparent plastic to protect the heating and cooling plates from room air, since in radiant conditioning it is desired to leave air temperatures as little changed as possible. One material already in use has been found to be about 50 per cent transparent to heat rays (that is, it allows about half the heat rays striking it to pass through), and careful search in plastic laboratories will probably yield another of the desired efficiency. With such sealing-in of the plates, the only heat entering or leaving the room will be that in a radiant form.

A housing research unit in the engineering college of another university is at present equipping a small cottage for radiant conditioning along the lines followed in my experimental chambers, with a conventional air-conditioning system in an adjoining companion cottage. There comparative operating costs and working efficiency will be studied under actual field conditions, and the method made ready for practical application.

It has been quite definitely shown that skin sensations of heat or cold depend upon the rate of heat gain or loss and not on the manner in which the heat arrives or departs. Air, clothing, or other materials feel hot or cold according to the

rate at which they conduct heat to or from the skin by direct contact. But radiant heat from a distant source—such as the sun—also feels warm because it too adds to the skin's heat. These principles explain why one can feel cool at 93° F. In my foil-lined hot room, with the air kept at 93° F., a distinct sensation of cold can be obtained by holding the palm of the hand out in front of the cold plate. Even though the hand be entirely surrounded by hot moist air, the radiant heat loss from the skin to the cold plate causes a definitely chilly feeling on the palm. It seems to matter little to the body through what avenue its heat is lost, so long as the total rate of loss be adequate.

III

Of course air conditioning is not concerned solely with heating or cooling of the air, but heat control does constitute its major concern. Humidity changes and air motion are only secondary factors to facilitate the warming or cooling effect upon the body. Cleansing or filtration of the air, however, is another separate and important part of air conditioning, one which is greatly needed in the dirty atmosphere of our industrial cities. Other air-conditioning gadgets of limited application are the ozonizers and sterilizing lights now being installed in many places. Sterilizing curtains of ultraviolet light have been found especially useful in hospitals to prevent the carrying of disease germs from one patient to another by air currents.

Still another proper function of air conditioning is the supplying of fresh air to the room. No one yet knows just what the difference is between fresh and stale air except that one is pleasant to breathe and the other is disagreeable. Certainly staleness is not an oxygen lack, nor need it be concerned with an accumulation of body odors.

One of the quickest ways to make room air lifeless and undesirable for breathing is to pass it over hot metal

surfaces; as is done in many warm-air heating plants. Room air thus tends to retain its freshness much better if it is kept cool. Radiant conditioning offers a distinct advantage here, for indoor winter air can be kept cold and fresh much more readily when the room occupants are being warmed by radiant heat. In fact, windows could be kept open in midwinter provided no noticeable drafts were present.

Filtration or proper cleansing of outside air as it is taken into a room prevents dirt accumulation both in human air passages and on room furnishings. Such cleansing is badly needed in industrial ordensely built-up urban regions. Many people carefully filter all the air taken in during the day but throw their bedroom windows wide open at night when the outdoor air is foulest. The housewife can see her window curtains disintegrate where the night air strikes them, yet she seldom considers that the foul air may exert a similar corrosive action on the tissues of her respiratory tract. During winter nights when the "smog" hangs thick over a city, one's nasal linings become heavily coated with the black soot and ash mixture coming from the neighborhood chimneys—unless perhaps the incoming air is filtered at night as well as through the day. Our handkerchiefs usually tell the story with their first morning use.

In homes equipped with warm-air heating systems, which include a fan to circulate the air through the house, the windows should be kept shut both night and day during the winter season; then all incoming air is properly cleansed. Bedroom temperatures should be low-

ered during sleeping hours, it is true; for people usually sleep best when they have cool air to breathe. But it seems inadvisable to allow all the city's flue products free access to your bedchamber in order to have a night supply of cool air. Americans have greatly overdone the fresh-air idea anyway, particularly with respect to the wide-open bedroom windows. Ten degrees of night-time cooling should be ample, whereas many of us during the winter sleep in air thirty to fifty degrees colder than we breathe through the day.

Many people consider summer cooling prohibitive in cost, but it is no more expensive than winter heating. The difference lies in the fact that winter heating is essential while summer cooling is more or less a luxury. Hot-weather comfort is particularly costly in tropical climates where the cooling load is heavy and electric rates are high. Radiant conditioning will be especially appropriate there, both on the basis of its lower power requirement and because it avoids contrasts between indoor and outside air.

By making indoor atmospheres more uniform and stable, air-conditioning engineers have added greatly to our comfort. Progress toward reflective radiant conditioning in the years ahead may allow us to hold these gains and add to them other notable advances. I predict that some day we shall see interior conditioning done largely by radiant means, with a health betterment and cost saving which will make us wonder why we struggled so long trying to do the job through heating or cooling of room air.



COME AND GET IT

MASS DISTRIBUTION AFTER THE WAR

BY STANLEY J. GOODMAN

DISTRIBUTION, a less dramatic subject now than production, will become a major economic problem when the war is over. With industry deprived of its biggest market, only a swift and enormous increase in civilian consumption can take up the slack and motivate the prompt reconversion of plant to peacetime needs. Whether our distribution machinery can rise to the occasion is an important question.

While mass production has long since been taken for granted as our way of life, the idea of mass distribution has made comparatively little headway. Somehow the American talent for inventing better ways of doing things has not yet wholeheartedly tackled the follow-through job of getting the goods into the hands of the consumer. Thus distribution, without which production is just a meaningless exercise, is still predominantly in the handicraft stage. In 1930 we turned out nine times the volume of goods that we did in 1870. To produce them it took only 2.7 times as many workers; to distribute them it took $8\frac{3}{4}$ times as many workers—man for man, practically no gain in efficiency.

Horse-and-buggy distribution has cost the American consumer money. Since the Civil War—particularly in the past sixty years of the scientific-management movement begun by Frederick W. Taylor's famous time and motion studies—production costs have come down in spectacular fashion, but the cost of dis-

tribution in the main has been going up. Someone has figured out that this period has seen more progress in making better goods at lower cost than the three thousand years back to ancient Egypt. Yet in distribution there are still many places where the spread between cost and selling price would make an ancient Egyptian merchant envious.

According to the Twentieth Century Fund, about 59 cents out of the consumer's dollar goes for distribution and only 41 cents for production. This is distribution in its broadest sense, including manufacturers' distribution costs, transportation, etc. But retail distribution alone, for some types of products, takes 50 cents out of the consumer's dollar.

Yet the profits of retailing are not exorbitant; on the whole, probably less than those of production. The trouble is that the costs of retailing have become disproportionately high as production costs have dropped. For example, studies made at Harvard show that in the department-store field costs of operation rose almost 10 cents on the sales dollar from 1921 to 1940.

A certain amount of lag between the technical development of production and that of distribution was to be expected. After all, distribution has to follow production, not only in point of time, but also in adapting its methods to the nature of the product. If this process of adaptation has not been a big success it is partly because it was never "engineered" in

the sense that production was, partly because of the speed and magnitude of the changes in production. The unremitting flood of new commodities itself complicated the task of distribution.

The manufacturer must take some of the blame for the situation. His weakness was overoptimism as to his share of the market. To meet exaggerated production plans he tried to get "intensive" distribution, scrambling with his competitors for more and more dealer outlets. Large-scale advertising and high-powered salesmanship became necessary and, indeed, were used with such skill that in many industries—notably electric refrigerators, radios, and home appliances—the retail structure was vastly overbuilt. Under such conditions a high cost of distribution was inevitable. Not only were there many marginal dealers who had neither the ability nor the money to operate efficiently, but with, say, three or four dealers each pushing his own brand in a community that could support only one, the whole emphasis shifted to competitive selling with a high-pressure technic such as had never been seen before.

At the same time, in the department-store field the store units were getting larger instead of smaller. As cities grew in population, the department store, with its "100 per cent" down-town location, found itself on the crest of a wave; and what emerged was the mammoth store of to-day with everything the consumer could want under one roof. Everything but a low cost of operation.

For, in distribution, large size did not necessarily mean low cost. The point of diminishing returns was soon reached, beyond which greater size meant a greater complication of the problems of management and control. True, size brought some savings in merchandise cost through quantity buying. But in terms of consumers' prices, savings in merchandise costs have not played so important a role as have the retailer's operating costs. The fact is that to-day a department store doing a business of only

one million dollars a year need not have a higher cost of operation than a store doing 80 million—on the contrary, its costs are often lower. Department-store chains, which have had the lowest costs in the department-store field generally, typically do less than a million a year in most of their stores, and still of course have the benefits of large-scale buying and merchandising.

But the great independent department store became part store, part museum. Designed to fill everyone's needs, it carried vast assortments of an almost endless list of commodities. Much of the stock was rarely called for, but the purchaser of an everyday staple had to stand part of the cost of maintaining a supply of items for which there was little demand. As a matter of fact, the most frequently demanded items were oftenest out of stock, because the emphasis was on breadth of assortment rather than on the efficient distribution of the most-wanted merchandise. One retail executive likes to tell of an experience he had in a large department store where he asked for a series of standard articles, each of which in turn was found to be "just out." The sales clerk asked if his customer was also in the retail business. Upon learning that he was, he said, "I'm glad I asked, because I think you would be interested in seeing our stockroom. You know, we have a larger stock of merchandise in this department than any other store in the country."

In the early 1930's the sharp drop in volume of sales automatically raised retailers' costs per dollar of sales. Few indeed were the merchants who could trim costs to fit the new sales levels. Those who had been traveling the high-cost route found it difficult to turn back. The very size and costliness of their physical plants meant that much of their operating cost was frozen. The tendency was, therefore, to try to restore vanished sales volume by means of special new customer services, by further beautifying the stores, installing air-conditioning equipment, more escalators, and so on—

none of which had the effect of reducing the cost of operation.

II

What is happening in production these days is to a great extent secret, but there have been hints of new materials and processes which may have tremendous implications for the future. Nor is this confined to the hard merchandise lines. There are wonderful new synthetic fabrics, textiles made from milk which possess practically all the properties of fine woolsens. The duPont laboratories tell us to expect wearing apparel *stamped out* of sheets of synthetic materials instead of cut and sewn—clothing made like an automobile fender. Moreover, remembering what happened in the last postwar period, even the most sober observer must anticipate a striking postwar increase in the quantity and quality of consumer goods production. Projected to scale, it might even look like an era of real plenty and the beginning of a great rising spiral in our standard of living.

Will the anachronism of rising distribution costs be with us again after the war? Will distribution stay in the handicraft stage, so that no matter what Jules Verne fancies are realized in production, the public will be required to pay a mounting distribution toll before reaping the benefits? The answer can be found in studying certain trends already under way before the war which, in the postwar period and after, may be expected to start distribution costs generally on their way down, and bring in a new era of real mass distribution.

The way has been pointed in the retailing of food, where we can already see mass distribution at work. At the beginning of this century the small grocer typified the industry, operating at a cost of anywhere from 25 to 35 per cent of sales. A number of grocery chains were already in existence, but they had not yet hit their stride. After a decade of slow but steady growth, the last war

found the chains still far from dominating their field; but with the end of the war their heyday began. The '20's were the era of great chain-store expansion: the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, for example, went from 4,250 stores in 1919 to 15,418 in 1929. This spreading of the chain store across the country resulted directly from the magnetic pull of lower prices on the consumer. Two factors made the lower prices possible: a lower operating cost through the simplified operation of standard store units, and a lower merchandise cost through greater purchasing power.

As it turned out, the first factor far outdistanced the second as a cost-reducer. When the Federal Trade Commission studied the situation in 1935 it found that, of the difference between chain and independent store price levels, only 16 per cent was accounted for by lower merchandise costs, the balance by lower operating costs. A typical chain store could do business for 19 or 20 cents on the sales dollar, and impartial studies showed that its prices were under the independents' by 8 to 13 per cent.

As was to be expected, independent grocers everywhere were dismayed at this kind of competition. Everyone remembers, now dimly perhaps, the wave of anti-chain agitation they generated. Pressure groups were organized in most States, and since the independent grocer's name is legion, a good many State legislatures were persuaded to pass laws specifically aimed at stopping the chains. To-day no fewer than 22 States levy special taxes on chain stores, often with rates that step up according to the number of stores operating in the State. Louisiana goes so far as to graduate the tax according to the total number of stores the chain has in the United States. Maximum tax rates range from \$112.50 annually per store in Alabama to \$750 in Texas.

In spite of this impressive political score, the movement never made much of an impression on the American housewife. She just kept on buying where she

could get the most for her money. And with more and more food items branded and otherwise standardized, price comparisons became simple and inescapable. The small independent grocer had her sympathy and even affection, because after all the chains were not so friendly and gave fewer services (such as charge accounts and delivery), but in the end her pocketbook and not her heart decided where she made her purchases. In 1933 the chains' share of the total retail trade was four and one-half times what it had been in 1923.

Significantly enough, the next great step forward was made by the independents, not the chains. By 1929 a new kind of grocery and meat market had begun to appear on the Pacific Coast, featuring large masses of merchandise at unusually low prices. The following year, in a big empty garage on Long Island, a merchant with vision and a flair for the spectacular opened the first real supermarket—"King Kullen, The World's Greatest Price-Wrecker"—and set the countryside agog. Soon this was followed by the Big Bear Market in an empty automobile assembly plant at Elizabeth, N. J. Fantastically low prices and stunt advertising brought people in droves from miles around to be fascinated by the new experience of wandering unmolested through about an acre of mass food displays in great variety and at prices like these: Quaker Oats, 3¢ a box; Lifebuoy Soap, 4¢; Maxwell House coffee, 22¢; pork chops, 10¢ a pound. People were asked to help themselves, and they did—on a scale in keeping with the surroundings. Carloads of vegetables, fruits, canned goods rolled in on the railroad siding behind the ex-factory, and the thousands of cash customers carried it all away. In its first year Big Bear's sales were almost \$4,000,000.

The supermarket idea caught on fast, and soon others were springing up all over the country. The chains and the independents forgot their squabble for the time being and both turned on the new "menace" with the old futile device

of restrictive legislation. But this was a major revolution in food distribution and nothing could stop it. To-day there are some 9,000 supermarkets, each doing over \$100,000 in sales annually, and their number is still growing. The chains soon saw this was no flash in the pan and took to opening supermarkets themselves on a large scale.

The supermarket as an agency of distribution contributed several important cost-reducing factors: self-service, cash and carry, low rental expense, mass merchandising with resultant large volume and rapid turnover. What happened to costs was, like everything else, spectacular—they were roughly cut in half. A & P chain supermarkets, according to figures released in 1939, are run at a total cost of 12½ cents on the sales dollar; Big Bear's cost was about 8, and some exceptional supermarkets now operate for as low as 6. This means that, allowing a reasonable net profit, a top-flight supermarket can make money on a spread between cost and selling price of only 10 cents on the customer's dollar.

In the space of a generation, then, as much as two-thirds of the cost of food retailing was lopped off by the adoption of mass-distribution methods. Yet clothing and home furnishings, which come next in importance in the nation's consumption budget, made no such progress, sometimes even went backward. There we have the great field for mass distribution to conquer. The same factors which revolutionized the food industry—standardization of merchandise, self-service, neighborhood locations—must take increased effect, with modifications of course, in these other fields. And the American housewife as the nation's purchasing agent will again be the impartial umpire, favoring those channels of distribution that give her better merchandise more economically, more conveniently.

III

Anyone who travels much in this country is bound to be struck with the

uniformity of dress. Rich and poor, in small towns and large, wear substantially the same types of clothing. Forty or fifty years ago the richness of a woman's attire was an index of her wealth, and only the rather affluent could afford the costly materials and elaborate workmanship displayed by the lady of fashion. Now, thanks to the trend toward simplicity of design in this generation, and the impressive accomplishments of the needlework industry in turning out fashionable apparel for the mass market at progressively lower prices, it takes an expert to divine the price of a woman's costume.

Especially is this true as to the younger women and girls. There has been little immigration to the United States in the past twenty-five years, so that these girls are almost all native-born. They have all gone to standard grade schools and high schools at which they learned, among other things, to look and sound just like all the other girls. If you doubt that, just ask someone with a daughter of school age who has to have saddle shoes, a reversible coat, and other indispensables, how powerful a force for standardization is our educational system. And away from school, they see the same movies, cultivate fixations on the same stars, read the same magazines, and so on.

With no great immigration in sight, it is probable that future generations of women, who will purchase the bulk of the nation's consumer goods, will have fewer and fewer inhibitions about accepting good mass fashions, and will be indifferent to the exclusive appeal. Already we can see this trend illustrated by the popularity of a new group of fashion magazines specializing in good popular-priced things rather than the bizarre and spectacular creations to be found in the older publications. To be sure, the level of public taste should steadily rise as standards of living and education go up. But, whereas fashion design was formerly aimed at the woman who wanted to be exclusive and was willing to pay the price, the postwar woman will probably

place less and less of a premium on that kind of distinctiveness, until it becomes as dated as the rich brocades and priceless lace of the past century.

Nor will she be able to afford it even if she wants to. We are bound to be living in an era of heavy taxation for years to come, and while it is to be hoped that the lower levels of income will be gradually elevated, the upper extremes are sure to come down. Both of these tendencies will serve further to standardize the American pocketbook, and with it American tastes.

Already the fashion cycle—that is, the lapse of time between the creation of a new fashion and its mass popularization and eventual decline—has been growing shorter and shorter. A new design originated in New York in a \$150 dress may be available in copies at \$39.50 within a few weeks, and, if it takes, be spread far and wide across the country within a month, in dresses selling for less than \$5. It used to be a matter of years. New, faster methods of transportation to be expected after the war, such as air freight, may even further accelerate the process. And of course the shorter the fashion cycle, the less the value of a distinctive fashion even to a woman of wealth.

This does not mean that fashions will stagnate. New fashions and fads will continue their rounds as always, only probably at an even faster pace because of their speedier popularization. Creative designing talent will find its best outlet in Hollywood, the great new source of mass fashions. The small "ultra" fringe and the Paris designers as arbiters of fashion belong to yesterday.

Although these observations have been made in terms of fashion merchandise, the field in which the greatest advances from the consumer's standpoint may be expected after the war is that of furniture and home furnishings. Great progress has been made in the past decade in bringing to the masses attractive and tasteful clothing at unprecedentedly low prices; yet low-priced furniture and home

furnishings are too often ugly and not of the value they might be.

At the end of the war we may expect to see a great development in these commodities, possibly equaling what has been done in wearing apparel. To begin with, a vast public and private housing development is almost certain to come, both because of the urgent need for new housing in this country and because the government is planning to stimulate the long-dormant construction industry as one of the best ways of replacing war production in the heavy industries. In the second place, the new materials and processes developed in the war should, under the impetus of this new demand, certainly produce products for home-making of remarkable utility and beauty, and at low cost. In the third place, the new generation of women—the first in our history to be almost entirely native-born—have not yet, by and large, been home-makers—partly because new houses have been too costly and partly because they are still a young group. The low-income homes in the rural and industrial areas follow, both in exterior and interior appearance and design, the tastes of the older generation, many of whom are European by birth and who are at any rate not the products of the new educational and social atmosphere in this country. When the new generation go to it, as they doubtless will on a large scale after the war, we should see notable developments in all the things that belong in the home.

Finally, it seems to be the rule that when mass production comes to an industry it first goes through a stage of low cost but bad design, then gradually steps up to good design plus low cost. This happened in the apparel industries within our recent memory, and it has been happening in such mechanical appliances for the home as refrigerators, washing machines, and kitchen implements generally. It is bound to happen in the furniture industry too. And of course the manufacturers will discover that furniture with simple, beautiful

lines will cost less to produce than the beburgeoned and bedeviled "borax" furniture of to-day.

Another development to be expected in all types of commodities is the further extension of standard brands. Already in such lines as hosiery, underwear, and men's furnishings, large sections of the consumer market are familiar with the quality, fit, and style features of certain brands. It is also possible that the consumer movement, falteringly exemplified by such organizations as Consumer's Research and Consumers Union, might develop into a potent force toward making the consumer a better-informed purchaser.

The implications of such a progressive standardization of merchandise and taste are important. There will be less need for the mammoth store geared to the maintenance of vast assortments for women in search of the distinctive. The popular store will be the one which becomes perfect in the practice of always having on hand what the customer wants. Furthermore, standard merchandise, often identifiable by brand, will facilitate price comparisons by the shopper, who will not so readily be lulled into paying more for comparable merchandise in the shop with glorified atmosphere and elaborate service. Once these things happen nothing short of a dictatorship can keep the cost of distribution from coming down.

IV

What exact forms the low-cost distribution of the future is likely to take we need not attempt to say now. If retailers will only recognize the forces already at work and try to conform to them the process of change can be an orderly one. The most striking of these forces to-day is the trend toward self-service. Merchants now are not giving much thought to lower costs because a year of high volume has automatically lowered cost ratios and generally satisfactory profit showings have removed the urgency of cost-cutting for the time being. But

there has been a noticeable growth of interest in self-service.

In the department-store field, for example, progressively managed stores are putting in fixtures that bring the merchandise out into the open and encourage a measure of self-service. Even the more modish establishments are doing it, though sometimes rather archly, as in the case of the department store on the West Coast that featured a symbolic display of groceries and a supermarket basket as the "theme" for a new group of self-service bin fixtures for sports wear. The same store recently widened the entrance to the stock room in one of the dress departments, redecorated the room itself, and invited the customers "behind the scenes" to browse through the stock and help themselves. Even where they are not ready for all-out self-service, many stores are displaying complete assortments of the merchandise in the show-cases, so that the customer can at least look through the stock and make a selection.

In the food field, as we have seen, self-service has reached its highest development. The Automat cafeteria and the supermarket grocery represent practically complete self-service. Drugstores have also of late made tentative but definite progress toward self-service; more merchandise is put in bins or shelves so that customers can make their selections and hand the articles to a clerk, and some stores have been set up like supermarkets with a turnstile and a cashier at the entrance.

One thing which makes merchants think about self-service to-day is the tough personnel problem brought about by the war, which has both taken young men into the armed services and attracted young women (and men) into war industries. Store managers are forced to speculate more on how they might get along with less sales help, and the handiest answer is more self-service. But stores are also finding that self-service is what people prefer, for deep-seated reasons.

The mechanics of clerk-service retailing run counter to human nature. To get to a more *natural* kind of retailing we have to go back to the old-fashioned country general store, the disorderly but comfortable ancestor of the modern department store. Here the customer was exposed to merchandise everywhere—piled on counters, stacked in bins, hanging from the ceiling. There was little sales "service": usually the proprietor, his wife, and a child or two. The atmosphere was informal, friendly, completely free from sales pressure; indeed, the store was usually paid the compliment of being made the community meeting-place. In such a setting the customer felt relaxed, at ease, free to poke about in the merchandise to his or her heart's content. (Incidentally men did more of the buying in the heyday of the general store than they now do—possibly because shopping was then less of an ordeal.)

When the department store emerged these things changed. The store became first orderly, then beautiful, and most of the merchandise was swept out of sight into drawers and stock rooms. From being a vehicle for the merchandise, the store became a thing of dignity and beauty in itself, and the merchandise, now shielded from the public view, was entrusted to carefully trained custodians. Obviously that altered the whole process of buying and selling. The customer now had first to corral a salesperson; second, explain her needs; and third, wait while the salesperson communed with the invisible stock of merchandise and at last produced something for the customer's inspection. Expert direction and brilliant management by the store's executives could get people into the store but could not overcome the inherent weakness at the point of sale, when the customer was placed in the hands of one of the lowest-paid employees, who was neither psychologist nor merchant enough to diagnose the customer's needs and find the appropriate goods. The result was a feeling of frustration and annoyance on the customer's part, the tantalizing

sensation that somewhere in that great store there must be what she wanted if only she could get past the physical and mental barriers between her and the merchandise.

Self-service, then, simply removes these barriers and lets nature take its course, which turns out to be that of increased sales, greater customer satisfaction, and lower operating expense. Service becomes a matter not of providing an abundance of salesclerks to "help" the customer, but of providing an abundance of merchandise, housed and arranged in such a way as to make it easy for the customer to help herself. Left alone, she buys more, with less waiting, and enjoys it. She knows she hasn't missed anything better than she bought because she went through the stock herself. She does not miss hearing "May I help you?"

In other words, good merchandise, properly arranged, is its own best salesman. In spite of all the sales training a store can give its clerks, their salesmanship often hinders rather than helps the sale. Sensitive people often resent the artificial manner adopted by the salesclerk, whether it be obsequiousness, oversolicitousness, breezy familiarity, or smart indifference. The salesgirl who tells a woman that an obviously unbecoming hat is just meant for her is not helping matters any. Neither is the salesman whose most convincing argument is that he himself wears whatever his customer is looking at.

Obviously, different kinds of merchandise are adaptable to self-service in varying degrees. With certain items the customer really needs technical assistance, as in the (extreme) case of a pair of eyeglasses. But if retailing were approached with an open mind bent upon finding what barriers can be removed between the customer and each type of merchandise, great and sound strides would be made. The benefits would be numerous: greater sales volume, higher average sale, more rapid turnover of merchandise, consequently less obsolescence and fewer mark-downs, more cus-

tomers goodwill, and of course much lower sales expense. The disadvantage of increased pilferage can be exaggerated. The overwhelming majority of American women are thoroughly honest, and the others are likely to be deterred from taking things by the presence of clerks in the department who are not constantly stooping behind counters for inaccessible merchandise.

To be consistent, the self-service store should eliminate other services which are not essential to the transaction of its business. Delivery, for example, is necessary for bulky merchandise; but on items which the customer can carry, a free delivery service makes the majority who carry their packages pay for the few who have them delivered. The five-and-ten stores—which, as a group, are among the most successful and fastest growing—practice a fairly high degree of self-service and do not give free delivery service. If the customer wants a package delivered she pays a small extra charge; the number of customers who use the delivery service under these circumstances is negligible. Charge accounts are another cost-producing service which is not indispensable to the great majority of buyers. Where consumer credit is needed a charge is justified, based on a definite repayment arrangement, such as weekly or monthly installments. Alterations and special orders are other services which could either be eliminated or charged for, again because it is hardly sound to ask the majority who do not use such services to foot the bill for the minority who do.

In many communities to-day the most popular stores are those which combine a large measure of self-service with a staff of clerks whose main function seems to be that of radiating goodwill and friendliness, putting the customer at her ease, and letting her feel that they are at her service, but not on her neck. To perfect that atmosphere will require some new thinking on store personnel questions. The pressure on salespeople to drive for sales will have to be eased; high-pressure

selling is irreconcilable with the whole self-service concept. Remuneration based on a percentage of sales made may have to go. Studies have shown that even under present conditions these incentive schemes actually do not spur most employees on to greater activity. They soon find out what constitutes an acceptable day's sales and slow up when they reach that figure. One of the largest stores in the country recently put all its employees on a straight salary basis.

In this trend toward self-service we seem again to be borrowing some of the homely wisdom of the old general store, with its comfortable, friendly atmosphere, the antithesis of high pressure and, therefore, the ideal milieu for transacting retail business. After all, a retail store is a place where human contacts are made in great number and merchandise is exchanged for money. If it is to fulfil its function efficiently the human contacts should be easy and pleasant, and the acquisition of merchandise similarly easy and pleasant. It is as simple as that, but it will require courage and foresight for many merchants to take the step.

Another important trend in retailing concerns the location of the store rather than how it functions. The retail store is getting closer and closer to where its customers live, and in the light of probable post-war developments a great decentralization of distribution may be expected.

The automobile of course started the process of decentralization. Large sections of city population migrated to the outlying countryside and now suburban developments, each with its own neighborhood shopping center, are common. In rural areas the automobile had an opposite effect. It made it easy for country people to drive to the nearest sizable town to do their shopping. Thus towns of 50,000 population or more usually became trading centers for relatively large areas, and their leading stores acquired regular trade from the satellite towns and communities within a certain

radius. One effect of this was a falling off in mail-order buying which led the two leading mail-order houses to establish a chain of department stores; these stores are now reported to account for some 60 per cent of Sears, Roebuck's and Montgomery Ward's total sales.

If a nationwide housing development does come after the war it should have a further decentralizing effect in the cities. Automobiles built to sell for \$300 or \$400 may accelerate the process. And of course if a real development of a family airplane or helicopter takes place, as we are told it can, the sky is the limit.

If we study now those cities which have reached the highest point in decentralization, like Detroit and Los Angeles (both incidentally with the highest number of cars per capita in the country) we can see distribution gravitating to neighborhood shopping districts farther and farther from the downtown center. Detroit has no fewer than 71 such shopping centers, and the process is still going on, as new war plants create new neighborhoods. These neighborhood centers have practically everything to satisfy the needs of the people in the vicinity: department stores (Sears and Ward have eight stores in Detroit, for example), supermarkets, drug-stores, "dime" stores, movies, filling stations, and stores selling apparel, shoes, automobile accessories, lingerie, millinery. Not every one has all these types of stores, but most have a good cross-section of the needs of their customers, and the important thing is that there is very little left that the local resident has to go downtown to get. And for a long time now—what with traffic congestion and parking problems—the shopper's trips downtown have been becoming less frequent.

Indeed, many of the older neighborhood shopping centers now have a real parking problem. For that reason the newest neighborhood centers are being developed, not right at the intersection of two important traffic arteries, but two or three blocks away, where they are

just as accessible to the residents of the neighborhood but have plenty of space for parking.

Accessibility has become not merely a matter of convenience but one of necessity under wartime conditions of tire and gasoline rationing. This ought not only to spur the development of neighborhood shopping habits, but it will also teach thousands of women throughout the country that they can get along very well with around-the-corner shopping. In rural areas the effect will be to break up the large trading areas around the nearest big town, and let the small town emerge as a self-contained distribution center. Especially as merchandise becomes more and more standardized women will discover that the local stores have the same merchandise as the larger stores in the big town 75 miles away—not so many varieties perhaps, but nine times out of ten what they want.

The proof of all this is that the big city stores themselves have begun to recognize the trend by opening branch stores in neighborhood locations: in New York, Macy's, Best's, Lord & Taylor; in Boston, Filene's; in Los Angeles, Bullock's, and the May Co. And it is interesting to note that the smaller, newer suburban stores are often able to operate at lower cost and are relatively more profitable than the parent stores. The chain department stores of course sensed this development long before the independents, and the figures show it: in the ten years from 1929 to 1939 the chains doubled their share of total department store sales, going from 17 per cent to 34 per cent; independent department store sales meanwhile dropped from 72 per cent of the total to 58 per cent. Apparently the day of vertical expansion has given way to that of horizontal expansion in retailing.

V

Political pressure groups to the contrary, the development of mass distribution need be no threat to the small busi-

ness man. His future depends simply upon his own capacity or incapacity to run a local retail business. As we have seen, great size is not necessary for low cost operation, and the economies of tremendous buying power are not as substantial as those of efficient operation. A study of the facts leads one to the conclusion that a really well-managed local store can often outdistance not only the big city stores but the low-cost chains as well. The lowest-cost supermarkets have always been locally owned and operated. One such supermarket in Los Angeles, which has the astounding total operating cost of 5 cents on the sales dollar, is owned by a man who worked a corner grocery into a business with a million-dollar net worth, all within the past ten years. In a Midwestern town of 60,000 population a young merchant with a very modest capital of his own took over an ailing department store and within a few years turned it into the leading store of the town, doing \$4,000,000 a year at a low expense and high rate of profit. In Fort Worth, Texas, two local boys with a few hundred dollars between them started a grocery store after the last war. To-day they run two complete department stores doing eight or nine million a year, two other retail stores, two wholesale concerns, and a manufacturing business, and they even make their own electric power!

These are a few outstanding examples, but they illustrate the fact that the local merchant may have certain real advantages over any other kind of competitor if he has the ability to capitalize on them. In the first place, he himself will be running his store, whereas in the case of the chain stores the owners of the business have to depend on a salaried manager in the local store. His knowledge of his customers and understanding of his market should be more intimate than that of the chain-store manager, who in many instances is foreign to the community. And because of this, he can have the edge over his competitors in the goodwill and friendship of

the people who make up that community.

The strength of the chain stores often derives from the weakness of the independents. When it is realized that there are 1,770,355 retailers in the United States and that the average annual sales per store are less than \$25,000, which, assuming a liberal net profit of 5 per cent, would yield \$1,250 per store (before taxes), it is clear that the "average" retailer is a very small business man indeed. Even with a weak local manager, the chain store's centralized supervision and control will usually produce a more efficient retailing unit than most independents. Nevertheless, in spite of the relative growth of chain distribution, in the overall distribution picture the independent still accounts for close to three-quarters of the total.

The line of demarcation between independent and chain is not as clear as one might assume. It is the most natural thing in the world for a successful independent merchant to open another store and then another until he has half a dozen or so. When he gets up to four stores the U. S. Census considers him a chain. To-day the chain-store field is full of local and regional chains operating a very limited number of store units.

From a cost standpoint these small chains can, if well managed, hold their own with the national chains. A chain of six supermarkets, for example, can buy much of its merchandise in carload lots direct from the primary source at prices as low as any larger chain.

Distribution, unlike production, is destined always to be the great field for small enterprise. The capital required to set up a store can be so small, and the mechanics of retailing seem so familiar to all that there is a constant flow of new small enterprise into the field. True, the mortality is high, but those who survive can look forward to plentiful opportunities to increase their business either by enlarging their store or becoming a chain. That is precisely how present chains originated, and from this fertile soil the mass distribution of the future will emerge.

Significantly, these various trends toward an improved system of mass distribution parallel and merge with the great underlying American trend toward better living. A real contribution can be made by developing processes that bring the consumer better merchandise, at lower cost, more efficiently and more locally than ever before.





THE CASE OF THE MISSING MEXICAN MERCURY

HOW THE GOOD NEIGHBORS BLOCKED THE JAPANESE SMUGGLERS

BY STROTHER HOLLAND WALKER

IN August, a year ago, a peculiar thing happened to the statistics representing Mexico's monthly production of mercury. They dropped. Mexico had consistently been producing 2,000 to 2,500 seventy-six-pound flasks of mercury a month. But during August, 1941, the figures showed she had produced only 1,200 flasks.

A good part of Mexico's mercury is produced by the little fellow of the industry, the *gambusino*, and when no one cares to buy he does not care to dig; he just goes home and attends to his crops. Had demand for mercury fallen off in July, therefore, no one would have been surprised to see production drop in August. But demand had not fallen off. On the contrary, the market for mercury in Mexico had just been guaranteed for eighteen months by the United States Government.

In September the real surprise came. September production of Mexican mercury, according to the official statistics, fell to something under 400 flasks. The coincidence was a little too much.

There was more to the case of the mercury than appears even from the facts just stated. In the first place, the United States had not undertaken only to purchase mercury: our agreement had been to purchase Mexico's entire current output of the materials on our strategic list, and a fourth again more; and also to aid her to attain this increase in

production. In return Mexico had promised to stop selling strategic materials to nations outside the Western Hemisphere.

Mexico's production of strategic minerals, the chief subject of the agreement, was distinctly worth our while, what with our defense needs constantly expanding and our normal sources of supply being disrupted. A few of the strategic metals and non-metals Mexico probably does not possess in quantity—aluminum, for example, nickel, and tin; but about the tin there is enough question to excite prospectors, and the rest of the list is a certainty. Mexico has lead, zinc, copper, antimony, mercury, manganese, tungsten, and molybdenum; not to mention some vanadium, some cadmium, and large amounts of arsenic, bismuth, and other non-metals such as graphite and mica.

Accordingly the trade agreement between the two countries which went into effect July 10, 1941, represented an important gain to ourselves in these minerals and a corresponding loss to our potential enemies. The agreement was hailed in the press. Our government opened a purchasing office in Mexico City. The instant disappearance from the market of mercury (now needed in large volume for making anti-fouling paint for the Navy, and also for making fulminate primers for explosive shells) was a blow. Mercury was one of the

more important metals on the strategic list, and one of those in which Mexico is particularly rich. Obviously the well-laid plan had somehow gone wrong. The implications of that apparent stoppage of production coming when it did were explosive; the story got round the Mexican capital entirely too fast.

Mining is to the Mexican capital what finance is to New York or steel to Pittsburgh. Anything having to do with metals cannot fail to arouse inordinate interest there. Business men exchanged their theories of the mystery at lunch; it was a leading topic at our Embassy; it was circulating through the offices of the mining men and engineers.

A number of people were affected by this mercury mystery. Most concerned of all were Mr. Floyd B. Ransom, in charge of our purchasing in Mexico City under the trade agreement, and Sr. Javier Gaxiola, the Mexican Secretary of National Economy, to whose office the negotiation of the agreement was credited.

The August report on mercury had been puzzling. But the production decline revealed in September was fantastic, and everyone involved realized that something would have to be done to explain that statistical nose dive.

II

From 1930 to 1934 the world market for Mexico's metals had been very dull indeed; but in the latter year there was a quickening of the European demand for copper, lead, and zinc. Mexico shipped more and more every year, at better and better prices, until in 1938-39 her production of these metals reached an all-time peak, and her economic condition was becoming fairly prosperous. When the war began in '39 of course Mexico was shut off by circumstances from this new European market. The United States, beginning to think of defense, was plainly the logical substitute as a buyer. But we were not in the market then. It is true that in 1940 our government

agency for accumulating stock piles of strategic metals—the Metals Reserve Company—began operation; but for a year it confined its activities within our own borders. Meanwhile the private market in the United States had not yet shaken off the inertia of depression. In 1940 there was no effective demand here for Mexican lead or copper or for most of her other base metals. There was a certain demand for Mexican zinc, but not enough smelter capacity in Mexico or in the States to treat it, and no sufficient motive to undertake the heavy capital investment that new smelter capacity would have meant.

All through 1940 and on into 1941 a large part of Mexico's lead and zinc therefore piled up on the ground, while her total production of these metals steadily declined.

If matters had stopped there the United States would not have benefited and Mexico would have suffered; but at least our potential enemies would not have benefited either. With Mexico's sales blocked to the east and the north, however, the Japanese entered the market. Japan had special needs to fill in a hurry. She took what Mexican lead, zinc, and copper she felt she could spare exchange and shipping for; she took about all the mercury and antimony she could get; Japanese capital in Mexico began development of certain important non-metals such as fluorite and mica. Right up to the last minute before the trade agreement with the United States, Japanese freighters were taking essential minerals out of Mexico's west-coast ports. (There is even a story that a Japanese freighter loaded with metals got away during the two days between the issuance of the official document forbidding exports of strategic minerals to Japan and the arrival of this document in the port of Manzanillo.)

Early in 1941 the United States began to take note of these doings. Stopping this flourishing Japanese trade to the south of us was of course a consideration; and it was increasingly important that

we get into the market ourselves to acquire what we needed.

There were two ways in which we could get the Mexican minerals we needed. One way was to step up to the counter, pay the price, and cart home the goods, trusting to money, or possibly pressure, to take care of any foreign competition. The alternative was more difficult: we could sit round a table and work out a deal which not only accomplished the immediate object of a transaction in goods, but also contemplated solution of all the related problems, strengthened both parties, and formed a lasting relationship between the two. That is the principle of doing business according to the Good Neighbor Policy; and that was the principle on which we based our trade agreement with Mexico in July, 1941.

We needed the metals badly enough; but even more we needed to make the Good Neighbor Policy actually work. As we were beginning to realize, this Policy is our only machinery for doing the things that have to be done in this Hemisphere now; it can no longer be changed for a new model.

When we had finished negotiating our trade agreement of July, 1941, we had not only entered the Mexican market; we had entered in a highly favored position, with our only possible competitor closed off from bidding. But at the same time we had taken on a rather difficult commitment. Mexico's undertaking—to cut off her Jap trade—was simply a matter of enforcing a new export regulation, something that her government departments, chiefly customs, could handle as routine. On our part we had undertaken to replace the eliminated "natural" trade with an artificial one. We had to create a major international market, cut to fit the situation, between the night and the morning; and we had to do this without causing damage and political complications. That is to say, the United States must be prepared to purchase the entire base-metal output of Mexican mines.

Fortunately we already possessed in the States an organization to handle the job, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, of which the Metals Reserve Company branch now operating in Mexico is a subsidiary. Metals Reserve was founded in 1940 to create a war market in advance, so to speak, serving the double purpose of accumulating stock piles of what we should need if we should get into trouble and providing the means of preventing an orgy of profiteering when the trouble came. It is simultaneously a public and a private corporation. As a private corporation it is equipped to jump into the rough-and-tumble of the metals market, chase sellers, close deals. As a public corporation it is an arm of our government empowered to make agreements with other governments to shut out our enemies. It was obvious that when the Mexican-United States trade agreement of July, 1941, went into effect this apparatus for making markets to order was needed, and the Metals Reserve opened its Mexico City branch at once. Mr. Floyd B. Ransom, appointed to head the branch, while not primarily a metals expert, knew a great deal about the conduct of business in Mexico; he is head of one of the largest business machinery firms there, and president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Mexico; his other business interests in the country are many and various and he has been managing them effectively since the last war. As a technical assistant, he was shortly sent Mr. J. F. Magee, a man with long experience in mining in various parts of South America, and more recently an ore-buyer in the western United States.

The agreement provided that the prices Metals Reserve would pay were to be regulated on the basis of "conditions prevailing in the United States." The rapidly expanding private demand in the United States, however, began to absorb Mexico's output, and the only product Metals Reserve had to buy direct, at first, was mercury.

As it happened, our own increased production of mercury in 1941 almost exactly met our needs for that year; and the price, in September, was running just high enough to get out this mercury. The Mexican producer, in addition to having higher costs, had to pay the Mexican export tax, the Mexican "*aforo*" tax, plus other Mexican imposts and the United States import duty, to a total of about \$55 a flask. Thus, where an American producer was getting \$160 for a flask of seventy-six pounds in New York, a Mexican would clear only \$105 for the same amount in the same market.

But that was not all. In July, after paying *aforo* and other taxes, Mexicans had been getting about \$179 a flask, clear, from Japanese buyers. Our two governments then signed their agreement. Suddenly Mexicans had to sell to the Good Neighbor or else, at a reduction of \$74 a flask. To a banker in Mexico City, even if he saw a certain logic in the event, this was a blow. To a *gambusino* in the moist, unpleasant forests of the State of Guerrero the fall in price was a tragedy.

To meet the situation Metals Reserve was almost immediately directed to pay \$10 over the New York price, or \$170 a flask, for mercury in Mexico; and in addition to absorb the United States import duty on purchases made there.

That ought to have done the trick; but there remained a gap between the Japanese price and the price grudgingly sweated up by the Good Neighbor. And the mercury was not coming on the market in response to our tenders. Somehow the Japs were getting the mercury—in such devious ways that what was produced for them did not appear at all in the statistics. How were they doing it and how could they be stopped?

III

We know now that what was happening had had nothing to do with mercury at the start. Before even the trade agreement between Mexico and the

United States was signed a business man of European origin, with well-established connections in Mexico and the United States, had worked out an ingenious method of making money out of war. He would buy in the United States goods which were embargoed to the Axis, and send them by rail to Vera Cruz for legitimate trans-shipment to South American ports. But the goods never reached Vera Cruz. Somehow, once they crossed the Mexican border in their freight cars, these supplies turned aside, reached a west-coast port like Manzanillo in place of the east-coast port of Vera Cruz, and were put aboard ship for the Axis. When the business was eventually unraveled in the newspapers the Mexican crime reporters awarded the author of this simple, brilliant system the name of *El Desviador*—The Detourer.

Then came the trade agreement. And when The Detourer revolved in his cranium the difference between the American and the Japanese price for mercury under this new dispensation there can be no doubt that he saw his career laid out for him. A split of \$74 a flask was his for the asking. Since selling to Japan was illegal, the trade could not be expected to pay the Mexican imposts; or, in other words, reckon \$36 a flask more. All The Detourer had to do was to reapply his system, buying mercury on the Mexican market, and arranging for the consignments to reach a more profitable destination than the United States.

He attracted collaborators as honey lures the busy ant and the group proceeded to do the job up brown. No doubt they began in a small way, but before the two months that destiny had allotted them in which to operate were up, they had built an organization which the export divisions of General Motors, United States Steel, or General Electric might well envy for its completeness, efficiency, and dispatch.

The Japanese Embassy was of course functioning in Mexico at the time, and the Japanese Commercial Attaché took

a hand in the game. The ring, by offering anywhere from \$5 a flask over the legal market price, was able to purchase plenty of mercury. Word was passed among the Mexican miners that the United States was letting them pull its chestnuts out of the fire: that the Japs were being cut off from Mexico's production, the United States was to get it instead, and the Mexicans could take the financial loss involved. "If the Japs can pay \$215, why can't big-hearted Uncle Sam?" There is some question that the Japs had ever paid \$215 a flask for mercury, except when forced to by hard trading; but at any rate, this price was widely advertised and accepted among Mexicans.

From Japan's point of view of course this talk not only smoothed the way for purchase of contraband, but also constituted the very best brand of propaganda for implantation among Latin Americans.

The mercury was bought in little batches or big ones and concentrated in Mexico City in private houses, in garages, in lofts. One purchase was actually consummated in the Guardiola Building, on the very floor where our Metals Reserve Company has its offices. Naturally the producers who sold to The Detourer and his ring failed to report their production—which was why the statistics had to drop. If a production of 2,000 flasks had been reported the ring would have had to pay taxes on 2,000 flasks.

The business of getting the mercury from its Mexico City concentration points to Japanese ships was the hard part, calling for ingenuity and a lavish distribution of peso notes; the enterprise had the quality of becoming progressively more illegal the nearer it approached its goal. Mercury stored in Mexico City *might* be legitimate; mercury wandering vaguely through Guerrero in a freight car would look more curious, but still it might be somehow trying to reach the United States; mercury, however, on which a Jap ship captain was sitting

would be susceptible of only one explanation.

Eventually the ring took care of the difficulty by arranging a transport network of great flexibility. The mercury or other contraband metal was moved by rail to a point halfway between Mexico City and the west coast. There an Italian who had set up a secret airline for the smugglers picked it up and flew it to hidden landing fields on the coast—a wild, tropical region outside the immediate vicinity of the big ports, where many of the natives do not yet speak Spanish. From here on, there were several methods. The metal might be taken into Manzanillo and loaded on Japanese freighters in the regular way, except of course that it was disguised as some other product; some, apparently, even went through Acapulco in this manner, passing under the sunburned noses of the scores of American tourists there. Another method was to transfer the metal to power fishing boats at one of the tiny native ports, to be loaded at sea, either on Jap freighters or on the freighters of some South American shipping company which had an arrangement with the Japanese.

The third method seems to have been thought up by someone addicted to Alfred Hitchcock movies. There is a privately-owned island in the Pacific, just over the horizon from Mexico's west coast: metal was taken there in launches and stored until a sufficient quantity had accumulated, when the owner of the island would notify a shipping firm in Manzanillo; shortly thereafter, a Jap ship would call for the load at the lonely island.

The staff which managed these gaudy operations was as follows: The Detourer, the Italian with the airline, the gentleman with the private island, three or four Mexican generals with important mining interests, and the Japanese diplomats in Mexico; besides the small fry—ore-buyers, and a complement of well-greased customs, railroad, and shipping employees; and finally a sprinkling

of Germans with short-wave sets. All these functioned in deep silence and, at least at first, the mystery of the mercury was a genuine mystery to those in the Capital.

The American interest in this affair was principally to get it stopped. The continuance of the trade and the continued circulation of Japanese money in Mexico daily weakened our position. Our proposal for making a new market for Mexico's metals had been conceived in good faith. It had seemed the best way of meeting the multiple requirements of the Good Neighbor Policy—getting the metals for ourselves, stopping the Japs, while maintaining Mexico's prosperity and ability to produce. On the other hand, in the attempt to make this new market we could not go to the length of meeting the former Japanese price for mercury. To do so would set an unfortunate precedent, and it would cause political friction at home.

Moreover, we could not take a hard-boiled attitude with Mexico. We ourselves at the time were still selling oil to Japan; we were selling iron ore to Japan from our Philippine deposits; and we had only recently stopped selling part of our own mercury production to Japan. We were not at war with Japan then, nor was war definitely expected. Accordingly Mexicans were generally complacent toward anyone who sold his mercury for the best price he could find; and the low United States price forced by the trade agreement was coming in for a lot of criticism which did not have its origin with Japanese or Nazi agents.

Thus the state of affairs was one that jeopardized our effort to execute our policies in Latin America. In addition, it began to threaten our procurement of minerals even more seriously. There was reason to think that mercury just happened to be the metal whose absence was most conspicuous; it was felt that at least lead, zinc, and antimony were also being traded; and alarming symptoms began to be evident in the more obscure minerals. One of our

men, after watching several tons of mica being prepared for shipment, came back to Mexico City and learned at the end of the month, when statistics were released, that in all Mexico only about two hundred *pounds* had been produced.

IV

Our men in Mexico handled the touchy situation neatly and effectively. Our counter-espionage agents accumulated exact information. On the basis of this information the American and British consuls in Manzanillo, in the first week of October, 1941, informed the Mexican government that the Japanese freighter, *Azuma Maru*, about to sail from Manzanillo, contained a cargo of metals contraband under the agreement between our governments. The Mexican government ordered a special customs examination of the ship.

The special inspectors arrived at Manzanillo and broached the *Azuma Maru's* cargo, which consisted of iron drums labeled "Bronze Objects" (bronze scrap, as it happened, being at that time legally exportable to Japan). The outraged Japanese captain had to watch the opening of these drums. The first one contained bronze scrap, as advertised, and the captain permitted himself to purr. The second drum, however, contained eight flasks of mercury. This put a period to the smuggling trade. In all, 47 tons of mercury were confiscated from the *Azuma Maru*—a record for a single consignment, and a sizable chunk of those missing statistics in the Capital.

The investigation dragged out for a month. In the middle of it a freight car full of contraband zinc and mercury turned up in Tampico on the east coast, on the Gulf. When the investigation had begun to get too warm these metals, stored in Mexico City, had been hastily loaded on freight car No. 61044 of the National Railroads; this left the San Lazaro station in Mexico City on September 30th, routed for Manzanillo,

but somewhere in the State of Jalisco it was detoured mysteriously by order of two minor officials. It then wandered around the rails for some time, without destination, and finally appeared in Tampico where, on a tip, it was snatched by the law.

Similar cars were supposed to have been sent off in desperation to Vera Cruz, Guaymas, Laredo, Piedras Negras—half a dozen more or less improbable places. This report, however, never was run down and was lost eventually in the misty fringes of the affair; the same applies to several other reports, such as the story that two German submarines had loaded mercury and antimony off the insignificant east-coast ports of Soto la Marina and Barra de Nautla.

In the end four or five minor customs

officials fell into the talons of justice, and The Detourer was prevented from scrambling from Vera Cruz. The Americans had stopped the smuggling, which was their main objective. Mexico, it is said, finally collected the taxes of which she had been robbed. As for the smugglers, they at least took a healthy loss on the *Azuma Maru*; otherwise, for the sake of international relations and getting on with the business at hand, their case was permitted to hush itself up.

The main point had certainly been settled: in November Mexico's reported production of mercury rose to 1,200 flasks, and by the end of December it was normal again, running well over 2,000 flasks a month; and through Metals Reserve, we were buying it all.





SAMUEL BLANE

A STORY

BY MURRAY DYER

IT WAS the morning of December 8, 1941. While in history that date will go down as the morning after Pearl Harbor, there are a few to whom it will go down also as the desperate and despairing end, not perhaps of their faith, but certainly of the work which had given their faith its substance.

That morning I thought particularly of Samuel Blane—so strongly that it almost seemed as if part of me actually could see him, so many miles away. He was sitting at his breakfast table. From his chair he could look through the windows of the dining room down the slope of the hill on which the residential section of the city stood, to the harbor, and beyond, across the Bay of Osaka to the mountains which rose like a blue smudge to meet the horizon. And the morning, I think, was beautiful, as only morning in winter in the Far East can be beautiful; but Samuel Blane was not aware of it. In his hand was a letter from his son Tom, a letter that I knew had been written many weeks before. Samuel Blane had just finished reading it. I thought of him appraising the years of his endeavor; and I wondered if he would admit that he did not know whether his work had been worth while. True, Kuno would have been a murderer but for him; Hondo had been possessed of an evil spirit and he had cured him; Tsuji was now professor of economics at an Imperial university. "But it was my money," Blane would have to say, "which paid for his

study." Three men, and three men only, would come back clearly into Samuel Blane's mind as he sat appraising the forty years of his service. Samuel Blane was lonely, and alone, in the darkness of his own Gethsemane.

Samuel Blane was old enough to be my father. I never really knew him. And yet I know him very well. All through my childhood he came and went as regularly as the seasons. He and my father and another missionary named Ffoulkes were the three most important adults in my young life. And yet none of them paid any attention to me. All three of them had come out to Japan in the early, very early, 1900's. My father was from Montreal. Ffoulkes (to this day I do not know his first name: he was always called "Mr. Ffoulkes," or "Ffoulkes") was an Englishman. Samuel Blane was from Kansas. I believe only if you are an advertising agent or a missionary will you come across such a strange assortment as my father, Ffoulkes, and Samuel Blane.

My father called himself "interdenominational," which covers a multitude of sins. Ffoulkes was an Englishman who had, in his family's eyes, "gone wrong." Born and bred to the life of either a country gentleman or a colonial administrator, he had been caught up at Oxford in the fervor of a religious movement which, while the Empire adjusted its shoulders under the White Man's Burden, preached

the necessity of saving the souls of those not fortunate enough to be English by birth. As a result he had signed up for life as a missionary in Japan and was head of the group of missionaries to which my father belonged. Samuel Blane was a Southern Methodist.

In the early 1900's, when these three men found themselves in Japan, the wheel of life was hanging for a brief moment almost motionless. We know now that the forces getting ready to spin it, and spin it madly, were gathering impetus. But for a child, and for a missionary, and for a business man those early years of the 1900's were supreme. Security was in each tick of the clock, each mouthful of porridge at breakfast, each session of family prayers at night, each comfortable laying of a tired head on a white pillow while outside the window, rising and falling with the wind, the Buddhist temple bells boomed softly and timelessly.

All three men, my father, Ffoulkes, and Samuel Blane, were very busy men. They saved souls, they held conventions which taught other Japanese to save souls, they gave "Bible readings" and held prayer meetings, they distributed tracts and pamphlets without end; they were the slaves of one idea: the world was soon going to come to an end and the souls they had saved would be their reward for the things they had given up. Make no mistake about it, these three men, and many others like them, were not unintelligent. All three of them had given up good positions, good money, good futures to get the Japanese into heaven. This of course kept them very busy. So, what with meetings and pamphlets and conventions, together with Bible readings, I did not see much of my father except at breakfast and supper. In the earliest years of my life I had to find my own amusement. And, since in the town where my father was stationed, there were only two other "foreigners," things that the average boy or girl would hardly have noticed assumed huge importance.

The periodical visits of Samuel Blane were among these. For six years my father worked in a district over which Samuel Blane had supervision. And for six years, at least four times a year, he came to stay with us. For days I looked forward to his coming. Instead of going to bed immediately after supper, I was allowed to sit in the living room and play one game of chess. At breakfast I heard stories about his boyhood on a farm in Kansas; how the molasses in the cellar froze stiff, and his brother went down to get some of it for buckwheat cakes and left the spigot in the barrel turned on, simply because it was so cold he couldn't turn it off. When the thaw came of course the Blanes had lost their molasses. "And say," said Samuel Blane, winding up that story, "did Dave find out all about what cold weather does to liquids? Dad took him out in the woodshed and paddled it right into him. Yes, sir."

Mr. Ffoulkes was staying with us that week-end as it happened, and he listened to the story with amazement. When it was finished he barked: "I say, Blane, d'you mean your father beat your brother for not turning the spigot off when it was so cold he couldn't move it?"

"Sure he did," said Blane, in his gusto at remembering the details pouring his milk into the sugar bowl instead of over his porridge. "You've got to learn you don't forget things when it's fifteen degrees below zero. Dad didn't thrash him because he couldn't turn the spigot off. He thrashed him because he forgot to tell any of us he'd left it on."

"You're pouring your milk into the sugar bowl," said Ffoulkes acidly at this point, and the resultant confusion stopped any more stories at that meal about the farm in Kansas.

Still, although these visits left brilliant pictures in my mind which I could go off by myself and think about during long summer afternoons when there was no one to play with, there was a gap in those early days which was filled when Samuel Blane began bringing his son Tom along with him on his trips. Tom was about

my age, and after the first afternoon we found we could get along.

The first visit by the two of them coincided with Ffoulkes' presence. In addition two more missionaries were down, so the house was pretty full. The cause was a full-blown Revival which was to be started in the town. The fact that Tom was coming this time with Mr. Blane, and that a Revival campaign was to be undertaken which would last at least a week, was almost too much for me. I kept wondering why both things had to happen together. Why couldn't they be spaced out when there was so little to look forward to anyway?

Friday came (for some reason Revivals always started on a week-end), and with it Tom and Mr. Blane. The Revival campaign was to start that night at seven-thirty. Samuel Blane arrived at three. Ffoulkes, my father, and the other two missionaries, had been waiting for Blane so they could all go together into my father's study and hold their own private prayer meeting for the success of the week's services. My mother was busy with a thousand things: the food for supper, the sheets for the beds, the towels for the washstands. So naturally Tom and I had to shift for ourselves.

We went into the garden and stood looking at each other, doubtfully and askance, as small boys have looked at each other since the world began.

"How much muscle've you got?" Tom said suddenly, opening the conversation. This I immediately resented for, since it was my home ground, it was obviously my business to speak first. I looked him over for a minute and then said, belligerently: "More'n you have, so shut up."

Tom looked at me for a few seconds and then said quietly: "I guess we better fight."

"I don't know how to," I responded. "Do you know?"

"Not very well," he confessed. "But I'm learning. I've had two fights with Roy already." Roy, I knew, was his considerably older brother. "Well," I suggested, "suppose you teach me all you

know about fighting and then we'll fight?"

"All right," Tom agreed. "Shall we start now?"

"Yes," I said. "They've gone into father's study to pray and that means we won't have supper till six-thirty."

For the next hour I learned "fighting" and finally surprised Tom by saying that it didn't seem nearly as good as jiu-jitsu. This was the beginning of a firm and steady friendship. Tom knew nothing about jiu-jitsu and I, in the long afternoons which I spent alone, had found out I could wander down the street to a police school where jiu-jitsu was taught. The policemen were very kind to me and used to let me come in and watch. And every now and again they would call me out on to the floor and show me how to throw a man over my shoulder or fling him on his back across my hip. When Tom left at the end of the week he was planning how best to get Roy into a fight so that he could throw him across the floor with the jiu-jitsu hold which I had taught him. Meanwhile on this particular afternoon we grew tired of fighting and "judo" by five o'clock, and wandered back to the house through the garden, wondering how much longer before supper. We passed under the windows of my father's study and stopped to listen.

Both of us had heard prayer meetings like this one before. We were no mean judges and our critical knowledge was based on having heard the extemporaneous prayers of some pretty good men. We listened for a while in silence. My father's voice rose and fell in rolling cadences: "Pour out, O Lord, Thy spirit upon the souls who will gather before the mercy seat to-night." . . . A few minutes later Ffoulkes was praying: "O Lord, we will not leave this room until we have Thy assurance of victory. Come down in power, manifest Thyself in glory, pour out upon Thy servants, gathered here, the oil of Thine anointing that we may go forth to victory in Thy name." . . .

Tom and I withdrew from the window. We believed in those days in the actual

and not the figurative meaning of words. "How long," I said, "d'you think before they know God's going to give them the victory?" This was no blasphemous question. It was serious and all-important. And Tom knew it was. For one thing, on its answer hung our supper. "I don't know," said Tom, "but the meeting starts at half-past seven." "You mean," I asked, "they've got to know before then?" "Yes," said Tom simply. "I forgot that," I said. And we went in to wash our hands and get ready to eat.

In my youth one of the most important things in my life was The River. It came down out of the green, pine-clad mountains which marched around the city to the north, in a series of white, glistening cataracts. Where it flowed through the valley it was deep and wide, quiet and satisfying. My ambition was to get big enough to throw a stone all the way across it. My father couldn't. Neither could Ffoulkes. But Samuel Blane could do it. At least he had done it—once. And by so much I decided that baseball was a game worth playing, for before making the throw that put the stone on the other side, Mr. Blane had said he used to play baseball and was a pitcher on his team at college. His third try had put him over.

Sometimes we would picnic by The River. Sometimes we would just wander out to it after breakfast and before lunch. Sometimes, usually after Sunday dinner, we walked out on a circular route that, along some part, took in The River somewhere where it flowed through the valley. Strangely, I never saw The River except when it was blue. In summer it was a warm, friendly, quivering blue. In the depth of winter it was a chill, hard, steel-blue. But it was always blue. Never gray, never dirty, never troubled.

Soon after I had got to know Tom I found another amusement, carpentering. I had managed to get hold of a saw. I used a hammer that belonged to my father. And I was allowed to borrow

his chisel and screw driver. I could get nails any time I wanted them by dropping in at the carpenter's shop up the street. In summer, old Ushikami, the carpenter, a towel round his head, a coolie coat over his shoulders, a white cloth about his loins, and his legs bare to the ankles, used to like me to stop by and pass the time of day with him. Glistering with sweat in a temperature of 98° in the shade, he would stop pulling his saw through a beam that was to become part of a house, take out his absurdly small-bowled tobacco pipe (enough for three puffs), light it and ask me how things were going. Ushikami and I were great friends. And I have always loved the smell of wood shavings since those days. Ushikami showed me how to make my first boat. A clumsy affair but very wonderful. I made it in his shop but with my tools. And it was a Monday in April when it was launched. Of course in The River. Ffoulkes and Mr. Blane happened to be staying over the week-end. Monday morning we all went for a walk and naturally it was to The River, for I was carrying my boat.

All the dusty way to The River I kept thinking to myself just where I would launch it. My father, Mr. Blane, and Ffoulkes had had some business matters to talk over on the way down so they had walked together, just ahead of my mother and me. But as we crossed the rough, uneven, grassy ground that bordered The River they finished.

"Well," my father called gaily, "where's your boat, Sonny?"

"Yes," said Ffoulkes, "put her into the water and let's see how she sails." Mr. Blane said nothing. But I remember he looked at me and grinned. I had a string tied to the stern. I was afraid to sail her without it. She might get lost in the current. As I stooped down to put her into the water I heard Ffoulkes. "I say, John"—this was to my father—"she looks as though she'll capsize."

My father called, "She's going to turn over." "No, she isn't," I shouted back. Those were days of faith.

I held her in the water and took my hands off slowly. If she was going to turn over I wanted the failure to be my secret. But she didn't turn over—then. She floated. And I took my hands away and pushed her out into the current and stood up. Ffoulkes was the first to comment. "Bravo," he shouted, "that's capital. Capital."

For the first time in my life I really liked him. We all stood watching while my boat bounced over the little, breeze-lifted waves to the middle of The River. Then Ffoulkes spoke again. "I say, why don't you take the string off and let her go?" Because, I told him, my liking fading as quickly as it had come into existence, I wanted my boat back. "Nonsense," Ffoulkes laughed. "The river gets narrower lower down. We could get it back for you there if it got away in the current. But it won't."

"Why not?" I asked. "Because," he said, "we can take care of it with stones. If we throw stones beyond it the waves will wash it back to the shore."

I considered that idea and was inclined to reject it when my father added his support for Ffoulkes. Mr. Blane said nothing, although I remember that once again he looked at me. But this time he didn't grin. He was just watching.

I cut the string. And my ship was on her own. Ffoulkes now took over. "We'll let her get into the middle of the stream," he said, "and then we'll drive her back. We used to do this when I was a boy in Sussex on the Arun. Splendid fun we had too."

They began throwing stones, my father and Ffoulkes. And very soon it was clear that they were not going to have things all their own way. The current was going to have something to say. "We'll have to throw them nearer," said Ffoulkes breathlessly, his face beaming. "You'll hit her," I said anxiously. "Oh, no, I hope not," said Ffoulkes, putting his shoulder behind the biggest stone he could find. I can still see that stone, turning lazily in the sunlight before it fell. It swamped my boat. For a minute I

thought she might come through. But no. She rocked dangerously and then capsized. I walked forward a little so that I should be ahead of the men where none of them could see my face.

"I say," said Ffoulkes after the thunder of the splash had died down. I heard my mother remark quietly that it seemed to her a very careless piece of work on his part. Ffoulkes spoke again, to me. "Well, I'm sorry. But you can make another all right. As a matter of fact you'll make a better one. A boat shouldn't capsize like that. But now she's turned over we can't leave her. We'd better sink her." And he began throwing stones again, this time to hit. My father looked at me with a friendly grin. "It's a goner," he said, "how about it? Shall we sink her?" And I nodded. And again Samuel Blane said nothing but only looked at me. A week later, from Kobe, came a package from him which, when I opened it, was, and still is, the most beautiful model of a two-masted schooner I have ever seen in my life.

When I look back on it I think that what I know now of Democracy came from Samuel Blane. He never talked about it. But he was instinct with it. I doubt if he ever thought much about it either. It was part of his code, although he wouldn't have understood what you meant by the word "code." I remember playing chess with him one day. He was a really good chess player and when he couldn't play with my father, and always on my own account at least once each visit, he played with me. He taught me how to castle. The first time I saw him do it I protested. I didn't know you could castle. And I'd got him for once, through his carelessness, into a nasty corner. His castling got him out and I knew that, once out, with his skill I'd never get the game. But he insisted castling was legitimate, called my mother over to ask her if it wasn't, said it was too bad I hadn't known it, but that ignorance of the law was no excuse. And he won the game.

For a minute I could hear what

Ffoulkes would have said if he'd been there. "I say, Blane, you know the boy didn't know you could castle. Bit unsporting, don't you think? Take the game like that?" Then I remembered The River, and my boat, and the way Samuel Blane had looked at me then. He looked at me the same way now. And suddenly I understood. Chess was a game. And it had rules. And you kept the rules. Just as, if you made promises you kept them. Or, if you had debts you paid them. My boat, which Ffoulkes had sunk, was something about which no rules had been formulated. Therefore it was something about which the final decision was mine. But because I was just a boy, Ffoulkes considered I had no particular right to be consulted. To some extent my father held a similar point of view. Of all the five of us on the river bank that day, Samuel Blane was the only one who felt that as an individual—a very small, immature individual—I still had a right to make my own decisions in a matter that solely affected me.

I began to see less of Samuel Blane after this. For one thing I was sent away to school. For another, he went home on furlough—home to a Kansas I had never seen but in which, nevertheless, I had lived. A Kansas dotted with farmhouses set in vast oceans of prairie grass through which Indians crawled or galloped and over which, periodically, huge, devastating prairie fires raced; prairie fires in which men like Samuel Blane saved their homes by setting backfires. A Kansas where men walked with revolvers strapped to their sides, revolvers which they whipped out whenever they insulted each other, which was regularly.

It was a very jumbled picture I had painted, pieced together in my own way out of all the many odds and ends of talk by Samuel Blane to which I had listened for so many years. When he came back I looked at him with a certain reverence. Here was a man who lived much more dangerously than my father did. The

years Samuel Blane lived in Japan, I was sure, were the only ones when he was safe.

On his return he brought me a set of chess men. We christened it that night. It was my last game of chess with him. From that time on our paths did not cross again until many years later when I saw him at the summer resort of Karuizawa. By that time I had finished school and college and had already lived through one war. And for one summer I was back amid surroundings which were part of me whether I would or no.

It was nearly the end of August and I was sitting in the grandstand at the baseball field. It was a hot, brilliant afternoon. Slowly the seats filled. A group of missionaries came in, some with their wives. They were well dressed and neat, but the cut and style of their clothes set them apart. Most of the women wore half-length sleeves, some full length, and their shoes were serviceable rather than smart. They sat down next to some members of the diplomatic colony in Tokyo. The men in this second group were in white suits which they could afford to have laundered every day. They had on silk socks. And the women carried expensive sun parasols, while on the hot, still air about them hung the faint but unmistakable scent of a French perfume. Their arms were bare to the shoulders and their dresses had come from Shanghai or the shops on the French ships which called at Kobe and Yokohama. Men in some of the oil and importing firms straggled in, nodding to the legation and embassy people.

Ten miles away, its bare, brown shoulder humped against a cloudless sky, the volcano Asama smoked lazily, a low, green-clad ridge running across the foreground in front of it.

It was the day of the annual baseball match between the missionaries and non-missionaries. Saints against the Sinners some called it. Surprisingly enough the Saints often won.

I was sitting half way up the stand when I saw Samuel Blane again. I

started in surprise. In a straw hat, black alpaca coat and striped white trousers, he ambled into the stand with a big, folded sun umbrella in one hand. He sat down amidst the banter of friends around him just as the game began.

It went as any game might go, neck and neck right up to the ninth inning. A certain amount of pleasure was derived from the fact that the Bishop who presided over Samuel Blane's missionary activities played for the Sinners. They, a man short at the last minute, had persuaded him to put on a catcher's glove again, as he had done several times before in his life to very good advantage.

As I sat there that afternoon it was hard to think that a world was breaking up under our eyes. Out on the field everything looked and seemed as it had for twenty-five years past. True, Ffoulkes was dead, but he had never come to the grandstand unless it was a cricket match. My father had taken over his administrative duties. Samuel Blane was older but he scarcely looked it. And the grandstand had a roof that needed patching and a hole in the wire up near the eaves. True also, I was no longer one of the boys who hung on the flanks of the seats, hoping to find the balls which fouled over the top of the grandstand into the tall grasses behind, a service which meant a penny in your pocket for every ball recovered. But I could close my eyes and still see the lanterns decorating the streets at New Years, and I could close my ears and still hear the pounding of the mallets making rice cakes.

The game was nearly over by the time I had finished looking backward. It was the second half of the ninth inning, the Sinners batting, two out and the Bishop at bat. The count against him was two and three. The score was nine to eight for the Saints, but there was a man on third.

There was a hush over the field that only an American could understand. Then Blane lifted his voice as he saw Cartwright, who was a Congregation-
alist, preparing to pitch. "It's whole

hog or nothing, Brother," he shouted. And the grandstand roared. The Bishop looked round directly at Blane, and the stand roared again, for Blane was holding up his fingers to Cartwright in a sign calling for a hot one straight over the plate, and "whole hog or none" was the Bishop's private battle cry upon every occasion. If it was money to run the mission he wanted all he asked for or none. If it was a soul to be "saved" he wanted it saved in the strictest Southern Methodist manner or else postponed until this could be accomplished. Now, with the count two and three, and the Bishop batting against his colleagues, Blane had lifted the battle cry against him. And the Bishop was a little annoyed. To give the stand time to quiet down, Cartwright shot the ball to third, and Waterman, a tea exporter, thumbed his nose at him.

As the ball came back the Bishop called out to Blane: "Our Brother in the stand asks for a sign; let him remember the evil and adulterous generation which earlier asked for a sign and no sign was given unto it."

Blane waved his umbrella. "Hallelujah, Brother," he said, "now let's see you smack it."

The stand shouted again and a voice yelled: "Boys, let's praise the Bishop with hymn number 210: Glorious things of thee are spoken."

Cartwright held up his hand for silence while, behind the home plate, the umpire, an Episcopalian, waved the stand down to their seats. Again Cartwright got ready to pitch. Suddenly from between the tall grasses at the far end of the field along the path came a rickshaw. Not an unusual sight and we all saw it; the rickshaw-man loping easily along, behind him, leaning against the cushion, upright, not a passenger but a huge, rectangular, black trunk. Samuel Blane saw it too and lifted up his voice again.

"Brother," he yelled, and we all knew he meant his Bishop, "there comes your coffin."

Again the stand howled. And we

knew the Saints had won. Cartwright wouldn't even need to pitch the last ball; he could just lob it, for the Bishop's nerve had gone.

With the stand still shouting, Cartwright slammed a curve over the plate. The Bishop fanned, and it was all over. As the Bishop walked in, Blane walked out, his face wreathed in good-natured smiles, his eyes laughing behind his spectacles. "Well, Brother," he boomed for good measure, remembering the Bishop's scriptural quote, "that was a mighty good breeze while it lasted, but remember Mark 4, verse 39: 'And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.'" But the Bishop just pushed past and walked into the locker room.

Slowly the crowd began to thin. The daylight faded. The sun set. Asama, the volcano, stood out, black and smoking, against a cloudless sky, quiet now and with banked fires. Even so, none trusted her. For none knew when she would erupt again. Just as none knew when the world would erupt again so suddenly into madness. Yet on that evening there was, in the evening light,

the stillness that some say precedes the storm. A thrush fluted from a hedge and a lark rushed skyward singing. Soon the day would be over. And not this day only, but my father's day, Ffoulkes' day, Blane's day. My day?

"I don't know," I said as I walked home. But it was; my day too. Those years can never come back.

It was the morning of December 8, 1941. I thought particularly of Samuel Blane—so strongly that it almost seemed as if part of me actually could see him that lonely morning, so many miles away. He was sitting at his breakfast table. In his hand was a letter from his son Tom, a letter that I knew had been written many weeks before. ". . . I got my wings yesterday. Everybody over here says we'll be fighting Japan before long. You'd better come on home. After all, you've been trying for forty years to give them a break. It's too late now. The job's got to be done another way. . . ."

It's too late now. The job's got to be done another way.

Samuel Blane was lonely, and alone.





AND SPEAKING OF DRAFT-BOARD CLERKS . . .

OUR article on "Drafting This Army," in the July issue, emphasized the increasing burden of work under which the Local Draft Boards and their clerical staffs now stagger. The article argued that the continuing success of the Selective Service System is dependent upon conscientious decisions, one by one, in innumerable cases up for classification or reclassification—a job never more exacting than now, when the Army is calling for men in quantity—and also is dependent upon the accurate clerical handling of each case.

In this connection the article said: "The number of questionnaires, notices, and 'call-ins' to be sent out; the number of forms to be filled out in duplicate or triplicate or quadruplicate; the number of reports, statistical and otherwise, which must be made to State Headquarters; the number of entries which must be made in this record or that, when any action is taken—to say nothing of the endless task of merely recording changes of address—have long since become a clerical nightmare." It argued that many clerical staffs should be expanded and that a top limit of \$150 a month for Chief Clerks and of \$100 a month for Assistant Clerks was wholly inadequate, at least in the cities, for men and women who must struggle with these overwhelming tasks, the accurate performance of which may be literally a matter of life and death to the registrants.

Since then we have received from a Local Draft Board the chronological record of *one* actual case (an early one) which may give some faint idea of the

number of letters, forms, mailings, and record entries which may be necessary for a *single registrant* out of several thousand under a Board's jurisdiction. Here it is; we have altered only such place-names as might lead to identification:

1. *October 16, 1940*

Selectee registered at Toponas, Colorado, giving a Belford, Ohio, address.

2. *November 15, 1940*

Recruiting office, Salt Lake City, advised the Belford Board of his enlistment on November 12, 1940.

3. *November 25, 1940*

Recruiting office, Salt Lake City, advised Board that misdemeanor convictions disqualified him from enlistment.

4. *December 9, 1940*

Regular Selective Service questionnaire mailed to him at Belford address as given on records.

5. *December 10, 1940*

Questionnaire returned unclaimed—registrant last reported in Phoenix, Arizona.

6. *December 11, 1940*

Questionnaire mailed to him at Phoenix, Arizona.

7. *December 22, 1940*

Questionnaire returned from Phoenix unclaimed.

8. *December 23, 1940*

New address received from him—Los Angeles, California.

9. *December 24, 1940*

Questionnaire sent to new address at Los Angeles, California.

10. *January 2, 1941*

Questionnaire returned by registrant, completed, from Los Angeles, California.

11. *January 2, 1941*

Records transferred to a Los Angeles Board for classification and examination.

12. *January 20, 1941*

Registrant examined and classified in 1-A by Los Angeles Board, which notified Board at Belford.

13. *February 20, 1941*

Registrant transferred by Belford Board to a Los Angeles Board for Induction.

14. *February 21, 1941*

Registrant sends postal card saying that he is now living in Salt Lake City, Utah.

15. *February 22, 1941*

Registrant then transferred for Induction to a Salt Lake City Board through Utah State Headquarters.

16. *March 4, 1941*

Utah Headquarters advises that registrant has been found in jail and in poor physical condition. Induction canceled.

17. *March 8, 1941*

Transfer made for a new physical examination by a Salt Lake City Board.

18. *March 20, 1941*

Word received from Utah Headquarters that registrant was rejected by Salt Lake City Board but approved for 1-A classification by Medical Advisory Board, pending outcome of skin rash.

19. *March 21, 1941*

Request made of Salt Lake City Board for serological test result (not given on records received March 20, 1941).

20. *March 22, 1941*

Advised by the registrant that he had moved back to Los Angeles, California. Address different from any former Los Angeles addresses.

21. *April 15, 1941*

Another change of address notification received from registrant. Still in Los Angeles, however.

22. *April 16, 1941*

"Order to Report for Induction" mailed to registrant, and transfer made to deliver registrant to a Los Angeles Induction Station through a Los Angeles Local Board.

23. *April 30, 1941*

Belford Board advised by Los Angeles Board that registrant had been accepted at the Induction Station for his year of training April 24, 1941.

24. *Whew!*



THE PRISONERS OF CHALON

TALES OF A FRENCH PRISON UNDER NAZI RULE

BY JAY ALLEN

Mr. Allen, American war correspondent, was captured by the Germans in March, 1941, while trying to get back from Occupied into Unoccupied France after a nine-day expedition behind German lines without papers. He was thrown into a military prison at Chalon-sur-Saône, France, which at that time was an easy-going prison by Nazi standards. He was held there from March 14th till the end of June, when he was transferred to another—much harsher—prison at Dijon (and presently was released). On his return Mr. Allen wrote several news reports of his adventures, telling particularly of his capture and his repeated grillings by the Gestapo and other officials who suspected him of being a British agent; since then he has been writing the full record of his imprisonment, combining passages from a diary (parts of which he smuggled out of the prison) with other passages which for obvious reasons he could not have written down then. It is from this record, part diary, part recollection, that these tales of prison life are selected.—The Editors

Introduction to Chalon

WHAT my first morning in Chalon prison—the first of one hundred and four mornings that I was to awaken there—was like I know exactly because I wrote it all down that same day and some days later a friend of mine carried my notes to Marseilles. This is the way they read:

March 15th. It must have been six when I first opened my eyes. I don't know because it was still dark. Immediately upon waking I had that baffled feeling you get awakening in a strange hotel room in America and looking for some familiar object which will solve the mystery of your whereabouts. I could see nothing, but I was not long in discovering that I was lying on the floor on a straw pallet and that other forms were stretched out by me. I lay for a while, eyes closed, and tried wishing myself out of there as when you lie half-awake in the last throes of a nightmare and consciously wish yourself awake. Then I became aware of what had awakened me, a woman singing. First it was the "Inter-

nationale," then she changed illogically to "*Auprès de ma Blonde*." From somewhere came a raucous male voice—cuss words and then some catcalls. The singer stopped in the midst of "*Auprès de ma Blonde*" to shout back her sentiments, which were adequate. Then a Teutonic voice bawled "*Ruhe!*" and for awhile everything was quiet.

By now we were all awake. The prisoner beside me said, "She does it every morning. One of the girls, I think. Anyway she's in the part upstairs for women prisoners of the French authorities." Then we heard a faroff tramp of feet coming nearer and then song: soldiers marching and singing lustily. When they got near another prisoner sat up in alarm, but the man beside me said it was just the garrison marching out as they did every morning. Later we heard the French prisoners being marched down from above and out into the yard. At eight o'clock precisely the lights went on and the same Teutonic voice as before bawled out "*Aufstanden!*" and our day had begun officially. Immediately there-

after there was an irruption of hobnailed boots into the stone-flagged courtyard down below—the watch going on duty. And then the clatter of the turnkeys, three of them, surging up the stone stairs and along the stone galleries. Then a terrible uproar, the clanging of heavy keys, the grating of them in ponderous rusty locks and, as each door was kicked open, the turnkey's shout of "*Heraus!*" and sometimes other words in that tongue which can sound harsher than any other that I know.

When the turnkey got to our door, he kicked it with such force that it sent me sprawling. I had just leaned over to arrange the blankets neatly—which my cell-mates had said was required—and it caught me full in the behind. As I fell on my face I heard a snort behind me. I looked round and there was the soldier guard, Der Paul, whom I had seen the night before, glowering at me.

"*Heraus!*" he barked; but that was only for the others, I found, because pointing to me he snapped, "Make things clean around here!" And with that he went on down the gallery unlocking and kicking open the other doors. After perhaps five minutes he came back to find me surveying what I thought was a pretty good job of housecleaning. He strode in, went straight to the stove where I had thrown the debris—including a sardine tin which my companion had opened for dinner—and drew the door open. Seeing the tin and the other debris, he turned purple and began to bark with what I figured might be indignation; I could not be sure because the barking of Germans is so unexplicit. Meekly I inquired where else I could have thrown the debris. For an answer, he looked at me a second with exasperation, then shook his head as if in despair and bolted out. In the doorway he turned and said, "Now go down and wash, then get your coffee and be quick about it. Afterward we will see whether you can learn to clean a cell. And *achtung*, here there are rules—for everybody, *Amerikaner* included."

I stood looking at him with what I am

afraid was all too obviously deep dislike. His face twitching, his hands nervously clenching his huge hoop of keys, he said, "Look at me that way again and I will make you regret it!" To this I thought it best to answer nothing. But in that I was wrong too.

"Why don't you say something?" he screamed, all control gone.

At that moment the Sergeant called up from down below to find out what was *los*. When he had been told he barked back, "But what's he doing in his cell when all the others are in the courtyard? Send him down!"

At the foot of the stairs I met him and found him in a fine—though I sensed somewhat synthetic—rage. Clearly Allen was to be impressed here and now with the meaning of authority in a prison of the Third Reich. He made a terrific speech during which I had the good sense to stand silent and also to keep my eyes off him, because I have found that there is a quality in my regard that, however respectful my mood and however mild my intention, makes such people very angry. He said among other things that this was not a hotel where the rich Americans could sleep late with "don't disturb" (*nicht stören*) signs on their doors, and that no breakfasts were served in bed. I thought it best to stand there and simply look attentive and contrite—but here I was wrong again. "Answer!" he roared and with such vigor that the Adjutant came running. While the Sergeant was explaining my misdeeds the Adjutant said curtly, "Go wash yourself!" I was grateful and went on out to the courtyard.

A raw day it was with soggy gray clouds very low. The courtyard was a picture! At both ends there were line-ups in front of the two privies. In one corner the washing-up took place, under some twelve faucets that gave on to a galvanized-iron trough which drained on to the broken paving at the corner. To wash you had to stand in a couple of inches of mud and water.

When I appeared the others waiting

their turn at the faucets promptly made room for me, not to give me a faucet but to get me in their midst out of sight of the soldier at the gate and to ask me what the row was about.

I said that truly I did not know. At my elbow a citizen spoke up in correct though rather stilted English: "Have you no idea? They are of the opinion that you are excessively independent." I said that this was a habit hard to break. "It is a luxury that you can ill afford when in the hands of these gentlemen!" He was a tall young fellow with a long sad face, waxy skin, and a bald dome of a head. He shoved a bar of soap at me. "Take it, get washed, and go back to your cell before you get into additional complications. And don't talk, the sentinel has his eyes on you." While I was drying myself he added, "The most clever thing you can do is to keep your eyes down when you reply to *ces messieurs*. They are children all too easily irritated, especially by Americans. Speak only when spoken to. Limit your answers to *Jawohl* whenever possible. Try bobbing your head respectfully. . . ." I resented this and was about to tell him off when he snatched his towel and started off toward the gate.

"Follow me!" he called back. I followed him, why I don't know. At the gate where the sentinel stood he turned on me in a rage and started giving me hell in German but, luckily for us both, winked slightly. Under his breath he said in French, "Say something conciliatory!" Against my will and with great effort I managed to say that I was sorry I had got on people's nerves, that I meant to do better, etc. Still in German, he replied angrily, "You should have seen at the outset that you were dealing with a definitely superior set of men. This prison is widely and favorably known for the wise, enlightened, and wholly correct behavior of the Herr Adjutant and his staff, notably the Sergeant, Herr Josef Krauss. Your crude American ways will get you nowhere. . . ."

He continued as long as the Germans

were in hearing and when we parted at the foot of the stairs he smiled broadly and said, "They heard all I said and are enchanted. You will benefit."

The German Jailers

Among human relationships, that between jailer and jailee is not the one most conducive to friendly intimacy. Yet I managed, in time, to get along with the Germans at Chalon and even to like them—some of them. We were lucky, we all knew, in having fallen into the hands of a regiment of Rhinelanders, who have perhaps fewer of the asperities of character that we associate with the Prussians. Moreover, they were territorials, men of thirty-five and over with a few exceptions, and nearly all Catholic, which meant that we were spared the ardent, indoctrinated youth of Naziland. (A very serious problem, the youth of Hitler's Germany; how are they going to be re-educated afterward, assuming that we win the war?) Not that we didn't have Nazi party members. We did.

The Adjutant, Banse, was at the top of our little hierarchy under the orders of the *Kommandatur*. He had a fat face and was good-natured. He had been a sort of gendarme in civilian life and was apparently a respected personage in a small town in Silesia over by the Polish border, from which his wife and son wrote him nearly every day, long letters replete with greetings from his fellow-citizens which made Adjutant Banse very happy. He was an expansive, demonstrative sort of fellow and was all over you, with the best of intentions, wanting desperately to be liked. The others, the Nazi party members, said that he was *schmus*, which I can only translate as "messy." He was not a Nazi, definitely not, though it took me some time to find this out. He had been a member of one of the nationalist groups, *Stahlhelm* I think. I did not find this out until I had been there for months and the Nazis were intriguing, successfully as it turned out, to get his job, as they did with every guard who tried to be decent to us.

The Sergeant, Josef Krauss, who became my friend, was actually chief jailer and bossed the eight soldiers assigned to duty in the prison. He had been a hotel proprietor from the Eifel—and one of the early Nazi party members. He was the third of thirteen brothers, all Nazis and all soldiers. He was a bad egg by the more genteel criteria. He was crude, violent. He hated the Jews, Socialists, Liberals, and "Blacks," as he called the Catholics. But his hatred for them was curiously impersonal. He knocked people down and sometimes beat them unmercifully. But there was no design to it; he beat people up as an Irish bully in a waterfront bar might beat them up, without discrimination. I could not see where his political ideas entered into his choice of customers at all. He was always screaming about *verdammte Juden* but more often than not was kind to individual Jews. And if he beat one up it was usually because the fellow had done something that would have brought down Josef's wrath on anyone.

The chief turnkey for a while was Der Paul (who had routed me out the first morning). His name was Pfeiffer. Though only forty-one, he was a veteran of the last war; he had been badly shot up and gassed. His frown was due chiefly to the fact that he had been an engraver by trade, but his nerves were bad too. I was to discover why when we became friends. He had been a Communist, and this meant that the Nazis were leery of him. Josef used to laugh about it: "Der Paul was a member of the party when the flag was all red, before we put the swastika in it." He had been in jail for a while but was released through the efforts of his wife, whose brother was a high Nazi. He had black marks against him on the regimental record, and when the Yugoslav business started in April they yanked him out of his prison job and sent him off to the front. He had lived in terror of just this. Morally he was one of the bravest men I have ever known. He took incredible and, I thought, stupid risks to be nice to us all—and it was that.

I think, that they reproached him most with. But he did not want to fight again. "I shall be killed, I know," he used to say. "And more probably than not by a bullet in the back." To make him feel better I used to say sometimes, "Sure, I understand, you don't want to die for something you don't believe in." He would never say anything in reply, but he did not contradict me either. He often used to say that he would like to live in France "after the war"; and he had, in fact, staked out a couple of happy homes for himself: one with a widow who was a cashier in a department store and the other with a waitress in a small café of regrettable repute.

Then there was Franz, my friend Corporal Franz Hufnagel, the under-turnkey who later—with Der Paul's disgrace—became top-turnkey. Franz was thirty-eight, a stonemason by trade. His home was in a village back of Heidelberg, and I think that some day I would like to visit that village to discover whether there is really a place on earth as perfect as Franz made it sound when he read me letters from his wife and his daughter Rosa. He was a swarthy, squat, heavy creature with huge hands and feet, slow-moving and powerful; yet with an almost feline grace (something not uncommon in even the earthiest of peasants from the Black Forest) when he actually got under way, as I was to see him in a fight with the villain in our midst, a Nazi named Neunkirch, who arrived a few days after I did. Franz had a curious and in some ways a comic face, with a cast in his right eye which made him seem to be leering all the time. I shall have more to say about him, about his kindness to me and about his troubles, which were many.

There were others too—Peter and Hubert and the soldier Karl and Corporal Wirts; and the interpreters—a bad lot for the most part; and Neunkirch, the villain; and some whom we saw only at intervals, like the hatchet-faced Gestapo captain we called the *Kronprinz*, and when we saw them it was nearly always bad news for someone. Sometimes we had

visits in the night and they were always bad news. But I will go into that in the pages to come.

The Hollander

It took me several days to become really aware of the individual personalities among those of my fellow-prisoners with whom I held converse in the yard. Those first days I passed in the company of a Frenchman named Navailles, whom we called the Boxer, and a Hollander who had come in the same truck with me from Montceau to the prison.

The Hollander was far too worried to be very good company. He said he had committed a *bétise*, a gross stupidity. While waiting for his examination at Montchanin he had taken off his necktie and handed it to a Polish charwoman to destroy. There were "things" sewn in his necktie, he said, and he had felt sure that a Polish woman would be on "our side." As it turned out the examination was cursory and no interest was shown in anybody's necktie. But now the Hollander was haunted by the thought that the charwoman might not have destroyed his necktie. Later I was to learn that he had had the plans of certain German coastal fortifications sewn into it.

In my diary I find this sentence. "*March 19th.* The Hollander needn't worry any longer about what happened to his neckwear." I remember that day very well.

We were lined up in the courtyard waiting for the soup. The *Kronprinz* appeared with the Adjutant. We were ordered to stand at attention. The *Kronprinz* then held up a necktie or the remains of one, for it had been opened and the lining was bare. "Anybody here recognize this?" he barked.

There was dead silence. The Hollander, standing beside me in the ranks as was his custom, grasped my hand to steady himself. I did not dare to look at him.

"Anybody here recognize this necktie!" (The *Kronprinz* was working himself up.) "A fine silk necktie with a

label from a shop in the Hague?" I felt the hand in mine shake and grow moist.

"Did anybody here lose a necktie at Montchanin on March 14th?"

Silence.

"*Ach so!* No claimer! And such a lovely tie!" His voice had dropped to a purr. "Some mistake has been made, no doubt. . . ." As he said this he turned to go and I found myself squeezing the hand in mine joyously and felt it relax its tension. The *Kronprinz* walked but a step or two. Something in the Adjutant's face made me realize that all was not well at the very moment that the *Kronprinz* stopped, wheeled round, and said, "Yes, a mistake was made, no doubt, *nicht wahr*, Herr Van den Bergh?"

His monocle trained on us, he was looking up and down the ranks for the victim to reveal himself. His manner was patience personified.

"I repeat that perhaps some mistake has been made. Herr Van den Bergh would undoubtedly wish it so, *nicht wahr?*" I felt the hand in mine grow very cold.

"Would Herr Van den Bergh kindly step forward to the lost and found department and claim his property?"

The hand in mine suddenly went limp. I turned quickly but not quickly enough to catch him as he fell. The *Kronprinz* stalked toward us and stood surveying the Hollander where he lay sprawled on the pavement, dead to the world.

"Herr Van den Bergh, I suppose?" the *Kronprinz* asked, turning to the Adjutant. Since the latter could not see the Hollander's face he asked me whether it was Van den Bergh. I answered neither yes nor no but my silence was enough. It was then that the *Kronprinz* noticed me.

"*Ach*, Herr Allen! In good company, I see—as always. An old friend of yours, no doubt?" I said nothing. "Answer!" he barked and behind him I saw a pleading look on the Adjutant's broad face. I said that I had never had the pleasure of meeting Van den Bergh before we had come here.

"Before when? Montchanin, no doubt?

Or was it the Hague? Or perhaps it was at the mouth of the Scheldt of which he has such complete maps?"

All I could say to this was, "Might I remind you that I was arrested on the 13th and not on the 14th?"

"As to that, we shall see."

"You have only to consult the records."

The *Kronprinz* moved a step nearer and fixed me with his plate-glass eye. "*Ruhe!*" he roared. And silence I gladly gave him.

Josef and Der Paul had appeared by now and between them carried Van den Bergh to the guard room. We never saw him again.

Quick, the German Refugee

March 17th—I rather enjoy talking to Quick, the German refugee artist, and why not? He speaks English very well indeed. He knows America. He fought in Spain. He sees the history of the past six or seven years more or less as I see it, through what are called "liberal" eyes. But my fellow-prisoners do not like to see me talking with him. For Quick—a prisoner like the rest of us—is the one German whom they can afford to be rude to. Then too they dislike him because he is a refugee. This dislike I find motivated by two conflicting ideas. First, they have a deep suspicion that the refugees played some part in their downfall, though they know very well by now who the traitors were and no one has accused Laval or the others in Vichy of being German refugees. And second, they know very well that France in wartime—and they themselves, many of them—treated the refugees, the anti-Fascists and anti-Nazis, as enemies; and they are ashamed and can't forgive the refugees for what they, the French, did to them.

Quick, who is an old hand in prisons, caught the signs of this resentment before I did and said, "Maybe it would be better if we weren't seen together during the regular *promenade*. Your comrades don't like it. You are a symbol of their hopes. I am a symbol of their past mistakes."

March 18th—Quick came to my cell this evening with a bottle of wine under his coat. Franz said he could stay and he talked for a long time, in a quiet, toneless voice. His bitterness I could have borne better, I think, had he carried on and raved.

He told me how, full of ideals, he left Germany three months after Hitler came to power. Without heroics he said, "I would have preferred to stay and work against him. But I was twice beaten up by the Nazis in street fights and was tipped off that I was to be sent to a concentration camp." In Paris he got work with an advertising firm. Then he spent some months in New York. When the Spanish war broke out he thought that this was the best chance to fight Hitler and went back to Europe and joined up. Like many non-Communists, he found Communist discipline in the International Brigades very tough and often needlessly ruthless. How he managed to get out of the Republican Army in 1938 and back to France I do not know; but he did, and later went on to America again, where he applied for his first papers. As always with foreigners who enter on a tourist visa, he had to leave the country and apply for entry on the immigration quota; but this application was turned down by the American immigration authorities (largely, he was told by friends who worked on his case, because he had fought in Spain!). Back in France he had been in prison during the war. "I, the German liberal anti-Nazi, was doubly an enemy of the French Fascists, because I was a German and because I was a liberal. I was both Blum and Hitler in their eyes." And now—knowing that the Nazis could have him when they wanted him—he had applied to the Armistice Commission for reinstatement in German society.

I got up the courage—or the crust, I should say—to ask him what he thought would happen to him in the National Re-education Camp they would send him to. He looked up in surprise. "What should happen to me? I gave myself up

or rather applied to the Armistice Commission to be repatriated. I shall be treated all right." What else can he say, I thought to myself; but he must know he is in for it.

He opened his shirt and showed us welts over his ribs. "Beaten," he said, without comment.

"Where?"

"In a French prison for being an anti-Nazi and a German," he said, still without passion and in the dullest of voices.

March 22nd—Quick is in still worse odor with my fellow-prisoners to-day after a little incident this morning. He tells me that this afternoon an effort was made to jostle him off the second gallery. A prisoner named Charpentier did it, he said. I asked whether he is going to make a complaint and he said he is not. Somehow I believe him.

The trouble was as follows. There is a youngster here named Chamard, arrested for smuggling letters, an irresponsible kid, a little cracked his friends say. Twice this week he had trouble with the Germans for moving from one cell to another without permission. We all told the youngster to use his head but he paid no attention. This morning there was a careful check-up on all cells—and Chamard could not be found.

Just before lunch time, when the Germans had obviously come to the conclusion that Chamard had somehow escaped, he was found—hiding in the showers. And what he got was plenty.

In the courtyard for the edification of us all the boy was beaten. Josef held him at arm's length with his left hand and with his right smashed his nose. Franz landed a haymaker in the kid's midriff that doubled him up. And Neunkirch kicked him savagely again and again. When it was over the Germans walked off, very pleased with themselves. The kid was left lying bloody and unconscious in the middle of the yard. When we were sure that the Germans were well out of sight, we dragged him to the water trough and brought him to. I washed off his face and was sure

his nose was broken. Navailles, the Boxer, said the real damage was in the groin where Neunkirch's boot had connected. There was a great deal of indignation. Quick was standing near me and he made some remark to me which I didn't get, honestly, but the Boxer thought he got it (how could he since he doesn't speak English?) and said to Quick, "Next time I get you alone I'll break *your* nose for you, *sale boche!*"

I turned and said that since we were all prisoners of the Germans we might try to get along, or something equally fatuous. The Boxer drew away but Quick all of a sudden went berserk and began to yell. "So you think *we* are brutal, do you? Then you should have seen what *your* prison guards did to *us* in Aix-en-Provence. You . . ." He said a lot of things, a wild outburst that sent all of us backing away into a corner since we dared not touch him. His eyes were blazing, his voice rising in shrieks of rage. Then suddenly he collapsed, simply fell, and lay quivering on the pavement.

Nobody touched him.

"Epilepsy" was the Boxer's verdict. I thought not. I thought rather it was the shattering effect of emotions released after so many years, his disillusionment, bitterness, his memories of pain and horror—a lot of things. And I thought too, "Quick has changed sides at last; for hasn't he said 'us'?"

The others were furious and made several dirty cracks at me. "You see," said one of them, "we were right about your buddy." I said nothing in reply. One of the men got a bucketful of water and doused Quick with it. At that moment Neunkirch appeared, took the situation in with a rapid glance, and without warning laid out Charpentier, who was the nearest Frenchman to him—just strode toward him and socked him with a swift right before Charpentier realized what he was up to. When Neunkirch had done this he bawled, "All right now, who hit Quick? Who did it?"

At that moment Quick came to. He sat up, looked wildly around him for a

moment and then wearily pulled himself to his feet.

"Nobody hit me," he said. "I got excited. I fainted, I think. I am not well. . . ." Saying this, he stumbled out of the yard.

Neunkirch turned on us again, more furious than before. "You see," he roared, "he's sick, he's undernourished, they beat him. Your people beat him. They called him '*Boche*.' They . . ." He was livid and I thought this was a curious way for humanitarian sympathies to express themselves.

This afternoon following the soup Quick came to my cell with some wine and some drawings. At first I thought he was ashamed. But no, I was wrong, for after a little while he said coldly, deliberately, "I spoke the truth. I do not think that I had realized how I felt before, really. By God, I am a German. I tried to be something else. They would not let me. *You* would not let me. . . ."

He stopped, got up, and walked out.

It was later—at three o'clock when the cells were opened—that Charpentier tried to push him over the railing, Quick told us later. They met near the top of the stairs and Charpentier, who is a two-hundred-pounder, pretended to trip and did it in such a way as to push the frail Quick against the railing and at the same time lifted him to push him over. "I had seen that done many times in Aix-en-Provence," said Quick, "and instinctively I caught my legs through the uprights supporting the railing and clasped one of them tight." Charpentier, it seems, hurried on. In the courtyard I found him in a blind rage still but scared, waiting for Josef to appear any minute.

"What will they do to me?" he asked.

I told him that I did not think that Quick would report the "accident." Charpentier was incredulous. But so it turned out.

March 24th—With a batch of legionnaires Quick left last night. Before going he talked to me, quietly as always with me, but this time with no undertone

of bitterness. He said that he was going gladly. Anything would be better than what he had gone through.

For no good reason I said, "You will never be a Nazi."

"But why not? What makes a Nazi but disillusionment?" On my desk he saw a volume of Romain's *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*, parts of which were still on the shelves at that time in Occupied France (and maybe still are). "Ah, the men of good will in your democracies!" he said. Then there was silence for several minutes. All he said when he broke his silence was, "Ah, the men of good will! Inadequate, what? Would you agree?"

He was sincerely grateful for the little loan I had made him, or rather for buying his drawings, which was the formula we hit upon. He said he hoped I would look up some of his friends in New York, whose addresses he had given me. (They were later taken away from me.) "You don't have to explain to them how I felt. They would not understand, not yet, and I hope never. Just say I went back, that's all."

I saw him march out with the others, candidates for "Re-education." And I asked myself, and ask myself now, "Could the Nazis do anything half as bad to him as what we did to him? *They* can't take away his illusions. He has none. *We* took care of that."

Franz, the Family Man

April 13th—Franz, the under-turnkey, is both a very simple fellow and a very wise one in that he conforms sufficiently to keep out of trouble. To-day after a number of drinks he confided in me. "I was a Social-Democrat once." He said it laughingly yet ruefully, like a man confessing a youthful vice. "They do not hold it against me." I asked him whether he was ashamed of it. "No, I am not. It seemed possible at that time to believe in those things. But"—sighing heavily—"we found out that life was not really like that and new ideas took the place of old. Life is puzzling

sometimes: one day a set of ideas is true and the next day it's no longer true."

He accepts a new "set of ideas." Or does he? I know that he doesn't like the Nazis as Nazis. But the Führer he worships; to Franz the Führer is just that, the leader, above and beyond party. And I must say that Franz is not the first German I have known who, while condemning the tenets of National-Socialism, approves the Führer's vision of the place of the German people in the world. Franz assumes that the war is over or practically so. "Up till now I have enjoyed seeing things that I never should have seen otherwise," he says quite candidly. "At first I was worried. We had some hot moments in Poland and again at Sedan. But after that it was a *promenade*. I have seen many interesting things and I should like to see Paris before we go home again. . . . But enough is enough. I am now about ready to resume life."

He is so solemn about it, I cannot help but smile. Ready to resume his life? Who among us isn't? That is, given certain conditions.

Franz has made me another confession: he doesn't really go out with French girls. He wants me to think well of him, and after all he had told me about his wife he seemed to feel that I should know the truth. But I am not to tell Peter or the others. "Sometimes I go to the *Pouf* with them and I go upstairs with the girl. But I never do anything. I just talk and give her the regular amount plus a little more so she won't tell. It is always the same girl and she seems grateful to me. She is really a good girl." Yes, I know—the man who only likes good women and wants to believe that even the girls in a *Pouf* are good girls at heart.

Last night he helped me kill a bottle of *marc* and again brought up the matter of his own virtue. He is worried sick about his leave, wanting desperately to go home but also wanting badly not to have to find solace at the *Pouf* or elsewhere. "It is so bad that I think that

maybe I would worry less if I went to the *Pouf* and got it over with."

Peter, scoffing at Franz's inhibitions which he more suspected than knew, had told me, "Franz doesn't want to have to tell the priest; that's what's wrong with him." But Franz said it wasn't that but something else. "My wife is not very beautiful but . . ." He was tight enough to talk. She was the only woman he had ever known. She is big and raw-boned. She has huge thighs. That is her beauty, it seems, her huge thighs; and Franz is simply obsessed and cannot see French girls as desirable. I find myself hoping that Franz will get his leave before his instincts, plus his feeling that it will stop his worrying, force him upstairs in earnest at the *Pouf*.

The Old Gaul and the Promenading Horses

Late in April—We now have among us a Gaul, an authentic, blue-eyed, fair-haired aborigine of the kind Cæsar describes. The Gestapo brought him in sometime in the night, and Franz tells me that the charge is serious, something to do with the theft of German army horses.

He is a good six feet three, our Gaul, and moves with that heavy peasant grace you see in a Pétain; and oddly enough it was of Pétain that I thought when I first spotted him—of a Pétain masquerading in the baggy blue corduroys and the wide wrap-around belly band of the French peasant and trucker, complete to sabots and the cap with the cardboard visor. The Gaul is sixty-five or seventy, I should say, but his skin is so pink and his shock of curly hair so fair that, seeing him for the first time, you take him for forty. I first caught sight of him walking back and forth—which is *verboten*—near the barred gate leading into the cell block, as if he expected someone to appear to tell him that it was all a mistake. I was struck by the nobility of his face but, above all, by his eyes. They are a vivid cornflower blue, that most candid of blues, and set wide

apart under a high forehead and bushy brows. And with his long drooping mustaches—worn in the style that my old boss Hank Wales used to call the handlebar cut—he is clearly a throw-back to the ancient strain that preceded both Mediterranean and Teuton in this land. As Gabriel says, he is the spitting image of Vercingétorix as portrayed in the French schoolbooks.

Corporal Neunkirch put a stop to the Gaul's perambulations. In one of his early morning rages he burst yelping out of the gate and with a right haymaker sent him sprawling across the courtyard to end up in a half-sitting position against the wall. And there he stayed, his eyes indescribably sad as he looked up at the Corporal who was giving him what-for in an eruption of German in which I was able to catch only the Corporal's favorite appellation, *Schwein-hund*, repeated regularly and punctuated with kicks. I passed him several times and heard him moaning—rather elaborately, I thought, because he couldn't have been hurt very badly. There was, however, a trickle of blood under one eye: Neunkirch hits hard.

I saw that in his fall he had lost his cap. I picked it up and handed it to him. He said, "*Merci, monsieur*," in a tone of such humility that I stood for a moment marveling at the majesty of his head, at the girth of his half-bare chest, at an expanse of hair thereon that looked very much as if he were wearing a badger's pelt as an undershirt.

This afternoon in the yard a Franciscan friar who is among the prisoners walked with me down to the corner where the Gaul lay like something broken against the wall. His strapping young son, a French peasant version of Johnnie Weismuller, crouched beside him. The Franciscan was in an aggressive mood. In a very loud voice he told me about the horse situation between the two zones. On this (the Occupied) side of the line horses have no value in the open market because the peasant knows that his horse may be

requisitioned by the Germans at any time. But in the Unoccupied Zone any kind of nag is worth its weight in gold because Vichy, at the time of the Armistice, had to requisition so many to meet German needs. The result is that there is considerable smuggling from the Occupied to the Unoccupied. "Then there is another angle to the question," said the friar. "The German Army is continually losing horses, which have a way of vanishing in the night from fields where they have been hobbled to graze. Of course you and I who know the peaceful nature of horses would attribute this phenomenon to their desire to retire from the military life to the safer occupations of the farm."

The Gaul's son spoke up: "*They steal their horses in the first place. What else is requisitioning?*" His father hushed him and then, with dignity, said, "No doubt monsieur would like to have me clear away the cloud that has been cast on my character by ill-intentioned persons in Chalon." And he told his story.

The old Gaul and his son, whom he spoke of as *petit Pierre*, had been victims of a terrible misunderstanding involving two factors: first, the extraordinary perversity of eight German army horses and, second, the unduly suspicious nature of the Germans. Father and son had been charged with the theft—imagine, the *theft!*—of eight horses which had broken out of a corral near the artillery Park in the suburbs of Chalon. The horses had gone on a long *promenade* which had ended in a field where, by chance, his *roulotte*, or trailer, had happened to be, some eight or nine miles out of town; and the Gestapo had traced them along roads and cowpaths softened by spring showers. The old Gaul said that no decent citizen could be safe from suspicion as long as irresponsible and possibly ill-intentioned horses could rove the country and leave behind them a trail of hoof marks leading to honorable doorsteps. The boys from Chalon who had gathered round to hear the story laughed uproariously while the old

Gaul, to highlight the incredible coincidence which had brought suspicion on him and his son, told me in detail the itinerary taken by the horses in their *promenade*. One boy remarked that these were very canny horses to have been able to route their escape through lanes and byways skirting the town of Chalon, avoiding highways where they would surely encounter German patrols; and then he asked how the Gaul had heard of the horses' itinerary—had the horses told him?

The old Gaul ignored this dig and with his hurt blue eyes on me went on with his story. He said that across the lane from his *roulotte* there was a field of clover and that the eight horses had gone in there to rest and restore themselves. "The moment I saw them I went right out and threw stones at them to drive them away. But they would not take me seriously. They just looked at me with their big eyes and I knew they were thinking, 'Père Secula never hurt a living creature.'" And during the night the wind—it must have been the wind—blew shut the gate that led into the field. And when the Gestapo arrived in the morning they jumped at conclusions, trying to impute some significance to the fact that the field of clover was practically on the line of demarcation and in terrain difficult of access for the bicycle patrols. And in short, they had arrested the old Gaul and little Pierre.

Later the boys from Chalon told me about the old Gaul's family, the Seculas. *Romanichels* they are, not gypsies exactly but vagabonds, and they have proliferated hereabouts for centuries. They have a near-monopoly in several professions—in the weaving of straw baskets, in horse-stealing, and in providing girls for the brothels of a wide area. "I met a Secula girl in a house in Dijon once," said one of the boys, who is inclined to be very proud of local products.

At this moment hell broke loose at the other end of the yard. I turned and saw Père Secula's petit Pierre rolling on the pavement with his tremendous hands

round Corporal Neunkirch's neck. Franz and Peter came running to Neunkirch's rescue—but not running quite as fast as they might have, I thought, for they both hate him. They kicked and hauled young Secula free from his prey and then, at the request of Neunkirch, they held him by twisting his arms behind his back. What followed wasn't very pretty—Neunkirch slugging away at the jaw and mouth until blood began to dribble. Then Josef arriving on the scene, pushing Neunkirch out of the way and letting fly with his terrible fist. Then they took Pierre into one of the solitary cells just inside and for a good quarter of an hour we heard things, mostly Neunkirch yelping and the thud of fists.

Looking back, I think the Seculas were with us about two weeks. The boy's face was a mess; the nose was broken and at least two teeth were missing. Père Secula went into a decline and during all the hours in the courtyard sat in a corner, his back against the wall.

Then one day two men in Gestapo clothes came and took the Seculas over into a corner. We all expected fireworks. Not at all. Cigarettes were offered them and there was much bantering and under it I saw Père Secula return to health, miraculously. Then there was a long and serious discussion. Afterward neither Secula would say a word to the other prisoners. To me the old Gaul said, "Monsieur Allen, your faith in me has been vindicated. *Les Messieurs* of the Gestapo have investigated and found that those eight horses were bad actors, always going off on *promenades*." That night the Seculas left us.

A few weeks later an incoming prisoner reported that he had seen the Seculas, father and son, on the other side of the line of demarcation. They were doing fine. The Seculas were on a mission for the German Army, buying livestock, it seemed. And I don't doubt it, except for the buying part. I can see them at work inciting farm horses to truancy and showing them the way to the line of

demarcation and a new and adventurous life in the *Wehrmacht*.

Stefan, the Informer

May 2nd—Stefan, the Gestapo interpreter, has become a fellow-prisoner. He appeared this morning in the courtyard with a black eye, his clothes very much disarranged and a very sour expression on his face. His story is that he was framed on a deal involving a considerable sum of money, and each time he tells it a little different. None of us likes him any better just because now he shares our status. He is just as shifty-eyed as before and he does the one thing that no prisoner can do and be tolerated—he stands round pretending to be doing something else but listening so hard that the flaps of his ears stand out like sails in the wind. Maybe it's just an old habit, I don't know.

Stefan turns out to be a Pole, but raised in Paris. He is a linguist. He tells me that in 1934 when he was twenty-five years old he got himself a job as interpreter and guide in Lourdes. "I made as much as five thousand francs a day in the summer months. During the winter I was a guide on the Riviera." I could only wonder to myself whether he had been working for the Nazis all that time. The Boxer claims that Stefan was also a runner for bawdy houses.

May 23rd—Stefan seems to be a favored candidate for an "accident." He has been kicked out of cell after cell. Not that any of us is in any position to kick out undesirable cellmates; but if the cellmate is so conditioned as to *ask* to be moved, then the Germans are apt to accede to his wishes. Stefan was with Pomarede for several days; Pomarede's other cellmate was a French sergeant escaped from a prison camp in Bavaria and recaptured on the Line. One night Stefan became very curious about the Sergeant's escape, his itinerary to the Line, and a lot of other things. His interest, as the Sergeant said the next day, was "excessive." That night the Sergeant got very sick, went stark

raving mad, and his madness took a curious form. He saw shapes in the dark, shapes of evil, and kept striking out at them with his water bottle, threshing about savagely and indiscriminately. But not altogether indiscriminately, it would seem, for Pomarede never got mistaken for a "shape of evil" but Stefan did, several times. The next morning Stefan asked to be moved.

He wanted to come in with me because, as he put it, I was "clean." Oddly enough, Josef was for granting his wish and averted his eyes when I asked why. Of course he—Josef—had been given orders to put an informer in with me. I settled that by the simple expedient of telling Franz that everyone in jail suspected that Stefan was either a Gestapo informer or trying to get back into the good graces of the Gestapo by spying on us, and that there was absolutely no use in putting him in with me; I wouldn't open my mouth. This statement of mine was reported to Josef and no doubt went farther and the result, for Stefan, was unfortunate. The very next day Josef found an occasion to bawl him out in the courtyard in front of us all and then knocked him cold.

I know why the other prisoners are so keen about "accidenting" him, as they put it. To us he is not only a Fritz but the only one within our reach whom we could maltreat without risking the supreme penalty.

May 24th—Stefan fell to-day and broke his leg in two places. He fell from the third gallery. Luckily for him, his fall was broken by the staircase or he would have been killed. It happened at about two o'clock in the afternoon. The guards were all at lunch. There was considerable confusion on the third floor because of the spring cleaning. The painters, trusties, had finished whitewashing all but the top tier of cells. At noon eight or nine cells were emptied and the men from them were herded into nearby cells that had already been whitewashed during the morning. As their own cells

dried they were supposed to move back into them. Thus the doors weren't locked though the men were instructed to remain off the gallery when not actually engaged in moving.

I was dozing, and was awakened by an argument between Stefan and the Alsatian trusty who is our bootlegger. They had both evidently been drinking. The argument seemed to be over which of them was to take Pomarede a bottle of wine. Stefan was finally cajoled into doing it. I heard him stumble on the stairs and then weave unsteadily along my gallery and then on up the stairs to the third gallery. Then ensued some sharp conversation and—all of a sudden—a terrific crash and a scream. I got to the door to see Stefan rolling down the lower third of the staircase from the third to the second gallery and saw the painters' ladder and their bucket of whitewash on the stone floor below.

Franz and Peter came clattering up the stairs; Stefan by this time was screaming in pain and writhing on the flags. They carried him along the gallery and down below. Later an ambulance came and took him off.

Josef and Neunkirch came up and said that Stefan swore he had been "pushed off the ladder." They wanted to know whether I, with my door open, hadn't heard anything. "It's a very strange thing," said Josef gloomily, "that the only people who have accidents here are the ones you fellows hate." I was sorry not to be able to offer much help. As I promptly explained, I had been sleeping and had been awakened by the crash and Stefan's howl. This wasn't minutely accurate. Had I told the whole truth I should have had to say that I heard Stefan drop his bottle; then I heard a familiar voice say, "You'd better clean up all that broken glass," and then I heard another voice, likewise familiar, say, "There is a brush on top of the ladder." The ladder was at that moment out on the gallery. Stefan started up the ladder, it seems, and when he was part way up somebody

gave it a shove and over the rail he went, our Pole of many occupations.

The investigation begun by Josef was dropped. Everyone swears that Stefan was very drunk and the Germans can only agree. The Boxer was furious. He and his friends had worked out another mishap for the gentleman. "The comrades who pushed over the ladder can claim credit for nothing more than brilliant improvisation. Our plan was the result of mature deliberation."

Farewell to Chalon

June 29th, night—These are the last notes I shall make in Chalon prison. Josef came in after dinner to say that I would leave in the morning. . . .

Here my notes end. What happened was this. I was to be sent away—where, I didn't know. (It turned out that I was transferred to Dijon prison.) But the German guards were to be sent away too, to the new Russian front—even Neunkirch was to go, despite all his intrigues to ingratiate himself with the Gestapo. New guards were to take their places—a tough lot, it had been rumored.

When I went out to wash and shave the next morning the other prisoners were in a fine state of apprehension at the impending arrival of new guards. My friends crowded round while I was shaving. What did it mean, my going? I answered simply that I didn't know what it meant. When I had finished shaving old Pomarede stopped me and began to make a little speech; he said that those who were left who knew me would remember me as a good comrade and, might he be permitted to say, almost an ally, and that if my fate were a happy one they would be happy in it, while if it were a tragic one they would weep for me. I could not think of much to say in response. Peter had appeared at the gate now and was looking on expressionless, but I was relieved to note that Neunkirch was not there. So I again said "*Au revoir*" and then, in a voice full enough to be heard all over the yard, "*Vive la France!*" At first

everybody was shocked. But Pomarede reciprocated by crying "*Vive Roosevelt!*" Peter, taking it all in, gave me a glum smile, shrugged his shoulders, and walked along with me to the nave.

At the foot of the staircase there was Franz, pretending to be inspecting the lock on the gate. He had his helmet and pack on, ready to leave for the front. He was nervous. He said the "new ones" would be here any moment now and this was his last chance to say *Auf Wiedersehen*. As we shook hands I felt his big hand trembling.

I said, "I am going away too."

And he said, "I hope that things will turn out all right and that you will be able to see your home again, though I suppose America is our enemy. But I still can't see you as my enemy, as Neunkirch says I should. I am so afraid, Herr Allen, that I will never become 'politically educated' sufficiently to suit Neunkirch." And seeing him stand there, his eyes filling, I said that I really wished him luck, that he was a good man and a kind man and that it was from the bottom of my heart that I wished him, and all Germans like him, luck. Looking back on it now, I think I felt as deeply for Franz's going off to the Führer's new war as I ever felt for any one of the Führer's other victims.

I got my bags and came down. The rat-faced Gestapo Captain, the one we called the *Kronprinz*, met me at the foot of the stairs and made quite a speech. He said I had got away with too much for too long and would now learn what it was "really like."

In the entrance hall I found the new watch, eight big lads with hard faces, standing among their packs. In the door stood the new *Unteroffizier*, looking at his wrist watch, waiting for the moment when he was to take over. My God, it was indecent, their lust to take over this prison full of helpless human beings, trembling already in the courtyard at what this day would bring.

Josef filled out my papers, instructed

me formally that he was to deliver me into the custody of the *Feldgendarmarie* which was to take me elsewhere, grasped my arm roughly, and led me off to the door with all of them watching us. On the way out I said, out of the corner of my mouth, "I'd like to shake your hand but I guess I'd better not."

"Thank you, Herr Allen, you'd better not but I thank you none the less. I am glad that you are going away and won't have to see what goes on here from now on. You will admit that we tried to be decent. We thought that's what we were supposed to be." He said this very sadly.

We were on the sidewalk by now and I said, as best I could in my halting German, "That's right, Josef. As you well know, your way isn't my way. But you have been decent to me at times when it would have been better for you not to be. I will tell your old aunt in Milwaukee this. She will no doubt be pleased."

There was an army car on the opposite curb. Josef led me across the street, turned me over to the *Feldgendarmarie*, saluted, and walked heavily back to the prison that was now no longer his.

While my bags were being stowed away I heard, from over the wall, a great barking and yelping and then the sound of many feet marching in unison. And a German voice, "*Hup! Hup! Hup!*" And the sound of feet marching round and round. So that was the way it would be in the yard from now on! Neunkirch's dream of real Nazi discipline come true! Only Neunkirch would not be there to see it.

Just then the prison gate swung open and out marched the old watch. Josef marched at the head; and behind him Wirts, Neunkirch, Franz, and the others. Steel helmets and packs. Just soldiers now. Just a squad of soldiers. And a sorry group of aging territorials they looked as they tramped down the cobbled street and turned the corner—to Russia.



FOUR STRONG MEN AND A PRESIDENT

A CENTRAL-AMERICAN GROUP PORTRAIT

BY LAWRENCE AND SYLVIA MARTIN

AMERICAN diplomats have walked delicately in Central America in recent years; they are more circumspect in manner than they were in the days of Philander Knox's Dollar Diplomacy. One of the reasons for this is the Canal; from the Mexican border to Panama the Isthmus is a land bridge to the most valuable outlying possession the United States owns. Fundamentally this circumspection in manner marks little change in the attitude of Washington toward the Central-American republics; we have had our way there in the past and we have it now, because we have to. It is only that the job is done more skillfully these days, and that the war makes it doubly imperative.

Americans know very little about these republics. The general impression is one left by the romances of O. Henry and Richard Harding Davis. The picture drawn in the filibustering romances had some truth and a great deal that was false. For generations most of the inhabitants of this region have been the helpless victims of poverty, disease, and tyranny. Their diet is unbalanced, good water supply is far from plentiful, and adequate shelter is rare. Malnutrition is common and malaria rife. Large groups of the population are uneducated, illiterate, and incapable of self-government in an industrial international environment in which their countries have long been exploited by representatives of powerful European and North American

corporations. Most of Central America is unfree and always has been. Consequently, in four out of five of the republics the president is a soldier who holds office and lengthens his term by force; he is the state. Only in Costa Rica is the president a man of peace, democratically elected; only there may a free man go about his business freely and, if he chooses, thumb his nose at the status quo.

It is time we knew these Central-American rulers better. They are working hand in glove with us in the common cause. We welcome their help. We want to help their countries. But it would be folly to have sentimental illusions about them, imagining that they are all devotees of democracy. It is better to see them as they are, never forgetting that they are the natural product of circumstances utterly different from our own.

Who are these men, the four strong men and the lone democrat, who in the alleys and the taverns of the banana country are sometimes referred to as Little Napoleon, Butch, the Fox, the Big Shot, and President Angel?

LITTLE NAPOLEON

In the heart of Guatemala City, the palace of President General Jorge Ubico is steel-shuttered at every window, guarded by different uniforms at every corner, surrounded by army barracks, and protected by an anti-aircraft battery.

The most efficient and iron-fisted of all the rulers in Central America, Ubico is the latest of a long line of Guatemalan despots. First among the republics in population and wealth, Guatemala once was chief of the Spanish isthmian colonies and, after independence, held its leadership in isthmian politics through strong, ambitious administrations which fattened on the labor of an Indian slave population. Corruption gradually weakened the country, until Ubico began his aggressive reorganization twelve years ago. His army is excellently disciplined and well-equipped; his spy system is more thorough and less obtrusive than that of any other Latin-American republic.

The Indians call him Tata, "Father." A stern parent with a passion for duty, he washes and clothes his people, scolds and orders, punishes and rewards, delivers judgments and moral lectures. He runs his country as if it were a barracks. Every year Tata Ubico, with a staff of hard-driven engineers and bookkeepers, tours the country to visit his people and audit the local books. He hears complaints and petitions, resolves family squabbles, dispenses crude justice, and high-handedly removes public servants who earn his displeasure—sometimes purely on whim.

The cases he deals with are many and varied: "Señor, I have two grown sons and neither gives me a cent for my old age. . . ." "Mr. President, I had a house, mine, very mine. I went to live with a widower and finally he died. Today a son of my man has taken my house saying it is his because he is a legitimate son. . . ." "Tata, I contracted for the services of Lawyer Fulano de Tal to arrange a matter for me. He asked five dollars in advance, and after receiving it not only did nothing, but I have never seen him again. . . ."

At sixty-three, and in his eleventh year of power, Jorge Ubico permits himself to relax. He smiles more often, is more social, lets his short straight figure sag. But he is still essentially a lonely man, a solitary leader who trusts no one but

himself. Still indefatigable, he is often at his desk sixteen hours a day. Government employees have learned to expect presidential telephone calls in the small hours of the morning demanding reports on some subject Tata happens to be working on at the moment. No excuses are accepted. Guatemala in a decade has learned to jump at the crack of the presidential whip.

Ubico is a dictator who hates to be called one. An honest admirer of democracy in a country that has never known the meaning of the word, he keeps intact the shell of democratic procedure. This psychological quirk works its minor hardships. Any government official who goes through the farce of election must pretend that he is the people's choice. Yet he is carefully watched, his mail is censored, his earnings are audited. A congressman who opposes a presidential measure discovers, weeks later, that he faces charges for some old scandal that he believed to be decently interred. Tata's extraordinary memory feeds on ample files which were in the making by his undercover agents even before he became the ruler of Guatemala.

Jorge Ubico is a soldier who rose through merit. As a local officer he distinguished himself by selflessly suppressing graft, introducing sanitation, forcing the ignorant individualists to clean up, paint up, and keep it up. A skillful organizer, he was elected president in 1930 by a huge majority. There were rumors that he paid his dangerous rival, Manuel Orellana, eighty thousand dollars to live out his life in Spain; but it is generally conceded that Ubico would have won in any case.

It is clear that he intends to rule for life. In 1935 he engineered a plebiscite which abrogated the anti-reëlection clause of the Constitution and gave him eight more years in office. Last year he prompted a Constitutional Congress to extend his term to 1949. His spy system enables him to choke revolutions while they are still in the plotting stage. The most important attempt against

him was in December of 1940, when about twenty political "outs" and army officers who were planning a coup d'état were hauled before the firing squad.

Ubico is the Indian's President. Spaniards and Ladinos can cool their heels in the palace antechambers for hours, but Indians are greeted at the door by a courteous attendant and ushered directly in to the Presence. Formerly if an Indian and a Ladino were the opposing parties in a lawsuit the Ladino invariably won; to-day the Indian wins.

Under Tata's direction the states and municipalities must work to clean and better themselves. No public works of any kind can be initiated without his approval. If a town wants a theater or a new plaza it receives a lecture: "The first things are first. Once you have good water to drink, electric light, clean markets, then is the time to think about a park." Every community must help itself; government will pay only a part of the expenses. If a state cannot pay its way it is threatened with incorporation into an adjoining state.

All but the widows and orphans of Tata's ambition admit that he has performed miracles for Guatemala. Before he took over, the republic was still a slave state, built on the colorful but impoverished Indians who form sixty per cent of the population. It was riddled with time-honored graft and corruption. Cities and villages were pigsties. The Indians who were not commandeered by landowners or kidnapped into the army lived in superstitious, self-contained communities, with their own language, dress, and subsistence economy.

The extent of Tata's accomplishments can hardly be measured. He has pushed all-weather roads through the most difficult and vertical terrain in the Americas and brought isolated peoples into the nation. He has cleaned, painted, and rebuilt the capital and a score of towns: Guatemala City to-day is as spotless as it is beautiful, and far in the interior one finds towns and villages, like Huehuetenango, that are like a toy village of

a department store at Christmastime.

Ubico has built schools and populated them, released the Indian from the worst of his peonage, balanced the budget, proved that when the taskmaster is powerful and his secret police alert, honesty in government can be enforced. He is patiently pushing the Indian along the road to personal dignity, pride of heritage, sanitation, and civic spirit. His is an enlightened dictatorship, and in these latter days, being firmly in the saddle, he can afford to be more benevolent.

II

THE FOX

The strangest of all the Latin-American presidents is the iron ruler of thickly populated little El Salvador. General Maximiliano Hernández Martínez is a theosophist-vegetarian, a student of Soul who governs by force, and a man who has probably spilled more blood in protecting his regime than any other Hispanic-American ruler. The reputation rests on the fact that when the "communist" uprising was quelled in 1932 the slaughter was heavy.

The presidential palace stands in a park under the guns of a fort, once a military academy, that commands the capital. Soldiers crowd the entrance. Deer and rabbits play in the patio; Hernández Martínez loves animals. He is a slight dark man with uneasy eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles. His posture is bad, his manner diffident and unsure. His hands are trim and delicate, his voice soft and low. He wears white linen, high brown shoes, and large gold cuff links.

He speaks with reluctance and evades direct answers. When we saw him the American Minister, who was present, filled the gaps in conversation with hearty encouragement, but the President was self-conscious, nervous, suspicious; his narrow eyes behind the thick lenses seemed to be hiding, waiting, watching. He is a fox, wary and keen.

The interview was a failure until the

question, "Mr. President, you are a theosophist?" opened the floodgates. Oh, no! He could not say he was a theosophist. A student, yes, but to be a theosophist one must undergo certain spiritual experiences. "I am only an acolyte, a student of all religions, all truths." He lectured for a half hour on Soul and Oversoul, on the material versus the spiritual, on Good and God.

When young, Maximiliano Hernández studied law and disliked it—the discipline had no spiritual content. He found his mental home in abstract philosophy but became, oddly enough, a military instructor in the public schools.

In a more primitive society he might have been a witch doctor. He believes sickness can be cured with water from colored bottles which have been purified by the sun. He will have nothing to do with science unless it is military science. His son died of a burst appendix when the father refused to permit an operation. He himself is suffering from pyorrhea but refuses to see a dentist. He thinks men can live on pasture—horses and cows can do it. He has a divining rod for revealing hidden springs of water. His preoccupation with the occult has had an adverse effect on public education and public health. When a smallpox epidemic raged in the capital the President directed the hospital to halt it by stringing up green lights.

Two things have kept him securely in power. One is the upper class's memory of the terrorism that brought him in—the capital still looks as if it were under martial law. The second is his policy of paying army and government employees well and promptly.

Before Hernández Martínez marched to the presidency it was generally believed that El Salvador would be the first of the Central-American republics to achieve democracy. Administrations had been growing more liberal and honest, more sensitive to public opinion. In 1931 the republic had had its first entirely free and honest presidential election.

Hernández Martínez was a candidate,

but he was virtually unknown and could muster scarcely three thousand votes. The most promising candidate was Arturo Araujo, supported by the Labor Party. Aware of unrest and plotting in the army, Araujo chose an army man for his vice-president, and so Hernández Martínez, who looked sufficiently insignificant to be safe, became El Salvador's vice-president under a mild labor government.

Everyone was dissatisfied with Araujo's weak administration, particularly the common people whose new hopes for labor and land reform turned to bitterness and revolt. Frightened at the coming storm, Araujo fled, and Hernández Martínez stepped in with machine guns to give the republic its first army government.

Hernández Martínez has never risked an election. In 1932 his Congress declared him President. In 1939 a new Constitution gave him a new term which makes him legally secure until 1945. He has abolished all political parties but his own. Every week he gives a radio "fireside chat," an eloquent confusion of spiritualism, brotherhood, and democracy. Members of the bureaucracy, of his Party, and army officers gather for mass auditions.

He used to show what looked like pro-Axis leanings. Until about a year ago the director of the military academy was a German who gave weekly political lectures to the officers. Nazi propaganda circulated freely among the army, and officers were sent to study in Italy and Germany. In 1934 El Salvador had a corps of plain-clothes storm troopers. The government looked even more pro-Axis when France fell. But when it became clear that England would not fall the next day and that Roosevelt was in for a third term, Hernández Martínez began to shift his position. The fall of totalitarian-minded Arias of Panama, in which Latin America saw the hand of Washington, had a chastening effect. An American Army officer has displaced the German instructor of the military

academy, the fascists can no longer wear their black shirts in public, the storm troopers are no more. Martínez is a realist, knows that the Americas must hang together, and plays ball with Washington.

Salvadoreans point to roads and bridges and to financial stabilization as the army President's main achievements. But the dark little man who sits in his patio with his pets and his books seems curiously alien to the country he governs. The people say: "Here in El Salvador there are three classes—the rich, the poor, and Maximiliano Hernández Martínez."

III

BUTCH

When the armored car of the President General Tiburcio Carias Andino of Honduras moves through the streets of his capital the populace retires behind closed doors and windows. When the President of Honduras attends a banquet or ball machine guns are stationed behind the potted palms. Machine guns stand at the doors of the Moorish fort which is the presidential palace. The stranger who wants to see the President is watched and investigated. When, escorted by the President's guard of honor, he walks up the inner stairs it is under the muzzle of the machine gun on the landing.

Carias, a three-hundred-pound Italian who looks and talks like a country farmer, rules the least progressive republic of Central America. It is the only isthmian nation whose capital is not connected by railroad with the coasts. The interior is practically roadless. Cities are few and small, since there is little local commerce or industry. Big business is represented only by the United Fruit Company on the Caribbean coast, and the Rosario Mining Company of New York. The capital is Tegucigalpa, an isolated town that fears the remote banana communities as a source of revolutions.

Civil war has made Honduras poor and kept it poor. Between 1919 and

1923 the country had thirty-four minor revolutions and, in 1924, a costly major one. Years ago its immediate neighbors—El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Guatemala—pulled or pushed it into the isthmian wars that centered round the attempts to win isthmian power. London, Paris, and Washington played important roles in the struggle. The great Federation leader, Francisco Morazan, who took Costa Rica and was killed by its infuriated farmers when he tried to draw them into the Federation fight, was a Honduran who has become the national hero. Honduras still dreams of a Central American Federation.

American adventurers have had a good time there. It is not so long ago—1910-12—that Lee Christmas of Louisiana helped Manuel Bonilla to the presidency. Carias, the present dictator, was in charge of the federal forces against the Bonilla rebels. Christmas is dead, but his comrade-in-arms, Guy Malone of New Orleans, lives in a little old hotel in Puerto Cortez on the troublesome banana coast. We met him there, a man of fifty-seven, still very much alive.

Carias, once a mathematics professor, is both a lawyer and a soldier. Supported by the Conservative Party in 1923, he lost the presidential elections and the next year led a major revolt, claiming election fraud. Washington refused to recognize an executive who took office by force and made him postpone the realization of his ambitions. He lost the following elections too, but won in 1932 in spite of the fact that some of his henchmen bolted, considering him bad luck.

The depression and the political upsets of campaigning caused small revolts all through 1932. While Carias was still President-elect an important revolution faced the country. By this time Lowell Yerex, the Australian airman, had founded TACA—a now celebrated air transport line in Honduras. Yerex and his planes were employed by the wily Carias to put down the revolt. Yerex lost an eye, Carias won Honduras.

For two years there was martial law. Thousands became political exiles. The exiles are particularly bitter against Nicaragua's National Guard, which rounded up a group of fleeing refugees on the border and cut the buttons from their trousers, making them march thirty leagues into the interior holding up their breeches. The jails were full—and still are. Carias makes a great show of forgiving his political foes and inviting them back; but when one of the rebels tried to return to visit his ailing mother he was refused a passport. Tried while in exile, the rebel's name is listed in the Honduran Department of Justice with the notation: "Crime: rebellion. Remarks: flight."

Carias was elected under a Constitution which gave him a four-year term, forbade reelection, and stipulated that the President should be between thirty and sixty-five years old. Toward the end of his term Carias engineered a constitutional reform which gave him six more years in office. In 1940 he extended his term again to 1949. He is sixty-six years old.

To-day military airplanes keep the peace. The dictator has his own plane. When he travels from one part of the country to another his destination is kept secret, and his pilot must plot a route well outside of the established air lanes.

Carias is a military despot of the old style. There are few of his relatives and friends who have not been given government posts. Of his two sons, one is Consul General in New York, the other in Liverpool. Forty relatives in good jobs include brothers and sisters-in-law, cousins, aunts, nephews. They are in the hospitals, the courts, the army, public business, the lottery, schools, and customs. Carias esteems himself as the Builder. He has erected a beautiful park in the capital. He has taken some steps to clean up the shabby city. His greatest preoccupation is with airdromes, landing fields, barracks, and army reorganization. His guard of honor is trained by an American Army officer.

He lives quietly. His motherly wife,

an excellent cook, is always at his side, and does not mingle in the jealous social life of the capital. It is said that she has augmented the family fortune with speculation in real estate. The Carias haciendas are large and modern, and putting about the farm is the President's favorite hobby.

Simple but shrewd, Carias rules always with an eye to the interests of the United States, which in its turn keeps watch over Honduras' excellent harbors and the strategically important Gulf of Fonseca on the Pacific coast.

IV

BIG SHOT

Managua, Nicaragua's capital, is hot with the sweltering heat of a West Indian port, but it is the liveliest of the Central-American capitals. This is because President Anastasio (Tacho) Somoza believes in bread and circuses. Managua is always celebrating something—President Somoza's birthday, President Roosevelt's birthday, Pan-American unity, or the anniversary of the birth or death of the poet Rubén Darío, the national hero. Besides promoting the celebration of holidays, President Somoza promotes sports meets, balls, and beauty contests. Somoza rules by force, but that alone would not be enough to curb revolution among the Nicaraguans; the President's policy of distraction helps to dissipate the explosive energy of a people to whom plotting and civil war have become second nature.

Nicaragua might have been created by Hollywood making a film from a Richard Harding Davis script. The Nicaraguan scenery is spectacular, with abrupt changes in altitude, volcanoes that erupt, a ragged countryside, and two great turbulent and windswept lakes. The country has a record of more than a century of revolution between the "Ins" and the "Outs." Originally a conflict between landowners and the merchant interests, it long ago lost its political and economic bases. "There is no difference between the parties," one citizen told us.

Some of the revolutions were instigated, financed, or influenced by England, France, Spain, Holland, and the United States in an imperial struggle for supremacy on the American Isthmus through control of the canal route by way of the lakes and the San Juan River. Early in the 19th century this route was recognized as superior to that of Panama—a judgment confirmed by recent surveys of United States Army engineers. The United States finally put an end to the rivalry by enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine and firm action that made Nicaragua an American outpost. Out of these troublesome days was born the feeling in Washington, which still persists, that revolutions in Nicaragua are dangerous to the United States because they give foreign powers opportunity to meddle. Added to this to-day is the recognition that you cannot get co-operation from a nation torn by civil war.

Somoza stands well with Washington. Returning from education and a business career in the United States with a wife of the De Bayle family, which belongs to the Liberal party and is powerful in Nicaraguan politics, he worked with the Marines during their occupation and became their choice to lead the National Guard on their withdrawal. The National Guard was created by the Marines as a non-political army designed to insure free and honest elections. It became the first well-trained and fully equipped armed force the republic has ever had and gave its first Nicaraguan commander a powerful political weapon. With it he ousted his uncle-by-marriage, President Juan B. Sacasa, in 1937, in an almost bloodless revolution.

Washington was not pleased. Its conviction that free elections were the solution to the country's problems had suffered a heavy blow. But Somoza proved himself adept in nipping revolutions and is firm in protestations of friendship; and in 1939 Washington received him with a reception more splendid than any which had previously been given a Latin-American potentate.

The architectural monstrosity on La Loma, which has been Tacho's home for five years, is well above Managua's oppressive heat. The guns of this pillared and tiled Moorish palace rule the city; machine guns and guards control its single approach. We were taken there by the American Minister, who had rehearsed us delicately beforehand. In an antechamber we admired a small cannon and a model of a monument which the President was planning to erect to himself.

President Somoza is fat, genial, and polished. He might be a Chamber of Commerce president. His theme was brotherly love, and he claimed to be the best friend of the United States in Latin America. He is no doubt chagrined to-day that Costa Rica broke with the Axis before he could do it.

Anastasio Somoza is a vain man—Managua is full of memorials to him—but he has some reason to be. He has transformed the capital from a hell-hole into a livable city. He has paved streets, improved public-health conditions, built Grecian government buildings, cleaned and landscaped the parks. Sea and hill resorts have been opened; many, like the sulphur baths at Tipitapa, are government built. Tacho allows no labor unions, but to watch and soothe the workers he has put them into a government-controlled organization; he has built them a clubhouse and cheap model homes and formed them into baseball and basketball teams. "I want to be President not of the Liberals alone," said Somoza, "but of all Nicaragua."

Our hotel room was always crowded with the disgruntled, of both parties. Many of Somoza's own party believe that he intends to be President for life, pointing out that in 1939 he gave the country a new constitution which extended his term until 1947.

Those who came to see us invariably tiptoed to the hotel room windows in search of spies, and spoke so low that we were forced into conspiratorial huddles. They complained about espionage and

jails full of members of both parties. They were indignant that Somoza should have deposed his uncle—a breach of family etiquette which political expediency could not condone. They were bitter against the United States. "It was better in the old days. Now with the American-made National Guard, and the financial power of the United States behind Somoza, there is small chance for revolt."

But meanwhile Tacho the Go-Getter is getting some good things done with a minimum of graft and political mischief—good things such as roads which American troops can use. He is a builder, and one result of his construction is to provide in Nicaragua a future base from which we can carry out the middle part of our hemisphere defense—which we cannot do so well from northerly, more mountainous Guatemala.

V

PRESIDENT ANGEL

Costa Rica is banana tropics, coffee mountains, and a central plateau between two seas. The bananas belong to the United Fruit Company, the coffee mainly to Costa Ricans, and everybody lives on the plateau. The population is crowded on the Meseta Central, in and around the four inland cities of San José (the capital), Cartago, Heredia, and Alajuela—68.5 per cent in five per cent of the total area.

Thomas Jefferson might feel at home in this agrarian democracy. The sharp-tongued government opposition is highly respected. Its leaders are Communist Congressman Manuel Mora, nationalist Congressman Adriano Urbina, and ex-President Ricardo Jiménez whose frequent attacks reach through the press a literate people that love nothing better than verbal battle.

President Angel Ráfael Calderón Guardia is a handsome man in his early forties, member of an old Spanish family. He is a superb horseman, a polo player, a farmer, a surgeon, an ex-congressman.

He was educated in Belgium. His courtesy is typical of his countrymen—a combination of Old World elegance and of frontier directness and informality. He has humor and humility.

For a century Costa Rica has been isolated from the United States and bound to England, which took the bulk of her coffee. There was much debate in the country about the war policy and fear that Costa Rica might become a helpless pawn of Uncle Sam because of her proximity to the Panama Canal. But the country in general agrees now with its President, who told us: "Our democratic life and ideals make us one with your country's cause, but of course we would need your active protection if war touches Panama."

The honor of being President took Dr. Calderón from his pleasant hacienda to the brown wooden cottage in San José. There is a government liquor factory on one side and a public park on the other. No landscaped gardens, imposing stairways, or guns keep the President from his people. Barefooted peons carry their petitions freely past the policemen at the open gate. From the sidewalk you can see the windows of the President's study, and if the green shades are not drawn you may go in and pass the time of day with the Chief Executive himself. No ministerial intercession is necessary to see the President. He is more accessible than many an American business man.

The President of Costa Rica has no armored car and walks through the streets without a bodyguard. Sometimes you may meet Calderón en route to the hospital with his little black bag, partly to keep in practice and partly because his patients see no reason why they must lose a doctor on gaining a president. This is in the tradition. In 1855 a visiting Frenchman told of buying shoes, hats, and umbrellas from Cabinet ministers over their own counters. Between "office hours" the Presidents worked their farms and discussed life and politics with the neighbors in their humble

homes behind the shops tended by their wives.

Poverty and the lack of a large settled Indian population to enslave made the Spanish settlers of "Rich Coast" the New Englanders of Latin America. Democracy developed naturally in an almost classless society, where industry and thrift were the highest virtues, and trade was barter.

A development of these early days is the fact that there are no political parties in Costa Rica. Presidents, elected by secret ballot every four years, are chosen by character—still a relatively easy task in a country sparsely settled. Government is comparatively honest. There are few professional politicians, simply because politics does not pay.

The idyllic picture of old-fashioned democracy has been changing, however, and the times are now demanding in Costa Rica Presidents of larger stature than the charming leaders of the Calderón type. Coffee, the money crop, brought a measure of wealth, but it brought also the poverty-stricken peons and increasing dependence on the banks, and it left the peasant farmers little removed from the old barter economy. It built the railroads, but it also brought the thousands of Negroes from the West Indies to work the unhealthy banana coastland for the United Fruit Company.

"Our course is apathy," says Adriano Urbina. As an example he pointed out the tragedy of the Negroes on the Caribbean coast. "They are citizens without a country." Costa Ricans have an active color prejudice and are over-proud of being white and Spanish. The government forbade wholesale immigration of the Negroes to the plateau, and carefully ignored the blacks, so that to-day the majority of them still speak West Indian English. When sigatoka and Panama disease made the United Fruit Company move to the Pacific coast a few years ago many Negroes were abandoned to slow starvation, since the Pacific plantations, by government-company agreement, are taking up the slack in white

unemployment. President Calderón has been experimenting with new industries to replace bananas on the Caribbean coast, but public opinion doesn't seem to care what happens to the Negroes.

The President has propped up the ailing coffee industry with price and market controls, but the long tradition of individualism blinds him to other local needs which have become increasingly vital in the past twenty-five years. White peasants, peons, and urban workers live on a bare subsistence level. The administration critics and communist Mora's labor-organizing and propaganda work are rousing the people to the fact that the old machinery is obsolete. There is agitation for comprehensive planning, and for a six-year presidential term to enable the administration to translate plans into action.

Costa Rica will not be the same after the war. United States military pressure is making it increase its tiny army and otherwise prepare for defense. Twelve million dollars of loans for road construction are turning it economically and militarily toward Panama, and destroying the isolation and the independence of spirit born of security. The English coffee market, which began to be curtailed even before the war, will never again be what it was for a hundred years. Henceforth Costa Rica will be dependent increasingly on the United States.

Calderón in this perspective becomes probably the last of the Presidents of tradition—men of good will and sturdy Jeffersonian liberalism whose problems were comparatively easy of solution in a simple agrarian economy. The new presidential mansion now rising a few blocks from the old, a bulldog structure that closely resembles a barracks, may be a symbol of the Costa Rica of the future.

The four strong men are all Horatio Alger boys; all worked their way up. Somoza did it partly by marrying a boss's daughter. Hernández Martínez, the Fox, watched patiently at the rabbit hole for his chance to pounce. Carias

lumbered in, his awkward bulk hiding the fact that he had a shrewd eye for the main chance. Ubico worked obscurely, lining up the forces which hold him in power. All made good—or bad, if you are a liberal idealist who does not realize that democratic methods are not to be expected here.

Nothing in the history of any of these four republics justifies the hope that the kind of democracy we are lucky enough to have in the United States is the road for their development, for bringing out what potentialities they have. Their economic resources force them to be semi-colonial states. Culturally, they are backward. The people are badly nourished, individualistic, and there is much illiteracy. The most efficient activities are organized by the Gringo, who takes out gold, bananas, tropical woods, and has, in the past, returned little in exchange. Coffee is dependent on a world market now radically curtailed.

The Central-American republics, even

including Costa Rica, cannot be counted upon to imitate the big white brother of the north in their march upon the incalculable future. Whatever their road may be, it will not be the way the United States took from Alexander Hamilton to Andrew Mellon. For one thing, they begin with a handicap not faced by the Hamiltonians, who had no nearby colossus to overawe them and hold mortgages on their furniture and fixtures.

This dominance has lain like a weight on Central-American initiative. Remember the Yankee way with the Nicaraguan trans-isthmian route—we would not let any other country build the Nicaraguan canal and we would not build it ourselves. That has been our way with Central America. We have not helped it to help itself. But we cannot afford to let it alone. It is too vital to our national safety. That is why our Central-American policy must combine friendliness with a shrewd and realistic understanding.





AN EXPERIMENT WITH THE IMAGINATION

BY DIARMUID RUSSELL

MY ASSOCIATE and I, being literary agents, occasionally imagine that our experience with all sorts of manuscripts would make it easy for us to turn out a story whenever we had the time for that effort. We have talked about it idly more than once. Some months ago, with an unusual burst of energy, I decided I ought to stop talking and do something. At the back of my head also I suspect there was an impish desire to astonish my associate.

It was easy to find a general theme. Some friends and I not long before had been talking about international barter. I decided that my story would hinge on personal barter, and without much difficulty I was able to fabricate a preliminary situation. The scene was a rather remote country district some years ago. There was to be a country village and in it a general store in which was displayed a gorgeous, gleaming refrigerator, price \$139.50. To this store comes a local man one day. He makes a few normal purchases and then, in conversation with the storekeeper, he points to the refrigerator and says, "My wife would like one of those. How much do they cost?" When told the price he remarks he has only \$50 to spare and asks idly what the storekeeper would take for the refrigerator. The storekeeper answers that for some time he has been trying to buy a boat, that the man who owns it wants \$200 and has turned down his offer of \$120. He adds jokingly that he will exchange the refrigerator for the boat. From that point on the

story was to swirl through a series of barter and humorous incidents so that the \$50 was turned into the boat and eventually into the refrigerator.

I make no claims of originality for this plot and, indeed, I present it free to any writer who thinks he can make something of it. My problem was to imagine several intervening steps of barter and incidents that would be both humorous and convincing.

For a little while I just pondered over this problem idly, thinking ideas would surely come into my head. Nothing did come and, after a couple of weeks, anger at my own incapacity overcame me and I began thinking about the problem as I commuted home in the evening. Still nothing came. I began when in bed at night to try to force my mind and imagination to supply the needed facts. Night after night for almost a month I stared into the darkness, trying as hard as possible to keep my will bent to the task of stimulating my imagination.

My imagination never did succeed in solving the problem of the refrigerator. But after a month of sterility I had a most vivid dream. I saw a little man dressed neatly in gray. I knew his background. He was a lawyer who had been away on business for his firm. He lived in Connecticut with a comfortable wife and two children, commuting every day to work. On this occasion he had been delayed at his office, having just come back from his trip. He had telephoned his wife that he would catch the usual train.

All these facts I knew, as one mysteriously does know facts in a dream. The vision itself was the sight of a taxicab arriving at the station. It had been driving fast, as my lawyer knew he was rather late. He rushed out of the cab, hustled through the station, and went, as good commuters always do, to the track from which his train always left. The man indeed was just about to close the gates to the track as the lawyer came along and he was the last to squeeze in and the last aboard the train. He sank into his seat, mopping his forehead, congratulating himself and feeling mildly pleased. He was the kind of person who was always on time, and to catch a train as he had just done was to him an exhilarating little adventure.

The train moved out of the Park Avenue tunnel and passed 125th Street Station. The conductor came along and the lawyer pulled out his commutation ticket and held it up. The conductor looked at it, peered more closely and then said sadly, "Mister, you're on the wrong train." The lawyer was flustered. "I can't be," he said, "my train always leaves from this track." "Mister," said the conductor resignedly, "there have been signs up for a week saying your train was changed to another track." "Oh, damn," said the lawyer, "where does this train go to?" The conductor answered, "First stop Poughkeepsie, though it stops at Harmon of course."

The lawyer sank back helplessly into his seat, thinking of his wife meeting train after train. He considered getting off at Harmon and calling his wife, but she was a nervous driver and hated driving at night. While he was contemplating what to do the man beside him turned round and said courteously, "You'll excuse me but I couldn't help hearing the conversation. It's an annoying kind of thing to have happen. I know, because it once happened to me and it proved such an inconvenient experience that I'd like to suggest to you that you stay the night with me at

Poughkeepsie. You could 'phone your wife from the station to tell what has happened."

The little lawyer looked at his companion and saw that he appeared well dressed and even attractive in an odd way. He spoke in an educated manner and seemed to the lawyer to be a man of his own class. After some polite and desultory conversation he accepted the invitation with a warm feeling that this was a most agreeable solution to his difficulties.

When they arrived at Poughkeepsie the man turned to the lawyer. "I'll take your bags for the moment while you 'phone your wife. If she needs to call you, this is the number," and he scribbled a telephone number on a piece of paper.

The lawyer made his call and his peace with his wife, who had met two or three trains without avail. Then he joined his new companion who led him to the parking place and stopped before a rather luxurious car. This car was a further reassurance to the lawyer that his friend was the right sort of man. They drove off through the dark and after some miles turned into a drive and stopped before a house. The man opened the door, ushered the lawyer in, and said, "I must go up to tell my sister we have an unexpected guest. You might hang your coat on the rack beside the stairs."

The lawyer went to hang his coat up and coming back, moving in the tentative, uneasy way of a stranger in a house, knocked against a small table on which a telephone stood. Looking down to adjust the telephone, he saw with a sudden start that the number was entirely different from the one previously told him. A sudden fear rushed over the little man. He remembered odd little phrases of conversation, the curious eyes of his companion, the dark night. A panic overcame him and he rushed out of the house and into the night. In the end he found his way to a police station, where he told his story. The policemen were

nice to him for he was an obviously respectable little man. But nothing had happened and there was nothing they could do. However one of the policemen, a red-faced man reading a paper, had a thought and he asked the man what was the first number given him. He went to a telephone directory and ruffled the pages. "I thought I was right," he said, with satisfaction in his voice. Then he gave a loud laugh. "That's a funny one, isn't it? That's the number of the cemetery."

It was an odd story to dream and all the images are so vivid in my mind that I can still remember it clearly, almost a year after it happened. Unlike most dreams, it did not disappear on waking and it almost seemed as if some imaginative and interior intelligence had given me this as payment for the efforts I had been making.

II

Whatever that interior intelligence was, it had not finished with me. Three days after the dream I was driving down a very rough road over which the car bumped badly, to see my wife, who had just had a baby. At the side of the road was a State reformatory for women. As instantaneously as a dream, another story passed through my mind. This time it was about a boy who had been brought up in a tough city neighborhood and had headed a gang that stole cars. He had met a nice girl, had fallen in love with her, had married and reformed. In my vision I saw him walking moodily down a street. He was out of work, had been for some time and, as his wife was sick, was in despair for money to give her the little luxuries and attentions she needed. While walking he saw a new and expensive car parked in front of a house. He passed it by; then temptation took hold of him. He thought of his sick wife, of the rich men who could own such cars, and with little hesitation he stole the car, knowing he could get a hundred or so from the place he had sold stolen cars to in past years.

As he was driving along he stopped for a light, and while at rest, police cars approached and he realized he was caught. He was taken to the station, his heart full of misery, and was surprised that the desk sergeant, who had known him in the past, didn't roar at him but just looked at him solemnly. He attempted a wan smile and said, "Go on, sergeant. I know I'm guilty." But the sergeant still looked at him and then said heavily, "Danny, your wife got ill very suddenly and they had to send immediately for a specialist, who got there too late. His office knew where he was visiting and was able to reach him but when he went to get his car he found it was gone. Someone had stolen it."

This was a bitter and tragic story. Its origins seemed obvious. I had been thinking of the car because of the roughness of the road. I was going to a hospital, which one connects with sickness, and alongside the road was the reformatory, which one connects with crime.

But if the origins of the tale were obvious, what was the swift intelligence inside me that had put all these things together in a lightning flash? There seemed no doubt that my efforts to awake the imagination for one particular purpose were responsible for these visions that came so quickly and were so vivid to the mind. Whatever was stirred into activity was incomparably more effective and dramatic in plot and more rapid in execution than my conscious mind.

That interior intelligence was still not finished with me. It had one more vision to project. A week later than my vision about the car thief, going to town on the train, I passed by a coal yard. It was of the kind where trestles carry railroad cars overhead and dump the coal below through doors in the bottom of the cars. I was looking idly at this yard when another vision, as vivid as if it had been projected on a screen, came to me. It was about a man who worked in such a yard. He was at home with a

friend. A quarrel arose and, before he knew what he had done, he had knocked the friend down. In falling the friend's head struck the radiator and he was killed. Desperate to decide what to do, he thought of burying the body underneath a pile of coal; he knew there was a full car on the trestle waiting. He got the body into his car, drove to the yard, and managed to cover the body with coal. While he was doing this a policeman attracted by the noise came along, recognized the man as a worker there, and asked why he was spilling coal at night. The man explained that he had left this work undone and, as he wasn't in particularly good favor with the boss, he thought he'd come back to do it rather than get into trouble. The policeman, who had known the man casually for some time as a worker in the yard, accepted the explanation and stood there chatting. Before long the coal in the car was running out, and as the two men, the policeman and the murderer, looked on, out of the car and on to the heap of coal fell the torso of a girl.

With this daylight vision the interior intelligence closed up and I had no more visions or dreams of any kind.

III

The whole episode has a queer suggestiveness about it. There is no doubt to my mind that all the stories that arose in vision were a direct answer to the effort of will I had been making. But how swift and amazing the intelligence that tossed off these stories in a moment! In the latter two cases the materials were at hand and the origins of the tales obvious, but no storyteller I know could have been so swift in imagination or could have sketched with such accuracy and completeness the details. The faces of the men were clear, the clothes they wore, the psychology of the characters were all known to me, and all this knowledge came in a single instant of time.

It has occurred to me since I had this

experience that perhaps it is this interior intelligence that is really responsible for the prolific and imaginative output of many writers. There have not been many authors who have paid much attention to the sources of their material and perhaps they have hesitated to write about a process so unknown to science. But one writer, H. G. Wells, suggests in an introduction to his book of short stories *The Country of the Blind*, that it was this faculty he called upon to supply the plots of his short stories. He says there:

I found that, taking almost anything as a starting-point and letting my thoughts play about it, there would presently come out of the darkness, in a manner quite inexplicable, some absurd or vivid little incident more or less relevant to that initial nucleus. Little men in canoes upon sunlit oceans would come floating out of nothingness, incubating the eggs of prehistoric monsters unaware; violent conflicts would break out amidst the flower-beds of suburban gardens; I would discover I was peering into remote and mysterious worlds ruled by an order logical indeed but other than our common sanity.

Wells was lucky in that the artist inside him was to some extent under control. He might not indeed know what kind of story would be produced—tragic or gay or serious—but the story did bear some relation, as he remarks, to the initial nucleus. In my own case the visions were random ones and, while the sources were apparent, there was no conscious concentration. It is possible that further deliberate efforts of will might make for more obedience.

These experiences have made me believe that if a man is willing to bend his will toward the effort of awakening his interior genius he may succeed surprisingly and be delighted with swift visions. I cannot say that he will always get an answer to a specific problem. In my own case a demand for humorous incidents produced nothing but tragic stories. But there must be writers who find their imagination lagging and I suggest that they call on their own interior storyteller. What it produces may astonish them.



HOW THE ARMY SORTS ITS MAN POWER

BY WALTER V. BINGHAM

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WITH JAMES RORTY

"If the classification staff can blunder so badly," concluded my dear friend and colleague, "I find myself actually embarrassed by my advisory connection with the Service. Indeed, I almost despair of our winning the war."

Hell hath no fury like a professor who thinks his favorite pupil has been put upon. My friend had heard indirectly that an Americanized immigrant whom we shall call Zukowski, taken from his advanced seminar by Selective Service, was now hammering his thumbs as a carpenter's assistant at a medical training center. Without more ado he had written an indignant letter to me as Chairman of the National Research Council's Committee on Classification of Military Personnel, pointing out that his protégé, having spent his boyhood in the Far East, spoke Japanese and Chinese almost as fluently as English and Russian; that he was an expert draftsman and a good mathematician who had taught navigation; and that when he entered the Army he was within a few months of completing his studies for his doctorate in psychology.

When a letter like that is received I am obliged to examine three possibilities: first, that the classification service really has slipped up, as it sometimes does; second, that the man in question isn't as good as his sponsor thinks he is; third, that the complaint is based on incomplete information.

This time, in some agitation, I called in Major T., chief trouble-shooter of the service. "How about Zukowski?" I asked after reciting the allegations. "D. (the writer of the letter) wouldn't go all out for a gold-brick. Have we anything in the files on that man?"

We had. Within five minutes Major T. came back grinning. In his hand was a folder with the necessary information. Zukowski, on arrival at the reception center three weeks before, after going through the routine General Classification Test, the Mechanical Aptitude Test, and the regulation first interview where his qualification card had been made out, had been properly classified as a psychologist and had been so reported through Corps Area headquarters. Moreover, Corps Area had ordered that on completion of his basic training as a soldier he was to go on duty as an apprentice interviewer, and then be assigned as an assistant psychologist in the classification section of the Seventy-umth Division. I heaved a sigh of relief.

Certainly the Army classification system has its faults. But the chances of a really good personnel man's getting lost in the shuffle are probably less than one in a thousand. The classification officer and his aides had spotted Zukowski instantly, and since this Reception Center processes a good many first-generation Slav immigrants from a nearby industrial city, they had promptly earmarked him

as a potential interviewer. Like other selectees, however, he had been sent first as an enlisted private to a training center to get his basic military training, without which every Army career, but especially an officer's career, would be seriously handicapped.

It should be noted, incidentally, that Zukowski himself had not complained. Neither did Private L., a brilliant young Negro psychologist, who wrote from a camp in the West a few months ago reciting his reasons for believing that he could serve his country effectively in the classification service. Private L. gave as a reference Dr. Lewis M. Terman, of Stanford University, who, as I subsequently found out, had years ago selected him for study as one of a group of schoolchildren whom tests placed in the "genius" category. Check-up revealed that, quite without influence or prompting from on high, the routines of the classification service had correctly analyzed L.'s potentialities, and orders had already been prepared pointing him toward officer candidate school and an eventual job assignment in the classification section of a colored division.

Outstanding men are of course rather easy to spot. But how well does the classification service do with the run of the catch—the average registrant who has his qualities and his defects, and who can be made or broken in the Army not only by his own behavior, but in some degree by the skill, care, and imagination with which the Army sorts, processes, and assigns its man power?

II

Judging from letters that come from the families back home, there is no aspect of the war experience with which they are more deeply concerned. It should reassure them, therefore, to know that the concern of the Army equals their own, and that this concern is exercised with respect to every man, good, bad, or indifferent, who dons the uniform. When fathers and mothers write apprehensive

letters about what the vast impersonal classification machinery of the Army may do by way of mislaying their carefully nurtured offspring I am tempted to tell them the story of Bert M.

Nobody would have believed that the Army would get a bargain in Bert. You know him probably, or somebody very much like him. Bert's father is a successful corporation lawyer and an extremely dominating person. Perhaps that helps to explain Bert. At any rate, the record shows that he took five years to finish college and four years to graduate from law school, after which he flunked his bar examinations. At this point nobody, including Bert himself, knew quite what to do with this twenty-eight-year-old problem child.

In the end Bert solved the problem after a fashion by carving out a modest career as a kind of bush-league playboy in the Southern city where he was born. Since the role was not natural to him, he tended to overact it a bit, after the manner of John Barrymore in his final phase. But a year ago when Bert got his draft number the pouches under his eyes were real enough and his waistline was definitely out of control. Indeed, everybody who knew him was sure that the Army would get no bargain in Bert.

They were quite wrong. Bert earned his sergeant's chevrons only three and a half months after his induction. True, he isn't going to officers' candidate school immediately, but that is because he declined to apply, for a proper and sensible reason: he wanted first to ground himself more thoroughly in the elementary techniques of his specialty.

No, his specialty isn't the law. Lawyers are a dime a dozen in the Army. To be precise, they're No. 29 on a list of occupational "overages" that runs up to 192 civilian occupations. Bert has said good-by to the law for the duration and, so he says, forever. Instead, he began serving his country by climbing telephone poles and stringing communication lines for the Signal Corps, which turned out to be just what he needed at

the moment. Soon he was a section boss, lean and tough and brown as a rifle butt, and happier than he had ever been before. As for getting lit up, it simply didn't occur to him. When I asked him how he came to get his stripes so quickly, he explained without cracking a smile that his sergeant made room for him by going on a binge once too often.

One must be careful of course not to read too much into the story of Bert. The Army does not welcome neurotics or ne'er-do-wells. On the contrary, it tries earnestly to keep them at home. By eliminating in advance or in the early stages of training the town fool, the trouble-making crackpot, and other definitely unstable personalities—men who are likely to break under stress and spend the rest of their lives in the mental wards of veterans' hospitals—our medical induction boards and personnel consultants are probably saving the country many millions, if not billions, of dollars as compared to the last war. But Bert was never a crackpot. He was merely miscast in an uncongenial life role. The Army has helped him to find himself, as it is helping thousands of others. Let us follow Bert through the successive stages by which the Army processes and sorts its man power and undertakes, with more or less success, to find square holes for the square pegs.

One day last fall Bert arrived with a consignment of some two hundred registrants at one of the thirty-seven big Reception Centers that fill and empty every four or five days, like feeder reservoirs serving the requirements of our fast-expanding Army. As they tumbled out of the buses, dragging suitcases and parcels that were like the severed roots of their civilian lives, a visitor would not have found them very impressive. Some were unshaven; some were pretty drowsy after all-night parties celebrating their induction into the service. Bert, in particular, whose farewell had been a notable one, seemed a long way from home. He was marching side by side but out of step with a gloomy Mexican cow puncher

whose answer to all questions was "Huh?" He was being helped with his baggage—a little patronizingly—by a tough Swedish tractor-operator who had either been in the Army before or acted as if he had. Bert suspected that nobody in his roster was listed in the Social Register. He had the feeling that nobody within hailing distance knew that he was papa's son or would care particularly even if the fact were established. All this, coupled with the obstinate hangover of that farewell celebration, made Bert very sad.

Fortunately even a hangover has a way of evaporating. Next morning, when Bert sat down with the others to take the Mechanical Aptitude Test that constitutes one of the first steps of the Reception Center's standard processing routine, his head was clear. It is a good head, as Bert's puzzled parents have always known. Moreover, the tests made sense to Bert—more sense than the law books through which he had pretended to wade in his father's office. For Bert is an out-of-doors man and by nature a tinkerer. Since childhood he has known which rope to yank on a pulley block and how to assemble parts from a blueprint. In his school days, before the demands of his career as playboy became too engrossing, he had even built an amateur radio set.

Bert went to town on the Mechanical Aptitude Test. Then, on the General Classification Test which followed it, he scored 110, which is just high enough to qualify eventually as an applicant for officers' training. He might have done even better on the GCT if he hadn't tried methodically to lick every one of the hardest problems, forgetting that speed counts as well as accuracy. The Army is trying to determine chiefly two things by that test: first, how difficult are the problems a man can solve, and, second, how fast he can be expected to learn the things he has to know in order to be an efficient soldier in this new, highly organized technological Army of ours.

The next step in the processing saw Bert in a cubbyhole with Sergeant Mc-

Collum (naturally, that's not his name), chief interviewer of the classification section. Bert didn't know it, but McCollum had come into the Army with three university degrees, including a Ph.D. in psychology, plus five years of experience as clinician and parole officer of a large State prison. Before the war two psychoanalysts had broken their hands on Bert and departed swearing into the Freudian night. But McCollum had one important advantage over his predecessors—he was working for the Army, not for Bert's father. In twenty minutes McCollum had drawn out the facts of Bert's experience in and out of school, and had determined to his own satisfaction that Bert would never be any good as a lawyer or in fact as any kind of a paper-pusher; on the other hand, it appeared that he might conceivably become a pretty good technician—possibly a gang boss in the Signal Corps. On the score of personality, the notation on Bert's card might be translated as "maybe." Bert had definite leadership potentials but could become either a nugget or a gold-brick, depending largely on himself.

The day the initial processing was completed, the overworked classification officer of the Reception Center (all classification officers are overworked) was confronted with a requisition from the Corps Area commander calling for a big complement of specialists, including 18 linesmen and 53 radio technicians. Good radio men are more precious than nuggets in this Army. They are diamonds, rated No. 1 on the list of 181 shortages. Not too hopefully, the assignment crew stabbed the big file of intricately punched and scalloped qualification cards with the steel-pronged McBee Sorter. Only 37 cards fell out, and Bert's was not among them, since it showed aptitude only, not definite training and experience.

Very well, the Signal Corps commander would have to take what he could get. Within limits, the assignment officer is permitted to substitute, just as the grocer is. On the second screening of

the file, this time entailing careful inspection of each individual card, Bert looked good enough to help make up the quota; so off he went next day to the nearest Signal Corps training center.

There, with the qualification card before him, another interviewer gave Bert a second going-over. Then, for thirteen weeks, Bert received the basic military training that should be considered a privilege by every recruit, no matter what his ultimate role in the Army is to be. During this period Bert's superiors, from the camp classification officer and the personnel consultant down to his platoon commander, continued the job of finding out what Bert could really learn to do. You can be sure that he would not have got that chevron if the appointment had not been given the nod all down the line. The qualification card is a guide, not an order. The data first entered on it are not infallible and are not expected to be. If experience in the training center had not confirmed the findings of the original interview and the test scores, both Bert's Army career and his qualification card would have undergone radical revision. When Bert becomes an officer—which is likely to happen before many months, since the Army needs leaders even more than it needs communication technicians—much of the information on his original card will appear on a new officer's qualification card. This, with its accumulating notations of duty assignments, efficiency ratings, promotions, etc., will accompany him all through his Army career, down to the moment of his transfer back to civilian life.

III

Ours is a young science, especially in its military applications. Prior to the First World War the American Army was a small enterprise and, like other small industries, it trained its personnel pretty much by the apprenticeship system on the job. Little attempt was made to ascertain and classify by advance testing the huge range of individual differences

in aptitude and experience. One man was considered as good as another until performances proved otherwise. When war was declared in 1917 we were not much farther advanced with respect to personnel classification and assignment than the British colonel in the Boer War who stood at the gangplank of a troopship in Capetown and tapped each descending recruit with his riding crop, diagnosing by some process of occult divination: "Infantry! Cavalry! Artillery! Er—Medical Corps!"

But even in 1917 we were an advanced industrial nation engaged in a fairly technical war. Hence the initial failures in assignment of men with special skills soon resulted in tragic waste. Not only did the Army deplete the skilled man power of vital war industries; the Army itself had to break up newly organized units to obtain specially qualified individuals who in the rush of mobilization had been improperly assigned. Meanwhile the War Department had summoned to Washington a group of men—the writer among them—who helped to develop and to adapt to military use the modern personnel testing and classification practices which a few American industries had already adopted. We originated the famous Army Alpha intelligence tests, and tests to measure roughly a man's knowledge of his trade. We prepared descriptions of all the most essential occupations, military and civilian, and drew up tables showing the occupational requirements of the many kinds of companies, batteries, troops, squadrons, and regiments. A plan was introduced for clearing information about the rare birds—airplane repairmen, meteorologists, watch makers, engineers to hold the throttles of the locomotives that the Army had to take over and run in France. Before the war ended we had established in every cantonment and in the replacement pools of the Expeditionary Force a comprehensive personnel classification and assignment service.

After the war the Army again became a small industry and tended to resume its

earlier apprenticeship system. But meanwhile steady advances were being made in every phase of aptitude testing and personnel work. Employment practice and vocational guidance became recognized professions for which the universities were turning out increasing numbers of trained graduates. Hence, when the demand came two years ago to streamline the Army classification system which had been created during the First World War and adapt it to the requirements of a more highly complex, mobile, mechanized army, we were far better prepared than before. The Army had the tested techniques of a more mature science and the nucleus of a specialized professional group with which to staff its personnel services.

A few figures will indicate the huge scale of the task. Starting in October, 1940, with only 34,405 officers on active duty and 483,218 enlisted men, the Army had to plan for an expansion that would triple these numbers within a year, and in two more years would reach a wholly unprecedented size. Efficient classification of this multitude was absolutely necessary, not only to conserve man power, but also to expedite training of both officers and men. America's technological society had come of age since 1917. The *Dictionary of Occupational Titles*, compiled by the United States Employment Service, lists and defines seventeen thousand different civilian jobs, occupations, and professions. From this huge stockpile of skills and experience would be drawn the personnel with which to staff the 2,000 and more military occupations of the Army.

Note that there is only one Army job for every eight civilian jobs—although of course jobs tend to come in "families" within which transfer and adaptation is relatively easy. The Army is a huge world in itself; but it is relatively a lean and stoic world, with no luxury fat on its bones and with a single focus: the winning of the war.

What, for example, does the Army want with a tea taster? Or a movie scout? Or a corset salesman? The

answers to these questions, in order, are: (1) The tea taster turned out to have had experience also as a news photographer, and as such was nugget No. 60 on the list of Army shortages. (2) The movie scout got a high mark on the Mechanical Aptitude Test and was assigned to an engineering training center, where his quick intelligence and adaptability soon won him an appointment to an officer candidate school. (3) The corset salesman, a hearty, energetic type, is now sergeant of a machine-gun section.

Fortunately almost every individual is a good deal more complicated than the vocational tag that he happens to be wearing when he comes into the Army. Sometimes it isn't the right tag at all. It is the business of the classification officer and his staff to get back of the tag to the person behind it.

A large number, perhaps a majority of the men now going into the Army, belong to the so-called lost generation that graduated from school or college during the nineteen-thirties. During this period only 35 per cent of the engineering graduates got jobs in the fields of service for which they had been trained. They took what they could get and too many of them stewed helplessly in their frustrations for years.

In peacetime we could afford this kind of human waste—or thought we could. But the Army is not having any more of it than it can possibly help. A recent survey indicates that, even with its relatively narrow range of employments, the Army places more of its people in jobs for which they have real aptitude and for which they have been trained than did civilian industry before the war.

That brings to mind the episode of the cooks—an example of how the classification service sometimes falls down and has to pick itself up. Real cooks are pure gold from the Army's point of view, which rates them No. 2 on the official list of shortages. It was natural, therefore, that the classification staffs at the training centers should have grabbed hungrily at all the recruits who had said their

main occupation was cooking. Promptly they were detailed to the nearest School for Cooks and Bakers—where a startlingly high percentage of them flunked out. It needed only a little investigation to disclose that these children of the depression had never *wanted* to toss flap-jacks in roadside diners, which is what most of them had been doing. Consequently, as cooks they proved to be just as bad in the Army as they had doubtless been in civil life.

After that the word went back to the classification officers of the training centers to look all future “cooks” in the mouth, so to speak, and ascertain whether or not they had ever wanted to be cooks. Incidentally, most of those ex-“cooks” who flunked out of the cooking schools are now reported to be doing well in the combat services.

The Army has its own kind of semantic troubles and often is moved to exclaim: “What’s in a word?” Take, for example, the job-tag “Mess Sergeant.” Experience proved that certified public accountants and auditors were likely, after thorough training, to make better mess sergeants than men who had been employed as club stewards. But why not, since the heaviest end of the mess sergeant’s job consists of requisitioning and accounting? Similarly, is it surprising that really good musicians have done better at radio-code work in the Army than some who had been egregious radio “hams” before the Army beckoned? Is it surprising that men whose mental and physical characteristics, as determined by suitable tests, equip them to become truck drivers, and who are then scientifically trained as truck drivers—is it surprising that such men should have only half as many breakdowns and accidents as men who, largely by force of circumstances, had happened to become truck drivers in civil life? Some months ago a large manufacturing company learned what the Army was doing about its truck drivers and installed a similar system of selection and training; and it has already achieved a drastic reduction of accidents.

IV

The best time to see the Army personnel system in action is when a new division is being born, or "activated," as the process is called. The Army builds divisions the way a contractor-builder erects a skyscraper, or the way Henry Ford builds bombing planes—swiftly and efficiently, by assembling pre-tested and pre-fabricated parts at a given point. Toward this point there must converge on an exact time schedule the man power of the new division classified in precise quotas of the various military specialists, together with its fire power in terms of ordnance and ammunition, and its transportation in terms of trucks, jeeps, etc., not to mention its variegated quartermaster's supplies.

With respect to man power, divisions propagate themselves by a kind of vertical fission. A fully formed division splits off—to serve as the nucleus of a new division—about 7 or 8 per cent of its man power, carefully selected to include a balanced proportion of cooks, bakers, motor mechanics, company clerks, gunners, range-finder operators, and other specialists. There must also of course be a full complement of officers and warrant officers, a nucleus of non-coms, and a percentage of "pace-setters"—men who rated 100 or better in the GCT. The parent division takes pride in its child and gives of its best, the more readily since the officers and enlisted men who form the nucleus around which the incoming man power is poured, like concrete around a form, are rather likely to be promoted as the division trains and matures.

During the activation of a division the classification officer and his staff, which has been augmented for the occasion, are furiously busy. Man power pours in upon them at the rate of a thousand men a day. Along with each roster from the Reception Centers and Replacement Training Centers comes a file of qualification cards, one for every man. At this point machine-sorting is not fine enough.

Each card must be studied and often the man himself must be re-interviewed so that each regiment, battalion, company, and platoon may have its balanced quota at every rank and in every specialty. Upon the efficiency with which the classification officer and his aides do their work depends in no small measure the speed with which the division matures, and its later effectiveness in action.

In a very real sense these personnel officers are the working architects and builders of the modern Army, yet they do not always resemble the typical professional officer. Many are, or were, personnel men with experience in private industry, school administrators, or executives of the United States Employment Service. In some cases they are former business executives who had become interested in personnel work and had supplemented their practical experience with scientific study. One of the most rapidly and deservedly promoted men in the operations unit of the Personnel Procedures Section was formerly the head of an advertising agency. Another was for many years the principal of a high school. A third had directed vocational guidance work in a Western college. It should be noted, however, that, without exception, they had for years been active members of the Officers Reserve Corps.

There are now some 5,000 officers and enlisted men engaged in personnel-classification work under the jurisdiction of the Adjutant General's Office. More are being trained as rapidly as possible in the permanent classification cadres of the Reception Centers and the Replacement Training Centers and at the Adjutant General's School at Fort Washington. The classification officer is to Army man power what the tool-maker is to war industry. His work is basic and of necessity is given a high order of priority.

To-day one whole wing in one of the temporary buildings of the War Department in Washington is occupied by a team of twenty-four of these white-collar tool-makers and their assistants. Most of them have Ph.D.'s in psychology and

their number includes some distinguished names in the scientific world. They are fabricating war weapons although the roar and bang of machinery is absent from the silent room in which they work. With pencil and paper they are constructing additional aptitude tests that are urgently needed to save precious time in the sorting and assignment of American man power to war service. Already the Army has in regular use tests for clerical aptitude, for radio-code operators, for mechanics in ground forces, for bombardiers, navigators, and pilots in air crews, for scouts and other military-intelligence personnel, for applicants for officer candidate schools; also for truck drivers, range finders, and thirty different varieties of warrant officers. The qualifying examination used by the WAACs—the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—as one of the sieves in selecting from among some 30,000 applicants 1,100 candidates for training as officers of the new Corps, was designed, constructed, tried out, standardized, and calibrated by this group.

When a new kind of aptitude test is demanded—for use in selecting men to be trained as aerial-photograph readers, for instance, or instrument men, or military police, or interviewers of prisoners of war—the first step is to study the job in detail, to make certain just what abilities it requires. Only after analysis of the duties and the job requirements is a tentative battery of "predictors" constructed and tried out. If the tests are found to differentiate the successes from the failures, or those who can learn the job quickly from those who need longer training, they are forwarded to the classification officers for use as supplemental aids in selecting the soldiers who are to go to the specialist schools.

No one is thrusting all this psychological service upon the Army unasked. On the contrary, the official demands on the staff of the Personnel Procedures Section have steadily tended to exceed its capacity to deliver. During the last war it was different. Twenty-five years ago

I recall a hardboiled cavalry Colonel who gruffly dismissed the idea of aptitude testing and systematic classification of skills as stuff and nonsense. Then one morning the Colonel's horse interfered embarrassingly on the parade grounds as a result of a badly nailed shoe. Inquiry showed that, in addition to the incompetent blacksmith who had done the job, there were four highly trained horse-shoers in his regiment of whom he was quite unaware.

In general, during the last war the classification service had to "sell" itself, whereas to-day it enjoys acceptance in every department of the Army, despite its acknowledged limitations. No description of a new service is complete without a realistic confession of its defects. When you hear stories about pre-medical students learning to build pontoons in an engineering camp, or skilled motor repairmen pounding headquarters' typewriters, or pharmacists toting machine guns, they are not necessarily enemy propaganda. Some of these stories are undoubtedly true. We have as yet no exact estimate of how high these initial misplacements run, but my own guess would be in the neighborhood of ten per cent, owing variously to speed and pressure, to the limited capacity of a training camp at a given moment, and to plain human fallibility. It is each commander's responsibility to correct serious misassignments when they come to light.

Not always, however, do such instances represent failure on the part of the classification service. The pre-medical student may have a strong mechanical aptitude. The motor mechanic may have had two skills, of which the Army needed one more than another. The pharmacist, as occasionally happens, may have deliberately concealed his occupation in order to get into combat service.

What is particularly unlikely is for a born leader to languish in the ranks, unheeded and trodden upon. For the nugget of nuggets, the shortage that transcends all the others, is the shortage of superior officer material. Not that

we have any lack of educated young men. The average soldier of to-day brings with him into the Army three years more of schooling than the soldier of the First World War. Instead of having finished only the sixth grade of elementary school, he has had at least a year in high school. Forty-one per cent of white selectees have finished high school and more than a quarter of these have gone to college, while in the First World War only nine per cent had finished high school. The typical soldier of this war cannot be expected to have any better *native* intelligence than his father, but in the abilities acquired at school and at work he is definitely superior. He is better equipped to meet new situations, to solve practical problems as they come up, and to learn new responsibilities quickly.

But does all this make him a leader? Not necessarily. Leadership ability does not correlate strictly with either intelligence or education, although these are important assets. It requires also those personal traits which make it easy to get prompt co-operation. It requires the ability to teach men, to train them, to secure their instant and willing obedience. One essential is willingness to assume the responsibilities of leadership.

The generals commanding divisions and Replacement Training Centers are regularly called upon to supply their quotas of recommendations for officer candidate schools, and not always do they have enough candidates whose applications the company officers are willing to "endorse with confidence" or "endorse with enthusiasm." So the classification officer combs his cards again. Pep talks are given to reluctant sergeants and corporals who either lack confidence or are genuinely in love with the technical training and experience they are getting and want to continue it. The classification sergeant mentioned earlier in this article is an example. McCollum could have gone to officer candidate school any time he chose during the past year. He prefers to stay in his present job where, as he

says, he is handling the biggest and most variegated case load that ever fell to the lot of a student of personnel management. When the war is over this man believes that some large corporation will want to use his experience.

But McCollum is not the only man who will emerge from the Army equipped and geared for a better career than he had hoped to have when he donned the uniform. The painter in camouflage learns a great deal about materials—after the war he may become a muralist. The engineer who could get nothing better than a filling-station job when he left college is now learning the complex techniques of gas-engine maintenance; there may well be a maintenance job for him on an airfield when he gets out of the Army. The man who proved to be good at clerical duties may follow his commanding officer out of uniform and into a job as office supervisor for his former Army chief.

All of these men will have advanced greatly in training and competence. The Army and the country as a whole will also have advanced. In terms of teamed and integrated productivity the America that comes out of this war will be a far greater country than the America that went into it. Shall we willingly relinquish this greatness? What kind of a people are we if we permit ourselves to relapse into the needless frustration, the shocking human waste that characterized pre-war employment and unemployment?

The war will have taught us the obvious necessity of classifying and testing our man power at least as carefully as we test the physical materials and machines of our complex technological world. When demobilization comes we shall have functional descriptions and records, checked against performance, of the cream of American manhood. Rarely have personnel men dared to dream of such a thing. With an instrument like this we should build a magnificent peace, just as it is helping us to win a terrible war.



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



SOME students at Union College have been investigating prophets, to see which of them are any good. This seems to me the most sensible and promising bit of research I have read about in a long while. Prophetic voices are heard in the land at all times, but they have never been of much use to humanity because the false prophets have neutralized the true ones and nobody has known what to believe or whom to believe. The thing to find out, obviously, is whom to believe. If we were to know, even in a general way, whom to believe regarding the future—just think how far ahead of the game we should be!

The question is, is such knowledge possible? Is it possible to say this person, or this sort of person, is an accredited prophet to whom it is advisable to listen? The Union College students decided that something could be found out about prophecy simply by examining the sayings of prophets and checking them against the turn of events. This is a method which poultrymen have been using on hens for quite some time. In the poultry world it is called the R.O.P., or Record of Performance. The way to tell about a certain hen is to keep track of her and see what she does in the nest. By her eggs ye shall know her. Similarly, the way to tell about prophets is to keep track of them and see how they make out. This is exactly what the students did. They looked up yesteryear's predictions and checked them against the events. I know only as much about this investigation as I read in the *Times*, which isn't much; but even so I learned enough to convince me that the work is extremely valuable and should be continued and extended. Our leaders should follow developments closely.

The findings of the students provided a double sort of information: they showed which individuals had prophesied correctly during a certain period and on certain subjects, and they showed what *kind* of person had prophesied correctly and what kind incorrectly. Of these two sorts of information, the latter of course is more useful; for although it is valuable to know which individuals have foresight, it is even more valuable to know what *type* of individual has foresight. A seer can have his bad days, like a mechanic or a violinist or a columnist; but if we were to know in general what sort of person can see into the future we could assemble the prognostications of all such persons and from them construct a rough picture of what is to come. In this way we should not be putting all our money on one horse. The students found, for example, that missionaries and isolationists were bad prophets. They found, on the other hand, that college professors and independent journalists were good ones. They found also that among the bad prophets were a suspiciously large number of "military and naval experts."

Now this news, however meager, however inconclusive, is worth having. The investigation by the Union students was a small-scale affair and it would be improper to assume that anything of immediate value can be deduced from it; to find out even a little bit about prophets and prophecy would take a lot of digging and would have to cover a great deal of ground. Furthermore, the term "isolationist" applies to a special period. But assuming that the investigation had gone on for many years and had covered a vast lot of ground, and that the statistics then clearly showed, for example, that military and naval experts (as a group) were

unreliable prophets and that professors and independent journalists (as a group) were good, or even fair, prophets—the addition of such a piece of information to human knowledge would be of incalculable value. There would still be the problem of recognizing a Billy Mitchell when one turned up.

The Greeks realized the enormous importance to the state of the mantic art, the help it might give in the matter of war and in the matter of harvests. They were groping their way along at Delphi, submitting written questions to stump the god. Their approach was both religious and scientific. For a glimpse of the future they examined the entrails of animals, observed the actions of birds. They believed that a virgin was a better bet than a married woman in the oracular job, and that a tripod was more auspicious than a Morris chair. They failed to apply the test of trial and error in turning up a qualified soothsayer. From Delphi to Schenectady is a long way; from the examination of the entrails to the examination of the batting average of the oracle.

It is a queer thing that in our civilization we have done so little to honor the prophetic spirit and to give prophecy a solid base. The weather bureau is an honest attempt, and of course we have the *Racing Form* and Kiplinger's Washington Letter, and things like that. And we have the professionals and the charlatans with their lamps and bowls and two-dollar fees. But for the most part the mephitic vapors which arise in our glens and caves bring tidings only of tomorrow's thunder shower and this afternoon's fifth at Jamaica. What we must do is extend the scope of sooth and learn the locations of the priestesses. We must not be thrown off the scent just because the tripod may turn out to be a bar stool, and Kassotis a whiskey sour.

The disquieting fact is that there has been a considerable body of accurate and (if it had been heeded) priceless prophecy during the past ten years. The world revolution which is upon us now did not

arrive unannounced. The global war was foretold rather clearly and quite well in advance by a large number of persons of all kinds, many of them articulate, many of them prominent; but their forecast was ignored. If one-tenth of what they saw in their mind's eye and felt in their bones had been accepted as truth, or even accepted as probable, much death and devastation could have been forestalled. The strength of the United States is a controlling factor in this war, and it has come unnecessarily late. It was bound to come a little late in the nature of things, but considering the warnings we had, it did not have to come as late as it did.

One of the best and most memorable and least heeded of our prophetesses was Dorothy Thompson, an independent newspaper woman whose columns for eight or ten years rang with dire warnings of forthcoming disaster. She told of Hitler's purposes, of his strength, of his perverted ideals, of his likelihood of making good. She knew in advance that the whole earth was about to tremble. She chewed her bay well and spat it out in our faces every morning at breakfast. She, more than any other that I recall, exhibited the true frenzy of divination. But for every person who listened with foreboding to her prophecy there were three who were listening with satisfaction to Father Coughlin, a missionary, to Senator Wheeler, a believer in isolation, to Colonel Lindbergh, a military expert, and to the myriad voices which sang fatuously of peace in our time, despite the dark birds flapping in the sky. To pay for our deafness at Delphi, blood by the gallon now flows.

Prophecy may not be such a mystery as we make out. The future, after all, is only the present, plus one day; and the persons who know about this extra and this fateful and this still unarrived day which is the future are, in the main, those persons who see to-day most clearly—persons who do not deceive themselves about things as they are, who are detached, who are skeptical but not

pessimistic, and who have not fallen into the evil and dangerous habit of seeing truth only in what conforms to the patterns which please them. The Union College investigation is a pioneering bit of business. Its early and crude conclusions show promise. It was, indeed, the professors, the independent journalists, and the non-isolationists who saw the shape of things to come. Poets too, I think. I don't know whether the Union investigation embraced poetry or not, but I think if the students will take a trip back over the metrical and musical utterances of the past ten years they will find to-day's events all written out plain in advance. Poets, as a rule, know what is coming. They have no ax to grind, and the vapors which swirl about their heads endlessly rise from the deepest cracks in the rock. Often they write somewhat elliptically, but they are in rapport with the god, and they have the sense of tragedy and the sense of beauty without which foreknowledge is impossible.

The New Deal has shown a healthy interest in prophets, although no particular aptitude for distinguishing between the good and the bad. In its early days, the Roosevelt Administration was much criticized for harboring professors in its midst and for consorting with philosophers and miscellaneous dreamers. The President has never lost his liking for seers, and when he has an appointment to make is more likely to bring in a poet than a credit manager. The result has often been confused. Still this much can be said: the New Deal, from the very start, has known that something big was up. It evinced a sort of group prescience—which is more than you can say for many of our Administrations.

I don't envision a National Board of Prophecy or Seeing Circle. That would defeat itself. To select certain individuals who show prophetic gifts and give them an official status would probably get us into worse trouble. A prophet with his government allotment of bay would tend to deteriorate artistically, like a poet laureate. It is not a

question of grooming people to be Nos-tradamuses; it is a question of proving to the public's satisfaction that a certain type of mind is to be trusted, another type distrusted. To-day it can be stated almost categorically that the type of mind which for the moment we call "isolationist," the mind which persists in national and group attitudes and fails to grasp the meaning of the wholeness of the earth, has developed a dangerous astigmatism. Persons who are known to have that sort of mind and who persist in those attitudes will be heard from again, the minute the war is over. With the fighting out of the way, they will be able to promote an enormously attractive program of reconstruction by exploitation, far more appealing than anything the other side can dream up. In a democracy they happily will be free to advertise their views and advance their scheme; but I hope some of us will remember that there is only one word to describe their prophetic gift. As prophets they were lousy.

On the surface it might seem that one of our best prophets was Hitler himself. His book foretold much of what has come to pass. But Hitler, like all great doers and movers, became his own Fate. He brought the future to pass, for a while. For that while he seems to hold prophetic gifts. Actually, his frenzy has been a perversion of the ecstasy of divination; in his case he and the god merged and he became the god, and his excitement derived from self-association. In a few years, when his works are destroyed (as they will be), he will be seen to be the worst sort of prophet, a man of whom it can rightly be said that a little foreknowledge is a dangerous thing.

Government needs a barometer. To plan well and to execute well a nation must first see well. And to see beyond the first small hill it must consult its seers, whoever they are. Our hat is off to Union College for its attempt to spot them from their records.

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Farmers are interested in science, in

modern methods, and in theory, but they are not easily thrown off balance and they maintain a healthy suspicion of book learning and of the shenanigans of biologists, chemists, geneticists, and other late-rising students of farm practice and management. They are, I think, impressed by education, but they have seen too many examples of the helplessness and the impracticality of educated persons to be either envious or easily budged from their position.

I was looking at a neighbor's hens with him one time when he said something which expressed the feeling farmers have about colleges and books. He was complaining about the shape of the henhouse, but he wanted me to understand that it was all his own fault it had turned out badly. "I got the plan for it out of a book, fool-fashion," he said. And he gazed around at his surroundings in gentle disgust, with a half-humorous, half-disappointed look, as one might look back at any sort of youthful folly.

Scientific agriculture, however sound in principle, often seems strangely unrelated to, and unaware of, the vital, grueling job of making a living by farming. Farmers sense this quality in it as they study their bulletins, just as a poor man senses in a rich man an incomprehension of his own problems. The farmer of today knows, for example, that manure loses some of its value when exposed to the weather; but he also knows how soon the sun goes down on all of us, and if there is a window handy at the cow's stern he pitches the dressing out into the yard and kisses the nitrogen good-by. There is usually not time in one man's lifetime to do different. The farmer knows that early-cut hay is better feed than hay which has been left standing

through the hot dry days of late July. He hasn't worked out the vitamin losses, but he knows just by looking at the grass that some of the good has gone out of it. But he knows also that to make hay he needs settled weather—better weather than you usually get in June.

I've always tried to cut my hay reasonably early, but this year I wasn't able to get a team until the middle of July. It turned out to be just as well. June was a miserable month of rains and fog mulls. The people who stuck to their theories and cut their hay in spite of the weather, took a beating. A few extremists, fearful of losing a single vitamin, mowed in June, choosing a day when the sun came out for a few minutes. Their hay lay in the wet fields and rotted day after day, while Rommel took Tobruk and careened eastward toward Alexandria.

The weather was unprecedented—weeks of damp and rain and fog. Everybody talked about it. One day during that spell I was holding forth to a practical farmer on the subject of hay. Full of book learning, I was explaining (rather too glibly) the advantages of cutting hay in June. I described in detail the vitamin loss incurred by letting hay stand in the field after it has matured, and how much greater the feed value was per unit weight in early-cut hay, even though the quantity might be slightly less. The farmer was a quiet man, with big hands for curling round a scythe handle. He listened attentively. My words swirled around his head like summer flies. Finally, when I had exhausted my little store of learning and paused for a moment, he ventured a reply.

"The time to cut hay," he said firmly, "is in hayin' time."



TRIANGULAR BANDAGES GO ON BABIES

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

“WHEN,” a surprising number of correspondents have inquired, “when are you going to write a piece about First Aid?” The September issue seems about right. For this is the month when a seven years’ precedent permits the Easy Chair to forgo its intrepid analysis of events and ideas, to lapse into the first person, and to observe an honorable tradition of journalism by writing a vacation piece. Like most people, I am not going to get a vacation this year. For eighteen months I planned to spend this summer seeing America’s most beautiful river (the Snake, if you are in doubt); but you recall what has happened to leisure time and to automobile tours. I can’t write a vacation piece but I am glad to act on the rest of the precedent—the more so because the civilian state of mind, to the exposition of which the Easy Chair has lately been devoted, is in early July definitely schizoid.

I can claim to be a graduate first-aider. (That noun has the sanction of the Red Cross, if not of precisians.) Last January the air raid organization I belong to ordered me to take the basic course. At the end of its twenty hours a number of us felt something less than qualified to practice on the victims of the bombing raids which Greater Boston so confidently expects. We therefore took the Red Cross advanced course. Still not persuaded that we knew anything, most of us declined to take the instructors’ course which the Red Cross solicited us to take and set out in search of

more advanced instruction. We found a surgeon who was willing to teach us, and for the next three months we devoted about six hours a week to work which was more thorough and more realistic than that provided by the Red Cross. Since then we have devoted one evening a week to it and we intend to go on as long as our instructor’s patience lasts. I have thus had at least five times as much training as one gets in the basic course and have greatly enjoyed it—from the beginning it has been a fascinating experience. I have learned a great deal, including, I suspect, a little about first aid. But I doubt if I or my companions would be worth a tinker’s dam in such an emergency as the present nation-wide training in first aid anticipates. And I wonder if in training some three million of us the Red Cross has not added a gratuitous menace to civilian life and a new horror to air raids.

“This victim,” one of our examiners once proposed, “has a broken back, arterial bleeding in the right arm, a compound fracture of the left femur, a crushed right foot, and a long splinter of glass protruding from his abdomen—what do you do?” After six months of training I know what I do. I mark—with lipstick or iodine—a *U* on my own forehead, thus assuring myself priority in transportation to the hospital, and if I see a priest in the vicinity, on behalf of the victim I summon him before I pass out. Analysis of the potentialities indicates such action as intelligent. Re-

cently a girl in our class fainted—presumably because her imagination was working soundly while a team applied a traction splint to her arm. No one in the room had had less than seventy-five hours of training. What did those certified first-aiders do? They loudly yelled “Doctor!” The action was instinctive but I am afraid a lot of people have been emboldened to act less sensibly.

I realize that criticizing the Red Cross is, to the public mind, a kind of sacrilege: the Red Cross, like the faculty of a progressive school, does not make mistakes. I realize that the problems of trying to train millions of laymen in first aid are complex and horrible, and that the Red Cross has devoted long and intensive study to them. If anyone should argue that they are in fact insoluble problems I should not dissent. But the Red Cross has provided a solution to them. Unquestionably that solution has tried to take into account all the dangers and all the safeguards. But it is still an unsatisfactory solution.

To begin with, most of the instructors are laymen. Some of them are unquestionably very good. (Mine was intelligent, skillful, a good teacher, aware of his limitations, and aware of the manifold risks he had to run.) Unquestionably others are very bad—ignorant, presumptuous, unadaptable, and arbitrary. But whether good or bad, most of them must teach exclusively by rule and theory. Most of them have never seen an injury worse than a wrenched ankle or a cut finger. They have mastered pressure points, bandages, and splints, but they have never seen blood flowing from a serious wound or the victim of an accident crumpled under wreckage. They have memorized the textbook but they have had no experience to vitalize its theory. However skillful they may be in practice sessions, it would be dangerous to let them touch an injured person. Clearly first-aiders who had had only twenty hours of study under such instructors would be even more dangerous.

The Red Cross tries to minimize this

danger by requiring its lay instructors to take a standardized course in what to teach, where fixed procedures and prohibitions are instilled. But the net result is to set up the Red Cross textbook as a Bible whose commandments must not be transgressed. Lacking medical knowledge, the instructor is glad to have a gospel and usually applies the textbook even more rigidly than he is required to. The book says that hemorrhage is stopped by applying pressure at the “pressure points”—so the class is tirelessly drilled in just that. Any interne knows that sometimes you can’t locate the pressure points, sometimes you can’t keep pressure applied to them, and sometimes (depending on where the wound is) pressure on them will not stop the bleeding. He stops a hemorrhage by applying pressure directly to the wound itself, by means of compresses and bandages, by using his own fingers or fist, or in extremity by using a tourniquet. But the textbook slights pressure bandages and recoils in horror from the practice (freely taught in the Army) of applying pressure with the hands. Such action, you see, risks infecting the wound, and the book prohibits such a risk. Some of us would rather live to fight an infection than bleed to death from a clean wound, but I know Red Cross instructors who regard the preference as heretical.

I could list a good many such rigidities, instilled by the textbook and taught by inexperienced instructors. Thus, for snake bite, “tie off, cut, and suck.” Few physicians would take a chance on sucking, and in order to apply a tourniquet before the venom got into the bloodstream one would have to be standing by with it when the snake struck. Thus the textbook forbids you to wash out a wound with water or soap and water—again on the ground that you may infect it. I have found no physician willing to commit himself to that prohibition or to a good many others which first-aiders are given on practically scriptural authority. The answer to the objection I am making is that the Red Cross, dealing

with the most heterogeneous audience and trying to envision every possibility, must adopt what is on the whole the safest procedure and then stick to it. But that answer collapses when you come to the shining pride of all first-aid classes, the traction splint.

Every class tirelessly practices this mankiller, which the textbook assures us is "the ideal first-aid treatment for fractures." First the teams use the manufactured splints, which alone are moderately safe in the most expert lay hands. Then they advance to homemade substitutes, and then they improvise traction splints out of broomsticks, pieces of packing case, and any stray debris at hand. They learn to put them on blindfolded, under the living-room rug, single-handed, or in seventy-seven seconds flat—developing great precision and insuring widespread amputation and death from shock. There is only one circumstance in which anyone who is not an expert should be permitted to use a traction splint: in an emergency when someone has sustained a fracture at a long distance from medical help and when he must be transported over that long distance to that help. Furthermore—and in my opinion even worse—the first-aid classes are kidding themselves. Three million people have been trained in first aid because we may experience large-scale emergencies such as air raids, bombardment, or invasion. But if such emergencies occur there will seldom be paraphernalia for making traction splints or time and freedom to apply them.

This unreality is what I find most dubious in the Red Cross courses. In any extensive disaster there will be neither time nor equipment for many of the techniques they teach. Most victims of a bombardment will be far too seriously wounded for first aid to be of any help—they must be got to hospitals or they will die. For many others all that anyone can hope to do will be to splint some fractures where they lie—usually by strapping the fractured leg to the uninjured one or the fractured arm to

the chest—and to stop some hemorrhages, usually by wadding up some cloth, say a shirt, and tying it in and on the wound as tightly as possible. There will not be splints nor time to improvise splints, there will not be stretchers or material to make them out of, there will not be bandages or antiseptics or hot drinks, there will not be opportunity to apply artificial respiration. In such circumstances as are contemplated, that is, the first-aiders will find much of his training quite useless.

But one danger is greater still. In those circumstances there will be the "walking wounded," who can get to medical posts on their own power and need little help from first-aiders, and there will be the seriously wounded. For the latter little more can be done than I have already indicated—emergency treatment for hemorrhage and perhaps splinting. It would often—very often—be the most serious kind of mistake to try to do more. They will be in, or on the verge of, profound shock—and to apply to a person in shock any first-aid treatment whatever except that necessary to keep him from dying on the spot is likely to insure his dying fairly soon afterward.

Now the Red Cross textbook has an admirably clear passage on shock and it is all true. But it fails to give the subject anywhere near the emphasis it should be given—and it fails to make clear the danger of producing or increasing shock by well-intended first aid. Already in this war army medicine has made enormous advances in the handling of shock, but more soldiers still die of it than of the wounds which cause it. The same is certain to be true of victims of civilian disasters and, I think, the number is likely to be enormously increased by first-aiders. Enthusiasm born of misplaced confidence in insufficient knowledge is going to kill a lot of people who would have recovered if they had been left alone.

This self-confident ignorance is the danger I foresee. I do not question the

value of acquainting three million people with much of the material given them in first-aid courses. Artificial respiration, the emergency treatment of hemorrhage, the prevention of infection (if intelligently understood), and in fact most of the topics covered by the basic course are excellent things for people to know—in the ordinary circumstances of civilian life, when medical help is seldom far away. Even in the ordinary circumstances of civilian life, however, it seems unwise to encourage people to apply such knowledge on the basis of only twenty hours of training—training, furthermore, which is inflexible, superficial, and purely theoretical. But if it is unwise in ordinary circumstances, it may well be disastrous in the circumstances now foreseen, with many victims to be treated and medical help hard or impossible to get.

The conclusions are obvious if we seriously expect trouble in which civilians must give first aid. The textbook should be revised in the light of the latest information. It should emphasize far more than it now does both the limitations of first aid and the overwhelming importance of shock. It should be made more realistic—impractical techniques and especially impractical equipment should be eliminated. A strenuous effort should be made to improve the quality of instruction—to get better instructors, give them more training than most of them now have, and give them experience in treating injuries. Finally, and most important of all, the basic course should be remodeled. It should be made longer, more thorough, and far more realistic.

Nothing will be gained, however, if the basic course is merely enlarged by pro-

viding more practice in tying bandages on sound limbs, carrying healthy people from place to place on stretchers, and hypothetically treating fictitious injuries. The absolute essential is some kind of actual acquaintance, if only by observation, with the actual treatment of actual injuries. Only such acquaintance can give laymen enough self-command in the presence of suffering to be able to relieve it, and only such acquaintance can teach them the vital differences between theoretical and practical first aid. This clearly points to some kind of instruction in and probably by hospitals.

Our hospitals are harassed and overburdened now, but if we are in earnest about trouble to come then they have got to take on this additional burden. (In return they can probably get some janitor and charwoman service.) For the facts are plain: physicians and nurses get steadily scarcer, and many victims of air raids or bombardment will have to be treated by people who now have never seen a hemorrhage or heard a scream of agony, whose knowledge is now academic and in part erroneous, who can give effective help only if they first get some practical experience. Members of the Women's Defense Corps now get a minimum of one hundred and fifty hours of training, much of it in hospitals. Those who take the Red Cross Nurses' Aid course are also trained in hospitals—on the job. The same principle has got to be extended to the basic course in first aid. Unless some means is found of giving its graduates some experience on the job, they are likely to become an acute social danger the moment they have to apply what they think they know.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages.



Harper's *Magazine*

OUR BATTLE AGAINST THE SUBMARINES

AS SEEN FROM INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM, EASTERN SEA FRONTIER

BY LAWRENCE THOMPSON

Lieutenant (j.g.), U.S.N.R.

ON the morning of January 15, 1942, newspaper headlines gave prominence to the unexpectedly bold action of an enemy submarine: the sinking of a Panamanian tanker off the coast of Long Island. Before the end of the day another tanker was sunk only seventy-five miles east of New York Harbor. A grim and ruthless phase of the war had begun almost within sight and sound of our Atlantic coast.

The threat of an intensive submarine attack on coastal shipping lanes was far more alarming than any which had faced us in the First World War. The Navy knew that German ingenuity had transformed the U-boat into a vastly superior weapon, more heavily armored, faster, better armed, better manned than any of the six subs which visited American coastal waters in 1918 and sank ninety-nine ships in six months. It was clear

that the Germans and Italians would use scores of submarines in a shuttle-schedule of voyages to our open sea-lanes; that the already impressive cruising power of these subs would be increased by the relatively short distance from French and African bases to the United States.

The situation was complicated by many other factors equally serious. Since the passage of the Lend-Lease Bill by Congress in January, 1941, the United States had been committed to a program which could be realized only if we maintained a continuous flow of war supplies and food-stuffs to Britain, already beleaguered by air attacks, surface raiders, and submarine pirates. Furthermore, our "bridge of ships" must be extended to supply anti-Axis nations so widely scattered as Russia, Egypt, and China. We had not been willing to wait for war to reach our shores. As early as September,

1940, we transferred to England, in exchange for base rights, fifty destroyers which augmented her steadily draining force of convoy escorts. When German submarines concentrated their attacks on convoy routes and shipping lanes between Canada and England, the United States Navy went boldly into action by adding its own patrol forces to those of the British. This combined protection grew so powerful in the fall and winter of 1941 that the submarine menace in the North Atlantic fizzled out to insignificance. Such aggressive fulfillment of our lend-lease promises had been made possible, however, only by diverting patrol destroyers from sea-lanes that stretched over fifteen hundred miles from the Gulf of Maine to the Straits of Florida.

There were other complications which must not be forgotten if one is to understand the involved problem of anti-submarine warfare along our shores. Remembering that Germany had developed its 1918 U-boat campaign not only to upset and destroy our coastal shipping but also to break morale until United States citizens might demand the recall of our destroyer divisions, the Navy reorganized our depleted coastal forces. In anticipation of a second submarine campaign, our Naval Districts were unified early in 1941 under a single command—the North Atlantic Naval Coastal Frontier. The Commander immediately formulated a plan of defense which utilized and redistributed not only the depleted and inadequate units of Naval surface and aircraft but also the peacetime forces of the Coast Guard, with their cutters and patrol boats. While this reorganization was still being carried out the Japanese delivered their punishing attack on our concentration of naval equipment at Pearl Harbor. Immediately new and serious problems of fighter-force distribution faced the new Commander. Within two months we were doing our best to make a one-ocean Navy handle desperate assignments throughout the seven seas. Then, while we were in the process of effecting such a

tenuous distribution of forces, the Axis concentrated its powerful submarine attacks on our weakly protected coastal shipping lanes. Thus it happened that we entered a one-sided contest with the odds strongly in favor of a cunning and experienced enemy.

That competent U-boat specialist, Admiral Doenitz, must have been considerably worried by the growing failure of his campaign against shipping around the British Isles during the fall and winter of 1941. Searching for a weak spot, he found it along our shores, struck hard, and hastily re-established his reputation. His veteran crews, like sharpshooters on a busman's holiday in a shooting gallery, joyfully set about picking off our coastal shipping with casual ease. Unarmed ships, little accustomed to the hazards of submarine warfare, were easy targets. When the enemy grew bored with the monotony of slamming deadly torpedoes into the hulls of unprotected tankers and cargo vessels, they surfaced brazenly, stood off a few hundred yards from the unarmed merchantmen, and let their gun crews lob explosive and incendiary shells into them. They ran up some impressive scores; but the real reckoning for them lay ahead.

The Navy braced itself for the worst. All available stop-gap measures were hastily put into effect. Until the inadequate patrols and fighter escorts could be increased to afford some kind of convoy protection, the safest sea-lanes for the hundreds of merchant vessels plying daily through our waters were those so close inshore as to force the subs into dangerous shoal waters to make their surprise attacks. Before the end of January masters of tankers and cargo ships were advised to hug the shore and move within the ten-fathom curve. Additional instructions were quickly distributed: ships were advised to travel at night with all lights out, to adopt various zigzag patterns. For additional protection, convenient sanctuaries were established for slower ships, which were advised to travel through most dangerous waters only

during daylight, to tie up at protected anchorages during the night. Nevertheless, the grim manner in which the enemy pressed his initial advantage resulted in the slowing down of ship movements, the destruction of much valuable shipping, and serious loss of lives among the crews.

To offset this bad start, long-range plans were laid by the combined forces of Army and Navy for consistent and aggressive attacks against submarines. Coastal air and surface units were integrated to create a new unified structure—the Eastern Sea Frontier. The First Bomber Squadron of the Army was carefully co-ordinated with the air and surface units of the Navy to effect offensive-defensive coverage over hundreds of square miles far out to sea.

During March and April increasing numbers of submarines dodged in and out, developed their hide-and-seek hit-and-run tactics, or lay well offshore until darkness increased their advantage. During the nights they moved cautiously inshore to waylay new victims. And losses mounted until ships were being sunk faster than they were being built; we were losing the war.

By April our air and surface escorts afforded the first semblance of daylight convoy-escort in those areas where the concentration of shipping was heaviest. Studying this new development, made possible only by a gathering-in of patrol forces from the extremes of our coast to the middle areas, submarine commanders found the weakest spots to be those capes, such as Hatteras and Lookout, where shoal waters forced all ships so far offshore that their darkened silhouettes afforded excellent targets against the glow of morning and evening skies. Again the rate of sinkings increased alarmingly until the waters around Hatteras and Lookout became melancholy graveyards, with half-submerged wrecks, bows, foretrucks, and masts visible for many miles. When the concentration of patrols grew too hot for the subs around the Hatteras graveyard, they abruptly

shifted to the weakened extremes. During May the unprotected waters of the Gulf and the Caribbean became new and easy hunting grounds. For additional excitement, daring submarine commanders sneaked into little harbors in the West Indies and sank ships tied up at docks and anchorages. With enough secret preparation, they may yet manage to try even bolder tactics. The arrangements, earlier in the war, which brought a submarine safely in and out of Scapa Flow, were by no means accidental or merely lucky.

Yet even in the bitter months of April and May there were indications that careful planning was steadily increasing the effectiveness of our counterattacks. Only the Germans knew how many subs had been sunk. In United States prison camps members of captured submarine crews told how they had been worried day and night by stalking gadfly planes and ships whose bombs and depth charges had frayed their nerves until their subs had been sent under for the last time. Brief diaries, found in pockets of other German sailors whose bodies were washed ashore, corroborated the prisoners' stories. Ships might continue to be torpedoed and shelled into blazing infernos, ingeniously devised mines might be expected anywhere in coastal waters, but the enemy's days of free and easy picking were over; the battle was no longer one-sided. Those were memorable days for our Naval officers and crews, when the daily number of attacks on enemy submarines began to be larger, if not more deadly, than the number of sub attacks on coastal shipping.

The Commander of the Eastern Sea Frontier had known the solution long before he had sufficient forces to put the solution into effect. On May 14, 1942, the first coastal convoy got under way, with its thin complement of planes and surface escorts. Soon after, the convoys from the British Isles to Canada were extended to give added coverage to ships proceeding down the coast to Boston. Still makeshift, certain convoys were

able to move only by daylight, and valuable time was lost. Gradually, however, convoy routes were extended not only from Halifax to Boston, from New York to Key West, but also more than one thousand miles farther—to precious oil refineries in Texas, Aruba, and Trinidad. Within the two months from May 14th to July 14th, a total of 1,105 ships were moved in convoys through the waters of the Eastern Sea Frontier, and of that impressive total only two ships were lost through sinking by enemy torpedoes or shells.

Even after our new equipment permitted us to develop coastal convoys we could not cover all ships in this manner. They came to us from all corners of the earth, loaded thousands of tons of war supplies, and set out on their return voyages. Many of our own ships were obliged to proceed from Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston for distant ports that lay thousands of miles beyond the southern tip of Africa. Many of those ships never reached their destinations, but many more did. If there were not enough men-of-war to "seal" our coast—as there certainly were not, and never will be—there were not enough enemy subs to "seal" the Atlantic. The figures justified the risk taken. Nobody can possibly evaluate the significance of tonnage losses until such figures are considered in their proper relation to the figures of tonnage deliveries.

Gradually we have been moving from defense to offensive action in coastal waters. By the middle of the summer new ships were being added, one by one, to the makeshift forces that had weathered desperate weeks and months. New destroyers which took up their positions in various parts of the seven seas released older ones for service with the Eastern Sea Frontier. Supporting these came smaller sub-chasers, the 83-footers and 110-footers. Such peacetime pleasure yachts as were suitable were converted into fighting ships and numerous small boats were patrolling long before the

general public's hue and cry began. To these were added a few British trawlers with their experienced sub-hunting crews. The size of this miscellaneous fleet was further increased by old and new minesweepers, ocean-going tugs, net tenders, and Coast Guard cutters, together with an ever-increasing number of the famous and most efficient 173-foot PC's. In the air above them, and unified under the same Navy Command, grew the effective combination of Army and Navy planes, together with a few blimps, equipped with their own specialized devices for sub-searching, combat, and deliberate convoy coverage. If the war on merchant shipping had been dragging on monotonously, the war on enemy subs had just begun to grow exciting.

II

In widely scattered harbors on our sprawling coast from Trinidad and Aruba to Halifax are the Navy section bases which mother all types of surface craft. Sprinkled along the shore, and at times well inland, are the more numerous Army and Navy air hangars and fields. The commanding officer of each ship and plane is responsible to the commander of his local base; each commander, in turn, is responsible to the Commandant of his Naval District or (in the case of the Army) to the separate headquarters under the First Bomber Command. But the final integration of all these separate and diverse units rests in the hands of the Commander, Eastern Sea Frontier.

Control over this vast network of commands is centered in a single room, located in New York City. On the walls of that room all the panoramic activity of merchant shipping, men-of-war, Army planes, Navy planes, and blimps is reproduced by means of realistic movable symbols on a huge cellophane-covered chart of the Atlantic Coast.

With his back to the sea, the experienced veteran who takes his turn in this room, controlling the movements of every plane, every escort, every patrol, every

convoy, studies that chart and works out the problems of co-ordination and integration. There, spread over the wall in front of him, from floor to ceiling and even curved round a jutting waterpipe which obstructs the wall surface, is a miniature representation of all that is happening in coastal waters from Canada to South America. As the controller studies the entire picture, all the tension and drama of hunt-and-kill is enacted before him. Army and Navy officers move before him occasionally, to plot and change the positions of the symbols that represent friend and foe. These miniature symbols, many of which are realistic silhouettes of planes, ships, and submarines (colored to differentiate functions and types) must be moved at regular intervals. Their known or supposed directions are indicated by colored arrows drawn with soft oil crayons on the cellophane covering. The chart itself is pasted over a sheet of galvanized metal—and each silhouette conceals a small magnetized metal disc on which it is mounted, a disc which clings magically to the chart at any spot where it may be placed.

In this plot room the controller is assisted by a select group of specialists and advisers. At the long table with him sits a Major from the First Bomber Command of the Army; at his left sits a Navy officer who may be a former commanding officer of a destroyer or of a submarine. Spread out on the table before these men is a battery of 'phones, radios, and two-way speakers. Flanking them in the same room or in adjoining rooms are all the other necessary means of communication: short-wave radio sets, keys for code telegraphy, teletype machines for coded messages—with a force of expert senders and receivers active day and night. Other offices may close in this building, but vigilance is maintained in the control room at all times. At their various stations throughout the room other officers carry out their specialized assignments, all taking part in the complicated accumulation and assim-

ilation of facts related to the naval warfare which is reflected in the changing narrative of the master chart.

The high-ranking officers who carefully watch the colored symbols are in a sense coaches whose primary concern is teamwork. Although each Army and Navy unit has its own organization, its own command, its own weapons of attack, its own peculiar function, each must be kept fully aware of the interdependence among their supporting complements. None is more aware of this primary factor than the controller himself, who leans forward intently to analyze the shifting patterns of the varicolored symbols. Much as he may have thought about what has already happened, his mind is centered on what must happen if the day's action is to be successful. He does not think of himself as one who runs the show, but rather as one who is thoroughly indoctrinated with the plan of the Eastern Sea Frontier's Commander and who is able thus to carry out his orders. But the controller's word is final. Because the requirements of speed are of paramount necessity in covering those hundreds of miles of sea-lanes, it is fitting that he should be wearing on the left breast of his uniform the pilot-insignia of a Naval Air officer. The officer who sits beside him wears the "wings" of the Army Air Corps.

There is frequently a subdued atmosphere of tension in the control room. The junior officers reading the latest dispatches may be called at any moment to answer terse questions or to carry out orders. Others move regularly from the records of ship movements to the chart in order to change positions of certain symbols. In the background a monitor tunes his radio momentarily too loud and the voice of a pilot in a plane over some distant air field is heard giving his crisp and nasal warning: "Stand by; coming in to land."

The room is silent again. The teletype bell sounds its own urgent appeal as a message from some key point begins to type itself mysteriously on the roller

of paper in the machine. The operator leans forward to read, thumbs quickly through a sheaf of dispatches, types out the reply. A telephone rings, a small light flashes beside one of the 'phones, and the Bomber Command officer picks up the receiver. One of his pilots, just landed from routine patrol, is confirming an attack on a surfaced submarine. He states he was able to drop a stick of bombs while the swirl of water around the submerging conning tower still gave a good target. Questions and answers over the 'phone. Right on the swirl? Ahead. How much ahead? About fifty feet. Did the pilot think he got the sub? (There is a tone of skepticism in the question. From experience the assistant controller knows too well that a bomber may think he has dropped a stick that straddled the submerging sub and threw up such a geyser of water that the sub should have been crushed to wreckage, but that even under such circumstances the sub may yet escape with minor injuries.) Pilot isn't making any claims. All right; half the battle is to drive 'em down and keep 'em on the defensive. The officer puts the receiver back into place, records the position and time of the attack, and asks for an enemy sub-symbol on the master chart.

III

A good-sized submarine is a hard nut to crack. Ingeniously contrived to withstand the tremendous pressure of deep water, a sub may lie in hiding on the bottom of the ocean, under six hundred feet of water, although such depth is dangerous. Three hundred feet of water between the conning tower and the searching enemy on the surface is generally considered ample, while sub movements are frequently carried out with only a few feet of water above the periscope or with periscope awash. Protection against the damage from depth-charge attacks is further given to the hull of the sub by placing fuel tanks in saddle positions along the periphery of

the hull in such fashion that they act as cushions to shock. Suppose a depth charge explodes so close against the submerged bow as to break open one of these fuel tanks and send telltale streams of Diesel oil and air to the surface? Such evidence might seem to indicate the inevitable destruction of the sub; but it proves nothing of the sort. With fuel from the other undamaged tanks, the sub can carry out a series of evasive tactics which may even capitalize on the tardy appearance of oil on the surface, if repeated depth charges indicate the continuance of surface and air attacks.

The nature of any sub's evading tactics may be as ingenious as the imagination of the commanding officer. He must train his crew in the skillful art of dodging opponents who are obliged to search more or less clumsily with instruments which give only approximately accurate direction and distance. Thus, even at close quarters, once the presence of a sub has been ascertained, the game of hide-and-seek tends to give the advantage to the underwater enemy. The layman has some vague idea of the electrical echo-ranging and sonic devices used aboard ships, blimps, and planes to permit the detection of submarines even when they are concealed beneath the water several hundred yards away. These devices are based on laws of physics which are thoroughly familiar to the scientific enemy, who has perfected his own similar instruments which may be employed by his submarines to locate surface ships. Careful study and considerable experience have taught skilled submarine commanders a variety of ways to use their own sonic apparatus to circumvent the searching tactics of surface ships and planes. For this reason the skill required in seeking, locating, and attacking an invisible submarine is attained only after practical training has been added to a detailed understanding of such constantly changing variables as time, distance, depth, and relative motion. The problem of fitting out large flotillas of new sub-chasers, equipped

with the latest devices and gadgets, is by no means so difficult as the problem of training crews to understand and master the use of them.

Consider merely the necessity for estimating the depth of submarines in motion and of plotting a course which permits the attacking ship to cross the path of the sub in such a way as to allow a proper lead angle before dropping depth charges. The duck hunter learns to fire well ahead of the flying bird, so that his shot will meet the duck somewhere out ahead of the spot at which it seems to be when the trigger is pulled. The football quarterback throws his forward pass far down the field after calculating the relation between the direction and speed of the ball, the direction and speed of the receiver. Suppose, however, that the problem is complicated in the present circumstances by the unpredictable behavior of the submarine. Even if the position, speed, and direction of the unseen sub are known, and the attack is carried out with great care, there is always the probability that the deep-moving sub will alter its course frequently, perhaps at the very moment when the depth charges are released, so that such split-second avoiding action may permit it to move sufficiently out of range to save itself from the lethal effect of the explosion. In this ruthless game of blindman's buff hunter and hunted must constantly outguess each other.

There are many other reasons why such an underwater foe is worthy of respect. The concentration of energy within the stout hull of a submarine is remarkable. Since March we have been reading newspaper accounts of subs which torpedoed large ships, then surfaced alongside the sinking victims, and proved to be longer than the ships they torpedoed. Although it may be difficult to imagine a sub which is longer than a standard football gridiron, it may be consoling to remember that the United States Navy has among its own more than one hundred submarines certain types which are nearly four hundred

feet long. It should not surprise us, then, to learn that the submarine-specializing Germans have been boasting of equally large ones which are said to mount six- and eight-inch guns, to carry at least fourteen torpedoes and large supplies of shells, to move at a surface speed of at least eighteen knots (faster than most merchant vessels), to have a cruising range of fifteen thousand miles, and to be self-sufficient at sea for five or six weeks. Such a formidable opponent could scarcely be called an even match for many of the small Coast Guard cutters which were drafted into service to serve as stop-gap patrol boats early in the campaign.

IV

If the tense atmosphere of the Eastern Sea Frontier control room continues throughout much of the day without any bursts of excitement, such good luck is best explained by the efficiency with which various fighting and patrol units have gone about their business along our coast. Perhaps the working of the room can best be understood if we imagine an episode which requires the controller to assert his own imagination and authority.

Let us begin by supposing that the Army air pilot who returned from his routine patrol reported that he had attacked one submarine (success improbable), but that he had actually seen two, both proceeding due west before they were forced into a "crash dive" by the appearance of the Army plane.

As soon as this message is received over the 'phone it is translated into two symbols on the chart. Immediately the pattern of the chart is charged with new possibilities. About twenty miles southeast of the sub-symbols on the chart are the symbols of a good-sized coastal convoy, protected by destroyers, blimps, and planes, moving slowly north. Perhaps the submarines have some undercover information as to the movement, speed, and direction of the convoy; perhaps they are moving out ahead of it, to be in favorable positions for attack

by the time darkness sets in. There are still about five hours of daylight and these two paths may cross before dark.

In spite of the variety of coverage the miles-long convoy is lightly protected. Far ahead of it—perhaps twelve miles northwest of the submarines—is the symbol of a lone destroyer on patrol. The air-plot officer has just placed two brightly colored Army plane symbols out over the water, and their direction indicates that they have been sent out to search for the submarines. Undoubtedly, the subs will part company for the sake of greater protection. Should the direction of the convoy be changed? If so, in which direction?

The controller consults the officers who have charge of convoy movements in the Eastern Sea Frontier. From this conversation comes the decision to alter the course and speed of the convoy. A dispatch is written in pencil, handed to the communications officer, translated into code, and sent by radio to the commodore of the convoy.

The Bomber Command officer studies his separate chart of available planes, picks up the 'phone, and gives orders to the commander of that Army air base which is nearest the convoy.

Next, how can the lone destroyer best be employed? The officer who is in charge of destroyers operating under the command of the Eastern Sea Frontier is called into the control room to discuss the situation. If the Army planes can locate the submarines their attack promises to be strengthened considerably when co-ordinated with the attack of the destroyer. Agreed. Another dispatch is written to the commanding officer of the destroyer. He is ordered to proceed on a course which may intercept that of the submarines, to watch for two Army bombers, to converse with the air pilots in plain language, if necessary, on a specified radio frequency. Another 'phone call, and an additional message is sent to the bombers from their air base.

Symbols on the chart begin to change

their positions during the next half hour, as plotters measure off estimated speeds and directions. Ahead of the convoy-symbols on the chart, a focal point of probable activity begins to suggest itself. Then the bustle in the control room subsides to low conversations, to routine sounds of occasional buzzers and short telephone conversations.

Over an hour passes before the radio operator in a nearby room begins to fuss delicately with both hands on the sets of dials before him. His duty is to monitor all conversations on the frequency which has been arranged for the destroyer and the bombers. One hand leaves the dials and presses the headphone; then he reaches for a pencil and begins to write rapidly on a dispatch blank. Without looking up, he tears off the sheet, holds it up with his left hand, and begins to write again. A messenger takes the up-ended sheet, scans it, and carries it to the controller. It is a signal from one of the Army planes, in sight of the destroyer and trying to establish contact with it. The next sheet from the monitor is a brief conversation between the Army plane and the radio operator aboard the destroyer. The bombers spotted a periscope beneath the surface about five miles southeast of the destroyer, but lost it before an attack could be made. One plane has remained to continue searching. The destroyer alters its course, and the corrected position appears on the chart.

The control room continues quiet as more snatches of conversation are relayed in from the monitor. The destroyer has picked up its own contact with the sub and is checking with one bomber. Will the planes sweep the area to see if anything is visible there, then stand by while the destroyer runs in for its first attack? The controller studies the distance between the convoy-symbols on the chart and the plane-symbols beside the destroyer. The distance is not unpleasantly close. But what has happened to the second submarine, spotted earlier in the afternoon?

More dispatches, more conversations between the bombers, between them and the destroyer. They seem pretty excited. Apparently the first attack of the destroyer was impressive, for the next interception from one plane reads, "Beautiful pattern, beautiful pattern!" No more for a time. The convoy would seem to be passing wide of this danger area. All told, two hours and a half have passed since the first plotting of the submarines. That should have permitted a safe time for diverting the convoy and for opening up the distance. But suppose the second submarine should have altered its course? Still no report on him. The narrow hands of the clock above the chart continue to move slowly. The sun must be getting down fairly low in the west. If the second sub were bold enough to take up a position on the landward side of the convoy this would be the perfect time for a late-afternoon attack. Lookouts might be hindered by the glittering reflection.

In the silence of the control room, the sharp jangle of two 'phones comes as an unpleasantly nervous sound. The small light flashes before the officer on the controller's left, and the controller leans slightly toward the officer, as though he would like to overhear the message. It is brief enough. A Naval Air Station has 'phoned to report a blimp message: one ship in the convoy has developed engine trouble and has been forced to drop astern. The controller puts a cigarette into one corner of his mouth without lighting it. He seems to be swearing inaudibly from the other corner. A straggler! Now, if the sub is anywhere around, the crippled ship may well be his pigeon. The controller's eyes return to the chart. Even the straggler may have passed beyond the range of either sub. But suppose the destroyer and the bombers have been deceived by the presence of a wreck; suppose their quarry is not a sub at all? That would mean that there might be two subs in widely separated positions by this time. It will be dark before long.

Then it happens. First a penciled note from the communications room. The first three letters are the straggler's call letters; the second are the familiar ones: "SOS." This time the controller's curse is audible. He picks up the 'phone and calls a tug captain in the port nearest to the damaged ship. Perhaps she isn't badly damaged. She is a fairly large cargo ship carrying ore, and there is no great danger of fire. See if she can be towed in; she is only eighteen miles offshore. Another 'phone rings. Report from the Navy air station: blimp reports it saw the torpedo-wake a full half-mile to the west of the ship; Navy plane also saw it, and warned the ship by diving down over the torpedo and tipping its wings violently. Ship tried to change course, but with one engine dead, it turned broadside to the path of the torpedo. End of message. The officers in the control room begin to talk. What were the escorts doing? Where the hell were all the planes?

A symbol takes its place ruefully on the chart: "Ship torpedoed here." The name of the ship, position, and time of attack are written with crayon in small letters on the cellophane covering. Voices intermingle and 'phones begin to ring. The quietness of the control room is gone.

More dispatches. Ship has been abandoned, is settling by the stern and sinking gradually. Two escorts have peeled off from the convoy and are dropping depth charges in the area where the sub seems to be. Convoy has continued on its way with a large part of its air and surface coverage. The controller talks to an assistant and a message is sent to call back the tug. Gradually the room quiets down.

Through the door of the communications room comes a new clatter of voices, a shrill whistle made with lips and teeth. An ensign opens the door, pulls his face into half-dignified shape, walks across the room and hands a new dispatch to the controller.

It reads, "What do with sub crew

twenty-five pulled from water and now aboard escort PC-000?" The controller's face loses its scowl. He turns to the Army officer on his left. But the Army officer is too much interested in the receiver of his 'phone and does not look at the dispatch. He has his own account. The air base is reporting that one of its planes, serving as convoy escort, stayed behind for the hunt, followed in after a PC had dropped depth charges, released its own stick of bombs, and "knocked the sub half out of water." Then the PC opened fire with its deck guns and knocked the sub back under while the crew was still scrambling desperately through the opened conning tower. Five

shells fired, four hits—and that was enough.

The control room begins to buzz with questions and answers, excitement and curiosity as to details. Dispatches, going and coming, 'phones ringing, further information added. The Admiral, who has been studying the most important dispatches, enters the room just in time to see a lieutenant proudly reaching up on the chart to put a new symbol in place near that of the sunken merchantman. Beside it, the lieutenant writes the position and time; then in bold caps he prints beneath:

"SUBMARINE WRECK HERE; NOT DANGEROUS TO NAVIGATION."





FREEDOM FROM WANT

A POSTWAR BUDGET FOR AMERICA

BY STUART CHASE

This article embodies some of the major conclusions of a report by Mr. Chase to the Twentieth Century Fund, shortly to be published as a book entitled Goals for America: A Budget of Our Needs and Resources.—The Editors

SOME day the bombers will be grounded, the bugles will sound, and the war will end. If the end comes within the next three or four years the physical picture of the American economy promises to look something like this:

A vast force of trained workers in the war industries to be demobilized and shifted to peacetime occupations. They may be expected to insist vigorously on re-employment.

An industrial plant greatly expanded, especially for the production of machinery and such materials as light metals, rubber, other synthetics, and plastics. Machine tools—the machines which make machines—in great profusion. A very great increase in electrical energy.

An agricultural plant specializing in crops of high nutritional value and capable of supplying far more than our own population.

A vast budget of postponed wants to be filled—houses, clothing, automobiles, tires, radios, washing machines, durable consumers' goods of all kinds. Incidentally, many consumers will have stored up purchasing power with which to buy them.

An insistent call from abroad for American food and supplies and industrial equipment.

An imperative demand for public works neglected during the war—conservation, hospitals, highways, schools, water systems, sewer systems, irrigation, transport facilities, and the like.

A promise of freedom from want to be redeemed.

We Americans will find ourselves with plenty of work to do. We shall have the trained man power, the plant, the energy, the raw materials, the machine tools to do it with. Failing a very long war which erodes away much of the plant, we should be physically equipped to carry American civilization forward, as well as to supply many victims of the war beyond our borders.

But shall we be mentally prepared? Will the war educate us to put first things first? Or shall we close our eyes to the physical realities as we did in the years after the panic of 1929?

When the crash came in 1929 not only did the prices of stocks come tumbling down, but the American people proceeded to go mad. I mean mad—in the sense of making an irrational attack on their own survival. My language may seem strong—but to an impartial observer from another planet the word madness would have seemed appropriate. Suppose this impartial observer had looked

down upon us in the summer of 1929. Imagine him to be able to see every detail of the physical scene—land, forests, farms, cities, factories, railroads, stores—but to be unable to see bank credit, mortgages, contracts, or the financial concepts which men carry round in their heads. In 1929 he beholds a reasonably active continent in which nearly everybody has something to do. Returning in 1932, he cannot believe his eyes. What on earth are those people doing down there? Are they determined to destroy themselves?

Millions of men have thrown down their tools and left their machines and conveyor belts in the factories; they drift about the streets doing nothing. The farmers' crops, harvested with such labor, lie rotting in the fields or on railroad sidings. People are being evicted from their homes by the thousands in both city and country. Men come stumbling out of mines, out of lumber camps, out of fisheries, railway shops, power houses, quarries, brickyards. Men and women leave their places in banks, offices, stores, doctors' anterooms, to go home and sit staring at nothing. Structural-steel workers climb down from half-completed skyscrapers, architects leave their drawing boards, engineers put away their blueprints, a great army of carpenters, masons, plumbers, and painters hang up their overalls and fold their skillful hands.

Factories close one wing, then another, then bank their fires altogether. Mines flood with water, ships are tied up at docks, freight cars and trucks go into storage. Long lines of men move slowly up to gloomy buildings with signs saying "Soup Kitchen" or "Employment Agency."

Is it any wonder that the observer thinks we have gone mad? He sees us tormenting ourselves *for no physical reason whatsoever*. No famines, crop failures, droughts, or storms have overwhelmed us. No armed invaders are upon us. There stand the farms, the factories, transport lines, power centers, as strong

as ever, ready to be used to produce as much as in 1929, or more. There stand the people, in dire want of the commodities and services they have stopped producing. It is as if a farmer with fields full of ripe crops came into the kitchen, slumped into a chair, and told the family there was no more to eat. Such a man would wind up in a state hospital. What are you going to do when it is not just one citizen, but a hundred million?

We were not quite so mad as we looked. Our economic system for decades before 1929 had been operated on certain traditions, concepts, and rules concerning markets, prices, debts, credit, and money. We only followed the rules. We did not mount to the stratosphere to observe the insane effect on the American community viewed as a total organism.

The depression of 1929 to 1940 was terrible in proportion to the stage of industrial development we had reached in 1929. The postwar depression, in a far more industrialized setting, will be correspondingly more terrible unless it is controlled. Will our minds be ready to see that it is controlled?

II

What will be the standards for community survival in the postwar world?

1. The first consideration will be *adequate military protection*. The extent of the military establishment will depend upon how the war comes out. If it ends in a balance of power settlement the military establishment will continue large; if it ends in a smashing victory for the United Nations it can be substantially reduced.

2. After defense the next consideration for community survival is the final and utter *abolition of chronic unemployment*. No nation which ignores this problem will have much of a chance in the postwar world. Whatever prewar rules interfere with its solution must be amended.

3. The third task is the establishment of *minimum standards of well-being for the*

entire population, so that citizens will feel reasonably secure, and, equally important, will be kept in physical and mental health. A nation of physical weaklings, of hopeless slum dwellers and tenant farmers, of white-collar workers in a perpetual agony of uncertainty about their jobs, their mortgages, their insurance, and the future of their children—such a nation obviously cannot meet the stern requirements of the postwar world.

4. A fourth task is to *hold natural resources at par* so far as is physically possible. A nation which runs through its soils, forests, grasslands, watersheds, minerals, like a prodigal son on a two weeks' debauch, can really go bankrupt.

Let us leave the subject of military planning to military experts, lay aside the discussion of our national resources for the time being, and concentrate on the second and especially the third steps in our program of national survival: the abolition of chronic unemployment and the establishment of minimum standards of well-being for the whole American population.

Suppose we first set up a sort of budget—a National Minimum Budget—and see what it would take to equip everybody with the minimum essentials, and what we have to do it with. The estimates of requirements and supply which follow are all in the physical frame of reference. You will not find many dollar signs in the whole discussion. I propose that we strip the community to its fundamentals and ask: What does it need in goods, and what has it got to make them with? That is precisely the

question which Mr. Donald Nelson is now asking as he tackles the organization of our war production, except that in his budget he substitutes guns for goods. He does not stop to worry about where the money is coming from, and neither shall we in this study. We shall be better prepared to consider that question after we have settled the question of what is physically possible.

The five great categories of peacetime production are food, shelter, clothing, health services, and education. Let us think of the population of the United States as if it were one huge family, and consider, under each of these five categories, what this family *needs*, how much was being *supplied* (before war controls set in), and what is the extent of the gap between needs and supply. What will it take to close the gap?

Food.—Surgeon General Parran of the Public Health Service says that for the first time in history a “gold standard of nutrition” has been worked out. It is based on the so-called protective foods, which have been so much publicized of late that most readers of this magazine are undoubtedly familiar with them, and full of health as a result of eating them. What is less familiar is the idea of studying the diet and health of the nation as one great family. But if we set up as our standard the moderate-cost diet of the Bureau of Home Economics we can calculate how much the Great Family needs of various foods in a year's time, and compare that with the Family's actual consumption. Here are the figures in this table:

	Unit	Per Capita Requirements	Actual Consumption (1936-40 Av.)	Short	Over
Milk and milk products	Quarts	300	167	133	—
Leafy green and yellow vegetables	Pounds	166	73	93	—
Potatoes—including sweet	Pounds	155	149	6	—
Tomatoes and citrus fruits	Pounds	100	97	3	—
Meat, poultry, fish	Pounds	134	131	3	—
Eggs	Dozen	25	24	1	—
Beans, peas, nuts	Pounds	12	12	0	0
Other vegetables and fruits	Pounds	195	221	—	26
Sugars	Pounds	57	75	—	18
Fats	Pounds	57	67	—	10
Cereals and bread	Pounds	186	196	—	10

This table can be taken only as a rough indication, but with all due allowances, it tells a most important story about American food. The table clearly shows that for a balanced diet we, as a nation, ought to eat far more in the way of milk products and leafy vegetables. Second, as a nation, we now eat more sugars, fats, and cereal products than we really need. (The present rationing of sugar may not be a great hardship after all.) We could also do with a little more potatoes, meat, and eggs.

What we consume as a nation, however, is only a statistical average, and says little about what Smith eats or Jones eats. Perhaps Jones is a sharecropper in Alabama and eats mostly hog and hominy. Perhaps Mrs. Smith is a one-hundred-and-eighty-pound suburban, bridge-playing matron, and eats right down the list to the tune of three times the national average. That is all it shows.

We must go to other sources to find the extent of undernourishment in the country. For instance, we go to reports of the Selective Service authorities and at once find something which hits us with a resounding thud: during the first year of Selective Service, about 50 per cent of young Americans were deferred by draft physicians because of poor health, and medical authorities agree that a great many of the rejections were due to poor food.

Or we go to a nationwide survey made in 1936 by the Bureau of Home Economics, which found that only 27 per cent of American families had diets which could be rated as good; 38 per cent were classed as fair, and 35 per cent were definitely bad. Thirty-five per cent of 130 million works out to 45 million men, women, and children inadequately nourished.

These deficiencies result partly from inability to afford enough food, and partly from ignorance of the connection between diet and health. If our farmers began to produce the correct kinds and amounts of food to-morrow morning they would be left with surpluses on

their hands, because many Americans do not yet know what the correct kinds and amounts are. Many of them have been learning fast in recent years, but a big task of education is still in order. Assuming, however, that people will become acquainted with dietetic standards in the next few years and will be ready to eat on that basis, what are the physical costs of making good the present shortages? What changes are needed in our food production? Here are the figures, as worked out by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics:

Between 1936 and 1940 we devoted an average of 327 million acres to food production for domestic use. In 1950, to produce a balanced diet for 140 million people, we should need only a little more—336 million acres, *assuming no increase in yields per acre*.^{*} Thus total crop land expands by only two and one-half per cent. But inside the grand total important shifts must take place.

Wheat and other cereal crops should be reduced by 13 million acres. Hay and feed grains should gain 21 million acres. (The hay is for the cows which produce the milk.) Truck crops (for the leafy vegetables) should gain 2.8 million acres. The hog, sheep, and chicken population should increase somewhat. Milk cows should increase from 24 million to 32 million in 1950. Also a brisk upward movement in laying hens is indicated—from 369 million to 388 million.

The conclusions are obvious. We have been growing almost enough food to meet the standard. However, the crop pattern must be shifted somewhat from wheat and cereals to more dairy products and vegetables. *We have the plant, but it needs retooling in some departments.*

We do not need any more man power to meet the standard, now or in the future. Indeed it would be better in the long run if there were fewer marginal farmers trying to scratch a living from rocky, leached, or eroded fields. Remember

^{*} The figure of 336 million acres in 1950 assumes a Spartan balanced diet for all. If the upper-income groups continued to eat as well as they have in recent years, this figure would be raised considerably.

that our population is now growing relatively slowly, while scientific farming is growing very rapidly.

Meanwhile we must not forget that for a considerable period after the war American farmers will have to feed the human family as well as the national family—or large sections of it in Europe, and perhaps in Asia and Africa as well. This will tend to give employment to farmers during the transition period, and ease the shock of demobilization.

Shelter.—In April, 1940, the United States Census took an inventory of all the houses in the country. There were on that date 37,327,000 dwelling units in the nation. (This includes single houses, double houses counted as two, apartment houses counted for as many units as they contain.)

Almost half of all American houses (49.2 per cent) were in need of major repairs or had no bath, or both. There were 6,414,000 houses needing major repairs. Out of more than 7,000,000 farm units reported, 6,500,000 had no bath, 6,000,000 had no running water, only 31 per cent had electric current. Under the best of conditions many farm families will continue to use outside privies, employ pumps instead of running water, and in lonely areas forego electric current. But any way you look at them, the Census figures indicate a dreadful shortage of adequate shelter on the farms and in the cities.

The Census gives a dramatic picture of the vast task before the country in the department of shelter. Decent houses cannot be provided for all members of the Great Family in a single year; what is needed is a program stretching over a decade or more.

Various estimates have been made of the total number of new units needed in the years before us to bring housing up to par. Miss Catherine Bauer, a noted expert in the field, estimated that between 1937 and 1950, 16 million units ought to be built to care for the increase in families, and to replace the worst of the substandard structures. Mrs. Edith

Elmer Wood, another recognized authority, estimated in 1938 that some 13 million units, not including farmhouses, should be built by 1950. This checks roughly with Miss Bauer's calculations. Both indicate a building program of more than 1,000,000 units a year. The best year we ever had, 1925, accounted for 900,000 new houses. In 1933 the number was down to 93,000. By 1940 it had climbed to 600,000.

Let us say, then, that our Budget calls for building somewhere between a million and two million dwelling units, over the whole country, every year, for at least ten years after the war ends. *That will make a bigger demand upon man power than any other single project in the Budget.* According to Mr. C. F. Palmer, Federal Housing Co-ordinator, it will keep at least 1,600,000 construction workers busy; a high government source estimates 2,000,000 workers. It may mean two to three times the labor force which was building houses in 1940, when 600,000 units were constructed.

If, as is likely, prefabricated and demountable houses fill an increasingly large place in the postwar housing program, the man-hour cost per unit of putting up the house will come down. And although the factory cost of prefabricated units will be greater than the factory cost of the lumber, nails, paint, and other materials used at present, the total man power required to meet the Budget will be less than under prewar conditions.*

Clothing.—In 1939, estimates made by a Federal government agency showed that if everyone in the country could buy as much clothing as a family living on an income of \$1,800 a year now buys, production would have to be raised about 10 per cent. Families on \$1,800 a year do not have many mink coats or white ties. That level, however, represents a minimum standard of health and decency at 1939 prices. The agency estimated that a 10 per cent increase would give jobs to about 250,000 people.

* See Douglas Haskell's article in *Harper's*, June, 1942.

The most complete analysis of the clothing budget ever made to my knowledge is that of the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity. Taking the year 1929 as the base, the Survey listed the quantities of suits, coats, shoes, hats, underwear, and other major items actually produced. It then estimated how many of these articles could have been produced if all textile mills and garment shops had been operating at capacity. Finally it proceeded to dress the Great Family in what it considered adequate garments, and see what those totals amounted to. Take shoes, for instance:

We actually produced in 1929 361 million pairs
 We could have produced 550 million pairs
 But we needed only 395 million pairs

When *all* the major items were priced in 1929 dollars, the following extraordinary picture came to light:

Total value of major items of clothing produced	\$ 7,800,000,000
Total value of capacity pro- duction	\$16,777,000,000
Total value of adequate pro- duction for the Budget . . .	\$12,196,000,000

So we had the cotton, wool, hides, findings, tanneries, textile mills, shoe and hat factories, garment factories, to produce *more than twice as much clothing* as was actually turned out!

The National Survey proves beyond all doubt that the American clothing industry, from cotton fields to Seventh Avenue, New York, has been capable for more than thirteen years of turning out more than we can conveniently wear, though it would need to employ more people—perhaps a quarter of a million—to meet our minimum Budget.

Health Services.—The National Institute of Health reported that in 1935–1936 persons on relief averaged 17.4 days of illness a year; persons not on relief but with family incomes of under \$1,000 averaged 10.9 days of illness; persons in the \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year income group averaged 7.0 days; persons with incomes of over \$5,000, 6.5 days of illness. Here is a stunning statistical parallel between

poverty and sickness. Adequate medical care for the lower-income groups would not of course completely close the gap. Some of the individuals are poor because they are sick, not the other way round. But even with these, there is a vicious circle in which citizens grow sicker and poorer. Illness results not only from lack of doctors and hospitals, but from lack of good food, good shelter, warm clothing, adequate education. In the last analysis the Big Five are all tied together.

It is said that in large cities, at least, only the very rich and the very poor have their health properly attended to. The rich can pay their doctors, while the poor are not too proud to go to free clinics. The great middle classes take it on the chin. Outside of the larger cities the opportunities for free services are generally severely limited.

There is no gold standard for medical care, any more than there is for clothing. It is possible, however, to estimate the number of doctors, dentists, nurses, hospital beds needed to give a stated number of Americans adequate medical attention. The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care has provided data for such estimates. The Committee found that, in 1929, 179 dentists were needed to take care of the teeth of a community of 100,000, but only 56 were available, on the average. (No wonder so many draftees were rejected because of bad teeth!) In the same year, 142 doctors were needed for 100,000, and 126 were in attendance. In many areas the shortage was far greater than the national average. The Committee found that 460,000 more hospital beds should have been available for the Great Family as a whole, together with many more nurses and lay hospital personnel to take care of the patients.

We should not be far wrong, I think, if we assumed—on the basis of this and other more recent studies—that with all due allowance for internal adjustments, the Budget required—under normal peacetime conditions—an increase of one-

third in total professional personnel. Dentists would be over this figure, doctors under it. Hospitals would need to be heavily expanded, and large increases would be needed in public health facilities. Full-time local health officers are urgently required in rural districts, and more effective work for controlling communicable diseases, like malaria, syphilis, gonorrhea, tuberculosis, pneumonia; also more work for controlling cancer. These increases, it goes without saying, should not be bunched in upper-bracket communities as health facilities now tend to be. They should be spread over the nation, especially in farm areas, so that service is readily accessible to every member of the Great Family.

It does not follow that the government needs to run the mechanics of meeting the Budget. Group medicine has already made important headway. I belong, for instance, to a group hospital plan, whereby I pay some twenty dollars a year and any member of my family can go to the hospital free for two weeks, and have reduced rates for longer treatment. The same practice can be applied to doctors' services. Health insurance, health co-operatives, can be organized by citizens themselves, and many programs are being so organized. The more we can do the job ourselves the less the need for the government to do it. The government, however, should make sure that in some form or other *every citizen has access to the service.*

Education.—No vested interests remain to oppose a national minimum Budget for education. They were liquidated a hundred years and more ago. Free universal public education is the accepted rule, not only in America but throughout western civilization. But there remains a serious shortage to be overcome before all American children receive their due quota. The 1940 Census paints the whole dramatic picture of our educational shortcomings. It asked everybody in the country 25 years of age and over how much schooling he had had. Here are their answers:

	Number of Persons	Per cent
No schooling at all	2,890,000	3.7
1 to 4 years of grade school only	7,301,000	9.8
5 to 8 years of grade school	14,413,000	46.0
1 to 3 years of high school	11,182,000	13.0
4 years of high school	10,552,000	14.1
1 to 3 years of college	4,075,000	5.4
4 years of college or more	3,407,000	4.6
Unknown	1,042,000	1.4
Total persons more than 25 years old	74,776,000	100.0

Of all Americans 25 years of age or over, almost 60 per cent have never gone beyond grade school; more than 13 per cent have never gone beyond the fourth grade, and almost 4 per cent have never gone to school at all. How many good potential doctors, scientists, businessmen, poets, administrators, mathematicians, fighting pilots, artists, lie buried in those figures?

The youngsters under 25 are going to show a better record than those over that age. For one thing, the latter class includes a great many immigrants who came over before the last war, while the former includes very few. We have had practically no immigration in the past eighteen years. A test check of the Census in 1940 shows 95 per cent of all children between 7 and 15 years of age at school, and 56 per cent at ages 15 to 19. We are doing better, but to meet the high-school-for-all standard a great deal more needs to be done.

Education is accepted as the universal right of every American child. The tasks outlined for us here are to expand educational opportunities in the lower- and upper-age groups, to abolish child labor and get the youngsters back into school, to level up opportunities between city and country, between one State and another, to eliminate illiteracy, to build more modern schoolhouses, to train a great new army of teachers. This army may vary from 400,000 to twice that number, or more, depending on the standards set. Like the other items in the Budget, this one is elastic.

III

So much for what we need to meet the Budget. Now what about the supply? In 1940 we had in the United States 8 to 9 million persons unemployed or on government work relief projects. We had millions more who were working only on part time. We had a reserve of man power on the farms, and in the persons of several million women who did not have much to do at home. This reserve is now being heavily drawn upon for the war effort. In some classes of skills it is entirely exhausted.

Suppose the Budget had been introduced in 1940. Our earlier estimates indicate that to meet its requirements:

No additional man power would be needed for food. The crop pattern would have to be shifted somewhat.

To provide adequate shelter, perhaps 2,000,000 workers would be needed for a decade or more, building 1,500,000 units a year. The increase in the labor force would be something over 1,000,000.

To provide adequate clothing, 250,000 more workers would be needed on a "bare essentials" basis, perhaps 1,000,000 on a "comfort" basis.

To keep the whole nation healthy would provide jobs for some 300,000 more dentists, doctors, nurses, and perhaps as many more for lay personnel in hospitals and clinics, and for building the new hospitals. Say 600,000 at the outside.

To provide education for all children through high school, and to enlarge the scope of adult education, might call for over 400,000 more teachers and other workers in education.

Thus somewhere between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 workers, added to the force of 1940, would have come close to balancing the Budget. *And we had more than 8,000,000 workers to draw from!* Obviously this is only the roughest of comparisons, for the unemployed of 1940 did not include enough trained teachers, dentists, nurses, to meet Budget demands. They did include however enough construction workers and clothing workers.

What will be the situation in man power when the war ends? We cannot of course calculate it with any precision.

The changes week by week are too colossal and too rapid. But we can make some rough estimates, based on certain broad assumptions. Let us assume that the armed services and the war industries at the war's end are employing 30,000,000 citizens (while 30,000,000 more are working on the production of consumers' goods—including food and clothing for the armed services). The standard of living will be more equitably shared than it was in 1940, owing to price fixing and rationing, but the total output of consumers' goods, especially durable goods and luxuries, will be substantially less than in 1940.

Let us assume that 5,000,000 persons remain in the armed services and war industries when peace comes; and that another 5,000,000 devote themselves to supplying food and equipment to other nations exhausted by war; and that a third 5,000,000 are completely demobilized and withdrawn from the job front altogether. (In 1919 some 3,000,000 were so withdrawn.) We still have at least 15,000,000 workers available for bringing standards back to the 1940 level, including the production of luxuries, and for guaranteeing the Budget.

This is obviously far more than sufficient workers. The real problem will not be to find the man power to meet the Big Five, but to find useful work for all the man power no longer engaged in the war effort. This man power, furthermore, will be trained as no other generation of Americans has ever been trained for productive work.

The great demand for goods deferred during the war, especially durable goods, might or might not keep everybody busy for a short time while the shortages were being replaced and the plant reconverted to peacetime production. What then? Then, with the magnificent new plant, the new energy sources, the new techniques to aid them, the working force would undoubtedly be faced with the prospect of wholesale unemployment—if, indeed, they did not face it from the moment the war ended.

The establishment of the Budget, as already noted, would take care of three to four million workers. But the threat of unemployment may be much larger than that. And here we come to a decision of critical importance. We can put the unemployed on the dole or at raking leaves, which would mean that we had won the war and lost the peace. Or we can challenge our citizens with the greatest, most splendid, most uplifting series of public works which any civilization ever dreamed of. Whole cities to be rebuilt and decentralized; mighty watersheds to be tamed, like that of the Tennessee; the forests of America to be put on a perpetual yield basis, the grasslands to be restored; the entire transport system to be integrated; civic centers, libraries, museums, research laboratories, universities, public buildings to reflect an aspiring culture in a new architecture, and reflect it too in sculpture, painting, music, the theater.

Room can be found in such projects for all the man power we have available. When technology again gives us a surplus of man power some day—as it surely will—then hours of daily labor can come down, vacation periods grow longer.

A British writer, E. H. Carr, tells us how bold our concept of work ought to be:

The new faith will approach the unemployment problem not by way of prevention but by way of the *creation* of needs vast enough to . . . command the necessary measure of sacrifice to supply them. All frontal attacks on unemployment have failed, and are bound to fail, because the essence of that problem is not to create work for its own sake—a process economically easy but morally impracticable—but to create work destined to fulfill a purpose felt by the community to be worthy of self-sacrifice.

When Mr. Carr says that all frontal attacks on unemployment have failed he means that the disease lies deeper than just being without work. He means that the disease cannot be cured by poking around in the scrap barrel and finding odds and ends of jobs for people. A good deal of the WPA effort was along the scrap-barrel line, and people leaned

on their shovels and felt thwarted and foolish. Mr. Carr means that the disease can be cured only by giving citizens *a sense of belonging to the community again*, of doing something vitally important. They do not want to be charity cases; they want to be active members of the group.

All these conditions are now met in the war—a national purpose of the utmost challenge to be served through work and sacrifice by every citizen. After we have fulfilled the purpose of saving our civilization from its enemies then we can move forward to fulfill the purpose of making it enduring.

The specific methods of putting the Budget into effect lie outside the scope of this study. Many of them are now being worked out in the trial and effort of war controls. Many of them were in effect, or had been suggested, before the war began. But this much can be said. It will be wise to use existing customs and existing agencies wherever possible, and not to turn the economy upside down.

We have an enormous private business machine already functioning. We should use it. Employ the profit motive as widely as possible. Encourage businessmen to do all they can and to take responsibility wherever they can. The critical point is to have in the Federal government a conning-tower control charged with the duty of plugging any gaps in the front of full employment.

It is a curious track that Western civilization has been on during the past two centuries or so, the period of capital accumulation. It will deeply puzzle future historians. Everyone in his senses knows that the major purpose of an economic system should be to produce things the community needs. But only in wartime has this purpose been deliberately served. At all other times from, say, 1750 to 1940, the major purpose of the system has been to provide money income for producers, and especially to reward those who saved and invested their money in new plant. It was assumed by orthodox students that this was

the only right and moral way to produce the things the community needed. By concentrating on something other than the main purpose, the main purpose would be served.

It was served well when periods of prosperity rolled round. In periods of depression it was seriously neglected. Finally in the great depression the dubious principle of hitting something by not aiming at it was so discredited that governments everywhere were forced to move in to keep their citizens from mass hunger and despair.

Hereafter, unless I have completely misjudged the trend of the times and the temper of the people, economic systems are going to be run deliberately and directly for those ends which everybody knows they should be run for. We shall use the front door, not the back. The primary task of statesmanship will be to keep all members loyal to the community and supplied with the essentials of life. The welfare of the community will be paramount. What special pressure groups would like to have will be secondary. The statesmen must think of all essential industry as affected with a public interest.

From the physical point of view, the first charge on the total output of goods and services should be basic necessities for all citizens.

The second charge should be such mass comforts as lend themselves to quantity production. Prewar industry, for instance, could readily supply every family with a car, a radio, and plenty of trips to the movies. In this country it very nearly succeeded.

The third charge might well be the construction and maintenance of those enduring works which all the people need and which may symbolize a great culture. The citizen of Athens saw the Acropolis and his spirit was lifted up. He was proud to be a member of a community which could produce such a just and lovely thing. No civilization can be reared without temples, pyramids, cathedrals, great public architec-

ture, to dramatize its greatness to its people.

The fourth and last charge on total output may be luxuries for the more fortunate groups—goods and services beyond the line of quantity production—jewels, country estates, custom-built motor cars, and the like. No civilization, not even Soviet Russia, has failed to provide a modicum of such luxuries for those at the top, whether they be kings, priests, tycoons, or commissars. It would be unrealistic not to allow for them in postwar America.

Such are the classes of goods that all people want, that some people want, and that a great civilization demands. They are the classes of goods the statesmen should plan to have produced, and in the order given. They represent the normal procedure for a genuine economy of abundance. We may or may not attain such a structural arrangement after the war, but sooner or later, some power-age community, if not America, will attain it. It is on the cards; it is what the people of the Western world are after. They know that modern technology can provide the output. They know that their economic misery in recent years has been a needless waste. They will not rest, or give their leaders rest, until the possible is made the actual.

Observe that competition for place in the social order is not banished from an economy devoted to these ends. It is simply moved above the ground floor. The penalty of bad luck, of an inadequate education, of an Act of God, of an IQ below 100, is no longer a bread line, a flophouse, or a leap from Brooklyn Bridge. A base is cemented below which no American need ever go. Competition begins at that base. Citizens can still battle for positions in the upper storeys, namely, preferred calls on the output of luxuries. But when the losers come tumbling downstairs they no longer fall into the cellar. They pick themselves up, wipe off the blood, and start again on the ground floor.

Observe further that in drawing this

physical picture there has been little talk of free enterprise or government enterprise. There has only been talk of community needs and community output. In this frame of reference no one gives a tinker's damn whether shelter is built by the U. S. Housing Authority or by John Strong, Inc.—so long as it is soundly built. We are getting plenty of exercise in this point of view right now. No one gives a tinker's damn whether the New London Navy Yard or the Electric Boat Company builds submarines so long as they are well and quickly built.

One of the best things the war could do for us would be to break down permanently the habit of judging public or private enterprise as either all white or all black, depending on one's point of view. We are, I think, heading deeper into a mixed economy, where government takes the responsibility of over-all planning for full employment, but where big business, little business, co-operative associations, and that vast zone of non-profit enterprise—churches, clubs, foundations, universities, and the like—all share the field. In such an economy citizens should keep their attention fixed on *ends to be served*, and use whatever

means seem best to achieve them, provided the executives devote their talents to production and not to restriction.

Economic theologians of the right and left, who say we must have complete free enterprise or go completely totalitarian, or who say we must have complete socialism or be overwhelmed by the plutocrats, will have nowhere to lay their heads in a mixed economy. It is *not* the authoritarian state and it is *not* the automatic free enterprise system. It is rather the application of plain common sense, using all available agencies to do what needs to be done. The hope of getting a hearing for a little common sense has hitherto been remote, but the war is beginning to clear the air of a lot of ideological nonsense.

A new kind of pioneering lies before us. The power age with its specialization has made us dependent one upon the other as the old pioneers never were. Depression and war have forced us to realize that we must sink or swim together as one community. We have turned a solid face toward our enemies abroad. By this very act we have turned a friendly face toward our neighbors at home—our people, Americans.





MR. JUSTICE HOLMES

NOTES TOWARD A BIOGRAPHY

BY FRANCIS BIDDLE

IT is too early to determine what Mr. Justice Holmes will mean to future generations of Americans. To some of us who knew him there occurs at times a sense that, like most great men, particularly men who have lived to be very old, he should be rescued from the adulation that has blurred the sharpness of his reality. A reaction might have been expected, but, curiously enough, it has found expression only in an article or two in some occasional law review, suggesting that, when all was said and done, Holmes was no more than the flower of a polite culture that missed the cruder complexities of the age of the machine. But his figure, in its vigor and maturity, is not realized, certainly not by the younger generation. Some day the authentic biography will be forthcoming; but before that a briefer word may discover something of the essence of the man.

It would be easy but inadequate to recall him chiefly as a great wit, with an incomparable touch. Things he said had the rare quality of tempered irony. His words were feathered arrows, that carried to the heart of the target, from a mind that searched and saw. Words and thought were so closely knit that the thought could not have been said differently, the words rearranged. They were warm with his own feeling, incisive with the precision of his mind, or tender, so that they became his words, and others had not used them before. He was a

great stylist. Or perhaps, as the word somehow conveys to our minds the suggestion of polish and surface without the depths below, I should suggest rather the inevitableness of his language. "His conversation and bearing," wrote his friend, Morris Cohen, "were like a rare music that lingers in one's memory."

Then there are so many good stories. . . .

In a sense he is already an epic memory, the nucleus of a legend. It seldom happens that lawyers whose time converged on his, or even the younger men, coming to thought after his death, can sit together long without the talk moving into what he said and how he said it. The extraordinary thing is that the stories have kept their shape, though most have not been put down, and still ring with his quality. The feel of the man has not been lost, the sense of his having lived and talked and written in the grand manner.

Perhaps that very quality, conspicuous as it was in him, has obscured to those who did not know him a deeper understanding of his greatness. The whole picture is too balanced, too rich, too amazingly complete to take in at a glance. Besides, the younger minds are cynical, and youth in shaping its visions is not constrained with the necessity of history, let alone its doubtful importance.

I am not certain whether great judges are inevitably great men. But I have no

doubt that Holmes' pre-eminence in the law—Lord Haldane thought that he was second not even to Marshall—was the reflection of his stature as a human being. His maturity in legal thinking was the expression of a maturity in character that occurred early in his growth, and was largely completed when he was mustered out of the Union Army in 1864. Arthur D. Hill has said of him:

Perhaps, however, Justice Holmes's greatest contribution both to his profession and his state and country has been his personality. His name will survive because he has been a great human figure more than by reason of the legal questions in the decision of which he has had a part. The controversies which excite the passions of one generation are often forgotten in the next. The men who dealt with them at once nobly and faithfully remain to inspire succeeding generations. . . . Justice Holmes's greatest service as a lawyer was that he showed to all men that the law need not be a dreary competition of sordid interests and that "a man may live greatly in the law as well as elsewhere."

It was an amazing life, hardly annotated for the historian without creative imagination, so placid on the surface, so rich in background of tradition and scope of friends both American and English. If ever a man was to the manner born it was Holmes. But neither this nor that he was a child of fortune touched his ultimate simplicity. He was an extraordinarily gallant soldier; before he was forty he was the author of a book that became famous all over the world, that the *London Spectator* generously (for the *London Spectator*) hailed as "the most original work of legal speculation which has appeared in English since the publication of Sir Henry Maine's *Ancient Law*"; he became associate justice of the supreme court of his own State the next year and chief justice seven years later; then came the Supreme Court of the United States for the last years; and, as he grew older, as he grew to be a very old man, the nationwide adoration, although he almost never made speeches or wrote articles or followed causes. They claimed him as theirs, those liberal and progressive forces in American life, about whose opinions he cher-

ished a tolerant skepticism even if a good deal of curiosity. "Probably I am too skeptical," he writes, "as to our ability to do more than shift disagreeable burdens from the shoulders of the stronger to those of the weaker. . . . I believe that the wholesale social regeneration which so many now seem to expect, if it can be helped by conscious, co-ordinated human effort, cannot be affected appreciably by tinkering with the institution of property, but only by taking in hand life and trying to build a race. . . . The notion that with socialized property we should have women free and a piano for everybody seems to me an empty humbug. . . ." And he then adds, with a characteristic ear toward youth: "But it is a pleasure to see more faith and enthusiasm in the young men; and I thought that one of them made a good answer to some of my skeptical talk when he said, 'You would base legislation upon regrets rather than upon hopes.'"

The events for a biographer are but modestly recorded. There are no letters as a boy, none out of the war. There is the history of the Massachusetts Twentieth, not very lively reading, with only a casual reference or two to Holmes, and the bare bones of their battles, and their quarters and the casualties, out of which to create the three years that were forming his will and much of his philosophy. "The 20th never wrote about itself to the newspapers, but for its killed and wounded in battle it stood in the first half-dozen of all the regiments of the north."

After the war his life runs serenely and with little external eventfulness for seventy years, twenty as a student and scholar, fifty as a judge. His personal life was happy and undramatic. His public service was solely on the bench, where the clashes were necessarily intellectual. Our material lies in his writings—the single book, the few articles, the opinions, a steady stream of letters which gradually are coming to the surface, the handful of wonderful speeches. The account must be the story of an extraordinary human being, with little of

the external happenings which cluster around most public men.

Even his splendid health is uneventful. It is related to his sound New England self-discipline, behind the shrewd vigor of his mind. He cared passionately for a strong body, not to keep fit for work or for any end—there was but one end, life itself; and life was the getting of all there was out of it, physically, mentally, and in that deeper loneliness of the spirit. "On the whole," he writes Lady Pollock in 1902, "I am on the side of the unregenerate who affirm the worth of life as an end in itself as against the saints who deny it."

Almost the first thing he said to me when in the autumn of 1911 I went to Washington to be his secretary for the next judicial year of the Supreme Court (and he said it to the rest of us) was: "My son, my philosophy is divided into two parts, each equally important: the first—keep your bowels open; and the second—well, the second is somewhat more complex and a part of your duties is to hear it during the next nine months." Part of the duties . . .

I was in Washington the year he died, and during the days immediately before I used to stop at 1720 I Street to hear how he was. He was very old, life was far behind him, death waited like a friendly stranger. I rang the bell. How was the Judge to-night? Mary was near tears, but felt they were not fitting.

She shook her head.

"No better?"

"He's a little weaker to-night, sir."

I wanted details, knowing there were none, there could be none.

"I suppose . . . I suppose they let him eat hardly anything."

Her eyes flashed with indignation. "Indeed, and he has his porridge every morning for breakfast."

No, the biographer's problem is not easy. Holmes was extraordinarily human, yet without the weaknesses which make it easier to create the sense of humanity. For his humanity grew from

his very strength—the straight body, the strong shoulders, the erect posture, clean skin, long intelligent fingers, his wonderful searching eyes. It was not a strength that seized or dominated or directed—it was a balanced power that used the contradictions of his nature and fused them to a single end. He was skeptical of course, yet burned with a passionate faith in life itself. His instincts sought the meaning of life, searched for unity, and for a chance for interstellar generalities. Yet he discarded all explanations as being nothing more than what he called divine gossip. Himself a man of thought, and doubting that he could play a great role as a man of action, he paid tribute to the master builders—Morgan, Hill, Harriman—yet despised the materialism for which he knew they were largely responsible, and loved the romantic in his world because it was gallant rather than successful.

When John D. Rockefeller went to heaven, Holmes told his secretary, he was apprehensive. After all, though he'd been successful and hard working, there were those who had called him a malefactor. . . . They let him in the gates. But he had to wait a long time, while others went by, until Saint Peter called him from where the Saint sat behind his desk. "Come here, little man," said the Saint. "I am John D. Rockefeller." "I know," said the Saint, "but you cannot have a front seat. All your life you have been so busy grubbing and adding and toiling and saving that you never knew what you were doing. You were never conscious of where you were going. You are entitled only to a back seat. By my Master's instructions," said Saint Peter, "the front seats are reserved for those who were conscious of what they were doing. . . ."

Is it any wonder that a legend should gather round such an extraordinary creature, who happened also to be a great judge? The legend has deep roots; for, when he died, and now to-day, when we are in another war, it is more powerful than ever.

The Secretaries and the Black Book

His secretaries have perhaps done much to keep the Holmes tradition fresh and not inexact. He grew fond of most of us, I think, and shared his intimacy of mind and heart with us on the long rambles that he used to take after the Court work was over for a brief spell—he was a quick worker—philosophic interstices, as he thought of them, between the grind and grind of work which he hated to think about and loved to conquer. Then he would immerse himself again with furious concentration. . . .

The names of the secretaries and their addresses appear on the last page of the "black book." The black book begins with notes on the early reading in 1871—Tissot's *Droit Pénal étudié dans ses principes*; Ortolan, Michelet, Scheurl, Thorpe's *Ancient Laws and Institutes of England*, James Mill's *Jurisprudence*. In 1881 Holmes begins to list the books read each year, sometimes the dates. These cover nearly fifty years; and then at the end the list of secretaries. There were thirty, and I was number seven, between Irving S. Olds, now chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, and Stanley Clarke, trustee of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. Among them were George L. Harrison, president of the New York Life Insurance Company; Harvey Hollister Bundy, special assistant to the present Secretary of War; and, much later, W. Barton Leach, now teaching at the Harvard Law School; Charles Denby, of Pittsburgh; Thomas Corcoran; Donald Hiss, now with the State Department; Mark De Wolfe Howe, dean of the Buffalo Law School; and, last, James Henry Rowe, Jr., the present Assistant to the Attorney General of the United States.

Horace Gray, who had preceded Holmes on the Supreme Court, had been in the habit of selecting a Harvard Law School graduate to be his law secretary. One of the first, in 1888, had been Samuel Williston, whom later, as a humorous and wise teacher in the Socratic method,

so many generations of Harvard Law School men learned to love. John Chipman Gray, a half brother of Justice Gray and a very old friend of Holmes—he also had fought through the Civil War, and it was said that he brought to Lincoln the dispatches announcing the fall of Fort Sumter—was teaching real property at Harvard when Holmes was appointed; and, until 1915, when Gray died, he selected Holmes' secretaries for him from the third-year law-school men. After that Holmes' friend, Professor Felix Frankfurter, chose them. Gray was just the right man to make the selections, for, though a great scholar, he had no pedantry, but possessed, as Holmes said of him when he died, "the light touch and humor of a man of the world." Gray knew the kind of boys Holmes wanted—they must be able to deal with the *certiorari*, balance his checkbook, and listen to his tall talk. And they would have more chance of understanding it, thought Gray, if they also were honor men. . . .

On the flyleaf of the black book there are a few entries: the dates of his father's and mother's birth, marriage and death; then—"Oliver Wendell Holmes, b. March 8, 1841, Fanny Bowditch Dixwell, b. Dec. 12, 1840, d. April 30, 9:30 P.M. 1929."

The handwriting is very small and closely crowded, hard to decipher. In 1925 he noted "Crocuses out in White House grounds Feb. 23"; and immediately under those words—"1926—about March 20." The next year he recorded: "March 18th cherry trees by the basin in flower . . . April 12 blood root."

One quotation from his reading he copies, and jots down the date, "October 6, '85." It is from Caird's *Social Philosophy and Religion of Comte*, and must have struck him as curiously satisfying, for it afforded a bridge between his doubt as to the value of all ultimates, on the one hand, and his faith in life and in his own traditions and aspirations as an integral part of that life, on the other. The gulf between the two could not be crossed by any process of reasoning, nor by any act

of faith. And yet he could not reject life, which stirred so strongly in his veins, and skepticism, carried ultimately, was no more than a rejection. The quotation from Caird expresses his solution.

All criticism of the whole system of things to which we belong is, from a truly "relative" point of view, irrational. For the critic, and the standard by which he criticizes, cannot be separated from that system. . . . It has often been pointed out that a logical skepticism cannot be universal. . . . Doubt must rest on a basis of certitude, or it will destroy itself. But it is not less true, though it is less frequently noticed, that all criticism of the world, while it detects evil in particular, implies an ultimate optimism. For, if such criticism pretends to be more than the veneration of the tastes and wishes of an individual, it must claim to be the expression of an objective principle—a principle which, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, is realizing itself in the world.

This does not suggest so much the dilemma between skepticism and faith as the necessary relation between criticism and optimism, a suggestion which appealed to Holmes' own compelling need for inner integration. He wanted above all to be whole. Immediately after Caird's words, Holmes adds: "I have been saying for 20 years that the sceptic cannot be a pessimist because to be a pessimist (in the philosophic sense) postulates a standard independent of the universe by which to condemn it." Caird had used the word "optimism"; and Holmes, in his own comment, first wrote "The sceptic must be an optimist"; but that went a little too far, if you were an unbeliever; and he struck out the last four words and wrote over them "cannot be a pessimist."

Holmes touched something deep in the imagination of the American people. His position in American history is secure, and he will, I am inclined to think, take his place in the line of great men whose existence symbolizes for us what we cherish and find difficult to define—Washington, modest, rugged, a man of little talk and steady action, a great soldier, patient, unswerving, faithful to details, mindful of his fences and fields,

with a healthy sensuality; old Franklin, wise and worldly against his homespun pride, with his curious, experimental energy, like an American Leonardo da Vinci; Jefferson, hating kings and priests and cities which took men from the land, loving freedom and believing in the new idea of universal education; Marshall, building a nation; Lincoln, a rail splitter, growing as he lived, humorous, melancholy, tender. These great men catch and hold the national faith because they express universal aspirations, as poets and prophets and seers, what the millions whom they govern or lead yearn toward but cannot say. "The theory," as Holmes wrote, "for which Hamilton argued, and he [Marshall] decided, and Webster spoke, and Grant fought, and Lincoln died, is now our corner-stone." They understand the human needs of their fellows, and somehow come to symbolize what, from generation to generation, goes into making up the national inheritance. I believe that Holmes will share this lot, and be remembered for something more universal than his contribution to law. His contribution is to American life between the Civil War and the World War, and during the next ten years. Those seventy years cover a great span of our young history—the Reconstruction days, the conquering of the West, the religion of individualism, the Spanish War and our growth into an international power, the machine age, the closing of the frontiers, the World War, and the gradual shift in our point of view to a more mature social outlook.

His contribution to our law, in the great English tradition, lies in leading us back from the static position that had grown up to the living approach of the common law—experimental, fluid, realistic. Holmes was in the line of the great English common-law judges. He was the greatest judge, John Morley said, of the English-speaking world.

The Overlap of History

For Holmes, who had a strong sense of the overlap of history, the American

Revolution was not so far behind. The house in which his father was born had been the headquarters of the Committee of Safety. His grandmother, Sarah Wendell, the only daughter of Judge Oliver Wendell of Boston, as a little girl saw the British enter the town and quarter a regiment in the Old South Church, and heard folks say that "the redcoats were coming, killing and murdering everybody as they went along." As an old lady, she told her little grandson about it. He remembered; and at eighty-three passed it along to another small boy, with that sense of the continuity of history of which I have spoken. My son, Edmund Randolph, was born about a week before the old gentleman's eightieth birthday. Three years later, when I was in Washington at the same time of the year, I sent the Justice a bunch of roses, saying on my card that it was not hard for me to remember his birthday as Randolph was eighty years younger. A few days later Randolph got this letter:

My dear Boy: Your charming nosegay speaks to me of the future. Some day you may like to remember an old man who spoke to you of the past. My grandmother died when I was fighting in the battle before Richmond in 1862. I remember her well and she remembered moving out of Boston when the British troops came in at the beginning of the Revolution. Later in London I talked with a man who had been a school mate of Lord Byron and a friend of Charles Lamb. This will mean nothing to you now, but if you remember it someday it will carry you back a good way. Meantime I thank you and hope that we may meet.

From the Civil War to the Law

The Civil War came suddenly, touching Holmes on the shoulder, as he walked down Beacon Street idly turning the pages of Hobbes' *Leviathan*, which he had just taken out of the Athenæum. A man he knew stopped him to say, "Holmes, you've got your first lieutenant's commission in the Twentieth"—the Twentieth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. So he took the *Leviathan* back to the library. . . . When the war was over

and he was reading again, and in his reading had come once more to Hobbes, he found himself with a copy of the *Leviathan* in his hand the day that Fanny Dixwell accepted him. He carried the *Leviathan* back to the bookstore, now that Fanny had accepted him. . . .

He must write to Mrs. Howard Kennedy about his engagement to Fanny—Mrs. Kennedy, who, on that Saturday in September, ten years ago—how long it seemed!—had taken him into her house at Hagerstown after he had been wounded in the neck at Antietam and had walked uncertainly by her gate. It was a charming old colonial red brick house, white columns with Ionic capitals under clustered woodbine, broad verandas, large rooms with high ceilings, and wandering outhouses. It was a jolly house to be nursed in, with Mrs. Kennedy's two sisters, and a lot of children who had made a good deal of a captain, and a pretty girl from Philadelphia, Ellen Jones. He wanted Ellen Jones to know that he was engaged, so he wrote to Mrs. Kennedy:

It is with a sort of trembling that I write after such an interval to the dear and respected friend who was my good Samaritan long ago. But I must send a line to ask your good wishes. I am engaged to Miss F. B. Dixwell who has been for many years my most intimate friend and who will now I hope soon be my wife. I am sure you will not have forgotten your sympathy for your soldier boy.

They were married three months later, on June 17, 1872. And when she could afford it Fanny bought him a first edition of the *Leviathan*.

To Holmes the war meant the spirit of conquering, of achievement, a preparation for a life of conquering, that stood in his memory for something gallant and reckless, though he knew it had been a bore and often miserable. Out of the drab of the war the ideal, the inward inspiration, grew. It was easy enough to talk high talk from the ease of comfort. "I remember just before the battle of Antietam," he wrote his young friend Dr. John C. H. Wu, in 1923, "thinking

and perhaps saying to a brother officer that it would be easy after a comfortable breakfast to come down the steps of one's house pulling on one's gloves and smoking a cigar to get on to a horse and charge a battery up Beacon Street, while the ladies wave handkerchiefs from a balcony. But the reality was to pass a night on the ground in the rain with your bowels out of order and then after no particular breakfast to wade a stream and attack the enemy. That is life."

As he grew older the thought of war came to mean something precious and noble to him, a selfless surrender of individual comfort and ambition to some mystic faith that drew brave men together. He put all that he had into the war, and brought out a tempered and integrated maturity. As more and more the essence of life became for him the unending struggle, the war seemed the highest symbol of that struggle. "From the beginning, to us, children of the North, life has seemed a place hung about by dark mists, out of which come the pale shine of dragon's scales, and the cry of fighting men, and the sound of swords. Beowulf, Milton, Dürer, Rembrandt, Schopenhauer, Turner, Tennyson, from the first war-song of our race to the stalled poetry of modern English drawing-rooms, all have had the same vision, and all have had a glimpse of a light to be followed."

He knew what the war had done to him, when he came out of it. He could see it in the eyes of the laughing girls who smiled a little uncertainly back at the man who was no longer a boy, who had become a hero in three years. He was a man. So many people stopped halfway to manhood, and stayed half-men all their lives.

The Rebs were licked, and the time had come to build the country again. They weren't a bad lot, the Rebs, only they had to be licked. What to do?

He was mustered out on July 17, 1864, and a few weeks later he went to see Emerson at his house in Concord on the Cambridge Turnpike, sheltered by

the pines that Thoreau had helped him plant in 1838.

They spent the evening together. There was still a trace in the young soldier of the old longing to be a philosopher. It had burned in his mind as an undergraduate, and he felt himself seduced again by the wonderful talk. But when at the end he closed the door he knew that such a life was not for him, and it was to be sure of that that he had come again to listen. The talk seemed more reasonable and as glowing, perhaps, because he knew now that such a life was not for him. He wanted to put his teeth into something hard and exact; to work like anyone else for a living; to marry Fanny when he was earning enough. It would be a difficult world, for no one knew what would happen after the waste of war, or how soon the country could recover. But he yearned to do a real job, and not to delay the doing. He didn't want "the vulgar prosperity" that Mr. Emerson despised. Yet he knew that he couldn't pursue that evanescent magic through a lifetime, as, seated over the fire with Mr. Emerson, he listened to that stirring talk, and asked questions, and never permitted himself to yield. For in the back of his mind a hard little distrustful obstinacy rose up, as he walked out into the cool night, and the rich tones of Mr. Emerson's voice faded, and his words shrank a bit as you stripped the emotion from them. . . . No, he could never be a philosopher. A scholar was different; and a scholar, as Mr. Emerson had said, has to be a man of the world, and not lose himself in schools and words and become a pedant. Mr. Emerson had said he must be a realist and a man of action, a priest of thought; the scholar and the poet and the artist alone could lead America away from this materialism that was strangling her. Perhaps some day he could speculate again about the cosmos, but not yet. . . . He knew his way. His own decisions were never hard.

He may have remembered that night, or such a night with Emerson, when, on



THE JAPANESE IN AMERICA

THE PROBLEM AND THE SOLUTION

BY AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

ON FEBRUARY 19, 1942, the President authorized the Army to exclude any person, alien or citizen, from any area on the West Coast, as military necessity might require. By May 31st some 112,000 Japanese had been moved from their homes to a series of assembly centers—usually race tracks, parks, or fair grounds—scattered up and down the West Coast. Here they are now confined, pending their removal to permanent relocation sites selected by the War Relocation Authority. This agency was set up on March 19th for the express purpose of preparing and overseeing permanent resettlement centers. A number of sites have been selected in Arizona, California, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Arkansas. Four of the relocation centers have been completed and the Japanese have been moved in. The majority, however, on August 1st were still at the race-track camps. The projects are large scale in character and each will accommodate 10,000 or more persons.

With the exception of those who are already in the custody of the Federal authorities as individually suspect, these 112,000 Japanese represent the West Coast Japanese population, including the Japanese from southern Arizona. Young and old, lame and able-bodied, loyal and disloyal are all herded together; when moved to the relocation sites they will still be herded together. Some of them are aliens, some are American citi-

zens, some have sons serving in the American Army. Many have had to give up homes and possessions. Owing to the necessity for quick action, the innocent had to suffer with the guilty. As Mr. McWilliams pointed out in our September issue, the Army has done a magnificent job of moving them to the assembly centers. But what is to be the eventual disposition of these people? Many of them are fellow-citizens of ours, educated in American schools, trained in American businesses and professions. Many of them who are not citizens themselves have children who are. What purpose is served by having their loyalty to the United States hammered and buffeted?

The situation is complicated and difficult. Public opinion on the Coast has been inflamed by appeals to prejudice and fear. On the one hand, it is impossible to turn loose persons about whose loyalty there is doubt; on the other hand, the virtual internment of innocent and loyal people is intolerable. Democratic freedom in these times is sufficiently jeopardized as it is. It is even worse to pen up the loyal Japanese with those who are at heart our enemies. Already there has been trouble between the two groups; the loyal ones have been taunted with the charge of being suckers for trusting in the United States and taking patriotism seriously. Furthermore, we need the enthusiasm and the spirited support of those persons of Japanese

birth or descent who are truly with us. But what can be done? Ignorance is widespread; those who want to do the fair thing are about as ignorant as those who are calling for wholesale punishment and discrimination.

The following statement—shortened somewhat for brevity but excluding no essential information—was prepared in May, 1942, by an intelligence officer who for a number of years was stationed on the West Coast and who during that time had made a particular study of the Japanese population. The report, here made public with government assent, is not issued by the War Relocation Authority, nor is it a statement of the Authority's policy. It was written, as stated, as a confidential memorandum. It is the statement of an expert—a description of the situation, an enumeration of criteria for separating the sheep from the goats, and a suggestion of policy. Bracketed passages were written in by the Editors to bridge gaps made in the process of condensation.

It will be noted that *individual examination* is the core of the author's proposal, and it is on this score that those Japanese who are loyal to the United States are most sensitive. They feel that to deny them the right to individual hearings is to make a convincing case in support of the argument that evacuation—and consequently the entire handling of the racial minority problem as far as they are concerned—was done solely on a racial basis and not on the ground that individuals were or were not loyal. Admittedly incomplete, the report contains the only positive formula yet put forward to deal with this crucial part of the problem. We publish it in the belief that our readers will welcome the information. Efforts are now being made by the State Department to sort out the alien-born Japanese who would choose to be repatriated and returned to Japan if the opportunity arises. On July 31, 1942, the WRA announced that American citizens of Japanese ancestry who had never lived in Japan nor gone to

school there might obtain permits to accept jobs and leave relocation centers with their families, provided the Authority was satisfied about their loyalty. Such persons remain in the "constructive custody" of the military; their permits may be revoked at any time.—*The Editors*

I

Within the past eight or ten years the entire "Japanese question" in the United States has reversed itself. The alien menace is no longer paramount, and is becoming less important every day as the original alien immigrants grow older and die, and as more and more of their American-born children reach maturity.

Three words are commonly used in identifying the Japanese in the United States:

Issei (pronounced ee-say) meaning "first generation." The word refers to those who were born in Japan—hence, alien Japanese in the United States.

Nisei (pronounced nee-say) meaning "second generation." The word identifies the children, born in the United States, of *Issei*.

Kibei (pronounced kee-bay) meaning "returned to America." The word refers to those *Nisei* who spent all or a large portion of their lives in Japan and who have now returned to the United States.

The primary present and future problem is that of dealing with the American-born United States citizens of Japanese ancestry. I consider that at least seventy-five per cent of them are loyal to the United States.

As a basic policy tending toward the permanent solution of this problem, the American citizens of Japanese ancestry should be officially encouraged in their efforts toward loyalty and acceptance as bona fide citizens; they should be accorded a place in the national effort through such agencies as the Red Cross, U.S.O., civilian defense, and such activities as ship- and aircraft-building or other defense production activities, even though subject to greater investigative checks as to background and loyalty than Caucasian Americans.

My opinion has been formed largely through personal contact with the *Nisei* themselves and their chief organization, the Japanese American Citizens League. It has also been formed through interviews with many people in government circles, law enforcement officers, and business men who have dealt with them over a period of many years. Many of the *Nisei* voluntarily contributed valuable anti-subversive information to this [the author's] and other governmental agencies. The Japanese Consular staff, the Central Japanese Association, and others known to have been sympathetic to the Japanese cause did not themselves trust the *Nisei*. A great many of the *Nisei* had taken legal steps through the Japanese Consulate and the Government of Japan to divest themselves officially of Japanese citizenship (dual citizenship) even though by so doing they became legally dead in the eyes of the Japanese law and were no longer eligible to inherit any property which they or their families might have held in Japan.

The United States recognizes these American-born Orientals as citizens, extends the franchise to them, drafts them for military service (it is estimated that approximately 5,000 *Nisei* in the State of California have entered the United States Army as a result of the Selective Service Act), forces them to pay taxes, perform jury duty, and so on, and has extended to them the complete protection afforded by the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. At the same time it has viewed them with considerable suspicion and distrust, and so far as is known to the writer, has made no particular effort to develop their loyalty to the United States, except by permitting them to attend public schools. They have been segregated as to where they may live by zoning laws, discriminated against in employment and wages, and rebuffed in nearly all their efforts to prove their loyalty to the United States. There has been a great deal of indiscriminate anti-Japanese agitation—the work of lec-

turers, radio commentators, newspaper editors, and others. There were just enough half-truths in these articles and statements to render them exceedingly dangerous and to arouse a tremendous amount of violent anti-Japanese feeling among Caucasians of all classes who were not thoroughly informed. Many of those agitating against the *Nisei* and *Issei* have done so from ulterior motives. An example is the anti-Japanese agitation of Yugoslav fishermen in California who frankly want to eliminate competition in the fishing industry.

The only practical permanent solution of this problem is to indoctrinate and absorb these people and accept them as an integral part of the United States population, even though they remain a racial minority, and officially to extend to them the rights and privileges of citizenship, as well as to demand of them its duties and obligations. The *Nisei* could be accorded a place in the national war effort without risk or danger. Such a step would go farther than anything else toward cementing their loyalty to the United States.

II

Of the *Japanese-born alien* residents [the *Issei*], the large majority are at least passively loyal to the United States.

There are among the Japanese, both aliens and United States citizens, certain individuals, either deliberately placed by the Japanese government or actuated by a fanatical loyalty to that country, who would act as saboteurs or enemy agents. This number is estimated to be less than three per cent of the total, or about 3,500 in the entire United States.

The most potentially dangerous element of all are the *Kibei*—those American citizens of Japanese ancestry who have spent the formative years of their lives, between ten and twenty, in Japan and have returned to the United States to claim their legal American citizenship within the past few years. These people are essentially and inherently Japanese

and may have been deliberately sent back to the United States by the Japanese government to act as agents. In spite of their legal citizenship and the protection afforded them by the Bill of Rights they should be looked upon as enemy aliens.

[It must be remembered that the *Kibei* are a part of the much larger group of *Nisei*, all of them native-born citizens of the United States. Quite apart from the *Kibei*, some of the other *Nisei* have occasionally gone back to Japan to visit or to work. Most of these have made the journey to Japan after they have reached the age of seventeen. The reception given to these Japanese-Americans in Japan is very different from the welcome extended to the *Kibei*.]

They [these other *Nisei* who went back to Japan after they had grown up] found themselves viewed with more distrust in Japan than was the case in the United States; in Japan they were looked on with more suspicion than if they had been white persons. They were laughed at for their foreign ways; they were called American spies. In other ways they didn't conform and found themselves unable to conform. They couldn't live on the Japanese standard of living or the Japanese diet; they couldn't accustom themselves to Japanese ways of life. The majority of them returned after a short time, thoroughly disillusioned with Japan and more than ever loyal to the United States. It is my firm belief that the finest way to make a pro-American out of any *Nisei* is to send him back to Japan for one or two years after he is seventeen. Often a visit of a few months, in the past, has been sufficient to do the job.

The parents of a maid who worked for me had taken her back to Japan to a small farming village when she was sixteen. She was utterly miserable. She did not speak the Japanese language very well—which is the case with most *Nisei*. She was laughed at and talked about and ridiculed by the entire village for her American way of thinking and American mannerisms. She was so miserable that she finally prevailed upon

her parents to allow her to return to the United States alone. She was under the nominal charge of an aunt who lived in Los Angeles. Since the girl, who was a high school graduate in the United States, had a talent for home economics, she entered domestic service, where she was most happy and contented until the evacuation. At that time she was forced back into the family of her aunt, where she is none too contented, and at the moment [May, 1942] she is interned in the Santa Anita Assembly Center.

It is the *Kibei* who are a dangerous group. It seems logical to assume that any child of Japanese parents who was returned to Japan at an early age, grew up there, studied in Japanese schools, possibly did military service in the Japanese army or navy, and then as an adult returned to the United States, is at heart a loyal citizen of Japan and may very probably have been deliberately planted here by the Japanese government.

It is my belief that the identity of the *Kibei* can be readily ascertained from United States government records.

Such persons must be considered guilty until proven innocent beyond a reasonable doubt. *They should be segregated from those not in that classification.* [At the moment all West Coast Japanese—*Issei*, *Nisei*, and *Kibei*—except those who are definitely known to be dangerous and who are in custody, are together in the assembly centers.] They should not be allowed their liberty and should really be treated almost as alien internees. Furthermore, the parents or guardians who sent them back to Japan must have done so for a reason. It appears to me that they are equally suspect.

There is another reason for such segregation. There are a number of people, both alien and citizen, who, if given an opportunity and assurance that such an admission would not result in bodily harm, would frankly state their desire to be considered as Japanese nationals and would like to return to Japan either in

exchange for American nationals or after the war. Such people should be given the opportunity to announce their choice, and be interned, have their American citizenship revoked, and be returned to Japan as soon as possible, with no opportunity of ever re-entering this country as citizens. The country would be well rid of them.

In the operation of such a classification some injustice would probably result. Some perfectly honest and loyal persons would fall into this category. They could well be given opportunity to make application for a change of status. On the basis of information submitted, a thorough investigation as to background, reputation, employment, associates could be made to determine—not loyalty entirely, but degree of probable menace. I would recommend that groups or committees of *Nisei* of known loyalty and integrity also pass on the applicant, and that such group or committee state in writing whether or not they would be willing to sponsor the applicant. If the investigation showed beyond a reasonable doubt that the applicant was trustworthy, he could be released and take his place in the non-suspect group.

Similar tests could be made among the *Issei*, the older ones who were born in Japan. Determining factors could be the age when each one came to America; the number and lengths of trips made back to Japan; whether or not he is a member of any nationalistic Japanese society; the strength of ties with Japan, including the degree of kinship with any relatives there; whether or not contributions were made in the past to the Japanese war funds; his reputation among his Caucasian-American friends; above all, he should likewise be passed upon by the same committee of loyal *Nisei* as in the *Kibei* procedure outlined above.

In this manner I firmly believe that the potentially dangerous could be readily sifted out, leaving a balance of about three-fourths of the total Japanese population which could be safely accepted as American citizens.

A forcible argument in favor of separation of the *Kibei* and potentially dangerous aliens from the other Japanese is the effect such a segregation would have on the American populace as a whole. If other American citizens could be assured [through strong and vigorous advertisement and publicity by the government] that some step of this nature had been taken, and that those persons permitted to accept private employment or to be members of the War Relocation Authority work corps were only those who were not considered to be dangerous by the Authority, I believe that much of the hysterical resentment against these people would disappear. [Employers] would have far less hesitancy about accepting such people for harvesting crops or even doing war production work. Such action would permit a very appreciable saving in government funds and effort.

III

The Americanization of the *Nisei* is far advanced. The attitude of the *Issei* parents has had a great influence on the *Nisei* children. The last *Issei* to enter the United States did so in 1924—eighteen years ago. American influences have affected these *Issei*, consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, since that time. It must be remembered that one of the chief factors affecting the Americanization of the parents has been the children themselves—in the reports they bring back from their school life, their play, and their association with white American children.

These factors have worked to a greater or lesser degree on the individual *Issei* parents. The real conflict between the two ideologies, American and Japanese, is in the *Issei*, for they have their background of life in Japan and must struggle to reconcile these two very different phases of their lives.

It must therefore be conceded that the Americanization of the *Nisei* children has proceeded with at least the tacit con-

sent, if not the active co-operation, of many of the Japanese-born parents. The degree to which the parents oppose it [Americanization] is a measure of the strength of the loyalty to Japan of the parents. That there have been factors in America tending to strengthen that loyalty is conceded—the Japanese Associations, the Japanese consular system, and most of all, the fact that the parents cannot become citizens of this country though they have the status of legal residents. That some of the *Nisei* children are more Americanized than others is not so much a measure of the success of an Americanization program as it is a measure of the strength of the opposition to such a program, usually on the part of the parents. Unless there is a conscious, active, continuous opposition, the child will absorb Americanization as naturally as he breathes.

It is a Japanese characteristic to have a very great reverence and thirst for knowledge and education. The teacher is a person of importance to the Japanese mind; the words and teachings of the teacher are greatly respected. The school influence carries over into the home and to the hours outside the school through such mediums as schoolbooks, school magazines, sports, contests, hygiene, diet, dress, and so on.

The Japanese is a great conformist. The *Nisei* children have always been in the minority in schools and community life and have naturally and very conscientiously striven to conform to the American standards of the majority. This is far more than a surface conformity. The expression "That thing is or is not done" applies to the *Nisei* in far greater degree than would be the case with the average American.

This idea of conformity can be illustrated by a story told by Fred Tayama of Los Angeles. "My parents came over here many years ago," he said. "They desired quite earnestly to adapt themselves to the ways and customs and life in this country. They were poor and had to work very hard. They were anxious

that we attend American schools, that we children who were born here and were citizens should have every opportunity to make our own place in this country. Nevertheless, we suffered somewhat in that our parents could not fully bridge the gap, largely because of language, and were not able to take effective part in American activities like the Parent-Teacher Association and so on. We *Nisei* feel that we have bridged that gap. My little girl is ten years old. She plays the violin in the school orchestra and works in the school library. We are members of the Parent-Teacher Association and freely and frequently consult with our daughter's teacher. As far as we are able to tell, she mingles with her Caucasian schoolmates on terms of absolute equality. She can understand a very little bit of Japanese which she has picked up from her grandmother, but cannot and will not speak the language at all. We value her association with her teacher and playmates above everything else, and those are the things which we are being asked to give up by this evacuation program."

I believe that this is a typical sentiment with these people.

The position of women is far, far higher in America than it is in Japan. The *Issei* mother in nearly all cases desires this higher position not only for herself but for her daughters. Even in opposition to the father, she will encourage her daughter to adopt the American standard and encourage her sons to accord women the position they occupy in American life. Co-education [goes much farther] in this country than in Japan; boys and girls learn to know and understand each other to a degree that is completely impossible in Japan. The girls themselves demand and receive from the boys the deferential treatment accorded to American women in general. The Japanese marriage system [has broken down] on this account. In Japan marriages are arranged by family contracts, usually by means of a marriage broker. The parties very seldom, if ever,

know each other before the marriage. In America this has been among the first Japanese customs to be broken down. The forms still persist, to some degree, largely as a sentimental concession to the parents, but in nearly all cases the boys and girls are well acquainted and in love on their own, and they themselves, as a rule, arrange the formalities of "go-between" and contact between families.

Difference will be noted in dress. The *Issei* women have universally adopted Western costume. It is true that on certain ceremonial occasions they do resort to the Japanese kimono. This, however, is a sort of fancy-dress costume. I have never seen in the United States a Japanese girl use the Japanese style of hairdress or the Japanese style of make-up even on the most ceremonious occasions.

The Christian religion as practiced in the United States is a powerful influence toward Americanization. In order to persist, the Buddhist religion is conforming to the American way of life and now includes Young Men's and Young Women's Buddhist Associations, modeled on the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. That many of the priests are alien importations who have deliberately used their influence in favor of Japan, and who may have been planted here by the Japanese government for that very purpose, is freely admitted and must always be borne in mind. Most of the pro-Japanese *Issei* are members of the Buddhist faith. Nevertheless, the tenets of the faith are perfectly acceptable and cannot be classed as anti-American.

In the Japanese community of Terminal Island, the Baptist Church was the center of community life. The Sunday School was the social center of all *Nisei* activities. It conducted cooking and sewing classes, had church suppers, baseball games, and picnics in the American way. The pastor of the church was himself a *Nisei*, educated in the United States. The contrast between the activities at the Baptist Church

and those surrounding the Buddhist Temple, less than a block away, was startling. The Christian church always had at least five times as many people participating in its activities as did the Temple.

In general, the caste system does not exist among the Japanese in America, [chiefly] because all of the *Issei* who came to America came from the same social group. Hence the caste lines were not imported. There did and do exist social distinctions, but they are essentially the same as those in any American community and are based on business success, the degree of education, and so on. The breakdown of caste [may be seen in the case of] Walter Taukamoto, a very brilliant young *Nisei* attorney from Sacramento, who has been voted the outstanding *Nisei* in the United States and who is admired as a speaker and as a lawyer. He came from the "Eta" class, the untouchables who are almost pariahs in Japan.

There is among the *Nisei* a desire to rise above their environment and to separate themselves from a purely Japanese community. There were, for example, two young men from Terminal Island, both college graduates and both young men of considerable ability. One of them asked me point-blank what I thought his chances were of getting employment as a machinist in the ship-building plants in Los Angeles harbor. He stated that he had a degree in engineering, that he was a good machinist with considerable knowledge and experience with Diesel engines, and that in the past few years he had made his living as an engineer of a fishing boat. He could see no future in his present employment; as long as he remained on Terminal Island in the fishing industry he was classed as "just another damn Jap." He thought he saw in the demand for skilled laborers in the shipyards an opportunity to separate himself from this Japanese environment, to do a patriotic service for his country, and to establish himself in a recognized trade. I told

him I thought his chances were slim, not because of his race but because he belonged to a minority group of whose loyalty and integrity the people at large were not sure. He replied, "Well, thanks for the answer. It's at least an honest one and nobody can stop me from trying." But he did *not* get the job.

Loyalty is a rather predominant characteristic of these people. Loyalties are rather slow in being given, but once conferred are conferred without reservation. The Japanese themselves do not consider the *Nisei* loyal to Japan. This has been reflected in many of the official acts of the Japanese Consul at Los Angeles. The Japanese Consulate was considerably alarmed at my apparent and open friendship with the *Nisei*.

It may be asked why the views expressed [in this memorandum] are not more common. This is attributable to the extreme youth of the *Nisei*, and, as a class, to their economic dependence on the *Issei* to date. This dependence forced many *Nisei* to do many things which otherwise they would not have done. The holding of jobs was sometimes made contingent upon regular contributions by *Nisei* toward the purchase of Japanese war bonds; upon joining some Japanese society and the like. Also, Americans of power and influence whose opinions and decisions carry weight are the same people who—rightly at the time—brought about the Exclusion Act, and who see in all Oriental faces, *Issei* and *Nisei* alike, the very alien and incomprehensible type of peasant who was entering the country twenty-five or thirty years ago. The white contemporaries of the *Nisei*, the young people who were their school-mates, are not yet in positions of influence in politics or business. Ten to fifteen years from now, when both groups have matured, these conditions would no longer obtain; they would meet on grounds of mutual acquaintance and understanding.

Had not this war come along at this time, in another ten or fifteen years

there would have been no Japanese problem, for the *Issei* would have passed on, and the *Nisei* taken their place naturally in American community and national life.

IV

Suggested Segregation Procedure

1. Publish openly and genuinely the fact that any person desiring to announce himself as a loyal citizen of Japan may do so without fear or prejudice, irrespective of whether or not he holds American citizenship. Solemnly assure such people upon the word of the Government of the United States that they will be accorded the legal status of internees; that if they so desire and opportunity presents they will be exchanged during the period of hostilities for American citizens held by the Japanese. Further, assure them in writing, if desirable, that as soon as possible after the conclusion of hostilities they will, unless sooner exchanged, be repatriated to Japan by the United States Government.

2. By a process of registration within assembly and relocation centers, determine the identity—together with the identity of parents, spouses, and dependents—of all Americans of Japanese ancestry who have spent three years or more in Japan since the age of thirteen after 1930. These lists may be checked against the records of the Federal investigative services, including the records kept by the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization. This second category will include those citizens of Japanese ancestry who, in all probability, may be considered as potentially dangerous. Parents or guardians of such persons are included for the reason that it was these parents who sent the children originally to Japan. It is this category which, for the best interests of the United States, must be considered guilty unless proven innocent.

3. At each assembly or relocation center boards for the review of such cases should be set up. These boards should consist of representatives of the military

service, of the Department of Justice, and of the War Relocation Authority. These boards are for the express purpose of deciding, on the basis of logic and reason and in view of the circumstances in each case, whether or not the individual is to be considered in the class of the potentially dangerous.

The boards can be guided by the following principles:

- a. Families shall not be divided except at their own wish.
- b. Considering the position held by the male in Japanese society, the classification of the male should be the deciding factor. If a *Kibei* male is married to a *Nisei* female, the family should probably be classified as *Kibei*. If the reverse is true, the family probably should be classified as *Nisei* and therefore not dangerous.
- c. Children below the age of seventeen shall take the classification of the parents. Children above that age shall be judged on their own merits and given the choice of accompanying their parents or not.

Once the classification has been made, these dangerous persons and their families should be segregated and kept separate from the other evacuees, pending removal to special internment centers.

4. At this time their exact status should be carefully explained to them and they should then be given the opportunity to file application for a change of classification if they so desire. It is here that the status of guilty until proven innocent really takes effect. Application for change of status, with supporting facts and references, should again be carefully considered by the reviewing board. Consideration should be given to the entire family history and background. For example, if there are three sons in the family, only one of whom falls in the *Kibei* class, and the parents have not made repeated voyages to Japan in recent years or have not made contributions to the Japanese war chest or are not themselves members of

suspect organizations and, finally, if the classification of this person as non-dangerous is acceptable to members of the loyal *Nisei* group, this person and his family might well be classed as not dangerous.

5. The segregation of the alien is more difficult than is the case with the *Nisei*. In general, the following should be classed as dangerous:

- a. Persons who have made repeated voyages to Japan within the past ten years.
- b. Officials of Japanese nationalistic organizations, such as the Japanese Navy League, the Military Virtue Society, and the like.
- c. Aliens (or *Nisei*) citizens whom the Military or Naval Intelligence or the F.B.I. would classify as potentially dangerous.
- d. Parents of *Kibei*.
- e. Any alien who has entered the United States since 1933, including students, trade treaty aliens, priests or ministers of religion, and the like.

It may well be that the first classification does not turn out to be sufficiently accurate. Some of those originally classified as not dangerous [may possibly be reclassified as dangerous]. Often the *Nisei* themselves will be the first so to classify a person. Provision must be made for a review of such cases. The possibility of such a reclassification should act as a very strong deterrent upon persons in the *Nisei* projects.

The desirability of utilizing the advice of members of the loyal *Nisei* group should not be overlooked. They will be judged on the reputation of their group; therefore they should have some voice in deciding who shall be members of the group.

To sum up: The entire "Japanese Problem" has been magnified out of its true proportion, largely because of the physical characteristics of the people. It should be handled on the basis of the *individual*, regardless of citizenship, and not on a racial basis.



THE CROOKED CROSS

A STORY

BY FRANZ WERFEL

HE TOLD me the story himself. He was an Austrian, a short, sturdy red-head with a coarse complexion and the heavy hands of a peasant. You would never have supposed he was a Catholic priest. Chaplain Ottokar Felix wore neither ecclesiastical collar nor black habit, but a gray suit of the kind affected by German tourists, with shorts and Tyrolean socks leaving knees and ankles bare. When I first saw him, in Paris, the suit was already quite threadbare. In America two years later it had by no means improved.

When he suddenly appeared in my room at a hotel in St. Louis I felt an unexpected pleasure. I had wondered what had happened to him, this Austrian priest. He must have left Austria before the war, but I realized now that I had never known why. It was surprising to see him in America. He looked pale, tired, underfed.

The evening before, I had given a lecture on "The Crisis of Modern Man," in which I had tried to show that the deepest cause of our misery was the loss of our faith in God. Chaplain Felix, it appeared, had been in the audience, and he said a few kind words about my efforts. He had come to me, he went on, because he wanted to tell me a story.

"What story?" I asked.

The chaplain shaded his weak eyes with his hand against the bright afternoon sun coming in through the window, which gave on to the big park in St. Louis.

"It's a story of a Jew," Felix said rather softly, and added a few seconds later, "the story of Dr. Aladar Fuerst. I think it has something to do with what you were lecturing about."

Father Ottokar Felix had the parish of Parndorf, a market village in the northern Burgenland between a range of wooded hills and the long, reedy lake of Neusiedel. The Burgenland, whose name of "Castle-country" comes from the many medieval castles crowning its southwestern heights, is the newest, poorest, and in many ways the most remarkable province of Austria. Before the First World War it belonged to Hungary, which was forced by the peace treaty to surrender it to neighboring Austria. It is a typical borderland, where Hungary, Slovakia, Yugoslavia, and Austria all meet. Accordingly, the people who live there are also a motley mixture, Hungarian landowners, Austrian peasants, Slovak harvest hands, Jewish traders, Croat artisans, Gypsies, and finally the non-descript stock of the Kumans, who were swept westward by the Turkish invasions in the seventeenth century.

There was a small congregation of Jews in Parndorf. There were perhaps ten families, numbering thirty or forty all told. There were similar congregations in every county and hamlet of the long, narrow Burgenland. Most of these congregations consisted of a few old families, related or intermarried all over

the country. Everywhere you found the same names—Kopf, Zopf, Roth, Wolf, Fuerst. Next to the millionaire Wolf family in Eisenstadt, the Fuersts were the most distinguished, though in quite a different way. They had never acquired large property, but as early as the seventeenth century they had produced a line of rabbis and scholars who played an important part in the peculiar intellectual history of the ghetto.

The Burgenland Jews were proud of two things: their learned men and their roots in the country. For in contrast with other Jewish stocks, they had long since forgotten the curse of wandering and homelessness.

The prominent Fuerst family came from the very village of Parndorf where Chaplain Ottokar Felix lived. There too lived Dr. Aladar Fuerst, a man in his thirties, recently married and the father of three children. The youngest, a little boy, was exactly three weeks old on the Black Friday when Austrian liberty was murdered. Aladar Fuerst must have been a visionary and fond of solitude; although a doctor of philosophy and law, a graduate of the celebrated Hebrew Seminar at Breslau, a man of the world who had lived in various European capitals, he could think of nothing better to do than to come to the thatched roofs of his native village, bury himself in his choice library, and in general fill the office of a country rabbi for Parndorf and a few neighboring congregations. He held services in a tiny ancient synagogue, and gave religious instruction to the Jewish children at various neighboring schools.

In such a little place it was a matter of course that the Catholic chaplain and the young rabbi should meet almost daily. And in view of the delicate similarity and dissimilarity between the offices of the two, it was equally a matter of course that for a long time they should confine themselves to a courteous salutation in passing.

A wedding to which both of the men were invited brought about their first

conversation of any length. Thereupon Fuerst paid a call on the priest, which was immediately returned. The rabbi invited the cleric to dinner. Regular, though sedate and formal, social intercourse followed.

The barrier between Felix and Fuerst was presumably not alone their different religions, but a strangeness centuries deep and an ancient mutual mistrust that were hard even for free spirits to overcome. Nevertheless, as he admitted to me, the Christian priest quickly became fond of the Jewish rabbi. Fuerst was amazingly at home in every department of Catholic theology, and seemed to take great pleasure in displaying his knowledge. He quoted Paul, Thomas, St. Bonaventure, and Newman more expertly than a harassed village chaplain could have done.

The priest believed he was right in thinking that Aladar Fuerst had gone far beyond this knowledge (perhaps in itself mere vanity) in overcoming his fathers' wariness of Christ, as ancient as it was natural after their endless sufferings; at the same time he had not departed even a step from his own faith.

Felix told me that a remark by the rabbi had moved him deeply. It was dropped during a conversation about the Mission to the Jews, a delicate subject that not he but Fuerst had introduced with quite alarming outspokenness.

"I can't see, Your Reverence," the rabbi had said, "why the Church is so interested in baptizing the Jews. What would happen if all the Jews in the world were to accept baptism? Israel would disappear. And with it the last actual, physical witness to divine Revelation would vanish from the earth. The Holy Scriptures, not only the Old but the New Testament, would become an empty, insubstantial legend like any myth of the ancient Egyptians or Greeks. Doesn't the Church see the terrible danger—and particularly at a moment of complete breakup like this? We belong together, Your Reverence, but we are not one entity. It says in the Epistle to the

Romans, as you must know better than I, that the fellowship of Christ is founded upon Israel. I am convinced that Israel will survive as long as the Church survives, but also that the Church is bound to fall if Israel falls."

"What makes you think that?" asked the chaplain.

"The sufferings we have gone through down to this very day," replied the rabbi. "Or do you think God would have allowed us to endure so much and so long, for so many thousand years, all for nothing?"

On Austria's Black Friday, the eleventh day of March, when the inconceivable happened, Chaplain Ottokar Felix was sitting in his living room. It was seven o'clock at night. An hour before he had heard Chancellor Schuschnigg's farewell words over the radio, a leaden voice, "We must yield to superior force," and then, "God keep Austria," and then a great silence, and the strains of Haydn, solemn and heartrending. Felix had turned off the radio and he still sat immobile beside it.

Then the door opened, and Dr. Aladar Fuerst was in the room. He wore a Prince Albert coat; the Sabbath of course had already begun. His thin face with its dark eyes behind long lashes and its sparse black side-whiskers was a few shades paler than usual.

"Forgive me, Your Reverence," he began rather breathlessly, "for bursting straight in like this. We had already begun the holy day, and I've only just—"

"I should say it was events that broke the Sabbath," the priest remarked, as if to help him out. He pushed forward the armchair for his unexpected guest, who, however, declined to sit down.

"I need your advice, Your Reverence. You see, I simply didn't expect this; I was so trusting, and now . . . had you heard that young Schoch is in the neighborhood, has been for a week? It was all arranged long ago. Schoch is the Storm Leader of the S. A. here. He's drummed up the whole crew, the farmer boys, the

laborers from the cartridge factory, the unemployed; they're all sitting drunk in the saloon, threatening to kill all the Jews this very night."

"I'll go straight to old Schoch," said the chaplain; "the rascal is still afraid of his father."

This was not true, and Felix himself knew perfectly well that it was not the son who was in mortal terror of the father, but the father of the son. He said this only because he could think of nothing better to calm Fuerst.

Old Schoch was the richest wine grower in the neighborhood and a good Catholic. With his youngest, young Peter, he had had decidedly bad luck. At least so far. In quieter times Peter Schoch's career would certainly have come to a bad end. But in these memorable days the "Movement," well paid in all neighboring countries by the Third Reich, came to his rescue. It was the Movement's custom, with far-seeing wisdom, to secure such ne'er-do-wells as Peter Schoch to itself. It knew by experience that an aversion for the alphabet and regular employment almost invariably brought with it a talent for reckless rowdiness. And for the first blow to break the resistance of the Austrian people nothing was more urgently needed than a body of determined rowdies.

A not inconsiderable share of the favor with which certain party chieftains regarded Peter was due to his golden blond hair, his slim figure, his square-cut face. In contrast to the bald pates, pot bellies, and limping legs of the leaders, he was a glorious illustration of racial doctrines and their transfiguration of the Nordic model man. Photographers did honor to him almost daily, and many copies of his pictures adorned the files of the German race bureaus.

And so it came about that the son of the rich Parndorf wine grower became an "irregular." From the Munich Party funds he drew a subsidy so large that among his peers he played the part of a regular Cræsus. A few foolhardy misdeeds on behalf of the Party made his

name known, and when he finally went to prison for some months as a saboteur and bomb-thrower he had at last advanced to the ranks of the martyrs who were "delivered from shame and misery" after the Berchtesgaden meeting and the collapse of the Austrian government. This, in brief, is the story of Peter Schoch, whose mere name was enough to make Dr. Aladar Fuerst turn pale with horror, and not him alone.

The rabbi at last sat down after all. The chaplain handed him a small glass of brandy. "We mustn't begin by expecting the very worst," he said.

"Why mustn't we?" asked Fuerst, lifting his head with a jerk. "Perhaps we should . . . listen. Your Reverence," he went on tensely after a while, "a train leaves for the Hungarian frontier in an hour. Oughtn't we—I mean the whole family—though of course my poor wife has only been up for three days. . . . What shall I do, Your Reverence? Give me your advice—I do need it."

Father Ottokar Felix did something for which he has never forgiven himself. Instead of shrugging his shoulders, instead of saying, "I don't know what's best," he gave his advice, definite counsel, and it was bad. But at such moments who can tell whether he is advising well or ill?

"Are you really going to throw everything overboard in such a hurry, my dear Dr. Fuerst?" said the chaplain, unfortunately comparing his own situation with that of the doctor. "We don't even know about the new government yet. Who can tell—in Austria everything may turn out differently from what we think. Why don't you wait and see for a few days?"

At these words Aladar Fuerst heaved a sigh of relief. "I do thank you for your advice. I'm sure you're right; the Austrians are not Germans, and I'm a good patriot. It would be terribly hard for me to leave our house."

The chaplain accompanied him out into the clear starlit night.

"I'll look in to see how you're doing to-morrow," he said as they parted.

But Aladar Fuerst said, uneasily shaking hands with Felix: "There's only one thing I'm afraid of, Father Felix. I'm afraid people like us have grown too soft, and won't have the old strength and fortitude of our fathers under persecution. Good night."

At nine o'clock the following morning—Chaplain Ottokar Felix was just considering how far he might go in attacking the victors in his Sunday sermon after the reading of the text—he was roused by shouts and a swelling tumult that came dully through the closed window. He instantly rushed outdoors, hatless and coatless as he was. The Market Ring was filled with a crowd even bigger than the one that usually assembled for market days or church festivals.

The center of this crowd was a detachment of brownshirts lined up in ranks, all of them already wearing swastika armbands on their left arms. They were drawn up confronting the most imposing building that Parndorf possessed. It was probably not fitting that the Fuerst family should be the ones to own this edifice, one of the few in the village with two storeys and a mansard as well. However one could hardly hold Aladar Fuerst responsible for the fact that his grandfather, in the happy days fifty years past, had been incautious or presumptuous enough to build this metropolitan house amid a world of wretched thatched huts.

On the ground floor at the sides of the archway to the courtyard were two large shops, the "Town Bakery" of David Kopf and the "Grocery and General Store" of Samuel Roth's son. The proprietors of these shops, their wives, sons, daughters, relatives, and assistants were standing in a tight little knot outside the gateway; in their midst was young Rabbi Aladar, the only one who was holding his head quite high. In contrast with the night before, he did not seem crushed.

Peter Schoch, the commander in the present military engagement, had taken up his post facing this forlorn hope. With obvious delight he was holding an

automatic rifle in the bend of his arm, the barrel pointing at Aladar Fuerst. Beside him stood a scrubby little man with a pinched witch's face that looked as if it could be extended or collapsed at will like an accordion. On the man's nose was a pair of steel spectacles and on his head a red uniform cap; for he was the stationmaster of Parndorf, Mr. Ignaz Inbichler in person.

When Chaplain Felix arrived Peter Schoch was just finishing a pungent harangue whose intonation, at once deeply injured and bitingly scornful, he had caught to the life from the radio speeches of the great Party deities.

"German men and women! It is insupportable for our fellow-Germans to receive our daily bread from the hands of a Jewish bakery. How that would delight the international Jew, to go on poisoning our innocent children with his matzos! Those days are past, because this is a historic moment. In the name of the German people's community I declare Kopf's bakery Aryanized. Fellow-German Ladislaus Tschitschevitsky takes authority in his place. *Sieg Heil!*"

The crowd of villagers remained oddly silent, apparently filled with unconcerned curiosity.

Now the man with the red cap took the floor. This obscure frontier village differed not a whit from Berlin: the two basic aspects of the National Socialist Party were both present. Schoch represented utter heroism, while Inbichler stood for the twinkling-eyed diplomacy that pats the victim artlessly on the back as heroism rips his stomach open.

And so Inbichler, the stationmaster, addressed the little handful before the gate: "Gentlemen! Everything will proceed in order. There will be no uncontrolled action. Everything will take place according to the regulations. Germanism is organization. Not a hair of your heads will be touched. You have only to sign a form certifying that you are turning over your trash to us quite voluntarily and leaving German soil at once. If any inmate of this house should be

found here after five o'clock in the afternoon, he would have no one but himself to blame for the disagreeable, I may say *very* disagreeable, consequences. Even I could then do nothing for him. . . . There are only two ways to solve the Jewish question. In the infinite kindness of his heart, our Leader has chosen the second way."

The two trucks belonging to Moritz Zopf's trucking concern were standing in front of the Fuerst house. Furnishings, beds, cupboards, tables, chairs were now carried out of the bakery, the shop, and the courtyard driveway, and stowed in one of the trucks. Stationmaster Inbichler scrutinized each piece with short-sighted intentness and the conscientious zeal of a good customs inspector, for the exiles were not allowed an ash tray or a box of matches without his approval. And in fact he put aside for himself any article to which he took the slightest fancy, shrouding the appropriation with a muttered incantation that sounded something like "German national property." The brownshirts stacked their rifles and lounged about smoking.

Felix went into Rabbi Aladar's house. The young mother, scarcely risen from childbed, a delicate, bright-eyed woman from the Rhineland, was bestirring herself breathlessly. Her white forehead under the parted brown hair was deeply furrowed with exertion. She was standing amid a mountain of bed and table linen and underwear, which she was trying vainly to cram into an already overcrowded traveling hamper. Now and then she looked up. Her eyes shone moistly with weakness and bewilderment. From the next room came the peaceful chatter of children, with the occasional insistent squall of an infant.

The chaplain found Aladar Fuerst in front of his bookcases, which filled all four walls of the big living room to the ceiling. A few hundred volumes that he had picked out from the many thousands rose in tottering piles at his feet. He had a book in his hand and was reading, reading raptly, with a ghost of a

smile on his face. He seemed to have completely forgotten reality over the page his eye had fallen on. The spectacle of this Jew reading with absorption amid the collapse of his world made a deep impression on the chaplain.

"Your Reverence Doctor Fuerst," he said, "unfortunately I gave you bad advice. The fact that that advice is tormenting my conscience is no help to you, or to me either. Luckily you have a Hungarian passport. Perhaps the Lord means better by you and yours than by us. It would not be the first time He has brought the people in which He manifested Himself to safety when He seemed to be punishing it."

Dr. Aladar Fuerst gave the priest a long, remote look, which moved and disturbed the latter so much that he turned to and helped carry down the favorite books chosen to go.

An hour later everyone was ready. Inbichler had kept the best property of the exiles, the more valuable furniture, all the silver, all the women's jewelry, and whatever money and securities he could lay hands on; for all those who were being banished, Fuerst included, were stripped to their shirts and subjected to a thorough search. The Rabbi took this ignominious proceeding, increased by derisive remarks from the brownshirts, with such absent-minded equanimity that Felix was almost annoyed at him. "I'd be hitting out at these beasts," he thought. The only thing that Inbichler passed uninspected, with a gesture of disdain, was the books.

But since, as Inbichler had said, everything had to "proceed in order," and "Germanism was organization," he made out a careful receipt for each article he was keeping. This raised the naked robbery to the level of law and governmental action, making it all the sweeter to the robber.

Peter Schoch, who had now taken his seat beside the driver of the first truck, began blowing the horn furiously. It was four o'clock. Night would fall within two hours at latest.

The brownshirts kicked and cuffed their victims into the first truck, where they first tumbled against one another, and then had to sit on the floor. The small children began to be uncomfortable, and a few of them set up an outcry. The closely packed crowd of spectators were deathly silent, and there was no telling from their curious faces whether they approved or condemned what was going on. Schoch's men were getting their motorcycles ready.

At this Chaplain Ottokar Felix stepped up sharply to Ignaz Inbichler: "Chief," he said, drawing himself up with a jerk, "I do not know whether you are acting under official orders, and if so, whose. But I would point out to you that if you are acting on your own authority you will be held responsible, to-morrow, the next day, some day, in one way or another. It is a well-known fact that these people have lived here for centuries, and none has ever had cause to complain of them."

The pinched man with the accordion face sucked luxuriously at his cigarette, and blew a cloud of smoke in the priest's face: "Don't be impatient, Your Reverence," he cooed sweetly, "everyone will have his turn. Our black-coated friends might very well come next. That idea had already occurred to me. However, if you're so fond of the Jew swine, you can go right with them."

"So I will!" said the chaplain. And he climbed into the truck.

The Jews stared at him incredulously. Mrs. Fuerst was the only one sitting on a chair, which had been put into the truck for her. She was holding the baby in her arms, while her husband tried to quiet the second child, a tiny girl. At this the chaplain took the Rabbi's eldest, a four-year-old boy, in his lap, and began to joke with him.

The motor whirled. The powerful truck started off with a bounce, for the road was full of deep holes. The second car followed. The brownshirts' motorcycles came chattering after. They went bumping along the rough country road

that follows the big lake, though it is not visible from there. This road leads to a desolate boundary station on the Hungarian frontier. Why the main route to the important frontier town of Hegyeshalom had not been chosen remained Peter Schoch's own spiteful secret. In the first truck, jammed with roughly shaken people, no one said a word. When Chaplain Ottokar Felix tried to encourage the outcasts they all listened to him with the strained, watery eyes of deaf-mutes. The tremendous quarries of Rust must have been behind by the time twilight fell, and with it, from the reedy lake, came one of the thick, choking fogs of which the people of the region have such a superstitious dread.

Schoch halted the column. The brownshirts got off their motorcycles. A curt command: "Everybody out! Unload! The trucks go back."

The storm troopers rushed at the second truck. Bureaus, sideboards, cupboards, cherished household furnishings, boxes of china and kitchenware of every kind went flying from a great height into the muddy road, where they smashed amid scornful laughter. There was a weebegone outcry from the women.

The chaplain, absolutely beside himself, grabbed Schoch by the wrist: "What does this mean? Are you crazy?"

With his fist Schoch gave the priest a blow on the chest that sent him staggering: "I'll have you before communion, you damned incense-swinger," he laughed.

Next the Rabbi's books followed the slaughtered household goods. Aladar Fuerst came running up with outspread arms. But when Felix stooped to pick up at least a few of the volumes Rabbi Aladar made a gesture of resignation that seemed to the chaplain positively grotesque in its Jewishness: "What's lost is better lost," he intoned to himself, with his slender head on his right shoulder.

"Left of the road," Peter Schoch commanded in echoing tones. "Forward march!"

Those who hesitated, old and young, were driven into the open fields by the

brownshirts. None might lag. There was no consideration for the old people, nor for the children either. If a few of the Jew brats pegged out on the forced march so much the better. These were outlaws completely beyond the law, people protected by no state on earth.

The fog began to go black. Suddenly the chaplain felt himself wading ankle-deep, then almost knee-deep in ice-cold water. They had got into the wet swamps that fringe the lake near Moerbisch. Ottokar Felix picked up the four-year-old, whom he had been leading by the hand. Now he carried the child on his left arm, while with his free hand he helped the young mother, who was mechanically dragging herself and the infant along.

At nightfall it grew bitterly cold, and the fog lifted. Yonder were the lights of Moerbisch. Everyone started to run. Beyond the last houses of Moerbisch lay the longed-for frontier. Home, but yesterday the familiar scene of an accustomed life, was already a strange inferno, looked back to with horror.

An icy wind came in gusts. The flag of the conqueror was already flying from the Austrian customhouse. But when the old frontier guards, who had not yet been relieved, caught sight of Peter Schoch with his brownshirts and their victims, they vanished from the scene as swiftly as if the fog had swallowed them up. The road to the Hungarian boundary station lay open, not a hundred yards away.

Aladar Fuerst gathered up the passports of the exiles. Most of them, his own included, were Hungarian papers, since a good share of the Burgenlanders had for various reasons retained their original Hungarian citizenship, notwithstanding the treaties of Trianon and St. Germain. There could be no doubt that the Magyar frontier would be open without question at least to all those whose papers were in order. That was no more than simple law and justice.

Rabbi Aladar, with the bundle of passports in his hand, went over to the Hun-

garian customhouse. The chaplain accompanied him in silence. Peter Schoch followed them at a shambling gait, whistling cheerfully.

The functionary in the office never even glanced at the passports: "Have you gentlemen had permission from the Royal Hungarian Consulate General in Vienna, please?" he asked with the greatest courtesy.

Aladar Fuerst's lips turned white. "What permission, for goodness' sake?"

"By an ordinance of ten o'clock this morning, the frontier may not be crossed except by permission of the Consulate General."

"But this is quite impossible," stammered Fuerst. "We knew nothing about it and would not have been allowed to get such permission anyway. After all, we were given six hours' notice, under threat of death."

"I'm very sorry," said the immigration officer, shrugging his shoulders, "but I can't do anything about it. You gentlemen will have to show the permission of the Consulate General."

"Go fetch your commander," said the chaplain in a tone that made the young official stand up and comply without remonstrance. Ten minutes later he was back with a slender, grizzled officer who had obviously, by the look of him, served in the old, glorious army. He took the passports in his hand like a pack of cards, and ruffled them nervously.

The chaplain tackled him sharply. "Major, I am a witness to the fact that these people were looted down to the skin a few hours ago, and hounded through the swamp to the frontier as if they were worse than animals. Dr. Fuerst is a Hungarian subject, and so are many of the others, as you can see by the passports. There is no ordinance among civilized people that can refuse entry to these citizens in search of protection."

"Now, now, Father," said the officer, looking at Felix with dark, bitter eyes, "there are all kinds of things among civilized people. . . ." He added coldly, "I have to follow the regulations."

"There aren't many of us," pleaded Aladar Fuerst. "Most of us have relatives in Hungary. We shan't be a burden on the state."

The Major pushed away the pack of passports with a gesture of revulsion. He did not deign to glance at any of those present, neither Fuerst nor Felix nor Schoch. After a period of frowning thought, he said rather roughly, "You go on back across the border and wait."

It was only when the chaplain looked at him, aghast, that he muttered: "I'll telephone to Sopron, to the Obergespan."

There was an open space in front of the Austrian customhouse. To the left the road went off toward the reedy shores of the lake; to the right it vanished among vineyards. This space the brownshirts had turned into a sort of lighted stage with their motorcycle headlights. They rounded up the old men in this circle of light, and were amusing themselves after the fashion of the German concentration camps by making them do rapid knee bends and other gymnastics: "Up! Down! One! Two!"

A crowd of spectators had gathered round, people from Moerbisch and soldiers from the Hungarian frontier post. These did not conceal their horror and fury. Felix heard a noncommissioned officer spit and say savagely to his neighbor, "If I had to go through anything like that I'd kill myself, and my whole family too, on the spot."

An hour later an auto arrived, bringing the Obergespan, the provincial governor, in person. Sopron, the capital of the neighboring county, was but a few miles from the frontier. The local potentate was a fat, amiable gentleman, with the elastic grace so often favored by corpulent dignitaries.

"Now, now, good people, what's all this?" he began in fatherly tones, addressing himself to the exiles. "I can't overstep legal enactments. I'm only an administrative organ. I'm responsible to the Ministry of the Interior at Budapest. Hungary is a constitutional state and a Christian one, certainly. But

ultra posse nemo tenetur—I can't create a precedent. Why, after all? If I let you cross the border to-day, others will come to-morrow on the strength of it, to-morrow and the day after and maybe for months. Now do go on back home, all of you, and don't make trouble for me. Personally I'm very sorry I can't do anything for you."

The Obergespan had talked like a kindly old gentleman trying to induce naughty children to give up some prank and go home at once. He had addressed his speech to the wrong audience, only giving an occasional uncomfortable glance at the armed brownshirts.

Then Peter Schoch broke the deep stillness. "Sooner than let 'em go home we'll knock off the whole lot."

And everyone realized that the Storm Leader's words were no empty threat.

The chaplain begged the official in the name of Christ to shelter the outcasts beyond the frontier at least for the one night, because they would not be taken in at Moerbisch or any other Austrian town, and the murderous threats of the armed gang were meant in deadly earnest.

The Obergespan rocked busily on his toes, and wiped away the sweat. "But Reverend Father," he complained in almost wounded tones, "why must you make my situation more difficult than it already is, you of all people? Do you think I'm not human? Once and for all, the government has closed the frontier. I regret it extremely."

The grizzled major stood the whole time without a word, surveying the tips of his boots. Finally the Obergespan drew him and the chaplain aside. They walked to and fro in the road between the two customhouses.

"I've just thought of something," the Obergespan began. "It may be a way out that will satisfy His Reverence. But I mustn't know anything about it, understand, Major?"

Thereupon he unfolded his plan. The major was to let the company cross the frontier, but to smuggle them back to

Austria during the night, preferably on one of the flat barges that plied on the lake. This would satisfy both the law and the dictates of humanity.

The major halted and drew himself up: "Your Excellency has only to wink, and I will evade the law in the present case. But I am a family man myself, and I will not be a party to the outright massacre of women and children; and they will be massacred if we take them in and put them out again."

"Just as you please, my dear fellow; it was only an idea," smiled the Obergespan, deeply offended, and got into his car without noticing the chaplain's upraised hands.

The night had brightened somewhat. A very white moon in the quarter had risen, seeming to sharpen the cold. In the nearby vineyards a hut used by the vintagers for shelter from wind and weather during the season stood out against the blackness. To it Aladar Fuerst took his exhausted wife and children. Meanwhile the major had sent straw ticks and blankets from the Hungarian frontier garrison and distributed bread and coffee. He also ordered his men to put up two tents for the exiles, one for the men and one for the women.

The chaplain had asked and received from the major a large bottle of milk for Fuerst's children. But as he was approaching the hut with this gift there was a quick blast on a horn from the open space, and a sharp command in Schoch's piercing voice: "Assembly! All men fall in!"

The shadows that had just lain down to sleep in and round the tents staggered to their feet, and assembled hollow-eyed in the glaring beams of the headlights. Aladar Fuerst came last, with Felix behind him. While some of the older men were groaning as if awakened from a deep sleep, Rabbi Aladar now had a gentle, dreamy look.

Peter Schoch marched solemnly toward the rabbi, very slowly, his small eyes squinting voluptuously, with a twist to his mouth that held great promise.

The brownshirts laughed at the top of their lungs. This was sure to be the great treat, one that was well worth staying up through several nights for in the drunkenness of triumph. Storm Leader Peter was famous for his brilliant and comical notions. He stood blond and straight before Fuerst now, towering high above the small figure of the rabbi. In his right hand he held a wooden swastika, a simple cross from a pauper's grave. He had abstracted it from the Moerbisch churchyard, and had hastily transformed it by nailing on short arms to make it the symbol of victory. There were no swastikas in the country yet, and in this predicament Schoch had had the happy thought of taking the Christian adornment from the sunken grave-mound of some forgotten soul.

He raised this strangely macabre swastika high above his head like a Crusader: "Jew swine and garlic-eater," he cried, his voice showing plainly how much he was enjoying himself, "you're the rabbi, hey? Are you the rabbi?"

No answer.

"You're the rabbi with curls and caftan, jumping around in front of the Ark of the Covenant on the Shabbes, is that right, Ikeymatzo?"

The motorcyclists roared, beside themselves with delight. Fuerst stood silent, almost inattentive.

"You're the rabbi who kisses your Ark on the Shabbes, hey?"

No answer.

At this Schoch gave Aladar Fuerst such a blow in the stomach with his left fist that Fuerst fell to his knees. Then he turned to the brownshirts.

"Nobody can say we don't treat you right! Jew swine, I am allowing you the honor of kissing the symbol of the exalted Germanic race with your dirty mug. And our horse-collared friend there can sing *Kyrie eleison* for accompaniment."

Aladar Fuerst, still on his knees, quietly took the swastika held out to him. At first he held it irresolutely in his hands, this rude, crumbling cross from the grave of the unknown dead, smelling of damp

spring earth. And Felix prayed that Fuerst would do nothing rash, but would kiss the swastika.

Instead came something utterly unexpected.

Aladar Fuerst's eyes were half closed; he seemed to be acting as if sunk in some distant dream, and his motions were not quick, but reflective. One after another he broke off the loosely attached strips. By his action he turned the swastika into a cross again.

There was dead silence. No one offered to stop him as he destroyed the triumphant symbol. Peter Schoch and his men seemed not to understand what the action signified. For more than a minute they stood helpless, not knowing what to do.

There was a hovering smile on Rabbi Aladar's face, which was turned toward the chaplain standing beside him. And he handed the priest the restored cross as if it were something belonging to him, not to himself.

Just then someone in the ranks of the brownshirts cried: "Jew swine, can't you hear that the Hungarian wants you over there? Run, Jew swine, run!"

Sure enough. Aladar Fuerst staggered to his feet, looked round, breathed heavily, saw the group of Hungarian soldiers under the distant lights of the other customhouse, to which they had withdrawn. He hesitated for a moment, and then began to walk toward them.

There was a shot. Then another. And the rattle of automatic rifles. Fuerst did not get twenty steps. The brownshirts jumped at him where he fell, and trampled him with their hobnailed boots as if to stamp him into the ground.

On the far side, Magyar words of command snapped like whips. With leveled bayonets the Hungarian frontier guards, quivering with rage and spoiling for a fight, advanced on the murderers. The major took the lead, pistol in hand.

Seeing this, Schoch and his men left their victim where he was, whirled about, swung themselves on their motorcycles, and faded away with a bad smell

of exhaust gas. For it lay not only in the genius of their Party policy but in the nature of their murdering courage always to know within a hair's breadth how far they could go without endangering the great cause.

The wounded man was carried into the Hungarian customhouse, and stretched out on one of the benches. He was unconscious. A doctor summoned by the major soon arrived. He found a spinal injury and two shots through the lungs. There were also several broken ribs and severe contusions.

The chaplain tried to look after Mrs. Fuerst, who had lost her voice and the power of speech. She crouched wide-eyed beside her husband, despairingly moving her lips without a sound. The thin, piercing cries of the infant cut through the room.

On toward morning Aladar Fuerst, rabbi of Parndorf, passed away. Before the end he opened his great, dark eyes. They sought the eyes of the chaplain of Parndorf; their expression was quiet, very remote, and not dissatisfied.

By his death Aladar Fuerst saved his congregation. The major defied government orders and risked his own livelihood by allowing women, children, and old men to cross the border. They were taken to Sopron. Nine men in the prime of life remained behind. The major advised them to head northward.

He had heard a report, he said, that the Czechoslovak frontier had been opened to fugitives.

Ottokar Felix's story was ended.

"And you, Father?" I asked.

"And I," he repeated absently. Then he reached for his hat. "This story wasn't about me. But since you're interested, obviously I couldn't go back to Parndorf. So I went along with the nine other men, and got across the Slovak frontier at an unguarded point. We swam a river. Since then I have been roaming from land to land."

We went out of the hotel into the street. The sun was setting gloriously behind the huge park. It was Friday evening, and a pleasant hour of the day. People were going home.

"Look," said the priest, blinking at the passing scene. "Look at all these kindly people, well-fed, well-dressed, good-tempered. They don't realize that Peter Schoch is upon them, perhaps among them. Many of these men are going to fall in battle. They will go out to defend the decent life and liberty of their nation. But there's much more at stake than freedom and a decent life; there's the desecrated cross without which the night will engulf us. And only God knows whether it will be granted to the whole world to do what Aladar Fuerst, the little Jew, did with his feeble hands . . ."



REPORT ON BRITAIN

WAR PRODUCTION, EMPLOYMENT, AND FUTURE PROSPECTS

BY ELDRIDGE HAYNES

IF YOU ask the average American to define "total war" he is apt to fumble for an answer. But in Britain everyone knows the answer, because Britain has mobilized its total labor force, including women. If we were to match, proportionately to our population, Britain's mobilization of labor, we should have 60,000,000 people working full time in the armed services, civilian defense, and war industries. Actually we have fewer than 35,000,000 so employed. In Britain two out of every three persons between the ages of fourteen and sixty-five are so engaged.

For the first time in the history of any democracy Britain *conscripts* women for service in the army, navy, and air force. Two hundred thousand British women have been conscripted for the army, known as ATS, meaning Auxiliary Territorial Service. There are more women in the air force than the total personnel of the RAF at the outbreak of the war and almost all of the land base jobs of the British navy are now handled by women.

In addition to cooking and office work, Britain's women soldiers and sailors are driving trucks and motorcycles, repairing motor vehicles, packing and repacking parachutes, installing, inspecting, and maintaining gun equipment and ammunition of combat planes after each raid, raising and lowering barrage balloons, forecasting weather, manning harbor craft, sending and receiving radio messages. A normal ack-

ack unit is composed of 229 women and 189 men. The women man the gun height finders and predictors, give bearings, and signal to fire. And they are being killed in action alongside the men. Aerial reconnaissance is the latest field where British women are stepping into men's shoes, serving as photographers in planes flying over military objectives.

Women in Britain's "land army" are given much credit for the fact that this "army" has doubled the home production of food since the outbreak of the war.

Approximately one-third of the total output of British factories is made possible by the 5,500,000 women in production. In one factory or another of the many which I visited, I saw women performing every conceivable manufacturing operation. In a Sheffield steel plant there are more than 1,000 women, driving trains, overhead cranes, operating the controls of huge drop forges, grinding, cleaning, inspecting. The most skilled job in this plant is the rifling of the inside of a 6" gun, being done by a forty-year-old woman who had never worked in a plant before.

British women are producing more per hour per person than the men. This is due to the fact that the younger men have been drafted into the armed services. The older men have been working long hours, and two million of them are serving at night in the Home Guard as well. Every man in the Home Guard

serves all night every seventh night. The result is that the older men in British plants are tired. Mr. Bevin told me that he considered 56 hours the optimum work week for men, and 44 to 48 hours for women. But war-production plants are working 24 hours per day and most of them have only two shifts, which means more than 56 hours for most workers.

Ernest Bevin rose to fame in a 14-hour speech which won a maximum work week of 44 hours for British dockers. That was in the early twenties. In May of this year he asked for a *minimum* work week of 52 hours. This was not directed so much at the war industries, because they were already working more than 52 hours; it was intended to release workers in the depressed civilian goods industries, many of which were working fewer hours than 52.

Children, likewise, have been put to work in British plants. Indeed, seventy per cent of all boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 17 are working.

The Ministry of Labor operates 24 training centers throughout Britain to train people for production. Under the direction of Watson Smythe, a Vickers engineer, these training centers operate 24 hours a day, giving courses of 4 to 16 weeks and paying the students from \$8 to \$16 per week. The schools strive to train to employers' requirements and give courses in a wide variety of subjects, including machine-tool building, reconditioning, and operation, aircraft fitting, tool room upgrading, sheet metal work, welding, gauge-making, automotive repair and maintenance. Courses are also given in 150 technical schools and colleges under arrangements with the Ministry of Labor. Their courses are similar but usually require only 8 weeks.

Every adult in England can be conscripted into the armed services or "directed" into industry. Women between the ages of 20 and 30 and men between 18 and 51 are subject to military draft. After each adult registers, he is called by the Ministry of Labor for an interview.

Single women are classified as "mobile" and can be directed to work anywhere in England. The difficult case is reviewed by a "woman's panel," and if still unsettled, it goes to an "appeal board," whose decision is final except for the veto of Mr. Bevin. Since he can tell any adult that he must work, and where, and when, and for what hours and pay, Ernest Bevin has more power than any man in England has had since Oliver Cromwell. One wealthy and titled lady insisted that she could pour tea but that she was not competent to serve the war effort effectively. The Ministry of Labor decided she could collect bus fares, which she now does 10 hours per day. Actually, proceedings have been instituted against only 1 out of 10,000 persons, and only 1 in 50,000 has been imprisoned.

No registered person in England can get a job except through a government employment exchange operated by the Ministry of Labor; and no employer can add any registered person to his payroll except through such an exchange. No one in an essential industry in England can quit his job or be fired except with the consent of the Ministry of Labor. These measures have stopped the raiding of one plant by another in search of workers, and have put teeth into the pledge of British unions not to strike during the war.

II

By order of the Board of Trade (counterpart to the U. S. Department of Commerce) thousands of plants normally engaged in the production of civilian goods have been completely shut down. And yet they remain as solvent corporate enterprises without government subsidy. This has been accomplished by the "Concentration Plan."

It is difficult for us in America to imagine what has happened to the civilian-goods industries in Britain. Clothing is rationed so severely that if a woman purchases two pairs of stockings per month (and they would have to be

cotton, for no silk is allowed for stockings), and one apron per year, she will not have any coupons with which to buy any other clothing. For one week a civilian is allowed 25 cents' worth of meat, two ounces of butter, and two ounces of tea.

These restrictions were made necessary by the fact that the enemy occupies many of the normal sources of supply in Europe and elsewhere, by the scarcity of shipping space, and by the need for workers and plant facilities for war production. Clothing rationing alone has released 250,000 tons of shipping space a year, and 400,000 workers.

As in this country, rationing started with the control of materials flowing into factories. Under the British "Limitation of Supplies Order" critical raw materials for all plants were cut proportionately, with the result that the production of civilian goods dropped 67 per cent from their prewar levels (including the production for export). Such a cut, affecting all plants the same, drove thousands of plants which were unable to secure war orders, or to find alternate materials, near bankruptcy. Floor space was not being released and supervisors were being held on the job. And so the "Concentration Scheme" was developed by the Board of Trade under the administration of Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, then the President of the Board and now Minister of Production. Under this scheme the production of an entire industry is concentrated in a few "nucleus plants" which, in turn, pay for the maintenance and upkeep of the closed plants, including insurance. They take orders from and produce for the closed plants, most of which maintain their advertising and sales organizations. The plan has been applied to 48 industries, in only four of which have "victory models" been adopted through standardization upon a single style or model for the entire industry. In the other 44 industries the closed plants have turned over their molds, dies, patterns, and designs to the nucleus plants, thus pre-

serving the characteristics and identity of individual brands.

III

It has often been said that labor relations in England are smoother than in America. While there has been a demand for increased wages in a few industries, notably coal mining, there is not the widespread demand for a general wage increase such as the CIO has been demanding in this country. Before giving too much credit to British labor for this difference, however, one should pause to reflect upon the basic difference in our two economies. England, in wartime, is a country of scarcities—scarcities made necessary by war production and shipping. No amount of money could increase the standard of living of the British people by a single toothpick. The average man has more money than he has coupons. Labor leaders recognize this and know that they can do little to better the lot of workers until the production of consumer goods can be increased. Then, increased wages could be immediately reflected in higher living standards. Moreover, rationing has all but eliminated class distinctions. The rich can buy no more clothes or food than the poor and no civilian of any class may drive a car. Taxation has added to the leveling influence of rationing. Those who have incomes of less than \$2,000 receive a total of 77 per cent of the national income before taxes, and 84 per cent of the national income after taxes; those with incomes greater than \$8,000 receive a total of 10 per cent of the national income before taxes, but only 4 per cent of the national income after taxes.

In England a person with an income of \$250 per month pays \$100 per month in income taxes alone, plus a sales tax on everything he buys except essential foods and clothing. All other products are subject to a sales tax of 33 per cent, and everything classified as luxuries, 67 per cent. Because of scarcities, however,

these taxes do not cause the sacrifices they would in this country if our taxes were as high.

And so when we think about the relatively peaceful and constructive relationships which exist between British labor and management we should remember that there is precious little for people in England to fight over. Survivors in a lifeboat don't quarrel about wages. They divide up the available food and water without regard to class and pull together for safety.

There are, however, three major differences between the two countries with respect to labor relations which are worth our serious consideration. The first is the British method of collective bargaining. One rarely hears of a bargaining agreement between an individual union and an individual plant in England. More often, entire industries bargain with groups of unions. The "Engineering Industry" (including almost everything in metal working), for example, has a contract with 17 unions including both the vertical or CIO type and the craft or AF of L type of unions. The basic questions of wage rates and hours are covered in this agreement. The plan has the advantage of removing the strain in the relationships between the employees and the employer which develops when such negotiations are carried on in a single plant. Furthermore, no plant can enjoy a competitive advantage by driving a better bargain with labor, because all plants in the industry covered by the agreement pay the same basic wages.

This scheme is made possible by two kinds of organizations which we do not have in America. The first is the Trade Union Congress, which represents almost all the unions in Britain and which facilitates such collective bargaining and assures that jurisdictional differences are settled within and by the unions. The second is the British Employers' Confederation and its counterpart in various industries, which bargains with unions in behalf of its corporate members.

A second major difference between our two countries is the wider and more successful use of shop stewards. Elected by the employees of the individual plant and responsible to them, rather than to the unions, the shop stewards are successfully handling with management the vast majority of grievances before they become flaming controversies. In addition the shop stewards have taken an aggressive role in the labor-management consultative committees (an old idea in England) which are seeking faster, more efficient production methods. British shop stewards are given a considerable share of the credit for stopping the "limitation of production" movement which started during the depression as a means of stretching work to make more jobs and which persisted even after England went to war, and did not completely disappear until after Russia was attacked by Germany. In some of the newer industries, such as aircraft, there have been meetings of shop stewards representing various plants in the industry to discuss matters usually handled by unions. The result is that shop stewards are viewed with increasing apprehension by union leaders in Britain.

A third difference is the fact that so many British labor leaders seem to reflect a greater degree of public responsibility than do many of our union officials. There are 141 labor seats in Parliament, and more than a score of the top administrative posts in the British government have been assigned to labor men. England has not had a general election since 1935, and many of the labor MP's were elected even before that—when Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister. The average age of the labor MP's is higher than that of the representatives of any other major political party and many people look upon the Labor Party to-day as being essentially conservative.

To promote the morale of factory workers, the Ministry of Labor, the Ministry of Supply, and the Ministry of Aircraft Production have initiated a large

number of projects. All of them strive to relate the work of the individual in the plant to the performance of the product in battle. When this is done successfully more and better work results. The projects include bringing war heroes to the plant, where they speak to the workers in the canteens. The British get better results when they bring privates and lance corporals than when they bring officers. In addition, recordings are made of stories told by pilots, soldiers, and sailors and are broadcast over the public address systems in the plants. The communiqué type of poster which reports a battle won or an enemy plane shot down with the products of a given plant is the most popular type of poster. The Ministry of Aircraft Production was planning when I left England a series of posters based upon accounts of British bombing raids reported in German newspapers brought to England via a neutral country. Russian posters, with an English translation added, have been very popular. The Ministries attach a great deal of importance to the poster which dramatizes actual production compared with the quota from day to day.

Every plant in Britain employing 250 workers or more is required to serve at least one hot meal, including meat, to every shift every day. Extra rations are allowed the industrial as well as the service canteens, with the result that the best food (as well as the least expensive) in Britain is served in the war plants, not excepting the finest hotels in London. This has done much to promote and maintain morale.

All women in British plants are in uniform, and this has helped to eliminate class distinctions, to save the workers' money, to promote safety, and to build pride in war production.

IV

It is not likely that America will ever be subjected to the fierce and continuous bombing Britain has suffered. But

hit-and-run raids are entirely possible, if not probable, before victory is attained. We should therefore profit by some of the techniques which the British have developed out of bitter experience which are applicable to our problem.

It is common knowledge in America that one out of every five homes in Britain has been destroyed or damaged by German air raids; that 44,000 civilians have been killed and more than 50,000 injured. It is also well known that in resisting those raids British fighters shot down 3,692 German planes in three months—more than four times the number of British planes lost in the same period. What is not so well known is that many of the most vital war industries which the Germans have tried repeatedly to hit have never been scratched, although in many cases the Germans have reported their destruction. The identity of these plants and how they were camouflaged and otherwise protected are facts which obviously cannot be printed during the war. The facts are available to our own civilian defense agencies and to plant protection officials of our industries.

A few useful conclusions which the British have reached, and which can and should be published, are these: The heart of the protection of a plant against air raid is the control room, the only bombproof room in most British plants. The control room maintains communications with the military and learns in advance about approaching enemy aircraft so that protective measures may be taken. There is little doubt that "radiolocation" did more to save Britain than any other single invention. The plant control room also maintains communications with all buildings and departments of the plant itself, especially the Air Raid Protection Services organized within the plant, including the fire brigade, the rescue squad, the first aid unit, the ambulance squad, plant messengers who go to work if and when the intra-plant communication system fails, and the gas decontamina-

tion squad, as well as the lookout on the roof of the plant and the men manning the anti-aircraft guns. The public address system, which every British plant has installed with a loud speaker in every room, is hooked up with the control room so that instructions to the employees can be given.

In the early days of the blitz the employees of British plants responded to the air raid warnings sounded by the city, stopped work, and went into the shelters built outside the plant and stayed there until the "all clear" signal was sounded. The result was that war production in Britain was suspended whenever an enemy plane approached the city, and was not resumed until all enemy aircraft had been shot down or routed. Now shelters have been built inside the plants and the workers do not stop working until the plant public-address system gives the warning from the control room—which does not happen until bombs are actually falling close to the plant. This has cut lost production time due to air raids tremendously.

In the early days of the blitz confusion invariably developed between the various ARP services. This confusion led to the appointment of "incident officers." Now whenever a bomb falls an "incident officer" is put in charge and all the ARP services take their orders from him.

Also, in the early days no two persons could tell the same story of what had happened in an air raid, and there was consequently uncertainty as to what steps to take to improve protection against future raids. Now one person keeps a detailed record, in the control room, of everything that happens.

Total mobilization of man and woman power, effective air raid protection, positive relationships between employees and employers, and the concentration of the civilian goods industries, all have helped to make possible an impressive production record. Complete data on British war production have not been released because such data would be useful

to the enemy. It is possible to present these facts, however: British plane production has doubled in the past year and is now believed to equal Germany's. Britain is producing 40,000 big guns every year with 25 million rounds of ammunition. Ammunition produced for small arms exceeds two billion rounds per year. Shipbuilding in 1941 totaled 1,250,000 tons. British tank production is now twice as great as it was in August, 1941, three times as great as in February, 1941, and five times as great as in August, 1940. To send supplies to Russia Britain has been assembling 200 trucks per month in Iran (Persia) and putting them immediately to motor convoy duty. Britain has sent three million pairs of boots to Russia, 500,000 blankets, and 250,000 woolen garments. Our own war production volume did not pass Britain's until April of this year.

There is only one way in which Britain can increase her war production, and that is by installing more equipment.

The idea that "England specializes in craftsmanship, America in mass production" persists. It possibly was true in pre-war days with regard to certain fine fabrics, briar pipes, Rolls Royce cars. But it is an unfortunate distinction to apply to war production. The notion that mass-production technics cut the quality of the product is demonstrably untrue as applied to war production, to tanks, guns, planes, munitions.

The quality of a product is affected only when the materials are being changed—in their dimensions or composition. British plants use the same equipment and methods we do to cut, grind, punch, trim, and heat materials, etc. Indeed, a very substantial share of the machine tools in British plants are American made. And the British have generally adopted the principle of interchangeability of parts except in the making of aircraft engines.

But mass production involves the *movement* of goods as well as their conversion. Raw materials must be *moved* from the receiving platform, through in-

specification, *moved* into raw materials storage, *moved* to and through various processes, *moved* through finishing and assembly operations, *moved* through finished goods inspection, *moved* to finished goods storage and on to the shipping platforms. It is only when materials are *moved* through a plant by mechanical methods, and therefore more quickly, smoothly, and economically, that mass production is achieved.

The British use overhead cranes to move material too heavy to move by hand. But the great mass of lighter materials is usually handled by hand methods, or in hand-operated trucks. One rarely sees a conveyor, the skid system, or the truck-trailer method of materials handling in a British plant. And hand movement of materials adds nothing to the quality of the product. But it does add precious man hours.

Most British plants were built many years ago and were designed for single-shift daylight operation with windows and skylights which are now blacked out. While electric lights have been attached to individual machines, the general level of illumination of British plants is low. Bad lighting increases worker fatigue, accidents, spoiled work. Modern fluorescent lighting was found in only two gauge-inspection rooms in all the plants inspected by the author. Britain does not use welding as much as we do, and rarely electric welding. Riveting is still the general practice. No infra-red lamp installations were found. We use them extensively to speed drying of painted materials.

If British plants could be supplied more plant equipment, materials handling, fluorescent lighting, welding, infra-red lights, British production would increase and its labor force would be more productive and less fatigued.

V

No people anywhere are more keenly aware that our first job is to win the war; and yet England is far ahead of us in

post-war planning. England learned the hard way that no nation can prepare for war overnight, and her leaders recognize that it will be no easier to prepare for peace overnight. The British people want more than the defeat of Hitler as a reward for the tremendous sacrifices they are making.

There appear to be four certainties about Britain's post-war economy. The first is that the advent of 5,500,000 women in British plants will pose neither social nor economic problems when peace comes. Although Britain has always used a great many women in her industries, particularly textiles, and will doubtless continue to employ them in such industries when peace comes, still millions of others, drafted especially for war production, will be delighted to quit when the war ends. Indeed, the government has assured the unions that their pre-war status will be restored after the war—that dilution will end, that the men will get the jobs now assigned to women for the war period. But more important than all such promises is the attitude of the women themselves. One cannot walk through British plants without being impressed by the efforts the women make to preserve their femininity. Few under forty will cover their hair with the required turbans or snood caps intended to protect their hair from flying belts and whirling machinery. They prefer to take the risk of a scalping in order to show their curls. Next to the dance floor, the most popular place in the great hostels which the government has built to house the "mobile women" is the hairdressing parlor. The manager of one plant employing 9,000 women told me that he would rather have 1,000 pounds of cosmetics than £1,000 sterling to stimulate production in his plant. I asked one girl, who they told me was the pace-setter and leading spirit in the riveting department of a plane plant, how she liked her work. "Bloody awful," she snapped. "I'll be damn glad when this war ends!" Another girl was mak-

ing a lot of money on piece-rate pay in a Royal Ordnance Factory doing a repetitive operation which would drive a man mad. Asked what she thought about as she went through the same motions all day, she replied: "I think that the more of these shells I get into the machine the sooner Jack will come home from Libya. And then I think the more of these shells I handle the more money we'll have to start a home with."

A second certainty about Britain's post-war economy is that the government will continue to have a great interest in the policies, if not the ownership, of British corporations. When I asked, "Will your company have enough money with which to convert back to peacetime production when the war ends?" every corporate officer whom I interviewed replied in the negative. They further asserted that normally they would sell securities to their rich friends to raise additional capital, but that their rich friends were no longer rich. All of them felt that it would be necessary to get capital from the government, that the refund of 20 per cent of the excess profits (now taxed 100 per cent) promised after the war will be insufficient. This refund is itself subject to tax, so that it will actually amount to about 10 per cent. Asked if this was socialism, and whether America was drifting in the same direction, a high official of the Federated British Industries replied epigrammatically, "I never heard of a rich country which adopted socialism, nor of a poor country which hung on to capitalism."

Compared to America, Britain is poor. On a per capita basis her public debt is already four times ours and her national income 40 per cent less. More important, Britain has utterly inadequate natural resources except for people and coal. She is short practically everything else, which leads to the third certainty about Britain's post-war economy.

Rationing will continue after the war. Sir Frederick Leith-Ross estimates that rationing will continue for eighteen

months after the war; Sir Maynard Keynes, for three years.

Mr. Bevin feels that the key to post-war readjustment is to get the capital-goods industries going vigorously, and quickly. This would include a tremendous program of home building, made necessary by the blitz, by the fact that two million couples have married during the war, and by obsolescence. It would include also the rebuilding of industrial and public buildings and other public construction projects. The problem will be to hold down the purchase of consumption goods, such as clothing, and to divert the highest possible proportion of purchasing power into capital goods. For this purpose Mr. Bevin strongly favors the continuation of rationing and curbs on the interest charged on installment purchases. By getting the capital-goods industries going quickly Britain will at once provide widespread employment for her ex-soldiers and -sailors and raise her standard of living. Mr. Bevin does not confine these observations to Britain, but believes that they apply generally to the world and favors international co-operation for this purpose.

This leads to a fourth certainty about Britain's post-war economy. The bulk of her exports must be of a different character from those before the war. And England must export. Unless she exports she cannot import. Unless she imports she cannot live. That is literally true. But Britain's foreign trade has been based mainly upon importing raw materials and exporting finished consumer goods such as textiles. Now other countries of the world from which Britain has always purchased her raw materials, particularly the Dominions and Colonies of the British Empire, want to industrialize, to convert their own raw materials, and to sell the finished goods in the world markets themselves. Every thinking Britisher recognizes that this is a world trend, that it is irresistible. What to export, what she *can* export, then, is Britain's greatest post-war problem.

Many Britishers have a defeatist attitude about this, and have resigned themselves to the notion that Britain can no longer compete in world markets on the old scale and must adjust herself to a lower living standard and seek to serve as the University of the United Nations, devoting her energies and enthusiasms to intellectual and cultural pursuits and to the manufacture of a few truly craftsman-built products. But that is not the attitude of the British industrialists, nor of many of the heads of the British government, nor of the press.

For there are in Britain a great many people who feel that the industrialization of the world is a very necessary development; that only by industrialization can China, India, Africa attain standards of living equal to those of the Western world; and that until they do there can be little hope for a secure peace. These men therefore feel that England should devote her energies after this war to developing industries throughout the underindustrialized countries of the world, and that her exports should consist, in the main, of industrial equipment. The *London Times* joins this group, urging that it is high time that England plan to export what the rest of the world wants to buy rather than those products which the British enjoy making.

One distinguished Englishman high in the ranks of the British Government made this statement to me: "It is difficult for Britain to make definite post-war plans not knowing what America is going to do when peace comes. If America chooses again to go isolationist there will be another war. And of course the next war will be even more terrible than this one. If America, on the other hand, chooses to participate in world affairs she will be the leader of the world and Britain will become her junior partner. The intelligent Englishman is adjusted to this point of view. Gradually the man in the street is recognizing that the leadership of world affairs is passing westward, to the new world, to America. Our greatest concern is whether America realizes what is happening, realizes that she will determine world history from this point on, whether she wants to or not, whether she again withdraws from the international scene or takes a leading part in reshaping it for a better future. Our greatest hope is that Americans may recognize now, before it is too late, that your power and your resources, your wealth, your influence give you the greatest worldwide responsibilities and opportunities any country has ever had in all history."





THE STORY OF PLASMA

BLOOD TRANSFUSION BY REMOTE CONTROL

BY JOHN PFEIFFER

WHEN Hitler started his invasion of Russia in 1941, Nazi casualties on the Eastern Front were unexpectedly high. Doctors at base hospitals needed thousands of pints of blood for emergency transfusions and appealed for immediate supplies. The call reached German officials in conquered Poland, who ordered all persons between the ages of fifteen and sixty to donate their blood (Aryan or non-Aryan) for wounded Nazis. Polish blood was obtained, but only after police had quelled serious riots which broke out throughout the country.

Only a few months later another blood-gathering campaign moved into action under American auspices in Hawaii, after the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Blood stores had been exhausted in treating American casualties on December 7th and new and larger reserves were urgently needed, not only to bring wounded men back to health, but also for use in case of future raids. Within fifteen days three thousand five hundred Hawaiians, soldiers, and sailors had voluntarily donated as many pints of blood, and many more have followed suit since then. Local police have agreed to give traffic offenders a choice: pay a fine in cash or else give a pint of blood to the Red Cross. This measure has added extra pints of the vital fluid to important reserves.

These two examples from Poland and Hawaii serve to emphasize that, wher-

ever the battlefield, blood is as necessary for the fighting man as gasoline and oil are for tanks and airplanes. Twentieth-century research has brought the civilian close to the battlefield in more ways than one. His blood, processed into a dehydrated form, can now be sent to aid armed forces throughout the world. The life-saving "powder" is dried plasma, whole blood minus most of its water and its red and white corpuscles.

Thousands of wounded fighters owe their lives to the prompt use of a Red Cross plasma kit about the size of a cigar box. The kits were stored in Bataan and Corregidor; they are on hand at Pearl Harbor, Alaskan bases, and Aleutian Island outposts. American warships stocked with the units—packed in cases marked "Dried Human Blood Plasma for United States Navy"—carried the fight to the enemy at Midway Island. Wherever seriously injured men find their strength and life ebbing away because of blood loss the kits are the medical officer's first standby; for they contain all the equipment necessary for prompt, on-the-spot transfusions.

Each box contains the most efficient and simplest blood-supplying apparatus ever devised and will help any soldier regardless of his blood type. All the attending physician has to do is take a bottle of triple-distilled, sterilized water and mix with it the contents of another small bottle filled with dried plasma. The flaky, yellow-brown material cannot

produce the often fatal internal clots that form when untyped whole blood is transfused, because it is the donor's blood cells, not the patient's, which clump together in such accidents—and dried plasma, containing no corpuscles, is harmless. Once the dehydrated flakes are mixed with distilled water, the doctor simply takes a hollow needle provided in the kit and inserts it into a vein in the wounded man's arm. The plasma mixture flows along a rubber tube, also included in the kit, through the needle, and thence into the man's bloodstream. Within fifteen to thirty minutes the patient receives the equivalent of a pint of blood, which is usually enough to see him through the difficult journey to a mobile field hospital or a base hospital many miles behind the main fighting zone.

II

The wounds of 1942 are far worse than those of 1917. Dr. John J. Moorhead of New York, who visited Hawaii to give lectures and was swept into active medical service when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, had the following explanation for the increased severity of injuries.

"Back in 1917," he stated, "bullet wounds and machine-gun wounds were the most common injuries. Now it is a case of shrapnel wounds from bombs. The ones I saw were terrific. Those bombs generate tremendous heat and the splinters cover a wide surrounding area." In statistical terms, it is estimated that at least eight out of every ten 1917 casualties were victims of bullets or bayonets, while preliminary figures indicate that such wounds are relatively rare in the present war. Shells and shrapnel and torpedoes cause more than 80 per cent of the casualties and that means more than 80 per cent suffer from the most critical types of wounds. As a result, the average casualty loses a large amount of blood, faces a greater danger of fatal shock, and needs more blood more quickly than ever before.

Physicians using World War transfusion methods to treat such wounds would fail just as surely as soldiers who tried to stem tank advances with old-style machine guns. Medical weapons must keep pace with military weapons. A dramatic report from Guy's Hospital, London, illustrates how well the plasma technique may work. One air-raid victim had lost so much blood that his systolic pressure dropped to 40 (the normal level is between 110 and 140). Typed whole blood was unavailable, so Drs. R. T. Grant and E. B. Reeve used plasma in what may be a world's record for high-speed transfusions. In fourteen minutes the sufferer received two pints of plasma, which promptly raised his blood pressure to 130. The British physicians also described another dramatic case of a patient whose leg had just been amputated. "After the end of the operation," they wrote, "his face and extremities suddenly became pale and he sweated profusely; he lay motionless and apparently unresponsive. . . . Plasma was not obtained for a quarter of an hour and was then transfused at the rate of one pint in twenty minutes. The observers expected the patient to die, but in fifteen minutes there was a remarkable change: the pulse was regular . . . his mental condition had improved and he conversed normally." Thousands of equally successful, if less sensational, cases on tropical and sub-zero battlefronts have proved that plasma can take the place of real blood in an emergency.

The United States has a vast reserve supply of this valuable substance, because in 1940—when the nation was still at peace—the Surgeons General of the Army and Navy had the foresight to stimulate important research "just in case." They requested the National Research Council to find the best available blood preparation for American armed forces. There were several possibilities on the medical market. The British flew supplies of whole blood mixed with anti-clot sodium citrate to casualties at

Dunkerque, but the vital fluid has the disadvantage that it will deteriorate unless refrigerated in space-consuming containers. Although liquid plasma and serum—plasma from which certain clot-forming proteins have been removed—do not require typing, they too must be refrigerated. So attention focussed on dried preparations of these two fluids. Because medical opinion was divided on the merits of dehydrated serum at the time, the plasma product was chosen for mass production. Since then physicians have found that dried serum is also effective and this substance is used in Great Britain.

One result of the National Research Council's studies is the compact dried-plasma kit, another is a civilian blood drive unparalleled in history. The drive started early in 1941, and blood for drying is collected at special donor centers in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Cleveland, and more than a dozen other cities. Blood is usually taken from the large arm vein just visible below the biceps. The region is first daubed with alcohol, wrapped in sterile towels, and a blood-pressure cuff tightened around the upper arm. The cuff increases venous back pressure and facilitates blood extraction. After applying a pain-killing substance above the vein, the physician inserts a needle and draws the blood out into a bottle containing anti-clot sodium citrate. It takes about seven minutes to obtain a pint of blood in this manner.

The fluid is then transferred to 80-pint containers which are shipped to strategically located laboratories, where processing takes place. Bottled blood is placed on a high-speed centrifuge which, working on the principle of a cream separator, whirls the glass containers until the red and white cells settle at the bottom and the clear plasma remains on top, where it can be easily drawn off. Skilled technicians freeze this important fluid—which is more than 90 per cent water—and then subject the solid chunks to high vacuums. The greatly lowered pressure causes the water to evaporate away,

leaving dried plasma which consists of glucose, body-strengthening proteins, and other organic materials. The dehydrated blood flakes will keep more than five years.

During the World War millions of families would gladly have given their blood to save the lives of their sons in France—if there had been any way of getting the blood overseas. The new medical order has made this possible. Of the blood collected before Pearl Harbor, 17,000 plasma kits were sent to Great Britain and the blood of American civilians was used to save the lives of more than 5,000 British civilians and soldiers. Since December 7th more than 200,000 kits have been prepared and they can be found wherever American forces are stationed—in Alaska, Iceland, Ireland, Australia, and other bases. And the drive for blood has just begun. Military officials have already spoken for about 2,000,000 or more kits; the quantity may soar even higher if further aid is needed for a potential 10,000,000-man army and for other United Nations forces. In a people's war the world's soldiers will receive life-saving transfusions prepared from the blood of the world's civilians.

III

The development of dried plasma represents one of medicine's greatest triumphs in a long struggle to find just what blood is and how it works. The circulating fluid which supplies the tissues with oxygen and nourishes the body's cells was sadly misunderstood in the 17th century. Pioneer transfusionists of that day believed that all blood was equally beneficial and that the source made little difference. Proceeding on this assumption in 1662, Dr. Jean-Baptiste Denis tried transfusion on a fifteen-year-old boy suffering from anemia and some obscure fever. After receiving nine ounces of lamb's blood, the child recovered rapidly, thus arousing the enthusiasm of his parents, Dr. Denis, and most of the medical profession. The potency

of lamb's blood was widely hailed and no one stopped to analyze the details of the case, which were extremely significant.

Before the fever-stricken child came to Dr. Denis he had visited a physician who recommended blood-letting. Repeated bleedings left the unfortunate patient worse off than ever, and by the time his parents sent him to Dr. Denis it was not surprising that he suffered also from anemia. The Parisian physician administered the negative benefit of simply not bleeding his young patient, which by itself was a step in the right direction; for the body's red-cell manufacturing center—the bone marrow—undoubtedly worked overtime to replenish the youth's blood supply. The nine ounces of lamb's blood were probably more of a hindrance than a help, because the bloods of two unrelated species are antagonistic and often produce dangerous reactions. Furthermore, nine ounces of even properly matched blood would have been too little to do much good—in this case, the amount was too small to cause irreparable damage.

Dr. Denis was ignorant of these facts and proudly credited the transfusion with saving the boy's life. As a result, he received applause which should rightly have gone to Nature for providing man's body with efficient blood-manufacturing facilities. After a few other similarly "successful" cases were reported, blood transfusions became as popular as pulling teeth or removing the appendix was a few years ago—and almost as popular as vitamin pills are to-day. People argued about theoretical issues such as whether a dog would recognize its master after receiving blood from another dog, or whether the religious beliefs of an Anglican archbishop would be affected by the blood of a Quaker. Scientists suggested the possibility of prolonging life by transfusing the blood of eagles, elephants, and other long-lived creatures.

But knowledge ran a poor second to enthusiasm. As early transfusionists administered larger quantities of animal or

untyped human blood and encountered more stubborn cases, the toll of deaths mounted. The bubble burst after Dr. Denis tried to cure a lunatic with sheep's blood. The man died. A French court promptly prohibited unapproved—and that meant all—transfusions, the practice was prohibited in England, and the Pope issued a special ban in 1675. Doctors learned a lesson they never forgot; they learned that animal blood contained something which made it incompatible with human blood. They recorded that patients often passed "urine black as soot," a sure sign that valuable red cells were clumped together, destroyed, and then eliminated via the body's waste-disposal system. Dr. Denis had noticed that severe reactions were rarer when human blood was transfused, but they still occurred and frequently caused death. The cause of this unexpected complication was still a mystery more than one hundred and fifty years later, when research slowly began to revive. Even by the 1890's scientists had no answer for the all-important question: why should natural blood often become a death-dealing poison when injected into the bodies of patients? At the turn of the century only about half of the hundreds of man-to-man transfusions were successful and many doctors considered the treatment a last resort.

Scientists throughout the world, however, were busily tracking down the problem of blood incompatibility and the solution finally came in a rather roundabout fashion. Bacteriological research revealed that when germs enter the bloodstream the body throws up ingenious and complicated defenses. The blood contains certain proteins called globulins, the countless molecules of which compose an amazingly versatile army. Pneumonia germs, for example, would be invulnerable to microbe-killing white blood cells if it were not for the activities of this army. The mere presence of pneumococci in the blood puts the globulin molecules in a cold physiological fury. Attracted by chemical

cal communiqué from Berlin which tells of a valuable sausage-shaped container of warmed blood with a hypodermic needle at one end and a perfume-atomizer bulb at the other to pump the fluid into a patient's veins.

Work on new blood fractions and substitutes is also progressing. Dr. Edwin J. Cohn and other researchers at Harvard University, for example, are not only filtering corpuscles out of human blood, but are also removing other substances from the resulting plasma. What remains after the final extraction is albumin, a fluffy white powder which is the main component of egg white and makes up about sixty per cent of the proteins in plasma. More than a year ago the American College of Physicians granted funds for an experimental human-albumin plant, and the fact that the National Research Council is studying the purified protein carefully strongly indicates that a solution of this powder may be widely tried as a transfusion fluid.

The Harvard group is conducting even more interesting research based on the close chemical relationship between human albumin and the albumin of cow's blood. Not that doctors are returning to the bad habits of the 17th century and trying to save human beings with whole animal blood, but bovine albumin alone is relatively harmless. Although Doctor Cohn showed typical scientific caution in warning that "we cannot yet predict whether bovine albumin will be acceptable for transfusions," the research gave such promise that laboratories at the University of Minnesota, the National Institute of Health, and other institutions were soon conducting tests of the substance on human patients. One of the most favorable reports has come from the medical school of Louisiana State University, where thirteen persons received up to about a pint of cow-albumin fluid without showing any signs of dangerous reactions such as "urine black as soot."

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have helped further the search for new blood substitutes. If treatments by Drs. N. B. Taylor and E. T. Waters of the University of Toronto work as well on human beings as they have on dogs, transfusions will be made with fish extracts. These physicians found that a gelatin—obtained from the swimming bladders of sturgeon, hake, sea trout, and other species—restored normal blood pressure in dogs suffering from hemorrhage. This research is in a preliminary stage, however, and only further studies will tell whether a fish-gelatin solution is an effective artificial blood.

Scientists are testing these and other substitutes, because even dried plasma with its great advantages represents only an intermediate development to laboratory perfectionists. Leaders on various research outposts argue that, after all, it is still quite a lot of trouble to extract blood from donors and ship it in special containers to elaborately equipped laboratories, where it must be frozen and dried under rigidly controlled conditions. Their dream is of a time when men will be able to create a solution of synthetic chemicals which will possess all the benefits of whole blood and none of the dangers. Although the goal is still far off, there have been crude first efforts toward the production of a man-made "blood" out of non-animal substances.

During the World War a solution of table salt and gum arabic or acacia was tried on hundreds of cases. This fluid is about as viscous as blood, but it showed little advantage over plain salt or glucose injections when it came to emergency transfusions. Furthermore, it caused breathing difficulties and unstable blood pressure, an effect possibly due to the fact that gum arabic coats the red cells and prevents them from supplying the tissues with sufficient oxygen. A more recent and more promising artificial blood is a mixture prepared by three Detroit physicians a few years ago. They extracted pectin, the sugary substance that makes jellies jell, from oranges, grapefruit, and lemons and mixed it with water. This

liquid was administered to eight patients before major operations and there were no cases of surgical shock.

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The dried-plasma technique has been found valuable in the treatment of burns. The use of flame throwers and incendiaries has produced an unusually high proportion of burn victims. The value of plasma in such cases depends upon the fact that when a person is severely scorched the tiny blood vessels or capillaries become more permeable and protein-rich fluids ooze out of the bloodstream toward the damaged tissues. Since only fluid seeps out and the red and white corpuscles stay in the blood vessels, the blood itself becomes thicker and decreases in volume. Blood pressure falls and the sufferer often undergoes severe shock. Victims of this condition present a grim and disheartening picture. They grow pale, sweat profusely, and call desperately for water to relieve the thirst brought about by abnormal loss of body fluid. For these patients protein-rich, cell-free dried plasma mixed with distilled water is an ideal strength-restorer. In fact, it is far superior to whole blood, because extra red and white cells would only further "gum up" the patient's already thickened blood. Plasma injec-

tions properly dilute the viscous fluid and relieve the heart of its burden in circulating the heavy liquid.

A recent report from a British hospital ship in the Middle East announced that sixteen severely burned soldiers who showed these typical symptoms responded rapidly after plasma transfusions. The injections stimulated most of the patients from a state of semi-consciousness to one of mental and physical alertness—a benefit not without drawbacks, because the transition made some of the men aware of their pain and necessitated nerve-deadening shots of morphine.

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Plasma will be of tremendous value in treating another type of casualty, who fortunately has been relatively rare up to the present time—the war-gas victim. Just after the last war an American researcher found that the blood of gassed soldiers, like that of burned patients, became thicker as cell-free fluids passed out of blood vessels to the damaged tissues. Since then gas has been used by the Italians in Ethiopia and by the Japanese in China, and in neither place were the attacked peoples equipped either to fight back or to treat their casualties with plasma. But to-day China will be better prepared, having received large numbers of the Red Cross kits, and the United States can turn to its supplies already stored at scattered outposts.

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WHY CIVIL LIBERTIES NOW?

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THERE is a widespread tendency to regard civil liberties in time of war as a dispensable and probably harmful luxury. To defend the right of free expression, to maintain that acts of repression, when a sound case can be made out for them, should be undertaken through the courts and not through arbitrary administrative action is to invite the suspicion of being lukewarm and indifferent to the war effort. "Win the war first and civil liberties will take care of themselves" is a common attitude. The upholder of the freedom of unpopular groups and individuals will often find himself unfairly identified with points of view to which he is indifferent or opposed.

It is my conviction that this comfortable theory of putting away civil liberties in moth balls until the end of the war and then extracting them intact from their seclusion is based on several profound fallacies. If there has ever been a time in history when it was of supreme importance for democratic countries to maintain those two foundation stones of the free society, political and civil liberties and the rule of impartial law, that time is now. Without for a moment underrating the gravity of the military challenge which confronts us, we must recognize that the ideological challenge of totalitarianism is still wider and more profound and may well survive the defeat of the German and Japanese war machines. We could win the war militarily and yet lose it in a deeper and more permanent sense if the victory were accom-

panied by the creation in our own country, under different names, of those agencies of unlimited terrorism and unlimited official indoctrination which are the unvarying hallmark of the totalitarian state.

No one but an impossible doctrinaire would contend that speech and writing should be or could be as free in time of war as they are in a democratic country in time of peace. There is the obvious field of information that must be kept secret in the interests of the success of actual or pending military operations. And no government that had not become impotent would tolerate appeals for mutiny, desertion, or rebellion under war-time conditions.

But in the very wide area of borderline cases I think liberty should always receive the benefit of the doubt. Some Americans who are sincere liberals in time of peace tend to lose balance and perspective in time of war. They are so obsessed with the vague bogey of "sedition," so quick to impute unworthy motives to those who disagree with them about proper methods of prosecuting the war or about its political and economic objectives, that they lose sight of the immense permanent long-range importance of maintaining the maximum degree of freedom of expression, if only as an antidote to the extremely powerful regimenting tendencies of the war itself and of the collectivist age in which we live.

Both the advocates and the disparagers of wartime civil liberties often see the

issue in false perspective. The appeal on the basis of the inherent right of the individual to speak and write and act as he pleases loses much of its weight when a major war is in progress. When a nation is staking so much on the issue of the conflict all individual rights tend to shrink to small proportions. Whatever the oppositionist may experience in social ostracism, in loss of economic opportunity, even in mob violence or official persecution, is only a drop in an ocean of general suffering. At the worst, it can scarcely match the horrible forms of death that are always likely to befall the aviator, the tank operator, the sailor, the other men in active service.

I believe the strongest case for the maintenance of the maximum measure of civil liberty compatible with the efficient prosecution of the war is the community case rather than the individual case. A society where free discussion is inhibited either by governmental action or by social pressure tends to become an aggregation of robots.

One of the most convincing witnesses for this proposition, curiously enough, is Benito Mussolini. Brought to trial, in the days when he was a left-wing Socialist, for agitating against the Italian invasion of Tripoli, he cried out: "Imagine an Italy in which thirty-six million people should all think the same, as though their brains were cast in an identical mold, and you would have a madhouse, or rather a kingdom of utter boredom and imbecility."

He did not foresee then that he would be so instrumental in proving the truth of his own statement.

The rapidity with which events are sweeping us toward unknown forms of organization, national and international, provides one of the strongest arguments for resolutely maintaining, whatever may be the external stress, those two most valuable elements in the heritage of the liberal past—individual liberty and the supremacy of impartial law.

The trend toward the social-service state has been one common characteristic

of every form of government that has prevailed since the end of the First World War: of Russian communism, of German national socialism, of Italian fascism, of democracy in the United States and Great Britain and the smaller countries of western and northern Europe. Each of these systems, in varying ways, has extended the functions of government, endeavoring to promote the public welfare and entering many fields that would formerly have been left to private initiative.

In the light of this worldwide tendency only an incurable lover of lost causes would now propose a return to the laissez-faire economics of the nineteenth century. It is hardly worth discussing whether such a return would be desirable because it is so obviously impossible. The bureaucratic state, committed to the idea that government can and should actively and positively promote individual well-being, is here to stay. Yet even the most ardent social reformer can scarcely fail to recognize certain dangers in this development. The individual becomes more and more dependent upon a distant impersonal government. Elected representative bodies are pushed into the background because so much of the actual business of administration is left in the hands of experts and specialists.

America's entrance into the war has speeded up this process immensely. Our daily lives are increasingly and necessarily dependent on the decisions of a few appointed officials. Many normal freedoms of choice have been or will be denied to us. As the war goes on we shall be told more and more insistently and restrictively what we may eat, what we may wear, how or even whether we may travel, what jobs we may or must work at. And all-out war gives the state the supreme power of life and death over its able-bodied citizens. All sorts of property rights will be extinguished or held in abeyance as the war economy expands.

Another sign of the times is the striking

growth of personalism in government. Democracies, like dictatorships, are symbolized in their leaders. Roosevelts and Churchills tend to become almost as indispensable and irremovable as Stalins, Hitlers, and Mussolinis. The third term was scarcely an issue in 1940. One wonders whether a fourth term will excite more opposition in 1944, especially if the war is still going on. During the debate on foreign policy that preceded America's entrance into the war there was a fairly general tendency to shy away from bringing the name of the President into the controversy, although he was pretty clearly committed to one school of foreign policy. A shrewd political observer who had traveled from one end of the country to another in 1940 recently remarked to me that there was almost no popular interest in parties or platforms. The election was simply the competition of two personalities, Roosevelt and Willkie.

No one will grudge sacrifices that are necessary to the winning of the war. And the growth of personalism is probably an inevitable accompaniment of the modern mass democracy. But at a time when the movement of events is strengthening the executive, as against the representative organs of government, when more power is being transferred to fewer hands, there is only one means of maintaining proper balance, of ensuring that the indispensable element of popular revision and control is not atrophied in fact, even while it may be preserved in form. This is to keep the channels of discussion and criticism free, to maintain control of the executive power from below by permitting public opinion to form and crystallize in a natural way, without hothouse cultivation from above.

II

When we become concerned over what seem to be unwise or injurious exercises of the right of free speech it is worthwhile to look back to the Civil War and recall how much expression of opposition sentiment was tolerated and proved com-

patible with the prosecution of the conflict to a successful end. Grave as some aspects of the military situation are at the present time, no one with a reasonable sense of proportion could regard it as comparable with the permanent crisis of 1861-1865, when Washington was never far from the line of the front. Severe emergency measures were applied by the military authorities in regions where there was actual or incipient civil strife and in combat areas. Yet the experience of Clement L. Vallandigham, perhaps the most outspoken opponent of the war among the Northern Democrats, shows how far American repressive methods, even in a major national crisis, are from those of a Committee of Public Safety, a Cheka, or a Gestapo.

Vallandigham was arrested by military authority and deported to the South. Then he went to Canada and returned to his native State of Ohio unmolested while the war was going on. He was nominated for governor and received a considerable minority of the votes which were cast. He played a leading part in the Democratic Convention of 1864, which adopted a resolution to the effect that the war had been a failure. Vallandigham would have had to possess the nine lives of the cat to escape being shot for a record like this if he had been the citizen of a totalitarian state. His life ended when he shot himself; but this was genuine accident, not the kind of "accident" that is sometimes stage-managed by a totalitarian secret police.

Nor were there any arrests, much less wholesale shootings, in reprisal for the defeatist resolution of the Democratic Convention. Some delegates there used language about Lincoln that certainly equaled and probably exceeded in violence anything that could be found in the columns of the publications with overtones of home-grown fascism and anti-Semitism which excited so much concerted denunciation a few months ago and which have been, in most cases, suppressed.

One speaker referred to Lincoln as an

old monster who wanted more victims for his slaughter pens. This was scarcely calculated to encourage recruiting and enlistment. But there is no record that any action was taken against this vehement orator. The predominant feeling at the time was that both the defeatist resolution and the intemperate denunciation of the President would have a boomerang effect on the fortunes of the Democratic Party in the 1864 election. And this was actually the case.

The degree of repression that may be called for in war varies widely with circumstances. In the midst of an outburst of enemy-inspired revolt, sniping, and sabotage, summary executions might be considered legitimate war casualties. In a time of complete internal tranquillity a prison sentence for a questionable expression of opinion might fairly be considered an injustice. But it would seem that the American political system and the American psychology are adjusted to carry a pretty heavy load of free speech, even of an injudicious character, in time of war without any disastrous results. The nervous timidity that is sometimes expressed on this score has little basis in the historical record.

Moreover, it should be noted that repression has very little to do with the maintenance of national morale. There were many more arrests for anti-war activity in France than in England after the beginning of hostilities. The French censors were far more severe than the British. The Paris newspapers frequently appeared with large telltale blank spaces where the thought-controllers had deleted some supposedly undesirable piece of news or opinion. But when the test came France fell and England stood.

It would be a mistake to see the sole or perhaps even the principal threat to civil liberties in overzealous Government agencies. Much of this threat proceeds from stupid, humorless, and mob-minded individuals whose influence is always strengthened in time of war.

An illustration of this sort of thing was

the recent ousting of a young pastor, Bruce B. Maguire, from a Presbyterian church in Cincinnati. The pastor belonged to a religious pacifist organization, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and arranged for the holding of a conference of this body in his church. This was the sole issue involved, for Mr. Maguire, although personally a pacifist, had not pressed this point of view on his congregation. He had been popular and successful in his work. There was adverse newspaper publicity about the meeting of the Fellowship, a legal organization which the Government has made no attempt to suppress. Then, to quote the account of the incident which appeared in *The Christian Century*:

On Monday after the Fellowship of Reconciliation meeting the trustees met in a regularly scheduled meeting. Between 3 and 7 o'clock that afternoon four letters and two telephone calls from persons representing the six wealthiest families in the congregation threatened withdrawal from the church.

The end of the matter was that, although an advisory vote of the congregation showed a considerable majority in favor of Mr. Maguire's retention, the church elders voted for his dismissal and were upheld by the Cincinnati presbytery, which had the final decision.

Here one sees a reflection of some of the less attractive sides of human nature in our society: the tendency to be influenced in time of stress by temporary newspaper comment and the attempt by wealthy parishioners to "run" a church. It is a curious but unmistakable fact that war, which usually brings out a high average of physical courage among soldiers, often conduces to a low level of moral courage among civilians. Many acts of injustice and hysteria are committed not because they are generally approved, but because of a fear among those who might raise objections of being misunderstood and being found wanting in patriotic fervor.

In almost every human being there is a touch of the fascist and a touch of the liberal, something of the totalitarian and

something of the libertarian. An excellent piece of self-discipline in a period of wartime emotional stress would be to ask oneself periodically: "How will this action, this speech, this article seem to me if I should have to review it five or ten years after the end of the war?" This variation of Kant's Categorical Imperative, if generally applied, would weed out a good deal of foolish and extravagant writing and speaking and prevent some intolerant and ungenerous acts.

With one important exception, the treatment of the Japanese and Japanese-Americans on the West Coast, the record in maintenance of civil liberties has been distinctly better up to the present time than it was in 1917-18. Both Government departments and individuals have probably been favorably influenced by the memory of some of the sillier excesses of the last war.

There has apparently been no attempt to make the music of Wagner expiate the crimes of Hitler; there have been few, if any, parallels to that quaint headline of 1918: "Pittsburgh Bans Beethoven." The attitude of the churches has been more sober, more intelligent, more sincerely Christian. Not a few pastors find themselves morally unable to bless war under any circumstances; and those church leaders who favored intervention before Pearl Harbor have focussed attention upon desirable plans for world reconstruction, instead of following in the footsteps of the pulpit-thumpers of the First World War whose favorite line was: "And I say: God *damn* the Kaiser. And I'm not swearing either."

There has been less employment of the high-powered oratorical methods of the Four-Minute salesmen of Liberty Bonds, who liked to announce dramatically, after a scrambled-eggs version of Teutonic history, institutions, national character, and folklore: "I'd compare those Huns to snakes. Only . . . it would be insulting the snakes."

We have become more grown-up during the interval between the two wars. We expect from a speaker more facts and

less froth. And this is all to the good in so far as it promises a wiser, more informed, more alert public opinion when the great decisions of the peace settlement must be taken.

But the compulsory removal of one hundred thousand people of Japanese origin, the majority of them American citizens, from the military area which was established along the West Coast offers an awkward contrast. The principal reasons advanced for this action are that acts of sabotage and espionage might be committed and that the Japanese themselves would be in grave danger of mob violence and lynch law if new developments in the war should raise racial tension to the bursting point. Giving full weight to these considerations, and recognizing that the Army authorities carried out the evacuation as humanely and efficiently as possible, this "liquidation" en masse of a racial minority of our citizens sets some uncomfortable precedents.

The Japanese-American who had a good fighting record in the AEF in the last war and killed himself when he was about to be driven from his home raises the ghosts of many German Jews who must have reacted in a similar way to a similar experience. An incongruous feature of the policy toward the Japanese-Americans is that, while the majority have been treated as dangerous suspects and are kept under armed guard behind barbed wire, a number have been called on for the highest proof of devotion to America and are serving in the armed forces while, in many cases, their parents and brothers are interned.

The measure was definitely what one would expect in a totalitarian, not in a democratic state, because it has made no attempt at selective discrimination. It is not a reprisal for proved disloyalty; it could be regarded either as preventive punishment or as "protective custody."

There is almost nothing that could not be done under the principle of preventive punishment. And no group that might in the future be unpopular in some lo-

cality for reasons of race, color, or religion could feel safe if the consequence of a threat of mob violence should be not the maintenance of law and order, but the uprooting and deportation of the threatened group.

Governor Ralph L. Carr, of Colorado, who, almost alone among State executives, has expressed willingness to see the Japanese resettled in Colorado, made the following thoughtful comment on the long-term issue raised by the deportation of the Japanese-Americans:

It seems to me that the whole answer is to be found in whether or not we can really believe in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. If these people are not to be accorded all the rights and privileges which the Constitution gives them, then those same rights and privileges may be denied to you and me six months from now for another just as poor reason as the one which is now offered against the Japanese.

III

There are potential threats to freedom in the entire war set-up. The sweeping powers under martial law which the military authorities possess on both coasts could be used by a reactionary officer to the detriment of individuals and groups with unorthodox views. By the same token, the wide powers over human lives and property which are necessarily vested in public authorities are liable to abuse. Economic controls *could* be manipulated in such a manner as to put out of business persons who were in political disfavor. A draft board *could* decide the case of a man whose views it disliked in a punitive spirit.

Mr. Ralph Ingersoll has expressed the view that he has been the victim of such an attitude on the part of his draft board. Whatever may be the merits of this case, the rank-and-file draftee does not possess Mr. Ingersoll's facilities for obtaining publicity if he feels that his case has been unfairly disposed of. These dangers are still, in the main, hypothetical. But they exist; the best protection against them is an alert, informed, critical public opinion, which cannot exist without

the fullest maintenance of civil liberties.

Another danger—and this has passed the hypothetical stage—is that of treating the American people as guinea pigs, to be used for experiments in indoctrination. There has been too much assumption, conscious or unconscious, that the function of the numerous Government agencies of information and publicity is to prescribe a proper regime for thinking. The penalty for not conforming to this regime is to be branded as a "fifth" or a "sixth" columnist.

An unhappy essay of this kind was the pamphlet *Divide and Conquer*, issued by the OFF and purporting to set down fifteen lies which Hitler wants us to believe. At least one metropolitan daily in its news columns took the cue from this pamphlet and treated the fifteen condemned statements as a test for the exposure of "sixth columnists."

One of these statements was worded as follows: "Stalin is getting too strong, and bolshevism will sweep over Europe." To make such a belief a sign of "sixth columnism" is somewhat confusing. Our policy, as officially stated on many occasions, is to make Stalin as strong as possible. Our efforts in this direction are limited only by transportation difficulties. We have been doing all we can to enable Stalin to win a resounding victory over Hitler. Whether such a victory would lead to the spread of bolshevism over part or all of Europe is something that neither the officials of the OFF nor anyone else could affirm or deny with any certainty. Other statements in which the pamphlet recognizes the stigmata of the sixth columnist, such as "our leaders are incompetent," "our armed forces are weak," are quite defensible propositions, with certain reservations, qualifications, and specifications.

The whole idea of working out a blueprint of thought control in Washington and demanding that everyone subscribe to it, on pain of being considered disloyal or, at best, incurably stupid, is alien to the American tradition. Suppose that we had been involved in the war in 1939

and that such a system of indoctrination had then been in operation. Anyone who had ventured at that time to predict that France would collapse and surrender or that Stalin would give Hitler the hardest fight in his career of conquest would have been overwhelmed with official obloquy. Yet both these surprising developments occurred. Public opinion should be alert and flexible, not set in rigid molds. For it is very unlikely that we have experienced the last amazing shock in this war of unprecedented dimensions and revolutionary overtones.

An undesirable method of manipulating public opinion which can sometimes be detected is the alternate blowing hot and cold from official sources, with the result that changing moods of exaggerated optimism and exaggerated depression are generated. Morale is a hardy plant that flourishes best with a minimum of artificial cultivation. The proper policy for a democratic Government's agencies of information is not to experiment with means of coddling and scaring public opinion. It is rather to give the people just as straightforward, unvarnished a picture of the situation as is consistent with the efficient conduct of the war. It is refreshing to know that Mr. Elmer Davis, as the new director of the Office of War Information, subscribes to this idea.

If experiments in psychological indoctrination have been a pet weakness of some Government departments, certain Congressmen have displayed an undesirable inclination to initiate purges of Government employees. Now it is a sound and reasonable principle that persons who enter the Government service in time of war should be carefully examined as to their past records and should be barred if there is proof of Nazi, Fascist, or Communist affiliations. The case as to Nazis and Fascists is obvious. As for the Communists, they profess all-out enthusiasm for the war at the present time, but their primary allegiance is to Moscow. They support the war only because the Soviet Union is involved, as

their abrupt switch of attitude after June 22, 1941, indicates. And an emergency of the present proportions is not a suitable occasion for giving the benefit of the doubt to persons whose first loyalty is to a foreign power.

What has been objectionable is not the exclusion of genuine sympathizers with totalitarianism from the Government service, but the not infrequent persecution of individuals who do not belong in this category. There is a type of grassroots Congressman who is inclined to classify as a Communist almost anyone who lives in New York, who has published a book, and whose economic ideas are more advanced than those of William McKinley. There has also been some discrimination against individuals who were non-interventionists before Pearl Harbor, but who never had the slightest sympathy for Hitler or Mussolini. As a consequence some able and well-qualified men and women who had no ideological tie-ups with Moscow, Berlin, or Rome have been hounded out of the Government service by the simple device of raising a hue and cry against them. Should such persecution become habitual we should be in danger of reaching a situation where lack of any ideas, right or wrong, would be the indispensable qualification for acceptance in the Government service. And this would be no happy augury of success in a struggle that calls for a high degree of imagination, resourcefulness, and originality.

In this connection a little more intestinal fortitude on the part of heads of Government agencies would seem to be in order. Persons against whom no plausible charge of incompetence or presumptive disloyalty can be brought should not be sacrificed to the vendettas of Congressmen and newspapers of the intolerant type, whether the latter were interventionist or isolationist before the war came upon us.

There are conceivable situations when the old proverb "*inter arma leges silent*" would still hold good. But so long as the

United States is not invaded and is not torn by civil strife there is the strongest reason for maintaining the supremacy of law, in war as in peace. Particularly objectionable are the employment of administrative shortcuts to suppress publications and the misuse of legal technicalities to "get" individuals who are unpopular because of their political views.

The fact that the power of the Postmaster General to exclude newspapers and magazines from the mails has so far been used only against publications which few liberals could defend with enthusiasm does not alter the fact that this kind of preliminary censorship sets a bad precedent. If the Government believes that an individual or a publication has violated the law against sedition it can always institute a prosecution; and the experience of the last war would not indicate that courts and juries are apt to be unduly lenient in such cases. Indeed, according to Professor Zechariah Chafee, judges at that time found it criminal "to advocate heavier taxation instead of bond issues; to state that conscription was unconstitutional, although the Supreme Court had not yet held it valid; to say that the sinking of merchant vessels was legal; to urge that a referendum should have preceded our declaration of war; to say that war was contrary to the teachings of Christ."

Judges and juries can succumb to mob-mindedness and hysteria, along with other citizens. Still the ordinary legal procedure is vastly preferable to the administrative shortcut which undermines all legal guaranties and paves the way for a situation where *habeas cadaver* might replace *habeas corpus* as a basic principle of jurisprudence, as is already the case in the totalitarian states.

The threat to civil liberties in time of war is infinitely varied and sometimes assumes unexpected forms. A printers' union in Wisconsin expelled a member because he registered as a conscientious objector, although the Selective Service Act admits the right to alternative service of conscientious objectors who are ad-

judged sincere by their draft boards. A bumptious bureaucrat in the Postal Section of the Office of Censorship in Washington refused to permit the transmission of a private letter to Latin America in which the writer had expressed the opinion that many North Americans did not realize how big the war was or how much sacrifice it would require. This was pronounced "too gloomy" by the censorial pundit.

IV

It is easy to shirk the truly patriotic obligation of upholding justice and reason and common sense on the home front in time of war by comfortably reflecting that, even if there are a few temporary injustices, everything will come out well in the end after the victory is won. But it would be dangerous to assume that the pattern of the last war, when public opinion and judicial practice got back on an even keel after a jag of legal and extra-legal war and post-war persecution of pacifists and economic radicals, will be repeated this time.

Unless some unpredictable favorable breaks come our way we are in for a longer and harder war than we fought in 1917-18. And there seems to be reason to anticipate a long twilight period between war and peace when many wartime disciplines and controls will remain in effect.

The fight for civil liberties must be waged continuously, courageously, and consistently or it will be lost. For the capacity to appreciate, even to exercise these liberties might easily be atrophied in the event of a long suspension under the double pressure of bureaucratic encroachment and mass intolerance. What is even more appalling in the totalitarian society than the absence of liberty is the ever-growing lack of consciousness that there was such a thing as liberty to lose.

It is a great pity that the ideal of maintaining civil liberties has acquired, for some circles, a negative, lukewarm, wishy-washy connotation. For this ideal is one of the most positive and one of the

most difficult of attainment in human history.

If, in one way or another, we should lose these liberties—the right to speak and write freely and critically, the right to organize politically and industrially without state control, the right to speedy and impartial justice—then our way of life would have been defeated and we should have fallen before the totalitarian wave, even though our banners might some day wave triumphantly in Tokyo and Berlin.

We are now experiencing the third great crisis of modern civilization, an age of war and revolution comparable with

what followed the Protestant Reformation and the French Revolution. Now, just as in the turmoil of the Thirty Years' War or the Napoleonic conflicts, the outlook for the future of civilization sometimes seems very dark. Yet historical experience shows that ultimate adjustment and progress to higher material and cultural levels, even after periods when humanity seems to have lost its way, is possible. But one essential condition of successful adjustment, for a people with a tradition like ours, is that there be no blackout or dimout of freedom and law, that we give liberty an A-1 priority, in war as in peace.

OFFICE FOR THE DEAD

BY MARTHA KELLER

ROCKING *a little, rolling in the tide*
At waterline like any swollen skate,
Here is a boy, lost, lying on his side—
Ashore at last, poor sailor, but too late.

Here where the shells lie broken on the beach,
And scavenging gray gulls above the bay
Wheel, and the sea sucks in, and pebbles bleach,
A little crowd has come. . . . If you must stay—

Comfort him, girl. Except you be his wife,
Give him your eyes at least for an embrace.
Remember him. Remember all your life.
How dare you scream or turn away your face?



EXPLAINING ARGENTINA

BY YSABEL FISK

SINCE the Rio conference in January it has been interesting to watch the American attitude toward the Argentine shift from benign and well-wishing ignorance to a hurt bewilderment. Perhaps the first was less an attitude than a lack of attitude. As for the second, it represents a rising curve of awareness without a great increase in knowledge. Certain it is that this was not the first time Argentina had played dog-in-the-manger at a Pan-American conference, and onlookers would have had greater reason for surprise if she had not. Nevertheless they chose to be surprised. Journalists could give some clue by an explanation of the Argentine political situation, which is truly complex, and has a certain bearing on foreign policy; but beyond this they have been either unwilling or unable to go. And so it might be said that the United States is paying now for a century's inattention to the south by a failure in foreign policy at a moment of great crisis. I think that Rio can scarcely be considered otherwise. It was a failure, or perhaps it would be better to say, half-failure. And the sad part of it is it was a failure in understanding. In that sense it was unnecessary and humiliating.

The preliminary and elementary lesson in Argentine psychology is this: that Argentina, like the United States, is a nation with a mission; and until you have mastered this simple fact it is unwise to advance to trade statistics and politics. A nation with a mission may be defined as any country that considers itself

standard-bearer for a great cause. If we examine our own sense of mission we see immediately that we have always felt ourselves to be the hope of mankind for a juster and more peaceful social order. You cannot read the speeches of Daniel Webster, the poems of Walt Whitman, even the fragments of our earliest statesmen of the Virginia Dynasty, without being aware that this has been true from the beginning, when we had little but our dreams to sustain us. A sense of mission is a great propelling force, but it operates on the secular psychology much as it does on the saints': it gives one a feeling of impatience and disrespect for obstacles, and for the people that embody those obstacles, as though they were pettily trying to circumvent destiny. And if you have two opposing forces, each with its peculiar destiny, there is likely to be trouble.

Argentina considers herself the leader of the Hispanic world and the heir of its great tradition. The fact that it is a senescent tradition and a fallen cause makes the sense of mission only stronger. Argentina sees the decay of Spain, the poverty of her Latin-American neighbors and their racial problems, and she compares her whiteness, her modernity, her natural wealth, her good climate, and concludes that she is the destined leader of the Hispanic world. And in reality, since the Spanish War, she has become almost that in an intellectual sense. Buenos Aires is the publishing capital of the Spanish language, and its prestige is undoubtedly great. In Latin America,

Brazil is the only other contender for first honors, and the seriousness with which Argentina considers this rivalry may be measured by the almost pathological dislike these two nations bear each other. There is a lot of loose talk in Argentina about invading Brazil, only it is expressed the other way round: when will Brazil invade *us*? Whenever an American newsreel, with the best good neighborly intentions, shows a new submarine furnished to Brazil by the United States you can almost hear the Argentine audience sucking in its breath. And now that Brazil has allied itself so conspicuously to the Yankee cause, feelings are becoming the more complex. Now the question is: will the United States help Brazil against us?

To unravel the tangle of Argentine foreign policy Argentina must be considered under at least three aspects, the political, the economic, and the psychological. This will involve, first of all, a short backward glance into recent political history. And then we must turn a close and serious attention to that country's economic ties with England, with the United States, and with Europe. They will reveal, I think, a surprising contradiction between national self-interest and national policy which can ultimately be solved only by a final attention to the psychological factors that make an Argentine what he is. Until this is done there can be no intelligent basis for a study of Argentine-American relations. The problem is by no means easy of solution, even when you understand the issues at stake. But understanding is a first step at least.

II

In 1930 a military revolution led by General José Evaristo Uriburu overthrew Argentina's last popularly elected President, the aged and senile Hipólito Yrigoyen, chief of the Radical party. It was not a particularly unpleasant revolution as revolutions go, but furniture was dragged from the presidential mansion,

the homes of numerous Radical leaders were invaded, and the *confiteria El Molino*, opposite the Congress, where the Radicals had been wont to congregate, was so smashed up that it did not open its doors for almost a year. Yrigoyen was the last great *caudillo* of the Radical party, which all during this century has comprised the majority of Argentines. He had been the first President they had elected after the Sáenz-Peña electoral reform of 1912 made honest elections a possibility, and he had served his first administration from 1916 to 1922, when he had been succeeded by another Radical, Marcelo T. de Alvear. During Alvear's administration, President and ex-President split, largely over the issue of Yrigoyen's personal leadership. The old *caudillo* wanted to be the only boss of his party, and Alvear believed that bossism had to go. The quarrel ended in a party split: Yrigoyen kept the majority, and Alvear took the Anti-Personalista Radicals into the Conservative camp. The coalition that resulted from the union of Anti-Personalistas and Conservatives is called the *Concordancia*.

In 1928 Yrigoyen was again President, and the *Concordancia* made the revolution of 1930 against him. By this time the President was so old that the government had slipped from his grasp and had become chaotic. They drove him out, with almost the unanimous consent of the country, and installed a military dictatorship under General Uriburu. In the next year elections were held for President, and as the result of federal intervention in twelve provinces, and the abstention of the exiled Radicals, the *Concordancia* elected a Congress and put into office its presidential candidate, General Agustín P. Justo, an Anti-Personalista Radical. It must be emphasized that since the revolution elections have been entirely dishonest. The *Concordancia*, whose first intentions had been good, held one honest election in 1931, and the Radicals won so overwhelmingly that the experiment was never repeated. The revolutionaries

had felt, no doubt, that since Yrigoyen had gone from office so thoroughly discredited, a Conservative victory at the polls was assured. In this they were mistaken. Argentina was, and is, Radical in allegiance, and in any honestly conducted election there is no doubt who would win.

For some time the situation within the Radical party was confused. The leaders were in exile, or in Ushuaía, the bleak prison town at the tip of Argentine Tierra del Fuego. But Alvear, who had first split the party, had a change of heart, and undertook its leadership when the aged Yrigoyen died. After a few years it gradually pulled itself together and began to campaign once more. Elections continued to be fraudulent, and in many provinces the Radicals protested by staying away from the polls. The party in power always controls elections in Argentina, because the constitution gives the President the right, under Article 6, to intervene in the provinces "to guarantee the republican form of government," and in practice this has meant intervening in the provinces whenever an election goes against the government, or seems about to. Constitutional guarantees are suspended, and the police power is used to deny opposition voters access to the polls. The only place in Argentina where fraud has not been tried is the federal capital, because it is considered too dangerous. Therefore the only place in Argentina during the past decade which may be considered a barometer of real public opinion is Buenos Aires. In Buenos Aires the Concordancia has never won. The majority has been divided between the Radicals and the Socialists.

When General Justo's term expired in 1938 he was succeeded by another Anti-Personalista Radical, also a candidate of the Concordancia, and also fraudulently elected, Roberto M. Ortiz. On the same ticket was elected Ramón S. Castillo as Vice-President. The Radicals were in despair. Ortiz was a corporation lawyer who had always represented

foreign capitalists in Argentina, and Castillo was an unpopular conservative who had been known as a reactionary at the Law Faculty where he was a professor. The Radicals even went so far as to boycott the presidential message to Congress. It can truthfully be said that no one, neither the Radicals nor the Conservatives, was prepared for the amazing transformation that came over President Ortiz when he came into power. For the newly—and fraudulently—elected President announced that he was going to give Argentina honest elections, which meant, in effect, that he was going to turn the country back to the Radicals. On August 10, 1938, he directed a famous letter to Gen. Fernández Valdez, Governor of La Rioja, in which he said he wished the secrecy of the vote respected. In San Juan he intervened and annulled a fraudulent vote, and he sent special federal missions to Santiago del Estero and Catamarca. But his biggest coup was his intervention in the province of Buenos Aires, stronghold of the Conservative machine, and richest and most populous province in Argentina. By this time Argentine politics had been thoroughly upset, and the conservative corporation lawyer whose election had been so protested was the hero of the country, and, it appeared, the savior of the much repressed Radical party.

At this juncture fate intervened to complete the irony. Following the death of his wife in April, 1940, President Ortiz declined seriously in health, and by July, diabetic and half-blind, he had to turn over the government to his arch-conservative Vice-President, Ramón S. Castillo. The Conservatives were saved, and the new executive left no doubt of either his aims or his methods when he began intervening in province after province—Santa Fe, Mendoza, San Juan, Buenos Aires—to assure the victory of his party. In protest against the manifestly unpopular character of this government, the Chamber of Deputies, where the Radicals had a majority, entered upon a campaign of obstructionism that had governmental

functions tied into a knot, and because it was usually quite aimless (the Radicals opposed even such necessary measures as the budget) it did much to discredit the parliament at a time when parliamentary institutions everywhere are on the defensive.

Popular protest against Castillo was bitter. After the provincial elections in Buenos Aires that took place on December 7th of last year, one group of disgruntled and disenfranchised citizens tore up their *libretas de enrolamiento*—their identity cards which permit them to vote—and threw them in the doorway of the Casa Rosada. They were arrested. A group of university students which went to the base of the statue of the great electoral reformer, Roque Sáenz-Peña, to lay a wreath of flowers, were beaten by the police and arrested. Popular meetings in favor of Pan-American unity, or in homage to President Roosevelt, were suspended by the police. And finally, on December 16th, the country was declared under a state of siege by the Vice-President, and all constitutional guarantees were suspended.

This, roughly, is the state of crisis at the moment. The elections which have taken place since the declaration of a state of siege have all gone to the Concordancia, as might be expected, except in the capital, where the Socialists won a surprising victory. As a result, neither Conservatives nor Radicals have a majority in the lower chamber, and the Socialists, with seventeen seats, hold the balance of power. They have announced their intention to support the government in all reasonable measures, and to oppose it only where matters of principle are involved. "Obstructionism is a dangerous and foolish course," their parliamentary leader, Américo Ghioldi, has said, "and it only serves to discredit parliament and to force the government to extra-constitutional measures." In short, the parliamentary stalemate has apparently come to an end.

The solution to Argentina's political crisis would appear to be honest elec-

tions. Actually, it is not so simple. For one thing, the Radical party, which is the only opposition to the Conservatives, has no program, no organization, no leader, and no morale. Marcelo T. de Alvear died this year, and with him was buried the leadership of the party. (Ortiz too died—on July 15, 1942.) And in point of historical fact, the Radicals have never held together except under a powerful and picturesque caudillo, such as was Yrigoyen. Radicalism is a sentiment, not a program. There are cynics in Buenos Aires who say that the Radicals do not want to return to power, and their almost suicidal abstention from voting and their total disorganization lend some credence to this statement. They are against Castillo and his isolationism, but they offer no alternative. In the March elections three normally Radical provinces went Conservative, and the normally Radical capital went Socialist, which would indicate that even the Argentine people themselves are tired of temporizing and of defeatism. The Socialists and the Conservatives are the only parties with a platform. For the Conservatives it is Isolation, which means, in essence, obstruction to American aims of Pan-American solidarity. For the Socialists it is all aid to the democracies. The Socialists have the best, the most honest, and the most respected leadership, but they constitute a fatally ineffectual minority, and their appeal is limited entirely to the urban working classes of Buenos Aires.

III

It has been said that Argentina's normal orientation is toward Europe, not toward North America, and that hemisphere solidarity must inevitably stumble over the fact that Argentina's trade with Europe is complementary, and with the United States, competitive. How much truth is there in this?

Argentina is of course predominantly an exporter of wheat, corn, linseed oil, meat, hides, and wool. Except for lin-

seed oil, the United States normally offers no market in these products, and we have even gone so far as to ban the importation of Argentine beef and lamb because of hoof-and-mouth disease. Argentina claims that the United States is using a sanitary pretext as a tariff measure, and the United States counters that it cannot run the risk of a hoof-and-mouth epidemic. This is perhaps the sorest single point in Argentine-American relations. With the Argentine it is a matter of pride. His beef is recognized the world over as the finest meat on the market, but it is banned from the United States. If you are an American visitor in Buenos Aires you are almost certain to be asked at least once by a wry *porteño* if you are down there looking for hoof-and-mouth disease.

In the year 1939, the last normal year of trade, Argentine's exports to all the Americas came to only 20 per cent of the total, and her imports, to 28 per cent of the total. Of these amounts the United States accounted for two-thirds. That means that quite evidently Argentine trade goes elsewhere. In that same year, as compared with the war year 1940, here are the figures of Argentina's foreign trade with the United States, the United Kingdom, Germany, and France (in thousands of pesos):

1939

Country	Imports from	Exports to	Balance
United States	219,775	188,810	-30,965
United Kingdom	296,710	564,692	+267,982
Germany	123,077	163,544	-40,467
France	82,059	76,183	-5,876

1940

United States	449,661	253,446	-196,215
United Kingdom	325,073	544,557	+219,485
Germany	9,996	5	-9,991
France	41,128	83,561	+42,433

In normal years, then, Britain is Argentina's best customer, taking 36 per cent of her total exports, to the United States' 12 per cent; and likewise, Britain heads the list of sellers in the Argentine market, with 22 per cent of Argentina's

total imports to the United States' 16 per cent. The relationship between Great Britain and Argentina is ideal: the one has little agriculture, and is a heavy exporter of manufactured goods; and the other has little industry, and is a heavy exporter of agricultural products. These two nations are a perfect complement. In addition, the great agricultural interests of Argentina are mostly loath to see their country industrialize, for if she did she would kill the market for wheat and beef by being unable to take manufactured products in return. Logic therefore dictates that Argentina shall be pro-British, if not pro-Ally, and it especially dictates that the landowning classes, represented by the Conservative party, should do all in their power to favor a British victory. But logic is wrong. The Conservatives are not pro-British, they do not favor an Allied victory, and they seem to feel that Argentina's interests run exactly counter to the interests of their two best customers. Unless, then, Economic Man has failed another test, we must look for complicating factors in Argentina's economic relations.

So far as I know, foreign commentators on Argentine politics have signally failed to look very deeply into the question of outside investments, although it is the one problem which has most agitated the Argentines themselves. For every man who knows that Great Britain takes 36 per cent of Argentina's exports and has a steadily unfavorable balance of trade with her, there are two who know that Argentina's railroads belong to the British and give poor service, that the electric light company belongs to the British and has powerful lobbies in Buenos Aires, that the Unión Telefónica is American, that the packing houses are British and American and make huge profits at the expense of the *estanciero*, and that the slow and inefficient British street railway system of Buenos Aires did all in its power to throttle the *colectivos*, those rapid microbuses which have given that city the best transportation it has

ever had. The history of foreign capital is the history of a long struggle of Argentina for its economic independence. The country has had to contend not only against the foreigner himself, but against the men his money has been able to buy in the government. It has been estimated that British direct investments in Argentina total five and a half billion pesos, a peso being worth now about twenty-five cents. American investments, by the same estimate, come to less than two billion pesos. The total value of direct foreign investments, including British, American, French, Belgian, Dutch, Swiss, German, and Italian, comes to nine billion pesos.

The British, who in the popular mind are the villains in the piece, point out that without their railroads Argentina could never have developed, that without their packing houses the *estanciero* could never have sold his meat abroad, that theirs were the first municipal railways of Buenos Aires, and that they, not the Argentines, risked their money in the first telephones. They say—and it is true—that when British capital first went to Argentina it was a poor, wild country of roaming herds and isolated *estancias*, that Buenos Aires was a small village on the Río de la Plata without so much as running water or a sewer, and that whatever Argentina has become is due to the capital that they risked in its development. They point out the disastrous decline in interest returns to the British investor since the last war. In 1913 only some 3 per cent of British investments in the Argentine paid no return. In 1941 it was nearer 60 per cent. As for the railroads, they have been the worst offenders of all. Here are some comparative quotations on the London stock exchange for typical Argentine railway stocks:

	High 1913	High 1941
Arg. Great Western Ry., ord. stock	102¼	6½
Bahía Glanca & North- western	90½	51½
B. A. Lacroze	101½	16

The average interest return on railroad holdings, which in 1913 was 4.8 per cent, in 1941 had declined to 1.4 per cent. Nevertheless, so firmly rooted in the Argentine mind is the impression that the country has been bled by the railroads that in his message to Congress in 1937, urging lease of the Central Córdoba Railway from the British, President Justo said that there was a growing difficulty in the settlement of employees' strikes because the workers "regard themselves as being exploited by foreign capital, the profit-seeking ambitions of which they blame for their economic situation. . . . It is felt among the workers that shareholders have no right to any dividend, and there is increasing resistance to contribute in any form, at the expense of wages, to the companies' fixed charges."

The Argentines argue that whatever their debt to the British, it has been repaid several times over in interest during the past half-century, and that the time has come for them to run their country for themselves. The British, they say, seem to feel that Argentina's whole future has been mortgaged to them: that because they once built the railroads, Argentina may not build highways to compete with them, and that because they once built tramways, the Argentine must not ride a *colectivo*. The British themselves have more than contributed to this impression. In a report on Argentina by the Department of Overseas Trade there is a bitter complaint that the country is building highways between her cities, instead of only building feeders to the railways. And on more than one occasion poor returns on Argentine investments have been the subject of acrimonious debate in the House of Commons, a fact which Argentina cannot help regarding as a reflection on her sovereignty.

In short, the impression within Argentina is that the country has belonged too long to the foreigner, and that it is time that profits from her industry go to her people. England, far from representing

democracy and the Four Freedoms in the popular mythology, represents the grasping creditor that is always trying to extract a higher rate of interest for his investment. It represents the country that lives from the fat of the pampas: the country that gets the export beef that is too good to be sold to the Argentines, that gets the fine wool, and that makes all the profit. The Englishman is respected in Argentina, as he is envied. But it is noted that even after three generations he still speaks Spanish with an accent, he still considers himself too good for Argentine society, and he still sends his children to school in England, and sees that they marry Anglo Saxons, not Latins.

In this economic imbroglio the United States is only a secondary villain. But Argentines are afraid that, with Britain going heavily in debt to us, we shall end up with all their holdings, and Argentina will be turned over lock, stock, and barrel to the biggest menace of them all. For the Argentines who consider foreign capital the greatest national problem—as perhaps it is—this war, in one of its aspects, looks like an opportunity to get out of the hands of the English. But if the Allies win, and if the United States becomes the unchallenged power in the west, what was once divided between Great Britain and the United States may belong entirely to the Yankees. And they know that in that case they will be entirely at the mercy of the Colossus of the North. Their hopes might be summed up thus: "We don't want the Germans to win, but neither do we want the United States to win. We hope they will fight indefinitely, and leave us alone."

IV

In the final analysis, neither politics nor economics can explain Argentina. We must always come back to the nation with a mission. Perhaps the central fact in the Argentine character is pride.

In this he is the true heir of the Conquistador. He has all the sensibility of the artist and the *orgullo* of the gentle-

man, without the practical common sense to find his way in the twentieth century. The conclusion is inescapable that, if the plums of that incredibly rich country have all gone to the foreigner, the Argentine has been asleep in the orchard. Foreign corporations have time after time tried to float large issues in Buenos Aires and found no takers. The Argentine if he has money puts it in land or socks it away in the bank. He does not risk it in business or industry. He understands the pampas, the great, rich, yielding soil of Buenos Aires or Santa Fé or Córdoba, he understands cattle and horses, but he does not understand the machine age.

Argentina's relations with the United States have been a complex of psychological factors. The United States, as the Argentine sees it, is the imperialist *par excellence* of the Americas. It is a rude, pagan country that after grabbing half of Mexico and the Caribbean sets itself up as the defender of the rights of small nations. Argentina herself may, I think, be described as a frustrated imperialist. What the United States is to the north, Argentina would like to be to the south; but she has been thwarted by a lack of resources, by a lack of population, and by a lack of force. Argentina would like to see Spanish America gravitate toward Buenos Aires, not Washington. She feels that Protestant North America is culturally and spiritually alien to the Catholic tradition.

If you look back over the history of inter-American conferences you will find that Argentina has always played the same role. Sometimes the issues have been big, and sometimes they have been small; but Argentina has always set itself apart by saying "no" when the United States says "yes," and by saying "yes" when the United States says "no." Argentines are not fascists, and it would be totally unrealistic to appraise their foreign policy in the light of such a preconception. Castillo, lacking as he is in popular support for his internal policy, undoubtedly touched a sympathetic

chord when he outmaneuvered Sumner Welles at Rio. Sumner Welles is not popular anyway. He is remembered by South Americans, who have a long memory in such things, as the man that wrecked the Grau San Martín government in Cuba. And further, he represented the United States, and with it, a threat to Argentine independence. It is very well to tell the Argentine that Germany is his enemy, but Germany is a long way off, and the railways and the packing houses and the electric lights still belong to the British and Americans. And when the squeeze comes it comes from Washington, not Berlin.

If you talk to the not-too-well-educated Argentine, you are apt to be surprised by what he tells you. He tells you what a great system of roads he has, and laughs at the idea that in the United States roads are paved. He might even tell you that national industry is self-sufficient, in spite of the fact that he can name only hats, shoes, stockings, and cloth as exemplars. He admits that Argentina has no coal, iron, water power, or heavy industry; but does not see that this makes her dependent on the industrialized nations of the north. He laughs at the humiliating defeat of the United States in the Pacific and asks why we were not prepared, and he guards the enormous, flat, lonely coastline of Patagonia with a few badly equipped recruits. In short, he suffers from an acute dissociation from reality. Mercifully, he has never had the rude awakening of the Russian, the Belgian, or the Chinese. And until he does he will probably be an isolationist and amuse himself by obstructing efforts at Pan-American unity.

Everyone in Argentina is by no means asleep. You will find the highest awareness of international issues among the Socialists, and among the working masses of Buenos Aires which they represent. And there are the intellectuals, some democrats, some Anglophiles, some communists, and some fascists. Each sees the solution a different way, but they

all see the problem. They are aware of their country's shortcomings, and they want it to change, radically. Acción Argentina would save the country by aid to England and the United States, the fascist factions by malevolent neutrality, the Socialists by helping Russia. The middle class wants to industrialize, the landowners wish to avoid industrialization at all costs. The frantic young intellectuals think that a quick grab at Brazilian iron deposits would solve the metal problem, and that Uruguay really belongs to Argentina and should be incorporated as fast as possible. The reformers believe education and immigration are the panaceas. Argentina is politically and morally at cross-purposes with itself, and facing in so many directions simultaneously that its motions cancel out.

But the one fact remains always, and that is the pride. If Argentina is to be brought into the American fold it must not be by patronizing her. She does not like the Little Brother role, and American statistical superiority is not enough. Perhaps we do have ten times the population and a hundred times the wealth, but our pride is, if anything, somewhat less than the equal of Argentina's. Argentina represents the traditions of a strong, proud, and quixotic race, the Spanish. She represents Catholicism and Hispanism, watered, it is true, by much that is nineteenth- and twentieth-century French, but that in its entirety is Latin and Mediterranean. To this world the Yankee will always be something of an outsider, and until he learns, somehow, to tread lightly, to respect the strengths without despising the weaknesses, and above all to be as tactful in manner as he is straightforward in purpose, the United States will continue to be treated to the spectacle of an Argentina that says "no" when she says "yes," and that says "yes" when she says "no." The only alternative is the kind of strong arm we once showed to Mexico. And somehow experience suggests that this is not the best way.



BLOOD AND BANQUETS

PART II

BY BELLA FROMM

In the nineteen-twenties Mrs. Fromm, member of a substantial Bavarian-Jewish family, became society reporter for the great German newspaper, Vossische Zeitung. Her acquaintance and friendship with members of the diplomatic set gave her an assured position in Berlin until the advent of the Nazis, which was described in the September Harper's in the first installment of excerpts from her diary. Later she was forced out of her newspaper job, but she remained in Germany because her connections with French, American, and other diplomats enabled her to help many victims of the Nazis to get out of the country. This month we publish further excerpts from her diary, beginning in 1936, at the time when Italy had completed its conquest of Ethiopia and the Olympic games were about to be held in Berlin.—The Editors

June 7, 1936:

Gala soiree at invitation of Italian Ambassador and Mrs. Bernardo Attolico. He doesn't look much like a diplomat. She's beautiful and exotic, but ice-cold, vain, and inordinately ambitious. Countess Edda Ciano was guest of honor. Mussolini's daughter is in her lower thirties, neither pretty nor plain, not too feminine. Looks a lot like her father with the same features and poses, and falls for nobility. Her hair is violently blond without any warmth: it doesn't seem natural to me. Also, like her father, she is quite immoderate in her consumption of lovers.

Attolico said that Count Ciano is

dubbed "*Il cervo volante*" (the flying stag) in Rome. "Because flying is his passion and antlers are his adornment."

She is said to direct her father politically and to settle his private affairs, getting rid of the women for him. Throughout the evening Edda was surrounded by six or eight dashing flyers in snappy uniforms, especially selected by Goering and under special instructions to please.

Magda Goebbels has been very intimate with Edda ever since they spent vacations together in Switzerland. Edda taught her that there was no reason to be miserable about a faithless husband and that wedlock was only one of the states of man. Magda was most demonstrative about her friendship with Edda and has carefully maneuvered to keep "those climbers," the Ribbentrops, as far away from her as possible.

There was lots of clamor about the victory of Addis Ababa.

Edda is something to watch, and to listen to, at a party. Seeing Chief of Staff Lutze strutting around wearing white cotton gloves, she asked Prince Christian of Hessen loudly: "Since when do waiters wear the S.A. uniform?"

The evening was interesting. Goebbels had one of his fits of rage. It appeared that one of the Italian ladies, boasting of how well she was learning German, said that she had read a wonderful book by Erich Maria Remarque.

Goebbels began to foam. "That Com-

munist!" he barked. "He writes about the war and has never been in the trenches."

"I don't see what difference that makes," argues Helena von Buelow, who is a convinced Nazi. "Schiller never participated in the Thirty Years' War."

"Well, who the hell was Schiller?" demanded Goebbels.

Leni Riefenstahl was there, though nobody knew in whose honor she was invited. Goebbels snubbed her. Neither Hitler nor Streicher was present.

"So pale!" I said to Leni. "And no lipstick."

"The Führer detests make-up," she shrugged. "You never can tell when he's going to show up, so I've quit using the stuff altogether."

July 3, 1936:

Talked with Dr. Esser, of the Ministry of National Economy. "I envy the Jews," he sighed. "They can emigrate. All a German can do is stick around here and be sickened by it, and finally end up as a so-called volunteer in Spain in the 'Condor' regiment. You have to volunteer if they ask you."

There's been a notable improvement in our streets. They've taken away the *Stürmer* showcases so as not to shock the Olympics visitors with the pornographic weekly. Up to now this has been on exhibition every few blocks for the benefit of those who could not afford the luxury of a private copy.

Hitler has a new hate, Count Henri de Baillet-Latour, president of the Olympic Games. Difficulties had arisen during the winter games, when the Count told Hitler that these games must be held free of all racial prejudice. If not, he would cancel the games. Hitler gave in, but it hurt.

July 26, 1936:

On Friday Mrs. Dodd gave a cocktail party in honor of the American aviator, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. The Lindberghs are here as guests of the government. As a special privilege they

were permitted to land at the military airfield in Staaken.

Lindbergh seems spellbound. He appeared overwhelmed when Secretary of State Milch, the unspeakable rat who disgraced his mother's name by inventing the story that he is the son of his Aryan mother by an Aryan lover, patted him on the shoulder; and when a genuine prince, Louis Ferdinand, linked arms with him his cup apparently ran over. I heard him say to Captain Udet: "German aviation ranks higher than that in any other country. It is invincible."

Mrs. Lindbergh is a gentle woman, one of the most feminine I have ever seen. She appears devoted to her tall, handsome, boyish husband, who is the ideal of the "Nordic" type that the Nazis rave about.

Axel von Blomberg, son of the Minister of the Reichswehr, and Colonel von Hanesse, Air Attaché at the "Foreign Armies" Department of the Ministry of Defense, scoffed at his pretended shyness, saying that it was a cloak to cover his avidity for the limelight.

"He's going to be the best promotion campaign we could possibly have invested in," said Blomberg.

It was an early hour of the day, but Loerzer, as usual, was already slightly tight.

"Wonder what the hell is the matter with that American?" he remarked. "He'll scare the wits out of the Yankees with his talk about the invincible *Luftwaffe*. That's exactly what the boys here want him to do. He's been saying that the Russian air force is not worth worrying about, and that the English have very few machines, and those few inferior. They were pretty nice to him in England, I hear. They praise, and he eats it up."

I heard the same thing at Mammi's. She's in mourning, so her friends drop in on her. Frau von Widkum had been at the gala dinner Duke Adolf Friedrich von Mecklenburg gave in honor of the Lindberghs.

"He seems incredibly naïve, this

North American Colonel," she said, with a trace of disgust in her tone.

August 15, 1936:

Olympic Games. I attended a couple of times. Everything is colossal. The Swastika is everywhere, and so are the black and brown uniforms.

The lack of sportsmanship of Germany's First Man is disgusting and at the same time fascinating. He behaved like a madman, jumping from his seat and roaring when the Swastika was hoisted or when the Japs or Finns won a victory. Other champions left him cold and personally offended at their victories over their Nordic opponents.

The manner in which Hitler applauds German winners, in a frenzy of shrieks, clappings, and contortions, is painful proof that the whole idea of the Olympic Games is far too broad for his single-track mind. This is *his* show, and *his* Germans are supermen. That the whole world must admit. He has said some remarkable things.

"The American Negroes are not entitled to compete," he said for example. "It was unfair of the United States to send these flatfooted specimens to compete with the noble products of Germany. I am going to vote against Negro participation in the future."

He means it too. Although it is his policy to bid every winner to his box, to congratulate him and shake hands, he has repeatedly snubbed and ignored the colored American representatives. Whenever one of the tall, graceful, perfectly built, dark-skinned athletes scored a triumph Hitler left his seat hurriedly and returned only when the signal for the next event was sounded.

Leni Riefenstahl, official photographer, wearing gray flannel slacks and a kind of jockey cap, is obtrusively in evidence everywhere, pretending an untiring and exhaustive efficiency and importance. Meanwhile her assistants quietly, expertly, do the work, which Leni signs.

On and off she sits down beside her

Führer, a magazine-cover grin on her face and a halo of importance fixed firmly above her head. She has priority rights, and cannot bear to have anyone else take a shot that she has overlooked. Page boys dash constantly from photographer to photographer, handing them the dreaded slip: "Leni Riefenstahl warns you to stay at your present position while taking pictures. Do not move around. In case of disobedience press permission will be confiscated."

August 16, 1936:

A glittering swirl of Olympic receptions. The foreigners are spoiled, pampered, flattered, and beguiled. Using the pretext of the Olympics, the propaganda machine has gone to work on the visitors to create a good impression of the Third Reich. The entertainment varies. Warm-hearted, friendly gatherings of the international set, showy and spectacular parties at German official houses.

At the Greek reception I met the good-looking Crown Prince Paul, husband of Emperor Wilhelm II's granddaughter. He seemed vastly impressed by the sight of his royal relatives, Group Leader August Wilhelm and Prince von Hanover, in S.S. uniform.

Ribbentrop and Goering sizzled with activity and gave tremendous public parties in their private parks. It's amusing to watch them trying to keep up with each other. "Rib" had an ox roasted whole over a roaring fire. Goering presented his guests with the spectacle of Ernst Udet looping the loop over the startled heads of the foreigners. Ambassador Dodd told me they sat there in their overcoats, trying to extract some heat from the round-bellied little stoves that had been distributed here and there in the park. He said it was almost pitiful to see the dancers of the opera ballet doing their pastoral stuff with almost no clothes on, trying to keep the warmth of life in their bodies, which were turning blue with cold.

Goebbels outdid the two of them, running a party with two thousand guests at

the Pfauen Island, near Potsdam. For generations this island has been the scene of royal Prussian hospitality and splendor. Here the wonderful Barberina danced for the first time before Frederick the Great.

August 18, 1936:

Gonny's been here on a visit from America. [*Gonny is Mrs. Fromm's daughter.*] I was a little nervous about her coming back because I was afraid she might not be able to get away again, so I spoke to a friend high up in the Party. He said he would keep an eye on her for me, and that it might not be a bad idea for her to come as it would prove that it was perfectly safe for people to attend the Olympic Games. That would be in the nature of a protection for the child. He gave me the name, home and office telephones of one of his trusted assistants.

"If you get into trouble telephone him," he said.

It was breathtakingly wonderful to have my girl again. But she has changed. She looks well and her eye is clear and cynical.

"I could not breathe here any more," she said; that was all.

Last week my Nazi friend telephoned that it would be advisable for Gonny to leave before the termination of the games, because after the Olympics there would be no more leniency shown toward people who had left Germany to become citizens of another country.

August 23, 1936:

Argentina and Germany have raised their legations to embassies. The Argentines at the same time were *presented* by the Germans with one of the most gorgeous palaces of the Tiergartenstrasse.

The palace had been occupied by Consul Wilhelm Staudt's widow. She owns, together with her son, an important export firm. It so happened that mother and son had not been quick enough to enter the Party. Therefore Junior deemed it necessary to demonstrate their devotion to the great cause, and donated

his mother's house to the government—*i.e.*, Party. Mrs. Staudt raged.

"Here I spent unforgettable hours with the Emperor and Empress. I lived through the most beautiful days of my life. I gave the most wonderful parties at this house. My son donates not his, but my house! Just to obtain the good graces of the Nazis!" she complained bitterly some time ago when I saw her. To-day, at the Argentine housewarming, she was compounded of sweetness and honey.

"Imagine, I attended a soiree the Führer gave this week."

"How much did you pledge?" I asked dryly.

"Pledge! Just the palace," she said with a shrug.

August 28, 1936:

Soiree at the American Embassy. The Papens had stayed on in Berlin for a while after the Olympic Games. They were also invited and "very happy to see me."

"You could find a great many more of your old friends," I said to Martha von Papen, "if you cared to make a round of the more exclusive concentration camps."

On the scene also were the Schachts. Frau Schacht wanted to know why my column had vanished from the papers. I told her it had happened two years ago. It seems, according to her story, that she never knows what's going on because her husband, a frugal soul, always takes the paper to the office with him. After he comes home she cannot find the time to read it.

Schacht seemed very anxious to please the Ambassador.

"If there is ever a chance to lend Frau Bella a helping hand, Dr. Schacht, please do," said Dodd.

"Any time," said the old fox. "I would be only too happy."

I'll keep it in mind.

March 9, 1937:

Gay party at the house of Dr. Keils, a nephew of Fritz Thyssen and related

to the Krupps. They had invited a cross section of Nazi and anti-Nazi, Aryan and non-Aryan, pre- and postwar society.

Met Marga Richter there, the assistant to Eva von Schroeder at the Nazi People's Welfare. Marga's husband, a physician, has come to sudden Nazi power. She is so anxious to show her loyalty to the Nazis that she has even gone to the trouble to change her naturally dark hair to an approved Nordic hue. She likes to drink but can't take it.

She was quite high, and suddenly remembered that she was fond of me. She began to cry, blubbering in my lap, drenching me with her salty grief. She swore me to secrecy, but what I got out of her had its interest.

"My husband left for Japan this morning, with a staff of physicians and army officers. He is in charge of the commission to check on the effect of the new poison gas which Germany sold to Japan for her war in China. For God's sake, darling, don't tell anybody!" The latest barbarism Nazi culture has adopted made me shiver.

July 10, 1937:

Yesterday I saw "Broadway Melody" at a small theater in the Olivaer Platz under "well guarded" circumstances, which did not prevent me from enjoying it thoroughly. After I had parked and was scouting the street for the friends with whom I had an appointment, I suddenly felt that I had aroused the keen interest of two S.S. men. They jotted down my license number and scrutinized me surreptitiously. One of them raised his camera and took a quick snapshot. I always take an awful picture, so I was quite sure nobody would recognize me.

My friends turned up and we bought our tickets. Seeing that I was a mere cinema fan obviously reassured the two men, but now my curiosity had been aroused and I waited to see what would happen. The arrival of Heinrich Himmler, complete with his insipid, fat wife and grim bodyguard, confirmed my suspicions about the presence of the black guards.

Just a Nazi leader sneaking into a tiny cinema to revel in outlandish glamour. The two uniformed detectives on duty had taken my searching glances for political plotting. Thank heavens, once again the ever-looming threat of Gestapo "justice" was dissipated. With a sigh of relief I plunged into the rhythmic tunes of "Broadway Melody."

Frau Himmler has grown latitudinously since I last saw her. Of course, when you make whipped cream your favorite dish you can't expect anything else. The pleasures of the table are apparently about all the pleasures she gets, since Himmler keeps her at home, mostly with Gudrun, their only daughter, known as "Puppi."

July 15, 1937:

Professor Latz came to say good-by. I asked him why he was leaving so abruptly. He said it was due to Emmy Goering. She had telephoned him to meet her at an obscure little Grunewald café.

"Nobody must know I talked to you, doctor," she told him. "But you and your wife have been so loyal in your friendship to me for so many years that I felt I had to warn you. It is time for you and your wife to leave the country. As soon as you possibly can. Things are getting bad here and I can no longer protect my old friends."

I always had a feeling about Emmy Goering, a feeling that her character had its sound spots, in spite of the sincerity of her love for the rotund Hermann. Her first husband, a well-known Communist, was a man of fine attainments and culture. He undoubtedly had much influence in the development of Emmy Goering's character.

September 29, 1937:

Mussolini is here. He was received with Augustan pomp at the Heerstrasse Station—a little suburban railway stop. The reception was grandiose and included a complete upholstering of walls and ceilings in shining white silk, to

soften the dreary impact of an ordinary railway station.

The remote station had been chosen to give the Roman conqueror an initial treat. He was to enjoy Berlin's finest boulevard rolling along through Charlottenburg, through the Tiergarten, the triumphant Brandenburger Tor, to the "Linden."

Friends of mine who have a house at the *Knie*, in the most convenient position to watch the road for miles ahead, had asked me to come to see with them the spectacle of the procession to an open-air play in honor of the Duce. They had sent me a permit without which no mortal could approach the vicinity of the boulevard or any house in the neighboring streets. The slip was issued by the superintendent of the building and marked "Be sure to be here not later than three o'clock." You couldn't enter or leave any building within a wide radius of the road for three solid hours before the actual procession was to pass by!

S.S. guards crouched on roofs, behind machine guns. Streets and side lanes were barred.

I had parked miles away from the tabooed section and pushed my way patiently through the roped-off neighborhood. Holding my pass in front of me, I followed instructions meekly, making a detour here, crossing through a side street there, having endless hands grab for my pass, and receiving clipped "O.K.'s."

There were very few voluntary on-lookers. The German people have grown tired of waiting hours for a passing glimpse of important personages. They are tired out by the time they have to wave their flags and shout their welcome. Of course shops and schools and factories were closed for the occasion. Order was given to attend in "spontaneous rapture." But the "volunteers" were small in number. The excuse of illness was largely used. The usual chains of S.S. and S.A. stood there, lining both sides of the road. I was amused to see that the "pushing crowd" consisted

mainly of a mob of disguised Storm Troopers in mufti.

I heard a man cursing in Berlin slang: "Now we can wait here until our knees are way up in our bellies."

It was after six o'clock when the first cars began to roll by. Always a Nazi coupled with a Fascist. In front a driver and footman. Then the "Roman Emperor" and the "German Imitator" passed. They sat in gloomy silence side by side. Tense and uneasy. Mussolini's bulging black eyes, with the shimmering white of the eyeballs, darted rapid glances left, right, front, back. His brutal chin stuck out in theatrical defiance. He was obviously displeased with the ride in the open Mercedes. His complexion is swarthy. There is nothing noble about his features. He seemed bored, even annoyed. Probably he is just fed up to find so many scenes in the Nazi picture book borrowed from his own displays. I just had time to see that the Duce had donned no special uniform, as Goering would have done on such an occasion. He wore a dark uniform, with the Fascist insignia and the ugly black headgear of the Fascists. The great men drove out of sight. We left the balcony and went inside for dinner.

Meanwhile the show at the Sport Field had been drenched by torrents of rain. When, three hours later, the cars came rolling back, the whole show looked even drearier. The flags were soaked, the flowers wilted. The Nazis and Italians in their drenched clothes looked miserable and uncomfortable. Still the spartan Nazi tradition scoffs at closed cars! The "cheering crowd" stood shivering behind the S.S. and S.A. chains.

October 1, 1937:

The Japanese Ambassador, Countess Mushakoji, entertained with a musicale. Mammi had a lot of gossip about the festival in honor of Mussolini. She had been at the Sport Field, where she got the sniffles in the pouring rain and her new hat was ruined.

Mussolini, it appears, was furious. During the banquet after the festival he sneezed and shivered. Soon after dinner he retired to bed with hot-water bottles and aspirin.

"In Italy," he is reported to have protested, "we have sense enough to put up our tops when it rains."

He fell hard for Emmy Goering. His passion is such that poor Emmy is afraid to remain alone with him in a room.

December 24, 1937:

The offensive has been resumed on a large scale in the embattled Goebbels ménage, this time because of a charming interlude the Don Juan had with Lydia Baarova, the wife of the operetta tenor, Gustav Froehlich.

Tenors, as everyone knows, are unpredictable, and Froehlich did the most unpredictable thing he could have done. He lay in ambush for Goebbels and gave him a thorough trouncing. Goebbels, somewhat annoyed, found a pretext to have Himmler take Froehlich into "custody." This irritated Froehlich's friends, who caught up with Goebbels and gave him another—worse—beating.

Goebbels claimed an automobile accident had spoiled his beauty. Magda, however, in an endeavor to find out what was happening inside Germany, had tuned in Radio Moscow, which gave her the full story about her gay Lothario.

January 1, 1938:

Upon my return to Berlin from a trip to the Bavarian mountains, it did not surprise me that my apartment had been searched. They did a careful job, but it did not avail them much. Since I learned that I was under supervision I have had no secrets of any kind in the house. I had put such entries in my diary as were still in this country into the care of Louis P. Lochner.

June 18, 1938:

Helped free another twenty-one people from Buchenwald, that awful concen-

tration camp near Weimar. I feel guilty about leaving so long as there is any chance to help.

June 28, 1938:

Another wave of Jew baiting. Scenes of ferocity and misery are carved in my mind. My friend Mia, a member of the Diplomatic Corps, had warned me about it in one of our cryptic telephone conversations. We met and covered the town from end to end in my car. Mia had a cleverly camouflaged camera for obtaining evidence to be smuggled out of Germany.

The renowned old linen house of Grünfeld was the first place we saw surrounded by a howling mob of S.A. men. Mia took a picture of them "working" on an old gentleman who had insisted on entering the shop.

We proceeded, finding the same thing going on everywhere, varying only in violence and ignominy. The entire Kurfürstendamm was plastered with scrawls and cartoons. "Jew" was smeared all over doors, windows, and walls in water-proof colors. It grew worse as we came to the part of town where poor little Jewish retail shops were to be found. The S.A. had created havoc. Everywhere were revolting and bloodthirsty pictures of Jews beheaded, hanged, tortured, and maimed, accompanied by obscene inscriptions. Windows were smashed, and loot from the miserable little shops was strewn over the sidewalk and floating in the gutter.

We were just about to enter a tiny jewelry shop when a gang of ten youngsters in Hitler Youth uniforms smashed the shop window and stormed into the shop, brandishing butcher knives and yelling: "To hell with the Jewish rabble! Room for the Sudeten-Germans!"

I was worried about two old protégés of mine whom I had helped with little sums of money and food during the past two years. They had lost their two sons during the World War. Killed for Germany! We went to find out whether they had suffered.

Their shop was in ruins, their goods, paper, and stationery trampled into the gutter. Three S.A. men, roaring with obscene laughter, forced the trembling old man to pick up the broken glass with hands that were covered with blood. We stood there, choking with rage, trembling in helpless horror.

Next day, when we returned to bring them food and see what else we could do to help them, we found two coffins surrounded by silent neighbors. The faces of the old couple seemed peaceful and serene amid the broken glass and destruction. As we put down our basket and stood there wretchedly, a young woman spoke to me. "It is better for them. They took poison last night."

July 4, 1938:

What a contrast! Garden party at the American Embassy, in the tradition of Sackett's time. The Wilsons are fine hosts. One of the French diplomats said tartly: "The beautiful ambassadress will undoubtedly be the next objective of Ribbentrop's efforts to worm himself into the good graces of the Americans." We were in a group with Otto Tolischus, Sigrid Schulz, and the Louis P. Lochners.

The Lochners' seventeen-year-old son is back on vacation from the States. "At first Bobby could not adjust himself to America," said Hilde Lochner. "Now he can scarcely wait to return."

"Have you been in the north of Berlin lately?" whispered Rolf. [*Rolf was a close friend of Mrs. Fromm's who held on to an important post in the German Home Office while secretly opposing the Hitler regime.*] "There's something going on. The concentration camps are being enlarged. Better get out, Bella. We're all with you. But you can't help much any more. Nobody can. If we don't stop interfering for your 'public enemies,' we'll all land in concentration camps ourselves. Outside Germany you may be of greater help than within these walls."

I am waiting for my papers.

July 20, 1938:

So far I have gathered a collection of twenty-three of the necessary documents. I have made a thorough study of the employees and furniture in fifteen official bureaus, down to the most humble clerk and the smallest inkwell, during the hours I have waited for another of my precious scraps of paper.

To-day I had to see an important official at the Home Office. He received me with a lusty "Heil Hitler." His parting words, however, were illuminating.

"I hope to get the hell out of here before the war breaks out," he said. "I'll call on you in New York."

Maybe he can be trusted. It's doubtful. I've heard too much of the careful supervision the Third Reich gives to German citizens in foreign countries.

August 10, 1938:

Rolf has found devious short cuts, and sent me to comparatively decent officials. I simply can't imagine how other emigrants without any wires to pull ever manage to overcome the abyss of deliberate difficulties. One of the things I had to do was to pay all taxes for one year ahead, that is for a period when I should not be in Germany at all.

Only a few days are left before the final date given me at the American Consulate, and I haven't yet gathered all the papers and permissions I need. Luckily I remembered Schacht's promise to Ambassador Dodd. I sent him an S.O.S. To-day I got the reply. Schacht has ordered my case to be rushed at the Foreign Exchange Office.

August 11, 1938:

Went with Schacht's letter to the Foreign Exchange Office yesterday. To-day everything was settled. To-morrow I am to receive the final confirmation.

The doors of the American Consulate General are opened at 9 A.M. This I know because I stood in line from seven o'clock on. My turn came at about ten minutes to one.

I was ushered in to my good friends, DeWitt Warner and Cybe Follmer, who regarded me in astonishment. "For heaven's sake, Bella! Why didn't you have someone announce you?"

"Two reasons," I said. "I didn't want any special privileges, and I enjoyed waiting in anticipation of the moment when I was at last to see you sign the visa."

There was a whirlwind of good wishes, hugs, farewell kisses, and back-slapping. When I found myself outside, the American visa in my hand, I had to sit down on the stone steps and cry in my grateful happiness. Again and again I looked at the document. I caressed the red silk cord that secured the pages. I actually kissed the golden seal. I mentally pledged my true and loyal adherence to my future homeland.

August 28, 1938:

[*French Ambassador*] François-Poncet seems hypnotized by Hitler and, at the same time, scared and impressed. I went to Wannsee to say good-bye to him and his wife. He wished me a clipped good luck, and disappeared.

Jacqueline was apologetic. She started to unburden herself: "I am frightened. Everything is so obscure. André is jittery about politics. He's nervous. Don't blame him. He's afraid he might be accused of conspiring with the Jews. Please don't tell anyone that our courier took your trunks and furs to Paris. We want to help you—you know that. But we had better keep out of trouble if we can."

I did not stay long. It was not the good-bye that I had expected. I am very fond of Jacqueline François-Poncet. But these times do strange things to people and to friendships.

September 2, 1938:

An enormous shipping van drove up to the front of the house. It is like a big room without windows. It is hauled on a truck, driven directly to the harbor, and put on the boat. Besides costing me

twenty-five hundred marks, it was very difficult to get—until I found the right person to bribe.

Three officials of the Foreign Exchange Office are checking and rechecking every item that goes in, down to the smallest and most trivial ash-tray. Everything I had bought during the past six months had to be paid for with a two hundred per cent ransom to the Third Reich.

For nearly three days this packing, checking, and rechecking has gone on. Officials from offices and departments I never heard of, departments that must have been invented only for their nuisance value, come pestering me every hour of the day. I am continually being cross-examined.

September 4, 1938:

The van is downstairs sealed and fastened. They will come and take it any minute now. "Berlin-New York" is painted in big letters on its sides. It makes me feel blue and happy at the same time.

Paris, September 6, 1938:

The last two days were a nightmare. At the last minute I discovered that I needed a Belgian visa, because of the one hour's ride at night through that country. I could not get it without photographs. It took a great deal of scurrying around, but it was all finally arranged.

At nine o'clock the night express came thundering into the station. Farewells and tears. At the far end of the platform, in civilian clothes, was Rolf. We had agreed that he was not to run the risk of being seen with me at the train. Blurred by my tears, I could hardly see his face. The train had already started. Good-bye, Rolf. . . . God bless you. . . .

Four and a half years ago my child, Gonny, had left on the same train, from the same station, in her adventure in search of freedom and a new life. And now, I too was going on the same quest.

The heavy luggage was booked, sealed,

and stamped. My few suitcases were in the rack above me. The passport was in order. I traveled luxuriously in a Pullman sleeper. Perhaps for the last time. I had not spared money, because I had to leave the rest in Germany anyway. Exhausted, I went to bed.

About 2 A.M. I was badly frightened by the sudden apparition of two uniformed figures. Drugged by my first sound sleep in weeks, my senses momentarily reeled with terror.

"Frontier pass control," one of them announced gruffly.

I asked them to let me put on some clothes, but they made me leave the door open while I dressed.

"Emigrant's passport!" announced one. "Jewish bitch! Trying to smuggle out her valuables, I suppose."

I kept my mouth shut. They turned everything inside out. They took the soles from my bedroom slippers. They squeezed the toothpaste from the tube.

"Have you anything that should not be taken out of the country?" demanded one.

"You've seen for yourself everything I have," I said.

"You Jewish whore!" one shouted at me. "Trying to smuggle out all that jewelry." He pointed to the little heap that had been emptied out on the bed.

"I am not trying to smuggle anything out," I said. "All that has been the property of my family for generations. Here is the permit issued by the Foreign Exchange Office."

"We'll have to check on that with Berlin," said he. "We reach the frontier in half an hour. You'll have to get off the train."

My protests were futile. I said I should miss the boat.

"Then take the next one."

They seemed to be deliberately unaware of how hard it was to obtain passage. Cancellation or even delay

was impossible, with so many hundreds eagerly awaiting their turn. I had a vision of being sent back to Germany and having to go through the business of laboriously collecting my exit papers all over again. My heart almost stopped.

The two went outside for a whispered consultation. When they returned, they submitted a statement for me to sign:

"I am a Jewish thief and have tried to rob Germany by taking German wealth out of the country. I hereby confess that the jewels found on me do not belong to me and that in trying to take them out I was eager to inflict injury on Germany. Furthermore, I promise never to try to reenter Germany."

I signed. I had to get out of this country. This was a country to get out of if you had to do it naked.

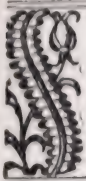
Half an hour later the train crossed the border. I was in safety. My heart was pounding and I began to cry. Tears of liberation. But I was still uneasy until the train stopped at the Gare du Nord.

The statement, together with my jewels, had gone into the pockets of my tormentors. I am sure they will go no farther up the line. If they reappear, it will be in the shop of a pawnbroker.


September 9, 1938. S.S. *Normandie*:

Safe aboard this gorgeous boat! It is almost too much for me to believe. Then, when I do become acutely aware of my good fortune, I feel almost guilty, remembering the unfortunate ones who wait, trembling, desperately hoping for their chance to get out. There *must* be a way to help.

The magnificent ship glides through the waters to the new land. I cannot get myself to join in the gay cheerfulness on board. There is an atmosphere of luxury and freedom from care, but I am not yet in a mood to breathe this air. I find I cannot yet stand fun and laughter.



One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

MORNINGTIME AND EVENINGTIME

THE spotting post is in the western part of town, over on the river where it joins the sea, facing the unformed sunset in the rich young afternoon with the thunder wrapped in black in the north and the telephone handy for the flash when you hear *Go Ahead Please*. The post is on a ledge, high above the river and the sea, facing west, behind the postmistress's barn, a gray ledge of solid granite sprinkled with the broken shells of clams. At my feet the pasture, sultry in the summer afternoon, heedless of the grumbling shower—the juniper and laurel, the paths worn by the cows' feet, the little paths so artfully contrived among the rocks and sweetfern. Behind is the henyard where the mourners stand; the hens step gingerly among the empty clam shells and the dusting holes. I hear the thin small whining of a plane, invisible, and follow with my eyes, my ears, the eyes following the ears. Beyond the white cloud here it comes. To arms! An airplane in the sky! To arms, attention, this . . . is war! I crank the 'phone, which makes a sickly ring as though its throat were sore. Flash. One plane, unknown. High. The secret name (this is confidential) of this implausible and secret post where I watch the sky trails, where I scan the nimbus for the approaching foe. North, three miles, southwest. And may I say, before you cut me off, that I've observed in addition to this single plane (high, unknown) an unsurpassed example of an afternoon. Flash—sweet fern and juniper. Flash—the distant sea, my secret post and secret joy, the distant and im-

pending shower, cumulus, the fields beyond the little stream, the holy spire of the small white church, children playing (against the rules) around the post and trading glimpses through the old binoculars. Flash. A little portion of America, imperiled, smiling and beautiful as anything. On my right the village, church and school, imperiled, still warm and to all appearances intact and safe; on my left a farmyard, threatened, brooding, waiting for the immediate thunder in the north and for the delayed thunder that you read about; and at my feet the pasture, warm and sultry, dropping to the sea. I just report it for your files, for the interceptor's files, for your information at a time when we need all the information we can get. Perhaps it is none of my business. I abuse my privilege.

The postmistress has come out of her house. On the clothesline she hangs a suit of Navy whites. She takes the clothespin from her mouth.

"My boy is home to-day," she calls. "On leave."

"How does he like it?"

"Good. He's only home a day and wants to get right back. Misses the other boys. He washes these himself, most generally, but doesn't really get 'em white. I used some Oxydol and still they show a little grime. He loves it, what he's seen so far. They gave him three months' training in five weeks. They taught him self-defense, jiu jitsu, wrestling, boxing, how to swim, how to take to the boats, all that stuff. He's raring to get back and when he gets there

he'll be shipped. He don't know where. They never let them know."

The Navy whites are added to the scene, the thunder gains, the woman goes indoors, the world darkens, the rain descends. I slip my oilskins on and watch the sky, dripping very slightly. Out of the thin rain, in from sea, a plane comes flying north. I crank the 'phone. Flash, one multimotor seen. The ebb has siphoned off the river, the bar is dry, the hawk hangs fishing in the sky, the air is thunderous. I light a pipe. A small breeze passes by, the suit of whites flies flapping in my rear. A tug with barge in tow sets slowly in the west. The hours pass. A heron fishes on the flats. The tide has turned. The flood begins. My watch is done.

We serve three meals a day here still. The food is pretty good, starvation is unknown, and all that stuff is nonsense that you read—those kids in Greece and Poland couldn't be. To-night is supper-time, the pie is blueberry, the watch is over, the observation is no more. This is the edge of dark and suppertime.

I have a date to-night. I have some hens I promised to a neighbor's wife, six laying hens. To-night I make delivery. This is important. This (as the radio used to say) is war. The shower has passed, the air is clean and cool and sweet, the voice of Lowell Thomas comes without a squawk. Six hens, a load for a wheelbarrow; but first you need some fertilizer bags to tack across to hold them in, to make a little cover for the rig. The bags smell rich with the remains of phosphate, the hens are uneasy in the semidark. The terrier directs the transfer, tends to the nailing down, convoys the transport on the pleasant road. The hens are quiet now, concerned with balancing themselves against the jounce. The farmer chats with me a while, this being eveningtime. Together we unload the hens; they receive an ovation from some geese. The farmer wants that I should see his sow—a great big snuffling Chester White. She's easy kept. She pigs in three weeks now. I

know this farmer well, our talk is effortless, he tells me what is on his mind.

"I don't feel as though I was doing enough," he says. "I'd just as leave go in one of the freight boats if it's men they need."

The day has come to rest at last, the terrier rides the empty barrow home, as happy as a boy. It's half-past eight. Light up a Lucky Strike. Ladies and gentlemen. Question and answer. These are the boys that know the answers. They know the answers up till five of nine. From half-past eight till five of nine they know the answers—then they miraculously disappear. At 8:55 exactly the Russians resume their withdrawal, the Germans resume their advance, the Japs resume their position along the Siberian border, and it's time to shut the pullets up; for no one knows the answers any more and the dark is here and one more day is done.

This should be the sweetly scented night, the hay strong in the long-bearded mows; but the night has picked up something on the way, like a dog that has met a skunk. The night has been abroad and met a skunk. The night is all stunk up with trouble and alarm. I listen for the 'phone, making the rounds, shining my flashlight in the nests. It's hours later when it starts, the ringing on the line, first five short rings (that would be Freethy's) then a sign-off, and then in quick succession Henry Tapley, Josie Dow, then ours.

"The yellow has come through . . . the alert." Yellow, the color of dandelions, color of buttercups and country cream, the yellow for alert—this is the color of to-night, a yellow sky, a yellow thought, a yellow command. The evening stiffens. I'm lucky I'm dressed. Others are not so fortunate; they failed to notice how the night smelled, so they went to bed. They must be tumbling out now, dressing hastily to meet the yellow occasion, to spread the buttercup of alarm. I wave and blow the horn and as I disappear I see, in the rear-view mirror, that the lights go out.

Yellow is the color of pumpkin and of squash, yellow's a pretty color for a girl, a yellow sweater with the sleeves pushed up. The yellow has come through. The squash vine yellow in the night. I blow the horn continuously, passing farm by farm, the night is loud, more loud than yellow when I blow the horn, continuously. Dark at the Wardwells', dark at Charlie's house, all dark at Earl's—he's gone to Rockland anyway, nobody home, give him the horn though, just the same, make dark the night by making it so loud; dark at the Allens' house, at First Selectman Kane's, at Carter's, Gott's, and Henderson's, all dark, all orderly, now slow for Staples' corner, now step on it and blow—blow, Gabriel, blow, this is the yellow, this is no fooling, this (as they used to say in the curious yellow voice) is war.

The town lights still are on, yellow and bright along the road, and one old lady's reading by her lamp. I turn and start for home. It's up to Albert Anderson to get the lights out; this is his patrol. I see him coming from his house. I stop, tell him about the lights, and then drive on, returning home. I leave the truck in the driveway, headed out, and take up my patrol. I climb the gate, sit on the top rail. No cars must move now, during the red. Stop all cars. There'll be none along, I know that well enough. Only the warden's on the adjoining beat—he'll be along now, soon. He'll use my drive for turning. There's his horn and here he is.

The night has stiffened, now it changes color suddenly. The 'phone again: the red's come through. Red is for roses and for human blood. The gate on which I sit out my patrol is wet with dew. I feel it through my pants. The stars are bright. This is my country and my night, this is the blacked-out ending to the day, the way they end a skit in a revue. Here, in the compulsory dark, I sit and feel again the matchless circle of the hours, the endless circle Porgy meant when he sang to Bess:

"Mornin'time and evenin'time . . ."
It's almost midnight now. Nothing has meaning except the immediate moment, which is precious and indisputable. Morningtime and eveningtime . . . here on the gate, with my toes hooked under the second rail, I can smell the lost morning, which was memorable and good, hear the lost voices of the crows in sprucewoods calling, which were haunting and loud, feel with the flat of my hand the water being swished in the watering pails in the field, my first job on arising. The pullets come to drink, forming the circle around the pans; the day begins. My hair hurts slightly because it is still uncombed. I find one tiny range egg, laid by a four-months novice—a morning jewel, a perfect little thing in my hand, something to take back to the house at shaving time. Breakfast is not for a while. I shave carelessly, without removing my shirt. I shave mournfully, with hardly a grimace.

(This gate is dewy on a man's behind . . .)

The day is young, the sun shines on the orange juice and on the coffee with the news. Coffee bringeth the dark tidings—coffee with cream and a little sugar, allotted; black news, straight, no sugar. The bend of the Don at breakfast. The Don bends around my cup, the great bend. The men fall back, the men I don't know but call by the name Russians. The Germans advance, not much, not without losses, but always advancing, always getting where they want to go. I don't know them, but they advance. Then there are the conferences. I am informed that the leaders are talking but am not told what they are saying. Breakfast is over, all but the cigarette, all but the last falling back of the Russians and the last putting out of the cigarette against the saucer.

(No cars must move during the red, but none will be along.)

In midmorning the sun has gained in the southern sector (you can rely on that) and the sheep, relying on it, know-


ing that the sun gains no matter who falls back, come up and lie in the thin shade which the fence rails make at the top of the lane. I catch the ewe whose lamb we butchered in warm blood day before yesterday—first the hammer blow on the head, then the knife jab in the throat—the same lamb I sat up late in March for, with such apparent tenderness, the kind of tenderness which refuses to look ahead because it knows that to look ahead is fatal. The tenderness of March, the brutality of August, one lamb serving both moods. I catch the ewe to milk her and relieve her bag. Midmorning now, and all the civilized world at war, in every continent warring. The clouds in the fine blue sky assemble, squad by squad, answering the bugle of the noon, and I go indoors to work.

Stonily I sit at the machine, refusing, as a jumping horse refuses the hurdle. All that comes forth I drop without regret into the wastebasket; nothing seems to make sense, no matter how you spell it or arrange the words. You


write something that sounds informative, throwing the words around in the usual manner, then you put your head out the door, or somebody puts his head in, a knob is turned, somebody says something to you, or your eye is caught by something in the news, a dog barks, and no longer is what you have said informative, or even sensible. At the mere barking of a dog the thing explodes in your hands, and you look down at your hands. As though you had crushed a light bulb and were bleeding slightly. And after lunch the thunder in the north.

It's almost midnight now. No cars must pass. In the west, from the other side of town, the church bell rings, so far away that I can barely make it out, yet there it is. Give me to hold the beloved sound, the enormous sky, the church bell in the night beyond the fields and woods, the same white church near which I stood my watch this afternoon. That was before the sky had cleared. The sky is now intemperately clear. Ring, bell . . . forever ring!





The Easy Chair



DEAD CENTER

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

MID-AUGUST. You find a battered copy of a pamphlet on the recognition of airplanes and take it upstairs where it belongs, to your son's room. Late afternoon sun coming through the western window fills the room with gold, and it is so uncharacteristically neat that you take care to fit the little book in foursquare with its fellows on the shelf. The kid will be back in a couple of weeks, but now he is at a summer camp in New Hampshire. His twelfth birthday was a few days ago. They don't acknowledge birthdays at camp.

Spending the summer at camp is of course a class privilege. It should not be, but it is; for camps cost money. The expenses vary over a wide range and for a very small sum per week thousands of children are able to attend camps located near their homes or camps managed by the Boy Scouts and similar organizations which provide all the essentials of the most expensive ones. Of late years sizable funds have been raised to send to camp children who otherwise would be unable to go. But the sum of those who go is dishearteningly small; all city children, you think, ought to go. In this dreadful summer of '42 you have seen kids playing in the parks, swimming along the waterfront, running through jets of water from hydrants in blocks which the police have roped off. They were having a swell time, kids usually contrive to have a swell time, but you've wished they were in better air, less noisy, less crowded places. Thinking of your

own child in camp, you've wished that all these others could be there also. If it is good for him it would be good for all city children. In a better organized world, you think . . . sometime . . . perhaps.

Many parents who could not afford to do so sent the children to camp this summer. One member of the family, or two maybe, would remember this summer with satisfaction. No one could predict what the summer of 1943 would be; so at whatever sacrifice, give the boy his two months this year. He would get away from the routine and discipline of home to the different routine and discipline of camp. He would live for a while in a society of his own kind. He would learn to swim better. He would play and work and sleep in the open—grow taller and stronger and tougher. He would spend two months among country smells and silences, by a lake or inlet or river, in the woods. He would learn the things which country children learn without study, getting in the only way now possible his share of the commonwealth of outdoor life and natural beauty that used to be every child's possession. And for the last time he would be untouched by the war.

In one way a summer camp is a forced, unnatural, even ludicrous substitute for something that preferably would be effortless or unconscious. But also it is a step, one of many which our generation has taken, in enlarging the lives of children—giving them better health, devel-

oping their faculties, freeing them to greater pride and confidence, helping them to wider satisfactions. As such it is part of a long, admirable evolution in American life.

The children of Jabez or Asa did not go to camp. There were twelve or fourteen of them, a society working within its own constraints. No tents had to be set up, no cabins built for them. They slept in unchinked lofts which gave free access to the breeze—and to north winds and snowdust in wintertime. As soon as they stepped out of the dooryard they were in the world of nature to which we have to send our children at so much expense. They learned the ways of that world far better than most of our children ever will. Looking up at the night sky, they could orient themselves in the darkness, forecast to-morrow's weather, tell the time within a half-hour by the positions of the stars. What we call nature lore was a functional part of their daily lives. Quite apart from the farm, the seasonal phases of the crops, the attendance on domestic animals, the fecundity alike of animals and plants—quite apart from this, they had the woods and the waters by heart. They could interpret the shift of winds, the growth of moss and weeds and trees and fungi and parasites, the struggles of nature both animate and inanimate, the usages and application of such knowledge and much more. They acquired without much conscious thought the skills we must have our own children taught. They learned to fish and hunt sagaciously and to stalk and trap. They learned to fell trees, to make shelters, to find their way, to swim, to canoe, to sail—they learned to rely on the wilderness and make it sustain them. In learning such things they were learning survival skills, a competence they must have in order to live. But also they had a good time—so dependably a good time that we organize for our children expert instruction in the things that Asa's children got with little direction and less care.

One thinks of the changes rung on that

tuition as Asa's children matured and worked westward and their children had to grow up in the new country. Beyond the Alleghenies nature had many novelties, and each one somewhat changed the absorption and pleasures of children. In the South there would be the canebrakes, the savannas, strange new trees and plants, the great rivers. There would be great rivers to the northward too, the oak openings, the Great Lakes, finally the prairies. Then the Mississippi and the western half of its watershed, the forests running out altogether, the unbroken prairies rising to the plains, wild life straight out of fable, then the deserts and the mountains. On the far side of the mountains the children of Asa's grandchildren grew up along the Snake or the Columbia or the Sacramento, and at the western limit they came to an ocean like and unlike the one where their grandfathers had dug for clams or sailed a ketch filled with farm produce or ventured out to the banks to let down nets. Through all this wayfaring the education of children in the moods and habits of nature changed with the changing countryside and yet was much the same.

Thus one line of Asa's heirs. To the eastward, the children of their brothers who did not go west found this part of their inheritance steadily diminishing, till in our time it has had to be artificially restored. Yet as they lost this they gained much else. Asa's children went to school a few weeks a year, to an unlettered master, in a miserable shack, learning little and not well. Westward Section 16 was always set aside in the steady but only gradually fulfilled hope that the schools would be better as the years passed, but eastward the hope moved faster and the dame school grew into an academy and the academy into a college. East or west, generation by generation, we made the schools better. As our wealth grew, more could be spent on schools; as general education improved, there were better teachers for everyone. Gradually we came to understand our follies and mistakes; we

amended some of them. More children went to school, they stayed longer and learned more, their capacities were drawn out better, their potentialities more thoroughly developed. It is a fine school that the boy who is now at summer camp will be coming back to in a couple of weeks. It is not as good as it might be, it does not reach as many children as it ought, it does not keep enough of them long enough. But here it is, one measure of our aspiration for our children, from Asa's time to ours.

Every generation of Americans has hoped to do more for its children than its parents were able to do for theirs. Up to now every generation has realized that hope. And not in education only. Asa had fourteen children; only eight or nine of them lived to maturity. Read the slate tombstones in old graveyards and note how many of them bear the names of children who died because of a universal ignorance that has now been blown away. Many of the murderers of children, such as smallpox, are almost or quite harmless now; many others, such as diphtheria, have lost their terror. What American child now dies of "summer colic" or any of two dozen other ailments that our grandfathers feared and had to deal with? For three-quarters of a century nearly every year has signalized some new victory over disease, some annual increase in the number of children who once must have died but now would not. And not diseases only, for we have learned to search out weaknesses of limb or organ, to alleviate or cure them, and so to give sound bodies to many thousands who once must have grown up to be invalids or cripples. We have given our children better bodies than children have ever had before, better bones and muscles, sounder eyes and ears. They are taller, heavier, more graceful and more effective organisms—better to look at, more hopeful and prideful specimens of our kind. Even those who are a continuing reproach to us, the children of the very poor, the children of the slums, have had a share of this abun-

dance. We could never be content while the children of the slums remained, while any children had less access than any others to the knowledge that means health and strength. But Asa's hope for his children has been more widely vindicated with every generation since Asa's time.

Even that does not tell the full story. Asa's children were forced to do men's work at fourteen—or earlier. Many were misshapen, many stunted in mind or body. We have put a stop to that—or almost. At least we have enormously reduced the once customary labor and the once accepted hazards of children's lives. And we have grown to be less arbitrary as parents, less tyrannical, we earnestly believe less stubborn and stupid. We have given children more stature in public law, and, in the same understanding, we have given them more personality, more individuality, in the family law. . . . The catalogue of hopes justified and fulfilled might go on indefinitely. It is enough to say that from Asa's time to ours, pretty steadily, with more success than was reasonably predictable, we have enhanced our children's lives.

Up to our generation no children in America have been in danger of bombs falling from the sky.

You think of these things, lounging on your son's bed in a too neat room, toward sunset of a mid-August day. In Europe and Asia, in all the continents and seas, the war stands at dead center. Nothing is clear, nothing is calculable, there is no reason for satisfaction, much reason for desperate anxiety. The Russians steadily fall back. The Japs are in the Aleutians; they have crept nearer Port Moresby and to islands nearer Australia; they appear ready to strike at Siberia or India or both. Our side seemingly has found no way to put an end to the year's long retreat. But there is some impalpable feeling of change, of turning. It may be that the Russians are about to collapse and so plunge the rest of us into a rout. It may be that we are about to stop retreating, perhaps even to begin advancing. There is no

way for a layman to know, certainly no way for a man musing in his son's deserted room. You know only that now, apart from your will and across the world, an end is being shaped and with it your son's life and your hope in it.

He is in New Hampshire, twelve years old, and he lately wrote you that he has passed his half-mile swimming test. That achievement spans the horizons of his mind; he feels it as the most important thing he has ever done; a kind of ordeal of manhood confronted him, and as a man he did what was required. You guess that his bearing has been a little more confident, a little more mature ever since. It is sunset in New Hampshire also at this moment. A bugle blows, the flag comes down, a hundred and fifty boys run shouting to the mess hall. Later there will be a big bonfire and then they will go to sleep in their cabins, between the lake and the woods. The night will have the sound of wind and waters, of slight movements of small animals among the trees, and of war planes going northward toward Newfoundland overhead.

It is this way all across America.

Dead center. While those kids fall asleep reminding themselves that the half-mile swimming test leads on to the tests for Junior Life Guard, events half-way across the world are shaping future ordeals for them. Beside that New Hampshire lake and in this neat and sunny room the moment is quiet while

evening comes on; elsewhere the moment is not quiet. At twelve, a boy is probably six years short of a soldier's age. It may be that the fighting will have been finished by others before he reaches a soldier's age—that his use for his developed faculties will be in a peace now unpredictable, sterner and more onerous than any peace before it but at least our peace in victory. It may be that six years from now he will move up to take his part in fighting which soldiers who are now eighteen will not have been able to finish. It may be that the events which one now feels about to swing the needle past dead center will have spared him any need to be a citizen or a soldier and left him no chance to be anything but a slave. If so all the generations of America looking toward the enhancement of children's lives will have been broken straight across. Nothing whatever that you or your grandfather worked to prepare him for, nothing that he has grown to understand, will be left. The continuity from Asa's children to yours, it may be, is now ending. There is no way of knowing; there is only, in a moment of quiet in a sunny room, belief and will.

He has had his summer of '42, you think, a boy's last summer of peace. As you leave his room you remember again that he has swum his half-mile, and an intolerable pain spreads through you.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

Harper's Magazine

VOL 185 No 1110 November 1942



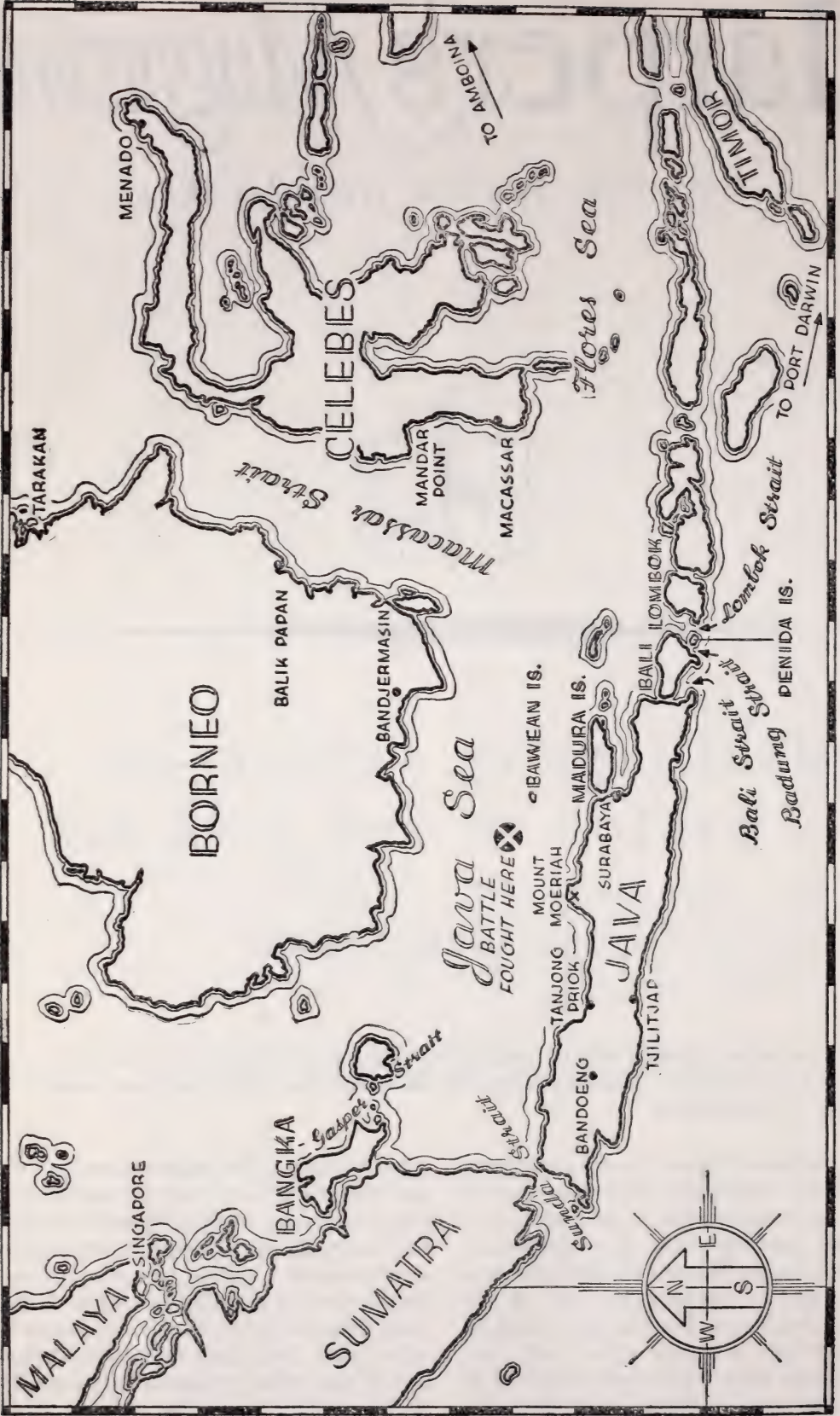
AMERICANS IN BATTLE—NO. 1: CAMPAIGN IN THE JAVA SEA

FLETCHER PRATT

This narrative, prepared with the co-operation of the Navy Department, is the first of a series of full accounts of great engagements in which American forces have been involved in this war.—The Editors

THE Sunda Islands throw a sweeping curve through six degrees of latitude and twenty-eight of longitude, seventeen hundred miles from Sumatra's western end to Timor and the Savu Sea. Their circuit encloses the tip of the Malay Peninsula, Borneo, and Celebes. For strategic purposes these chief land masses are little more than congeries of the same smaller islands that leave few places in those seas from which some land

is not visible. The seaport towns are the true centers; behind them mountain and jungle shoot up, walling them in toward the water, and they are isolated except by that route or a trickle of trade on foot. The center of the Sunda circuit is the great island of Java, nearly five hundred miles long, the richest of the Indies and one of the most populous lands of the world. At the turn of the year the naval and military chiefs of the Allies met there



THE AREA OF THE JAVA SEA CAMPAIGN

to set up the naval command which was to be known through the campaign as ABDAFLOAT, after Japanese attack had driven the American fleet from the Philippines and off Malaya had sunk *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales*.

Admiral Thomas C. Hart had the American Naval command and, by seniority in rank, the general direction of the fleets—a man of sixty-four. His pre-war plans, whatever they were, had been thrown wildly askew by Pearl Harbor and the British failure to make a strong stand at Hong Kong and in Malaya; but he saw no other resource than to cling to the general line of making a fighting retreat, hoping against obvious hope that convoys of ships and planes would come before retreat carried him right out of the Indies. Admiral Layton, for the British, was there to do the best he could; he has left little mark on the campaign beyond his part as an executive, and was mostly concerned, far to the west, with the support of Singapore and Burma.

The Dutch commander had the jaw and expression of a well-fed bulldog; his name was Conrad Emil L. Helfrich, and his theory of defense was attack—against the Japanese supply lines among the shoals and islands. Java was his birth-place (Semarang) and home; he had studied the waters around it till he knew every cove where a destroyer could lie, and had trained his little fleet to fight among the passages as individual units or in small groups, watering down any Jap advance by ceaseless small bloodlettings. "Ship-a-day Helfrich," they were calling him when this conference met; actually, his little navy was three days ahead on the schedule of sinking one Jap vessel every twenty-four hours.

Press reports credited him with pounding the table and demanding a strong squadron of heavy cruisers from his naval allies, and press dispatches from Batavia were allowed to say that he didn't believe in fighting retreats. "He strongly opposes the idea of basing United Nations naval forces on Australia, contending that Port Darwin is not suited to oper-

ational plans," said *Time*. Operational plans were for counterattack against the Japs moving down the corridors east and west of Borneo. They were coming that way clearly. Eleven days after Admiral Hart reached Surabaya on January 1st, the Japs hit Tarakan in Borneo and Menado on the north arm of spiderlike Celebes Island with parachute troops, air bombardment, night landings of jungle fighters on the coast, and took both places.

The double event brought Allied eyes east. Previously they had been turned west, looking at the Malayan campaign, already in desperate straits. Brought them with a shock; it had not seemed possible to the British and Dutch that the little men from the north would try to ride two horses, find forces to drive at Java, with Singapore and Bataan still unconquered.

The navy of defense was not too large—an American heavy cruiser, with two lights (one of which had to be withdrawn before it could do anything); thirteen U. S. destroyers; a British heavy, *Exeter*, that had fought the *Graf Spee*; two Australian light cruisers and seven destroyers; the Dutch light cruisers *Java* and *De Ruyter*; the big flotilla leader *Tromp*, almost a cruiser in strength; six Dutch destroyers. Or reckon, all told, two heavy, six light cruisers, one leader, twenty-six destroyers. There was a big fleet of submarines—twenty-seven American, nine Dutch, three British—which on his return Admiral Hart called the most effective ships in the East; but they operated for the most part independently and their story belongs in another chapter. Half the destroyers were old Cramp boats of 1920, good ships in their day, but now asthmatic, with only 4-inch guns against the Japanese modern 5s and little anti-aircraft armament. Four were just due for major overhauls.

As a fleet they belonged to four different nations (British and Australian vessels operate under some differences in custom) using four different systems of tactics and sets of signals, expressed in

two different languages. For air support they had most of Patrol Wing 10, PBV flying boats of the U. S. Navy, which had proved so highly vulnerable to fighter planes that the boys knew them grimly as "cold turkeys"; they had also the small Dutch fighter service and a handful of Flying Fortresses based on Java. The naval planes had the services of four tenders, one of them the *Langley*, that had been our first carrier. The greatest need was fighter planes; Hart and Helfrich had both cabled for them and they were being loaded back at the docks in America.

One of the bird boat tenders, the *Heron* under Lieutenant William L. Kabler, gained the first success of the campaign against ten big Jap flying boats and five twin-engined land bombers on December 31st, before Hart reached Surabaya. They had been after the destroyer *Peary* and launched six torpedoes against that ship, then picked up the *Heron*. In seven hours they spent forty-six bombs on her; she dodged, shot down one and maybe more of the attackers, gained a promotion for her commander and Navy Crosses for his Chief Boatswain (Johnson) and Machinist's Mate (Brock), and survived.

The greater part of January was spent in trying to assemble these assorted ships while running convoys (which absorbed the whole attention of Dutch and British vessels) to Singapore. American and British officers aboard the Dutch ships did something to straighten out the communication difficulties, but there was constant trouble about ciphers, and nothing ever could bring operating methods into perfect homogeneity. The weight of the fleet was mostly toward the west, bolstering Singapore.

II

THE Japanese came on. On January 20th one of our subs on outpost duty in Macassar Strait got word through of a big enemy convoy bound south and west, obviously for the oil port of Balikpapan

in Borneo. Four destroyers were in the Flores Sea under Commander F. R. Talbot; at the news they worked up maximum sustained speed while the handful of Flying Fortresses and Dutchmanned Martin bombers took off from Java and the cruiser *Marblehead* was ordered up to join them. The planes reached the convoy next day, crawling along the coasts of Borneo, and attacked it—in the words of the report—"with no small success"; but the convoy was too big, it pressed right on through three days of air attack. In Balikpapan the few defenders began to blow the wells and send long pillars of smoke up from the tanks.

At dusk on the 23rd the four destroyers had climbed the ladder of the Celebes unobserved past Mandar Point and swung out across the Strait. It was turning into a black night with a cool breeze after a hot day and the sky was clear of Jap planes, as it remained toward night all through the campaign. The enemy made temporary airfields wherever he touched and during daylight covered every square mile of the sky with his bombers, but his installations were not good enough to permit landings after dark.

Two-thirds of the way across the Strait, at midnight, the sky was streaked with light ahead. To the American squadron it looked like searchlights; Commander Talbot pushed in with the low-slung, less visible destroyers—*Ford*, *Parrott*, *Pope*, and *Paul Jones*, in that order. All across the horizon ahead low, distant, leaping flames came into sight, with smoke now blotting out, now revealing the glow till it was impossible to say whether ships lay between the shore and the onrushing destroyers or not. One ship was there for sure; for as they drew in it became clear that the flashes they had taken for Jap searchlights came from a big tanker off to the north, bombed that afternoon, now a drifting firework with the red glare leaping out as tank after tank exploded.

Talbot pushed on with his destroyers. Again and again eyes caught the sugges-

tions of regular outline that might be ships against the loom of Balik Papan's fires, but the effect was always deceptive till three o'clock, when a division of big Japanese destroyers came foaming out of the dark across their bows from port to starboard. On the second in line a blinker worked rapidly. "That's Jap code," said the signalman on *Ford's* bridge, in a whisper as though the enemy might overhear; but Talbot only ordered his flagship's head off a few degrees to port and the Japanese shot past without taking notice of the Americans. The next moment there was no further doubt; ships were looming up, right, left, ahead, and all around, a huge Jap convoy sliding along slowly past the mouth of Balik Papan bay, probably bound for Bandjermasin and an air base within easy reach of Java.

The four destroyers stepped their speed up to the limit of the asthmatic engines, letting go torpedoes whenever they could sight a target. Somebody got a hit: a big column of flame shot up specked with debris, then another. All around blinkers began to chatter like fireflies, ships moved restlessly in every direction, but they were right among the low trailing smoke clouds from the oil fields now and it was impossible to tell which were hit and which not. When no more ships could be seen ahead, Talbot reversed course, and with the other three destroyers following, ran into the tangle again. Now ships were burning or sinking all around. Instead of scattering, the enemy had bunched, and one of their ships fired star shells off on the flank, apparently thinking they were under air attack or had run into a mine field. A second time the lookout reported no more ships ahead; a second time Talbot turned back. On the fourth run through the harried convoy the Chief Torpedoman announced that no more of his weapons were left—so they opened up with the guns.

Now the Japanese woke for the first time to knowledge of what had hit them and began shooting, but they had to fire

at flash and in fear of hitting their own ships. Their shooting was dead wild; only *Ford* was damaged—by a small shell that took out her auxiliary radio and wounded a few men. As the sky grew gray the four destroyers turned their prows south and, hugging the coast of Borneo, ran all-out till they picked up *Marblehead* for the voyage back to Surabaya.

An exact account of the damage they did may never be taken. It was enough so that the reconnaissance planes the next day found what was left of the convoy pushed into Balik Papan bay with one or two ships on the beach and all waiting reinforcements. The Flying Fortresses came down on them there in the afternoon and bombed them furiously, sending two more ships to the bottom, firing another (the fliers could see men jumping overboard), and shooting down five of a squadron of Jap Zeros that tried to intercept.

It had been a great stroke, but in relation to the whole campaign no more than the capture of a pawn, while far to the west the great castle of Singapore was crashing down, and far to the east intense Japanese air reconnaissance over Amboina showed that the enemy were preparing to take that castle too.

III

THE ABDAFLOAT conference at Surabaya on February 2nd was still far from hopeless. There was no chance at Amboina, it would have to be destroyed; but a few more Macassar Strait actions and the Jap would be held in the center, with a sea-air position running from Sumatra to Timor in our hands. It would take more than brilliant destroyer raids, however; the Japs had reinforced near Balik Papan and were evidently purposing to break through in force right down Macassar Strait. When *Marblehead* tried to slip north for another thrust with the destroyers *Stewart*, *Edwards*, *Barker*, and *Bulmer* on February 1st, air reconnaissance reported a Japanese line

led by seven cruisers and she turned away full speed, as the convoy had gone north.

The British ships were still supporting Singapore, where the Japs had halted at the broken causeway, but out of the rest ABDAFLOAT ordered a striking force to assemble—our heavy cruiser *Houston*, *Marblehead*, *Java*, *De Ruyter*, *Tromp*, and four destroyers of each nation, under the tactical command of Rear Admiral Doorman of the Netherlands Navy. He was a medium tall, rather pudgy man, stooped, with a red face, smiling and pleasant, who in English with a strong Dutch accent set forth his doctrine that attack was the only defense.

The ships met at sea on February 3rd, purposing to rush the Jap rendezvous at Balik Papan; but the enemy had somehow managed to slip a carrier or two down the Borneo coast without being observed, and that same day launched a terrific bombing attack on Surabaya. The port was badly hurt, a good many Dutch fighter planes were overwhelmed in the air and more were smashed on the ground with some of the bombers, so that the co-operation of land-based air in Doorman's action became impossible.

What was worse, the Jap aviators spotted our little fleet. Next morning, February 4th, the enemy launched at them all the planes they had in the region, fifty-four land-based bombers, in a great effort, working from emergency fields set up in Borneo and Celebes. Fighter protection for the ships there was none; it was a case of scatter, dodge, and shoot, with the odds against the ships in the bright sunlight and smooth sea.

The action went on all day and badly for our side. The Japs, working in formations of nine, went for the big ships first—*Houston* and *Marblehead*. Now and then one of their planes would come plunging down, like the one hit by *Houston* that tried a death dive on her companion and had to be shot again. But not enough planes were hit, or often enough; toward noon a thousand-pound bomb landed just forward of the heavy cruiser's after-turret, completely wrecked

it, killed fifty people and left her with fires so bad that putting them out earned decorations for the men who did it.

Marblehead had worked west and north away till she was hull-down from the bigger ship. An hour or so later she got it too. A big bomb hit her aft, shattered her steering gear, killed nearly everyone but a Chinese cook in the ammunition party there, and started a dangerous fire. The Chinese, whose name deserves to be remembered (it was Fook Liang), was badly hurt, but he pulled all the living out and went to fight the fire. Another big bomb hit the cruiser soon after, and a third was a near enough miss to leave her leaking so badly that one more must have finished her. But it was late and the Japs did not have that one left.

Houston had already been signaled to go to Surabaya dock, and the place was such a mess under Jap bombing that *Marblehead* could hardly be accommodated there too. The American destroyers closed round the injured cruiser and led her toward Tjilitjap on the southern Java coast, where there was a dock of sorts. She was in as desperate a case as any vessel that ever swam; leaking so badly that her people had to form a bucket brigade as on the wooden ships of old to supplement the pumps; on fire in two places; steering with her engines and so staggering like a drunk down a street as she alternately speeded and backed with the screws on either side. But she did make it, and after getting emergency repairs in a dock too short to take more than two-thirds of her length, made Ceylon and so home clear around Africa.

Doorman's striking force was now down to a whisper, but ABDAFLOAT sent him back to do what he could against any Japs emerging from Macassar Strait, and especially if he found them bound for Bandjermasin, which would give them a position to land-bomb Bali and Surabaya. He fueled and turned north, but they sent their big effort east to Macassar town in Celebes, and there was nothing he could do about that, for they had land-based air support and he did

not. Off to the west the Japs were on Singapore island by this time, and the place was evidently doomed; but bad weather kept the Allied planes down and it was several days before ABDAFLOAT discovered that the enemy were landing on Sumatra too. This would place Java in deadly danger. Doorman dashed west at top speed with *De Ruyter*, *Tromp*, four Dutch and six American destroyers, picked up *Exeter* and the Australian light cruiser *Hobart*, and made an all-night speed run through Gasper Strait and around Bangka Island in search of fourteen transports reported in the region under light escort.

Not a sign of the enemy on the surface, but in the morning they came out of the air at the little squadron and bombed it heavily for three hours, an attack beaten off with damage to the planes but none to the ships. In the afternoon the squadron was bombed again with the same result, and it reached Batavia for stores on February 15th. That same day Singapore went down without glory on a drizzly evening at seven. Sumatra's burning oil fields smoked to heaven, and the Japs came down its coast, setting up their airfields and ranging all over the region with their countless planes. One of them even followed *Marblehead* as she staggered away from Tjilitjap, still steering on her engines for the long traverse. On the east there were Japanese on Timor, and Patwing 10's observers saw more ships gathering at Amboina, coming down Molucca Strait in great numbers. The naval double encirclement of Java was on; some reorganization and redistribution were necessary if the Japanese were even to be delayed.

IV

THE responsibility fell into the charge of Dutch Admiral Helfrich. Washington recalled Hart at this juncture and our forces came under the command of Vice Admiral Glassford, a tall man with a face as sharp as a razor, who had learned about Japs while serving on the

Yangtze patrol in the almost legendary days of Yarnell; he was an expert in communications and was rated the most eloquent man in the Navy. He, Helfrich, and a new British admiral, Palliser, decided to throw their whole weight into an effort to stop the obvious Japanese effort to seize Bali and so pen our little fleet in the Java Sea. On February 18th Flying Fortresses had attacked Jap convoys apparently bound for that place, probably not with great effect against strong fighter opposition, for they kept coming on, and late on the afternoon of the 19th an airplane saw them close to the paradisaical isle.

Bali is shaped like a dumbbell, with the north end enormously enlarged, and just at the shank there is an airfield. The Japs would go for that spot first and probably anchor in Badung and Lombok Straits on the east side. ABDAFLOAT planned to hit them there that night with everything but the English ships, which were still out to the west. Doorman was to come first from Tjilitjap with his two cruisers, the U. S. destroyers *Ford* and *Pope*, and the Dutch *Piet Hein*, at 10 o'clock. At 1 A.M. Commander T. H. Binford would lead in four more American destroyers, *Stewart*, *Parrott*, *Edwards*, and *Pillsbury*, from Surabaya, with big *Tromp* following five miles behind to cover their getaway, south through Bali Strait around the island and north homeward through Badung-Lombok Strait. At 2 A.M. a storm of six Dutch motor torpedo boats would come from the south.

Doorman, exactly on schedule, found the Japs signaling to one another with their blinkers; fired torpedoes and guns as he ran full speed through the narrow gut. Something was hit and flames leaped up, but so did all the Jap searchlights. The Dutch cruiser *Java* took a bad hit herself before she could do any shooting and *Piet Hein*, caught in the glare, was blown up by a Jap torpedo. As the two cruisers rushed on through the Strait, *Ford* and *Pope* behind them sheared slightly rightward and away

from the illumination; then turned and came back, firing torpedoes as they ran westward for Tjilitjap. Explosions and an orange glare rose behind; they thought they had hit a destroyer and a cruiser of the *Katori* class, but no one will ever know for certain.

Binford and his four American destroyers, when they arrived, saw nothing till they came round the angle of the mountain on Bali. Across the shank, opposite the airfield, they caught sight of a big Jap transport burning energetically and then, off to the southeast near Penida Island, a flicker of guns and searchlights. This was disturbing; Doorman should have been clear a good three hours before, but Binford held on round the southern cape of Bali and found himself looking into the eye of a Jap searchlight on a ship lying close to the shore of the island, moving its beam around restlessly. Otherwise it was pitch dark; the firing eastward had ceased and the burning transport was dying down. At 1:34 A.M., when *Stewart* was nearly abreast the searchlight ship, another beam leaped out from a vessel close to the Penida shore, falling on the first and showing her up sharply as a big new destroyer. *Stewart* fired her port torpedoes and *Parrott* behind instantly opened up with her guns on that side, the flash momentarily blinding everyone on the bridge.

Searchlights woke left, right, in front, behind; the four destroyers were right in the midst of the Jap fleet, warships and transports thickly packed along both sides of the strait. They opened up with everything down to machine guns; all around the attackers splashes leaped up, their drops shining like crystal in the glare. *Stewart*, the leader, was hit badly, by an 8-inch that wrecked the steering engine aft and a 6-inch that tore away a boat forward and wounded the navigator; *Parrott* had steering trouble at this inopportune moment. But for the most the Japs fired short, fearing to damage one another across the strait; and though *Stewart's* first torpedoes had all missed in the dark, the others could not.

From *Pillsbury's* deck they saw one torpedo run straight through into the flank of a destroyer and the ship break up; *Edwards* hit a cruiser, *Stewart* too, and twice they saw the explosion and fountain of steam as torpedoes smashed into a big ship on the starboard bow. In the fitful brilliant illumination the gunners hit everything they aimed at, and it was a shambles till *Tromp* came charging along behind into the now-awakened Japs and got badly pounded, fortunately not in her engine room. Thanks to her and the smooth sea, everybody got away to Surabaya. There was another and agreeable surprise there when Doorman explained he had broken off action well before 11; the guns and searchlights near Penida must have been the Japs, having a private war of their own.

Say all told, our ships had left four Jap cruisers and at least two Jap destroyers with torpedo hits, maybe fatal—though some of the former may have been destroyers too, since in that flash and shadow it was hard to tell the size of Jap ships and their outline is much alike—with many frail transports sunk or afire, at the cost of *Piet Hein*. Ultimately the cost of *Stewart* too; she was put into dock at Surabaya and so heavily bombed there that they never got her to sea again. A good show—but it did not keep the Japs out of Bali.

V

THEY set up air bases there and on the new holdings in Sumatra. As fast as planes could be flown in they came over to bomb hell out of everything in Java. The few Dutch planes were lost, overwhelmed in the air or on the ground; nearly all the Flying Fortresses were wrecked or had to pull out for Australia; and *Patwing 10* was broken up after the dreadful attack on Darwin, which came on the same February 19th that Doorman and Binford were leaving to prevent the enemy getting a base on Bali for just such a bombing.

Maybe these Jap planes came down

from Timor; maybe they came from a carrier force that moved southward east of Celebes. Anyway at 10 in the morning Naval Aviation Pilot Cannon was standing by the plane buoy: "I looked up and saw four formations of twenty-seven planes each. At 10:10 the first bombs hit the dock." They wrecked it; they blew up an ammunition ship; they sank the poor old *Pearl*, which had been bombed the first day at Manila and made a perilous voyage, with nothing functional but her engines, to this miserable end; they sank most of the transports and supply ships in the harbor.

This made certain that no reinforcement could reach Java for many days. The Japs took Bandjermasin and, with Allied reconnaissance now less efficient than it had been, began assembling invasion fleets around Bangka Island on the west and off Macassar on the east for a final assault. Yet still it was not all black; for U.S.S. *Langley* was on the way with a big cargo of fighter planes and pilots, soon due at Tjilitjap. If another blow like that at Balikpapan could be struck, the Japs would be held long enough to bring her in; bombers could be flown in after; and with a grip on the aerial situation, the fight might be prolonged till real reinforcements came down the long lane from the United States.

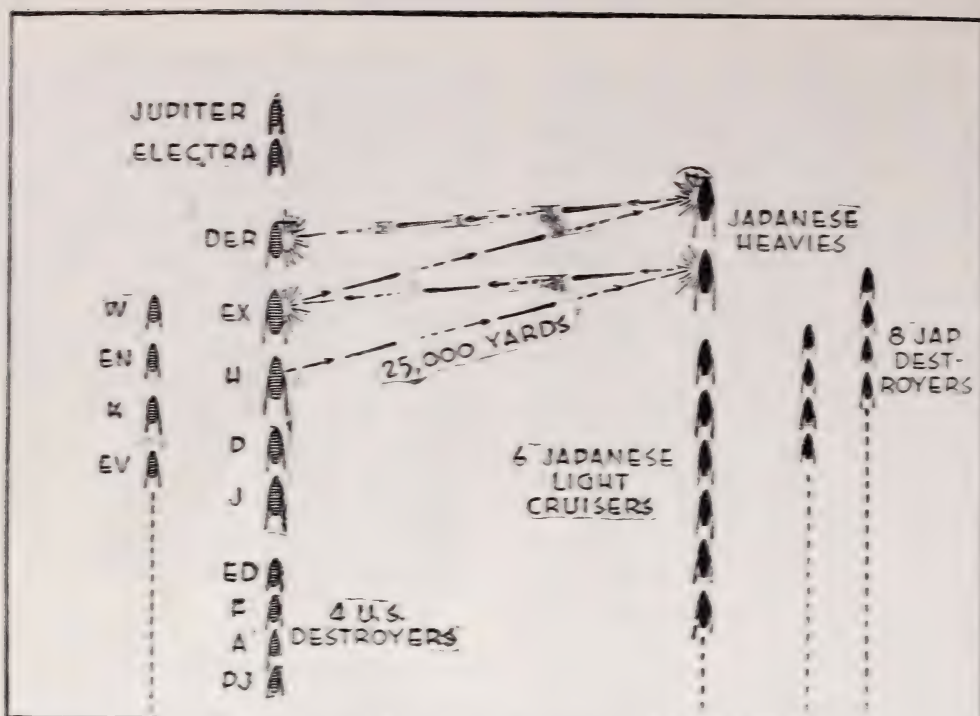
Helfrich concentrated his little fleet off Madura for a counterattack under Doorman's flag. He had *Houston* (minus her after turret, but still the strongest ship in the fleet), *Exeter*, the Australian light cruiser *Perth*, and his own pair of light cruisers; three big new British destroyers, three Dutch destroyers, and the five Americans that were left of Hart's Asiatic fleet. (*Pillsbury* and *Parrott*, *Barker* and *Bulmer*, badly in need of repair to their steam installations, had left for Australia, but *Pillsbury* was caught by the omnipresent Jap forces and sunk before she got there, as was the destroyer *Edsall*, which had been operating south of Java.) The submarines, mostly still functional, were ordered into the Java Sea, where

they did wonders, especially in discovering enemy movements. But what was left of *Patwing 10* did most of the scouting, living a hunted existence from concealment to concealment. The Allied fighter planes were all gone; every day the Japs bombed Surabaya with only flak to oppose them, but they were still operating from fields without proper night arrangements and had to go home after about 3 in the afternoon, which allowed the ships to sneak in for stores and light repairs under cover of night. In the fleet everybody was keeping a stiff upper lip, waiting for the *Langley* and her fighters, but growing irritable with the exhaustion of long-continued lack of sleep.

It was Thursday, February 26th. Subs and planes had spotted the enemy prodigiously on the move in Macassar Strait during the previous afternoon. Admiral Doorman got a radio message saying that just before noon a PBY had sighted "an enemy force of thirty transports, escorted by two cruisers and four destroyers" about halfway across Java Sea, slanting down toward the island. He ordered action stations and spreading into scouting formation, began a sweep westward, wide off Madura Island through the night, till with the dawn he sighted the tall peak of Mount Moeriah against the sky near Rembang.

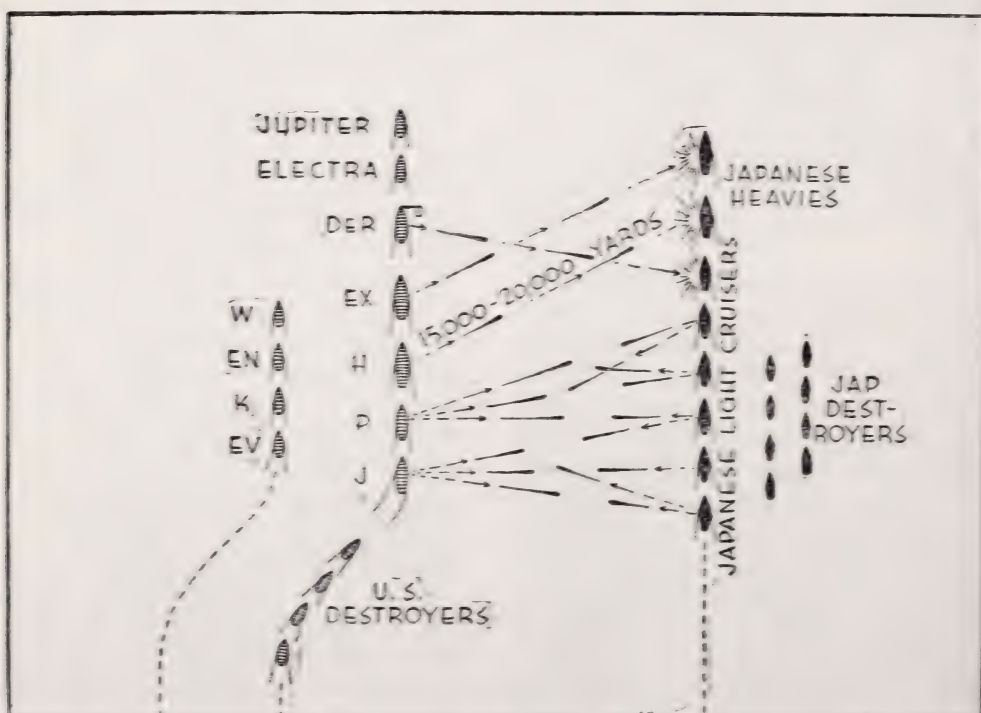
A formation of Jap bombers came up out of the dawn and attacked the ships, but with no hits or casualties. Doorman turned back eastward, steaming slowly to conserve fuel, counting on arriving at Surabaya after the daily Jap bombers had left. George Weller, an American newspaperman aboard one of the ships, noticed how haggard everyone's eyes were and how indifferently they glanced at a Jap seaplane persistently dogging them astern. The crews had been at action stations for thirty-seven hours, and the radio shack picked up Doorman's message to Admiral Helfrich in his mountain headquarters at Bandoeng: "Exhaustion point far exceeded."

But at 3:30 that afternoon, as they



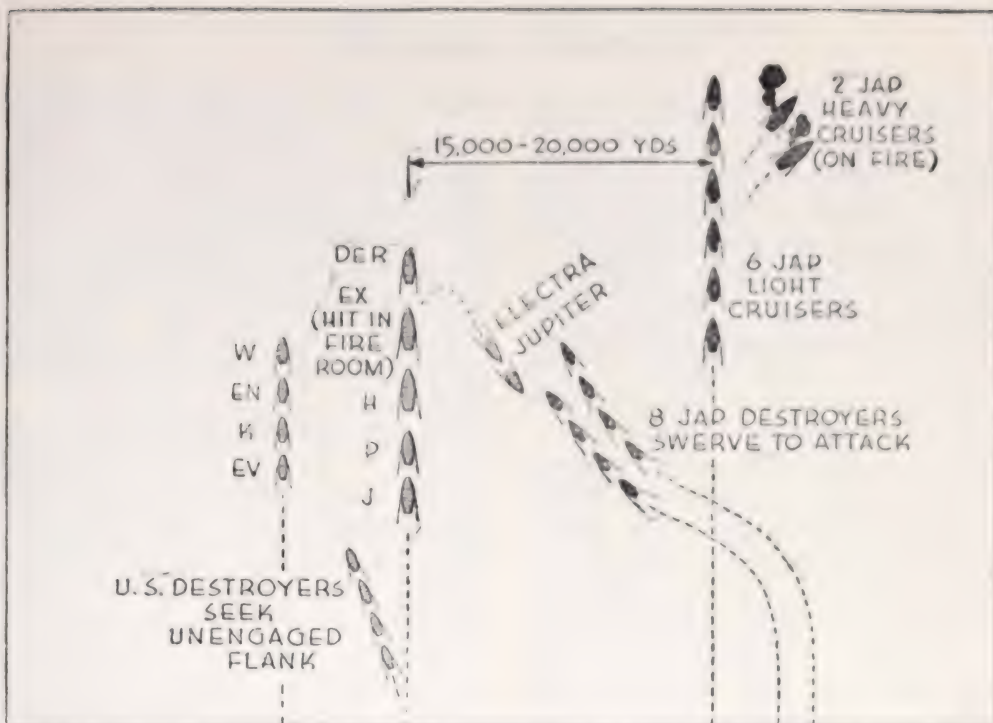
BATTLE OF JAVA SEA. FIRST PHASE, 4:30 P.M.

De R, *De Ruyter*. Ex, *Exeter*. H, *Houston*. P, *Perih*. J, *Java*. W, *Witte de With*. En, *Encounter*. K, *Kontenaer*. Ev, *Eversten*. Ed, *Edwards*. F, *Ford*. A, *Alden*. PJ, *Paul Jones*



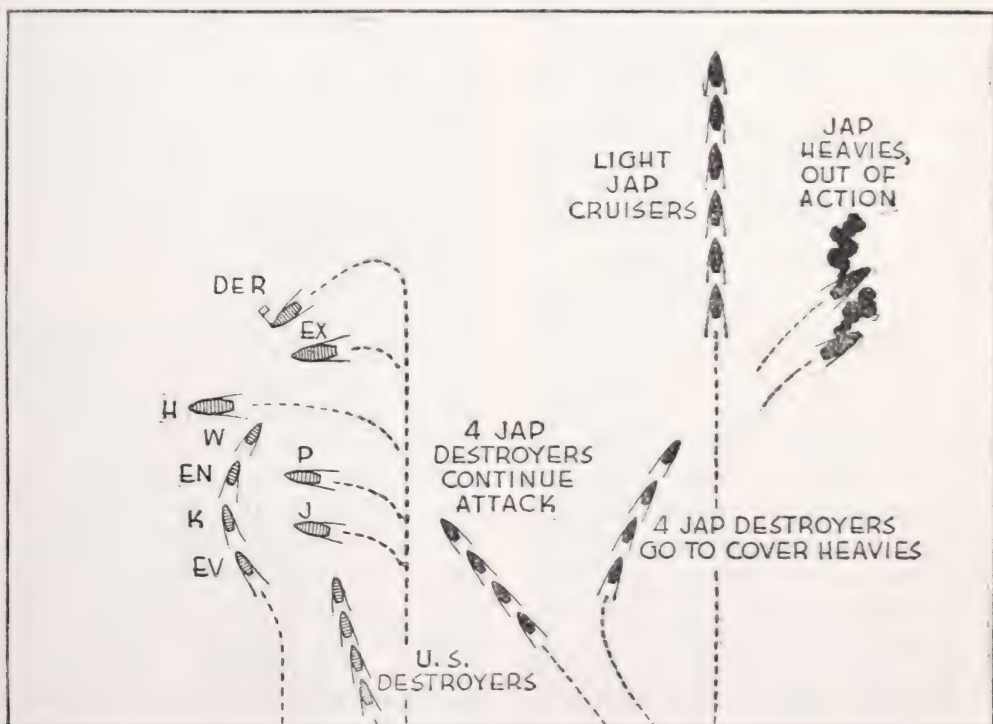
SECOND PHASE, 4:45 P.M.

In the first phase, *Exeter* and *Houston* hit the two Japanese heavy cruisers. In this second phase our ships have turned in to shorten the range and all our cruisers are engaged



THIRD PHASE, 5 P.M.

The two Japanese heavy cruisers are on fire, *Exeter* is hit in the fire room; the Japanese destroyers have moved in to attack, and *Jupiter* and *Electra* have turned to meet them



FOURTH PHASE, 5:15 P.M.

Exeter has turned away, our other cruisers following. *Witte de With*, *Encounter*, *Kortenaer*, and *Evertsen* go to screen them. *Kortenaer* and two enemy destroyers were soon sunk

were halfway between Bawean Island and Surabaya, another message came through. One of our flying boats had seen forty transports, with two or three cruisers and a couple of divisions of destroyers, a few miles north of Bawean, bound west. Doorman was to "proceed, search for, and attack the enemy, notwithstanding the air attack." There was no longer any air attack; the Japanese birds had gone home for that day.

The Dutch Admiral turned northwest and worked up to twenty-five knots, forming his line of battle. The British destroyers *Jupiter* and *Electra* led it, followed at a mile's distance by the flagship *De Ruyter*; then came *Exeter*, *Houston*, *Perth*, and *Java*. A tactical expert might lift his eyebrows over this formation, since the books prescribe strong ships at the ends of the line which have to bear the heaviest fire; but Doorman would not give the post of honor and danger in the lead to anyone but himself; *Houston's* after turret was gone and *Exeter* could only bear two guns astern, which made them bad as rear ships. Off to the port of the battle line ran the Dutch destroyers *Witte de With*, *Evertsen*, and *Kortenaer*, with the British *Encounter*; astern of it came the American destroyers *Edwards*, *Ford*, *Alden*, and *Paul Jones*, with Binford of Bali in command of the division.

At four o'clock Jap spotting planes began to appear in the sky and *De Ruyter* announced by short-wave to the fleet: "Many ships two points on starboard bow." The Japs became visible as eight cruisers in a long line of battle, headed by two big ones, which the men in our fleet took for battleships till their shells began to come and were found to be only 8-inch.

They opened the ball at 4:30 from 25,000 yards, running parallel at a range where only 8-inch guns would bear. Of these the Japs had ten apiece, but our ships only six. Still things were not too bad at this stage; both *Houston* and *Exeter* were on with their early salvos, and goutts of flame leaped up from the Japanese heavies. They were firing on Doorman's ship without an answer; he or-

dered a ninety-degree turn-in, closing the range to under 20,000, and as our ships straightened on the new course the action took up all along the line. On *Kortenaer* they were counting splashes, up to fifteen in a salvo, which meant that some enemy light cruisers belonged to the *Mogami* class with that many guns. Our ships were outweighed two to one, and being hit too.

But we had the better armor and gunners at least as good. The enemy heavies were burning furiously, beginning to stagger out of line; one of them fired a salvo with only four shells in it, and a big black puff of smoke went up from one of their light cruisers where *De Ruyter* hit her as the crews of the destroyers cheered. It was an even fight or better than even till five o'clock, when the Jap Admiral, whose line had pulled a little ahead while Doorman was turning, suddenly shot eight big destroyers from the tail of his formation in a torpedo attack on the Allied ships.

Jupiter and *Electra*, at the head of our line, were the only ships available to repel it. They rushed into the smoke screens of the charge, and in the dramatic phrase of the British communiqué "were not seen again." Later that night an American submarine unexpectedly surfaced and picked up thirty-five survivors from *Electra*.

Now things went from bad to worse; *Perth* and *Java* had to shift targets to take care of the destroyer rush, and at 5:15 one of the Jap heavies, firing her last gun as she staggered from the line, had the luck to hit *Exeter* squarely in the fire room, bursting the main steam line. The British cruiser swung sharply out to port away from the enemy torpedo attack. Amid the smoke and splashes *Perth* behind turned with her, ninety degrees, to lay smoke. And Doorman and *De Ruyter* could not but conform, breaking up the battle line. *Witte de With*, *Evertsen*, *Kortenaer*, and *Encounter* rushed in to screen the damaged *Exeter*. Binford in the American destroyer division saw a torpedo take *Kortenaer* squarely

amidships and the ship break in half under a column of smoke.

Her survivors floated all night on Carley rafts, up to their chests in water and vomiting: "Fuel oil simply is not fit for consumption in any form, not even diluted with sea water," said one of them afterward. The Japanese destroyers came charging past, made a turn, and fired salvos all together; the survivors saw one of them, then another, take torpedo hits amidships and break up as their own ship had done.

. . . The men in the water were there all night and saved toward morning when a flare dropped by *Houston* enabled *Encounter* to pick them up. Two days later Binford thought he was seeing a ghost when a man in shorts and sneakers walked into his room in Surabaya and he recognized the Captain of the *Kortenaar*. . . .

The four American destroyers covered the retreat, and it was probably their torpedoes that finished the Japs in this last act of the action. There was no pursuit; the Japs had been too roughly handled to wish to close again under the bright moon that presently came up, and the Allied fleet was much scattered. Doorman had given them a rendezvous for Tanjong Priok on Java's northwest coast, and thither went *Houston*, *Perth*, and *Evertsen*. Damaged *Exeter* had to head for the nearest port, which meant southward to Surabaya; *Witte de With* went with her as escort (she never arrived) and *Encounter* went too because her fuel was too nearly exhausted to take her to Priok. Binford too was practically out of fuel and headed for Surabaya independently, picking up *Pope* on the way in, she having been held out of the action by the usual engine-room repairs.

It would take work to reassemble the squadron again, and that night Admiral Helfrich and his aides in Bandoeng began to do it as reports drifted in. But then came two reports that made all the work useless. During the dark hours *De Ruyter* and *Java* had blown up within two minutes of each other, probably on

enemy torpedoes (an American signalman claimed he saw their tracks), possibly on their own minefields, sown heavily along the Java coast in the early days of the war.

And off to the south, nearing Tjilitjap, the *Langley* with her precious cargo of planes had been caught and sunk by Jap bombers from Bali.

VI

USELESS. Before dawn *ABDAFLOAT* took its decision—to get everything out of the sea that could be got out and to organize a new striking force with Tjilitjap as a base. Orders went out that night. *Houston*, *Perth*, and *Evertsen* were to run through Sunda Strait. The shortest route for the others from Surabaya would be by way of Bali Strait, and the U. S. destroyer division went that way; but the channel east from Surabaya past Madura is narrow, shallow, and excessively rocky—it would not do for damaged *Exeter*. Since she had to go north in any case, she was ordered through Sunda Strait with *Pope* and *Encounter* as escort.

Exeter and her group left at dawn, after emergency repairs to the cruiser. Before noon *Pope* reported herself shadowed by planes, then Bandoeng took in a radio message from *Encounter*, much garbled, reporting contact with the enemy, and since then there has been silence unbroken from around those three ships.

At dusk on that same day, February 28th, *Houston* and her group tried running the Strait from Priok, while Helfrich with silver-tongued Glassford and British Palliser on their mountain top at Bandoeng spread maps on the table and spent the night trying to see some way out, something that could still be done. Around midnight a report came in from a U. S. Army bomber: a hundred and fifty miles out in the Indian Ocean southwest of Tjilitjap she had sighted strong enemy forces, probably battleships with at least one carrier and transports, headed

toward Java. How many planes had Patwing 10 left? Less than half a squadron, said the staff member in charge of that information.

. . . And no carriers and no fighters. The Japs were closing in on Java from every side at once; Tjilitjap would hardly do as anything but a temporary stopping place for the units from the Java sea. They were not yet sure about *Exeter*, but as they discussed the new orientation this threw on affairs another message came in, a night message from *Perth*, saying she was engaging the enemy, and then one from *Evertsen* with news of a furious naval battle in Sunda Strait. There was another, briefer brush out in Bali Strait, where clever, lucky Binford's division got through after a ten-minute running fight; and another, not lucky, for the

little old gunboat *Asheville* the next morning, in which she was sunk.

But these were not known either; there was only the melancholy conference, which lasted all night and broke up with day and the news that *Evertsen* had been beached in Sunda Strait in sinking condition. Of *Houston* and *Perth* there was no sign then or ever after. Perhaps some of their crews got away to the hills in Sumatra or Java and perhaps they are there yet; but for practical purposes ABDAFLOAT's fleet was dissolved, as ABDAFLOAT itself dissolved on that gloomy March morning. Admiral Glassford and his chief of staff, Rear Admiral William R. Purnell, went down to Tjilitjap, and the last, repaired, rickety plane of Patwing 10 took them off to Australia for the beginning of another campaign.

[The second article of this series will tell the full story of our raid on the Marshall and Gilbert Islands.—The Editors]



TWELVE THINGS THE WAR WILL DO TO AMERICA

QUINCY HOWE



THERE are two things about this war that all Americans take for granted. The first is that we shall win it. The second is that we shall have to make the greatest national effort in our history to achieve victory. To foresee what the war will do to America we must, therefore, keep these two assumptions in mind. We must first consider just what has to be done to win the war. Then we must consider what our victory will do to us and the rest of the world.

The national effort required to win the war has already revolutionized the American way of life. We not only have military conscription, but plans are also under way to draft men and women from the entire population into war work of one kind or another. The government is telling private industry what it shall and shall not make; it is fixing prices and taxing away profits; it is rationing raw materials and consumer goods. Organized labor has surrendered the right to strike for the duration. There will soon be a ceiling on wages as well as on prices. Many farm prices are already fixed. The President and his numerous administrative agencies have taken more and more power away from Congress.

Virtually our entire foreign trade is being conducted on what amounts to a barter basis under the terms of the Lease-Lend Act. The press and radio have submitted to a voluntary censorship. Taxes and war bonds consume surplus buying power that might, in other times, have gone into private investment or savings.

To see what the war has in store for us we need only look at what has happened in Britain, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand. Those countries have not gone Fascist or Communist, but their people have surrendered many of the liberties that went hand in hand with capitalist democracy in times past. But the people of Britain and the British Dominions have gladly sacrificed certain liberties in order to win the war. They are prepared to make still more sacrifices—and so are we.

Before the war President Roosevelt used to twit his Republican critics by reminding them that the New Deal reforms duplicated in many respects what the Tories had already done to give England more social security. In both countries the national government encroached more and more upon free enterprise and individual liberty. The war

has greatly accelerated this change. In a sense, the crisis that gave birth to the war arises from the failure of modern society to adjust itself peacefully to mass production. Mass production can raise the standard of living everywhere; but mass production means planning, planning means control, control means some surrender of liberty in exchange for greater security. Unless the war destroys the whole material basis of modern civilization everywhere, it will release productive forces that can enormously raise peacetime living standards. But the war will also increase state authority at the expense of free enterprise.

With these thoughts in mind, then, let us see what this war will do to the United States.

1. The war will abolish mass unemployment in America.

During the period between the two world wars the crisis of unemployment overshadowed all other problems in the modern world. It remained for Hitler to provide the one universal solution—total war. Russian Communism worked after a fashion in one backward country, but it made little headway elsewhere. The New Deal alleviated unemployment in America. Similar reforms provided stopgap solutions in Britain, France, and the other democracies. But it took total war to do the job up brown. Britain has no unemployed to-day—only unemployables. We shall soon find ourselves in the same position.

Having seen the unemployment crisis lead up to the present war, we are not likely to let the same thing happen again. Moreover, total war cures unemployment in a way that is likely to carry over into peace times. Total war gives the government so much power that private enterprise cannot expect to regain its dominant position—especially in view of the fact that private enterprise could not abolish unemployment or prevent depression when the boom broke. The plant we had in 1929, operating under the free enterprise system, produced a national income of more than 80 billion

dollars. If that plant had worked at capacity it could have produced 25 per cent more. But the private enterprise system could not prevent the depression from cutting our national income in two by 1932. The American people thus had reason to suspect that it was the free enterprise system—not their plant and equipment and resources and skill—that condemned them to a national income of barely 40 billion dollars a year in 1932.

We now have a plant that is producing at present a national income of more than 100 billion dollars a year. That figure can probably increase to 150 billions if the war lasts long enough—not allowing for rising prices. Of course, most of what we produce will go into war expenditures for the duration, but when the fighting ends we'll have such a tremendous productive capacity that our strong central government—itsself a product of the war—will not let that capacity lie idle.

Here's one reason why:

2. The war will make it necessary for America to feed and re-equip much of Europe and some of Asia.

During and after the last war the United States undertook several major relief projects in Belgium, in Russia, in China. This war has created far more misery and destruction than the last one. The moment peace comes the whole world will cry out for food and supplies and reconstruction. Think of the wreckage that the Germans have wrought in Russia and that the Japanese have wrought in China. Think of the starvation in Greece, Poland, Spain, and most of the rest of Europe. For the past ten years Europe has devoted most of its energy to producing implements of warfare. Ordinary peacetime needs have gone unfilled. Housing needs repair, transportation systems need to be rebuilt, public works have gone to pot. If we cannot find an outlet for our production at home, American goods will be welcome abroad for many years to come. Our statesmen should also be able to use our food supplies and productive capac-

ity as a political weapon. If they use this weapon wisely America can shape a new and better postwar world.

But the longer the war lasts the more peacetime goods we shall need here. Up to the outbreak of the present war we seldom suffered from shortages. What we lacked was buying power. Too much of the national income went to too few people; not enough went to the masses. Which leads to:

3. *After this war no American will be allowed to receive more than \$25,000 a year and every American family will be assured an annual income of at least \$2,500.*

Taxation will eat away most of the big fortunes and drain off most of the big incomes for the duration. In addition, the war will put the government into so many different lines of business that individuals can never again hope to earn the incomes, wield the power, and inherit the wealth they once did. As long as the war lasts of course nobody can expect an improved standard of living. R. V. Gilbert, director of research for the Office of Price Administration, has said, "Before the end of the war the living standards of the American people will be reduced below the levels prevailing at the bottom of the great depression. No group can . . . avoid a reduction of its living standards except at the expense of other groups. Those groups which are actually on a bare subsistence level cannot be expected to take any cut in their standard of living. But the rest of the people must accept curtailment of their living standard, each group according to its capacity."

Once the war is over, however, the picture will change completely. The fully employed productive plant we shall build during the war years, plus our war bonds, will release a flood of consumer goods and consumer buying power to purchase those goods. This buying power will not be concentrated in any one group. Some groups will find themselves far better off after the war than they ever were before. Others—notably the very rich—will have to accommodate

themselves to an entirely different world. It will be a world in which business enterprise will lose much of its freedom, a world in which the common man will enjoy increased security. There is no reason, however, to assume that the war will liquidate big business. The government may take over or regulate some of the less efficient industries. But the more efficient large enterprises are likely to continue to operate as powerful pressure groups. The chief change will be that new pressure groups will demand attention. Those Americans who will suffer most after the war will be those who cannot find a pressure group to join.

Hence:

4. *The war will reduce the power and income of the small business man and of the unorganized middle class.*

Big business was already crowding small business before the war. Look at the growth of the chain stores and the concentration of the automobile industry almost entirely in the hands of three mammoth concerns. During the war the government will do to big business what big business once did to little business. This process, in turn, will eliminate many middlemen. It will make the whole field of merchandising increasingly superfluous. Some competition between big concerns will of course continue after the war. We cannot assume that one big government monopoly will take over the few private monopolies that will survive the war. It is conceivable that the monopolies will take over the government, although that seems hardly likely as long as the New Dealers or their like keep on the job.

These changes will profoundly affect the middle classes. Our growing company of civil servants, our schoolteachers, our Federal, State, and local functionaries can count on holding their jobs and even improving their position. It's the small independent business man, the employee in the nonessential industry, the salesman, the clerical worker for the small or medium-sized concern who will have to make difficult readjustments!

But the skilled workers, the professionals, especially those engaged in science, engineering, or any technological field, will have great opportunities. Their organization into some kind of economic or political pressure group we can just about take for granted.

5. *The war will whittle away some of the recent gains of organized labor.*

In Great Britain almost every industrial worker belongs to a trade union, and the British trade unions have organized the British Labor Party. Yet the British Labor Party has never won a clear majority of seats in the House of Commons. In 1940 Harold Laski, chief braintruster for the British Labor Party, had great hopes. He said England was going through a "revolution by consent," and he urged the Labor Party to make its program of social reform a necessary part of the war effort. But by the spring of 1942 the "revolution by consent" had become the "silent revolution"—a revolution against the trade-union bureaucrats who were leading the Labor Party, a revolution against professional politicians, profit-seeking business men, and the better paid workers.

For by the spring of 1942 more people in England were working for the government at low salaries than were benefiting from the high wages that the trade unions had made possible for the aristocrats of labor. Thus the ranks of the Labor Party itself began to split, while middle-class people who had begun to look to Labor for leadership looked elsewhere. The future seemed to lie with the armed services, with the younger industrial workers, and with the millions of government employees who felt that the old-line vested interests—Labor, Tory, Big Business, and the rest—were preventing the government from waging all-out war.

The United States has not yet gone so far in this direction as Great Britain. We probably never shall. That's because our labor movement has not acquired such a big following as British labor. Also we have a larger middle class, a much larger farm group, and

many important minorities and sectional interests. But if the war has begun to weaken the power even of the British Labor Party, is not our much less powerful labor movement going to run into even tougher opposition? This is not to say that the war will take away all the gains that labor has scored during the past ten years. It is simply to suggest, on the basis of British experience, that our leaders of organized labor will represent only one of several big pressure groups.

6. *The war will reduce the power of the American farm bloc.*

Our farm bloc has organized itself—politically and economically—more efficiently than our labor movement. Through the disproportionate number of Senators from the agricultural States, the farm bloc also wields a disproportionate power in Washington. But if total war has curbed the power of the British Labor Party, total war will bear down even more heavily on our farm bloc. The long-term trend is also running against the American farmer. True, we shall be feeding most of Europe for several years after the war. The British Isles may even need some sort of permanent aid. But new methods of agriculture and the spread of these methods to other countries—notably the collective farms of Russia and the large-scale farms of Argentina, Australia, and Canada—will ultimately reduce the market of the American farmer and enable fewer farmers to grow more crops.

As long as our farmers grow only food crops their market will remain limited by the capacity of the national stomach. The great future for American agriculture does not lie in foreign markets. The great future for American agriculture lies in the development of industrial raw materials. We are already preparing to make some synthetic rubber from grain alcohol. A time may also come when we shall use grain alcohol instead of petroleum for fuel. Wartime necessities will open many new markets to the American farmer. But the more new

products our farms produce during the war, the less we shall depend on foreign trade and overseas raw materials afterward. This brings us to one of the central contradictions between our war aims and our war methods.

7. *The war will give the United States a self-sufficient, continental economy.*

One reason why we pursued a strong foreign policy before the war was that we depended upon overseas sources for many critical raw materials. We dared not let those raw materials fall into the hands of a hostile foreign power. Yet the moment we began to fight Japan—partly in order to prevent the Japanese from gaining access to the rubber of the Dutch East Indies—we at once found we had to set up our own synthetic rubber industry. Thus victory over Japan depends in large measure on our ability to make ourselves forever independent of rubber from the Netherlands Indies. And that's just one instance. A nation at war must make itself self-sufficient for the duration. The United States and the neighboring regions can achieve complete self-sufficiency, and the longer the war lasts the more self-sufficient we shall become. Moreover, this trend toward self-sufficiency will create ever larger vested interests—some state-controlled, some in private hands—which will insist on remaining in business after the war emergency has gone by. If this prospect seems to conflict with some of our war aims in respect to increased world trade, it would not be the first time in history that a country did not achieve everything it thought it was fighting for.

8. *The war will increase the power of the administrator at the expense of the professional politician.*

Already popular discontent with Congress runs high. This is not because the American people dislike popular government as such. It's because many of our elected representatives have shown themselves unable to cope with the problem of running a modern state. Perhaps a new crop of politicians will appear. At the moment, however, power appears to

be shifting from Congress to the various administrative agencies. Men like Leon Henderson, Harry Hopkins, and Milo Perkins, who have never made a profession of politics, seem to understand our problems better than Jim Farley, Frank Hague, Joe Martin, or Senator McNary.

9. *Our new Army, in peace as in war, will remain our most powerful pressure group and the reservoir from which our next generation of leaders will come.*

The longer the war lasts, the larger our Army will grow. It may number eight million men in a year's time. The men in this Army will be bound together by the most agonizing, intense experiences that ever come to human beings. They will also command increased popularity. This Army of ours has already become one of the great fighting machines of all time. It is a machine trained and equipped by Americans, a machine prepared to fight under American leadership with American weapons anywhere in the world. It has not yet even begun to give an account of itself, but when it does—and especially when the casualty lists come in and hit more and more American homes—we are going to be more proud of this Army than of anything we have got. The best will not be too good for its members.

There's a precedent for this Army of ours. For forty years, the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic dominated the political life of America. Our present Army bids fair to play the same part in our history as the G.A.R.

The leaders of to-morrow who will come out of this Army will be young men. Few of our present leaders will survive the difficult period we have now entered. When war came the commanders of the armed forces of the United States were older than the commanders of any other country. President Roosevelt has also surrounded himself with a Cabinet of old men—notably in the key posts of Secretary of State, Secretary of War, and Secretary of the Navy. These leaders will make plenty of mistakes; that's to be expected in wartime. But new men will

arise and solve the new problems that the war will pose. They will be young men, men who have come to the top the hard way.

10. The war has brought universal compulsory military training here to stay.

Even if the war ends to-morrow, the task of garrisoning all the bases and fronts to which our troops have now been sent will require a large standing Army. This Army must remain with us indefinitely—in Alaska, in Greenland and Iceland, in our Atlantic and Caribbean bases, in the Panama Canal Zone, in Central and South America, in Hawaii and the islands of the Pacific, and perhaps in Australia, Africa, and Europe too. We shall require also a seven-ocean—not a two-ocean—Navy. And to prevent another war like this one from breaking out, we shall have to train all our young people to bear arms.

There is just one possibility that may not require us to maintain such a large military establishment as we possess today. If air power develops as some of its advocates say it will, America may not need a standing mass Army of a million men, compulsory military service, and a super-Navy. Overwhelming air superiority may do the trick. This leads to:

11. The war will give American air power control of the skies of the world.

We do not yet know how important air power will be in the future. We do, however, know that this war will make the United States the foremost air power in the world. Our geographical position, our resources, our factories, our trained personnel, our wartime aviation program put us in line to use air power during the twentieth century as the British used sea power during the nineteenth

century. The progress of aviation has not made armies and navies obsolete. The British Navy did not make the armies of France, Germany, or Russia entirely useless in the nineteenth century. The British Navy did, however, give England a dominant world position. Our air force can do the same thing for us.

12. The war will create a new spirit of nationalism in our people.

The sacrifices and changes that will accompany this war cannot fail to shake the soul of the American people. Some of our more articulate citizens, operating far from the field of battle, have complained that there is not enough hatred in the land. The hate will come soon enough. It will not come from the cheerleaders on the side lines. Not all of it will be directed at our enemies, either. Fighting men in action and their families at home will find out presently and at first hand what it means to be at war with the Axis. The experience of war will toughen and change and mature the American people as nothing that has happened to us since the Civil War has done.

Harry Emerson Fosdick once said that there are worse things than war, and war brings all of them. There is no use pretending this war will make all of us tolerant and free simply because we say we are fighting for decency and liberty. But the Greeks said that war is the father of change—and change can be for good or evil or a combination of the two. The new American nationalism that will come out of this war will have its dangerous and its generous aspects. If we have the courage and intelligence not to fear change, we can make this war give us a better America and a better world.



THE ENEMY

A Story

PEARL S. BUCK



DR. SADAIO HOKI's house was built on a spot of the Japanese coast where as a little boy he had often played. The low square stone house was set upon rocks well above a narrow beach that was outlined with bent pines. As a boy Sadaio had climbed the pines, supporting himself on his bare feet, as he had seen men do in the South Seas when they climbed for coconuts. His father had taken him often to the islands of those seas, and never had he failed to say to the little grave boy at his side, "Those islands yonder, they are the stepping stones to the future for Japan."

"Where shall we step from them?" Sadaio had asked seriously.

"Who knows?" his father had answered. "Who can limit our future? It depends on what we make it."

Sadaio had taken this into his mind as he did everything his father said, his father who never joked or played with him but who spent infinite pains upon him who was his only son. Sadaio knew that his education was his father's chief concern. For this reason he had been sent at twenty-two to America to learn all that could be learned of surgery and

medicine. He had come back at thirty and before his father died he had seen Sadaio become famous not only as a surgeon but as a scientist. Because he was now perfecting a discovery which would render wounds entirely clean he had not been sent abroad with the troops. Also, he knew, there was some slight danger that the old General might need an operation for a condition for which he was now being treated medically, and for this possibility Sadaio was being kept in Japan.

Clouds were rising from the ocean now. The unexpected warmth of the past few days had at night drawn heavy fog from the cold waves. Sadaio watched mists hide outlines of a little island near the shore and then come creeping up the beach below the house, wreathing around the pines. In a few minutes fog would be wrapped about the house too. Then he would go into the room where Hana, his wife, would be waiting for him with the two children.

But at this moment the door opened and she looked out, a dark-blue woolen *haori* over her kimono. She came to him affectionately and put her arm through his as he stood, smiled and said nothing.

He had met Hana in America, but he had waited to fall in love with her until he was sure she was Japanese. His father would never have received her unless she had been pure in her race. He wondered often whom he would have married if he had not met Hana, and by what luck he had found her in the most casual way, by chance literally, at an American professor's house. The professor and his wife had been kind people anxious to do something for their few foreign students, and the students, though bored, had accepted this kindness. Sadao had often told Hana how nearly he had not gone to Professor Harley's house that night—the rooms were so small, the food so bad, the professor's wife so voluble. But he had gone and there he had found Hana, a new student, and had felt he would love her if it were at all possible.

Now he felt her hand on his arm and was aware of the pleasure it gave him, even though they had been married years enough to have the two children. For they had not married heedlessly in America. They had finished their work at school and had come home to Japan, and when his father had seen her the marriage had been arranged in the old Japanese way, although Sadao and Hana had talked everything over beforehand. They were perfectly happy. She laid her cheek against his arm.

It was at this moment that both of them saw something black come out of the mists. It was a man. He was flung up out of the ocean—flung, it seemed, to his feet by a breaker. He staggered a few steps, his body outlined against the mist, his arms above his head. Then the curled mists hid him again.

"Who is that?" Hana cried. She dropped Sadao's arm and they both leaned over the railing of the veranda. Now they saw him again. The man was on his hands and knees crawling. Then they saw him fall on his face and lie there.

"A fisherman perhaps," Sadao said, "washed from his boat." He ran quickly

down the steps and behind him Hana came, her wide sleeves flying. A mile or two away on either side there were fishing villages, but here was only the bare and lonely coast, dangerous with rocks. The surf beyond the beach was spiked with rocks. Somehow the man had managed to come through them—he must be badly torn.

They saw when they came toward him that indeed it was so. The sand on one side of him had already a stain of red soaking through.

"He is wounded," Sadao exclaimed. He made haste to the man, who lay motionless, his face in the sand. An old cap stuck to his head soaked with sea water. He was in wet rags of garments. Sadao stooped, Hana at his side, and turned the man's head. They saw the face.

"A white man!" Hana whispered.

Yes, it was a white man. The wet cap fell away and there was his wet yellow hair, long, as though for many weeks it had not been cut, and upon his young and tortured face was a rough yellow beard. He was unconscious and knew nothing that they did to him.

Now Sadao remembered the wound, and with his expert fingers he began to search for it. Blood flowed freshly at his touch. On the right side of his lower back Sadao saw that a gun wound had been reopened. The flesh was blackened with powder. Sometime, not many days ago, the man had been shot and had not been tended. It was bad chance that the rock had struck the wound.

"Oh, how he is bleeding!" Hana whispered again in a solemn voice. The mists screened them now completely, and at this time of day no one came by. The fishermen had gone home and even the chance beachcombers would have considered the day at an end.

"What shall we do with this man?" Sadao muttered. But his trained hands seemed of their own will to be doing what they could to stanch the fearful bleeding. He packed the wound with the sea moss that strewed the beach. The man

moaned with pain in his stupor but he did not awaken.

"The best thing that we could do would be to put him back in the sea," Sadao said, answering himself.

Now that the bleeding was stopped for the moment he stood up and dusted the sand from his hands.

"Yes, undoubtedly that would be best," Hana said steadily. But she continued to stare down at the motionless man.

"If we sheltered a white man in our house we should be arrested and if we turned him over as a prisoner, he would certainly die," Sadao said.

"The kindest thing would be to put him back into the sea," Hana said. But neither of them moved. They were staring with a curious repulsion upon the inert figure.

"What is he?" Hana whispered.

"There is something about him that looks American," Sadao said. He took up the battered cap. Yes, there, almost gone, was the faint lettering. "A sailor," he said, "from an American warship." He spelled it out: "U. S. Navy." The man was a prisoner of war!

"He has escaped," Hana cried softly, "and that is why he is wounded."

"In the back," Sadao agreed.

They hesitated, looking at each other. Then Hana said with resolution:

"Come, are we able to put him back into the sea?"

"If I am able, are you?" Sadao asked.

"No," Hana said. "But if you can do it alone . . ."

Sadao hesitated again. "The strange thing is," he said, "that if the man were whole I could turn him over to the police without difficulty. I care nothing for him. He is my enemy. All Americans are my enemy. And he is only a common fellow. You see how foolish his face is. But since he is wounded . . ."

"You also cannot throw him back to the sea," Hana said. "Then there is only one thing to do. We must carry him into the house."

"But the servants?" Sadao inquired.

"We must simply tell them that we intend to give him to the police—as indeed we must, Sadao. We must think of the children and your position. It would endanger all of us if we did not give this man over as a prisoner of war."

"Certainly," Sadao agreed. "I would not think of doing anything else."

Thus agreed, together they lifted the man. He was very light, like a fowl that has been half-starved for a long time until it is only feathers and skeleton. So, his arms hanging, they carried him up the steps and into the side door of the house. This door opened into a passage and down the passage they carried the man toward an empty bedroom. It had been the bedroom of Sadao's father and since his death it had not been used. They laid the man on the deeply matted floor. Everything here had been Japanese to please the old man, who would never in his own home sit on a chair or sleep in a foreign bed. Hana went to the wall cupboards and slid back a door and took out a soft quilt. She hesitated. The quilt was covered with flowered silk and the lining was pure white silk.

"He is so dirty," she murmured in distress.

"Yes, he had better be washed," Sadao agreed. "If you will fetch hot water I will wash him."

"I cannot bear for you to touch him," she said. "We shall have to tell the servants he is here. I will tell Yumi now. She can leave the children for a few minutes and she can wash him."

Sadao considered a moment. "Let it be so," he agreed. "You tell Yumi and I will tell the others."

But the utter pallor of the man's unconscious face moved him first to stoop and feel his pulse. It was faint but it was there. He put his hand against the man's cold breast. The heart too was yet alive.

"He will die unless he is operated on," Sadao said, considering. "The question is whether he will not die anyway."

Hana cried out in fear. "Don't try to save him! What if he should live?"

"What if he should die?" Sadao replied. He stood gazing down on the motionless man. This man must have extraordinary vitality or he would have been dead by now. But then he was very young—perhaps not yet twenty-five.

"You mean die from the operation?" Hana asked.

"Yes," Sadao said.

Hana considered this doubtfully, and when she did not answer Sadao turned away. "At any rate something must be done with him," he said, "and first he must be washed." He went quickly out of the room and Hana came behind him. She did not wish to be left alone with the white man. He was the first she had seen since she left America and now he seemed to have nothing to do with those whom she had known there. Here he was her enemy, a menace, living or dead.

She turned to the nursery and called, "Yumi!"

But the children heard her voice and she had to go in for a moment and smile at them and play with the baby boy, now nearly three months old.

Over the baby's soft black hair she motioned with her mouth, "Yumi—come with me!"

"I will put the baby to bed," Yumi replied. "He is ready."

She went with Yumi into the bedroom next to the nursery and stood with the boy in her arms while Yumi spread the sleeping quilts on the floor and laid the baby between them.

Then Hana led the way quickly and softly to the kitchen. The two servants were frightened at what their master had just told them. The old gardener who was also a house servant pulled the few hairs on his upper lip.

"The master ought not to heal the wound of this white man," he said bluntly to Hana. "The white man ought to die. First he was shot. Then the sea caught him and wounded him with her rocks. If the master heals what the gun did and what the sea did they will take revenge on us."

"I will tell him what you say," Hana

replied courteously. But she herself was also frightened, although she was not superstitious as the old man was. Could it ever be well to help an enemy? Nevertheless she told Yumi to fetch the hot water and bring it to the room where the white man was.

She went ahead and slid back the partitions. Sadao was not yet there. Yumi, following, put down her wooden bucket. Then she went over to the white man. When she saw him her thick lips folded themselves into stubbornness. "I have never washed a white man," she said, "and I will not wash so dirty a one now."

Hana cried at her severely, "You will do what your master commands you!"

"My master ought not to command me to wash the enemy," Yumi said stubbornly.

There was so fierce a look of resistance upon Yumi's round dull face that Hana felt unreasonably afraid. After all, if the servants should report something that was not as it happened?

"Very well," she said with dignity. "You understand we only want to bring him to his senses so that we can turn him over as a prisoner?"

"I will have nothing to do with it," Yumi said. "I am a poor person and it is not my business."

"Then please," Hana said gently, "return to your own work."

At once Yumi left the room. But this left Hana with the white man alone. She might have been too afraid to stay had not her anger at Yumi's stubbornness now sustained her.

"Stupid Yumi," she muttered fiercely. "Is this anything but a man? And a wounded helpless man!"

In the conviction of her own superiority she bent impulsively and untied the knotted rags that kept the white man covered. When she had his breast bare she dipped the small clean towel that Yumi had brought into the steaming hot water and washed his face carefully. The man's skin, though rough with exposure, was of a fine texture and must

have been very blond when he was a child.

While she was thinking these thoughts, though not really liking the man better now that he was no longer a child, she kept on washing him until his upper body was quite clean. But she dared not turn him over. Where was Sadao? Now her anger was ebbing and she was anxious again and she rose, wiping her hands on the wrung towel. Then lest the man be chilled she put the quilt over him.

"Sadao!" she called softly.

He had been about to come in when she called. His hand had been on the door and now he opened it. She saw that he had brought his surgeon's emergency bag and that he wore his surgeon's coat.

"You have decided to operate!" she cried.

"Yes," he said shortly. He turned his back to her and unfolded a sterilized towel upon the floor of the *takonomo* alcove, and put his instruments out upon it.

"Fetch towels," he said.

She went obediently, but how anxious now, to the linen shelves and took out the towels. There ought also to be old pieces of matting so that the blood would not ruin the fine floor covering. She went out to the back veranda where the gardener kept strips of matting with which to protect delicate shrubs on cold nights and took an armful of them.

But when she went back into the room, she saw this was useless. The blood had already soaked through the packing in the man's wound and had ruined the mat under him.

"Oh, the mat!" she cried.

"Yes, it is ruined," Sadao replied, as though he did not care. "Help me to turn him," he commanded her.

She obeyed him without a word, and he began to wash the man's back carefully.

"Yumi would not wash him," she said.

"Did you wash him then?" Sadao asked, not stopping for a moment his swift concise movements.

"Yes," she said.

He did not seem to hear her. But she was used to his absorption when he was at work. She wondered for a moment if it mattered to him what was the body upon which he worked so long as it was for the work he did so excellently.

"You will have to give the anesthetic if he needs it," he said.

"I?" she repeated blankly. "But never have I!"

"It is easy enough," he said impatiently.

He was taking out the packing now and the blood began to flow more quickly. He peered into the wound with the bright surgeon's light fastened on his forehead. "The bullet is still there," he said with cool interest. "Now I wonder how deep this rock wound is. If it is not too deep it may be that I can get the bullet. But the bleeding is not superficial. He has lost much blood."

At this moment Hana choked. He looked up and saw her face the color of sulphur.

"Don't faint," he said sharply. He did not put down his exploring instrument. "If I stop now the man will surely die." She clapped her hands to her mouth and leaped up and ran out of the room. Outside in the garden he heard her retching. But he went on with his work.

"It will be better for her to empty her stomach," he thought. He had forgotten that of course she had never seen an operation. But her distress and his inability to go to her at once made him impatient and irritable with this man who lay like dead under his knife.

"This man," he thought, "there is no reason under heaven why he should live."

Unconsciously this thought made him ruthless and he proceeded swiftly. In his dream the man moaned but Sadao paid no heed except to mutter at him.

"Groan," he muttered, "groan if you like. I am not doing this for my own pleasure. In fact, I do not know why I am doing it."

The door opened and there was Hana

again. She had not stopped even to smooth back her hair.

"Where is the anesthetic?" she asked in a clear voice.

Sadao motioned with his chin. "It is as well that you came back," he said. "This fellow is beginning to stir."

She had the bottle and some cotton in her hand.

"But how shall I do it?" she asked.

"Simply saturate the cotton and hold it near his nostrils," Sadao replied without delaying for one moment the intricate detail of his work. "When he breathes badly move it away a little."

She crouched close to the sleeping face of the young American. It was a piteously thin face, she thought, and the lips were twisted. The man was suffering whether he knew it or not. Watching him, she wondered if the stories they heard sometimes of the sufferings of prisoners were true. They came like flickers of rumor, told by word of mouth and always contradicted. In the newspapers the reports were always that wherever the Japanese armies went the people received them gladly, with cries of joy at their liberation. But sometimes she remembered such men as General Takima, who at home beat his wife cruelly, though no one mentioned it now that he had fought so victorious a battle in Manchuria. If a man like that could be so cruel to a woman in his power, would he not be cruel to one like this for instance?

She hoped anxiously that this young man had not been tortured. It was at this moment that she observed deep red scars on his neck, just under the ear. "Those scars," she murmured, lifting her eyes to Sadao.

But he did not answer. At this moment he felt the tip of his instrument strike against something hard, dangerously near the kidney. All thought left him. He felt only the purest pleasure. He probed with his fingers, delicately, familiar with every atom of this human body. His old American professor of anatomy had seen to that knowledge. "Ignorance of the human body is the sur-

geon's cardinal sin, sirs!" he had thundered at his classes year after year. "To operate without as complete knowledge of the body as if you had made it—anything less than that is murder."

"It is not quite at the kidney, my friend," Sadao murmured. It was his habit to murmur to the patient when he forgot himself in an operation. "My friend," he always called his patients and so now he did, forgetting that this was his enemy.

Then quickly, with the cleanest and most precise of incisions, the bullet was out. The man quivered but he was still unconscious. Nevertheless he muttered a few English words.

"Guts," he muttered, choking. "They got . . . my guts . . ."

"Sadao!" Hana cried sharply.

"Hush," Sadao said.

The man sank again into silence so profound that Sadao took up his wrist, hating the touch of it. Yes, there was still a pulse so faint, so feeble, but enough, if he wanted the man to live, to give hope.

"But certainly I do not want this man to live," he thought.

"No more anesthetic," he told Hana.

He turned as swiftly as though he had never paused and from his medicines he chose a small vial and from it filled a hypodermic and thrust it into the patient's left arm. Then, putting down the needle, he took the man's wrist again. The pulse under his fingers fluttered once or twice and then grew stronger.

"This man will live in spite of all," he said to Hana and sighed.

THE young man woke, so weak, his blue eyes so terrified when he perceived where he was, that Hana felt compelled to apology. She served him herself, for none of the servants would enter the room.

When she came in the first time she saw him summon his small strength to be prepared for some fearful thing.

"Don't be afraid," she begged him softly.

"How come . . . you speak English . . ." he gasped.

"I was a long time in America," she replied.

She saw that he wanted to reply to that but he could not, and so she knelt and fed him gently from the porcelain spoon. He ate unwillingly, but still he ate.

"Now you will soon be strong," she said, not liking him and yet moved to comfort him.

He did not answer.

When Sadao came in the third day after the operation he found the young man sitting up, his face bloodless with the effort.

"Lie down," Sadao cried. "Do you want to die?"

He forced the man down gently and strongly and examined the wound. "You may kill yourself if you do this sort of thing," he scolded.

"What are you going to do with me?" the boy muttered. He looked just now barely seventeen. "Are you going to hand me over?"

For a moment Sadao did not answer. He finished his examination and then pulled the silk quilt over the man.

"I do not know myself what I shall do with you," he said. "I ought of course to give you to the police. You are a prisoner of war—no, do not tell me anything." He put up his hand as he saw the young man about to speak. "Do not even tell me your name unless I ask it."

They looked at each other for a moment, and then the young man closed his eyes and turned his face to the wall.

"Okay," he whispered, his mouth a bitter line.

Outside the door Hana was waiting for Sadao. He saw at once that she was in trouble.

"Sadao, Yumi tells me the servants feel they cannot stay if we hide this man here any more," she said. "She tells me that they are saying that you and I were so long in America that we have forgotten

to think of our own country first. They think we like Americans."

"It is not true," Sadao said harshly, "Americans are our enemies. But I have been trained not to let a man die if I can help it."

"The servants cannot understand that," she said anxiously.

"No," he agreed.

Neither seemed able to say more, and somehow the household dragged on. The servants grew daily more watchful. Their courtesy was as careful as ever, but their eyes were cold upon the pair to whom they were hired.

"It is clear what our master ought to do," the old gardener said one morning. He had worked with flowers all his life, and had been a specialist too in moss. For Sadao's father he had made one of the finest moss gardens in Japan, sweeping the bright green carpet constantly so that not a leaf or a pine needle marred the velvet of its surface. "My old master's son knows very well what he ought to do," he now said, pinching a bud from a bush as he spoke. "When the man was so near death why did he not let him bleed?"

"That young master is so proud of his skill to save life that he saves any life," the cook said contemptuously. She split a fowl's neck skilfully and held the fluttering bird and let its blood flow into the roots of a wistaria vine. Blood is the best of fertilizers, and the old gardener would not let her waste a drop of it.

"It is the children of whom we must think," Yumi said sadly. "What will be their fate if their father is condemned as a traitor?"

They did not try to hide what they said from the ears of Hana as she stood arranging the day's flowers in the veranda near by, and she knew they spoke on purpose that she might hear. That they were right she knew too in most of her being. But there was another part of her which she herself could not understand. It was not sentimental liking of the prisoner. She had come to think of him as a prisoner. She had not liked him even

yesterday when he had said in his impulsive way, "Anyway, let me tell you that my name is Tom." She had only bowed her little distant bow. She saw hurt in his eyes but she did not wish to assuage it. Indeed, he was a great trouble in this house.

As for Sadao, every day he examined the wound carefully. The last stitches had been pulled out this morning, and the young man would in a fortnight be nearly as well as ever. Sadao went back to his office and carefully typed a letter to the chief of police reporting the whole matter. "On the twenty-first day of February an escaped prisoner was washed up on the shore in front of my house." So far he typed and then he opened a secret drawer of his desk and put the unfinished report into it.

On the seventh day after that two things happened. In the morning the servants left together, their belongings tied in large square cotton kerchiefs. When Hana got up in the morning nothing was done, the house not cleaned and the food not prepared, and she knew what it meant. She was dismayed and even terrified, but her pride as a mistress would not allow her to show it. Instead, she inclined her head gracefully when they appeared before her in the kitchen, and she paid them off and thanked them for all that they had done for her. They were crying, but she did not cry. The cook and the gardener had served Sadao since he was a little boy in his father's house, and Yumi cried because of the children. She was so grieving that after she had gone she ran back to Hana.

"If the baby misses me too much tonight send for me. I am going to my own house and you know where it is."

"Thank you," Hana said smiling. But she told herself she would not send for Yumi however the baby cried.

She made the breakfast and Sadao helped with the children. Neither of them spoke of the servants beyond the fact that they were gone. But after Hana had taken morning food to the prisoner she came back to Sadao.

"Why is it we cannot see clearly what we ought to do?" she asked him. "Even the servants see more clearly than we do. Why are we different from other Japanese?"

Sadao did not answer. But a little later he went into the room where the prisoner was and said brusquely, "To-day you may get up on your feet. I want you to stay up only five minutes at a time. To-morrow you may try it twice as long. It would be well that you get back your strength as quickly as possible."

He saw the flicker of terror on the young face that was still very pale.

"Okay," the boy murmured. Evidently he was determined to say more. "I feel I ought to thank you, doctor, for having saved my life."

"Don't thank me too early," Sadao said coldly. He saw the flicker of terror again in the boy's eyes—terror as unmistakable as an animal's. The scars on his neck were crimson for a moment. Those scars! What were they? Sadao did not ask.

IN THE afternoon the second thing happened. Hana, working hard on unaccustomed labor, saw a messenger come to the door in official uniform. Her hands went weak and she could not draw her breath. The servants must have told already. She ran to Sadao, gasping, unable to utter a word. But by then the messenger had simply followed her through the garden and there he stood. She pointed at him helplessly.

Sadao looked up from his book. He was in his office, the outer partition of which was thrown open to the garden for the southern sunshine.

"What is it?" he asked the messenger and then he rose, seeing the man's uniform.

"You are to come to the palace," the man said, "the old General is in pain again."

"Oh," Hana breathed, "is that all?"

"All?" the messenger exclaimed, "Is it not enough?"

"Indeed it is," she replied, "I am very sorry."

When Sadao came to say good-by she was in the kitchen, but doing nothing. The children were asleep and she sat merely resting for a moment, more exhausted from her fright than from work.

"I thought they had come to arrest you," she said.

He gazed down into her anxious eyes. "I must get rid of this man for your sake," he said in distress. "Somehow I must get rid of him."

"OF COURSE," the General said weakly, "I understand fully. But that is because I once took a degree in Princeton. So few Japanese have."

"I care nothing for the man, Excellency," Sadao said, "but having operated on him with such success . . ."

"Yes, yes," the General said. "It only makes me feel you more indispensable to me. Evidently you can save anyone—you are so skilled. You say you think I can stand one more such attack as I have had to-day?"

"Not more than one," Sadao said.

"Then certainly I can allow nothing to happen to you," the General said with anxiety. His long pale Japanese face became expressionless, which meant that he was in deep thought. "You cannot be arrested," the General said, closing his eyes. "Suppose you were condemned to death and the next day I had to have my operation?"

"There are other surgeons, Excellency," Sadao suggested.

"None I trust," the General replied. "The best ones have been trained by Germans and would consider the operation successful even if I died. I do not care for their point of view." He sighed. "It seems a pity that we cannot better combine the German ruthlessness with the American sentimentality. Then you could turn your prisoner over to execution and yet I could be sure you would not murder me while I was unconscious." The General laughed. He had an unusual sense of humor. "As a Japanese,

could you not combine these two foreign elements?" he asked.

Sadao smiled. "I am not quite sure," he said, "but for your sake I would be willing to try, Excellency."

The General shook his head. "I had rather not be the test case," he said. He felt suddenly weak and overwhelmed with the cares of his life as an official in times such as these when repeated victory brought great responsibilities all over the south Pacific. "It is very unfortunate that this man should have washed up on your doorstep," he said irritably.

"I feel it so myself," Sadao said gently.

"It would be best if he could be quietly killed," the General said. "Not by you, but by someone who does not know him. I have my own private assassins. Suppose I send two of them to your house to-night—or better, any night. You need know nothing about it. It is now warm—what would be more natural than that you should leave the outer partition of the white man's room open to the garden while he sleeps?"

"Certainly it would be very natural," Sadao agreed. "In fact, it is so left open every night."

"Good," the General said, yawning. "They are very capable assassins—they make no noise and they know the trick of inward bleeding. If you like I can even have them remove the body."

Sadao considered. "That perhaps would be best, Excellency," he agreed, thinking of Hana.

He left the General's presence then and went home, thinking over the plan. In this way the whole thing would be taken out of his hands. He would tell Hana nothing, since she would be timid at the idea of assassins in the house, and yet certainly such persons were essential in an absolute state such as Japan was. How else could rulers deal with those who opposed them?

He refused to allow anything but reason to be the atmosphere of his mind as he went into the room where the American was in bed. But as he opened the

door, to his surprise he found the young man out of bed, and preparing to go into the garden.

"What is this!" he exclaimed. "Who gave you permission to leave your room?"

"I'm not used to waiting for permission," Tom said gaily. "Gosh, I feel pretty good again! But will the muscles on this side always feel stiff?"

"Is it so?" Sadao inquired surprised. He forgot all else. "Now I thought I had provided against that," he murmured. He lifted the edge of the man's shirt and gazed at the healing scar. "Massage may do it," he said, "if exercise does not."

"It won't bother me much," the young man said. His young face was gaunt under the stubbly blond beard. "Say, doctor, I've got something I want to say to you. If I hadn't met a Jap like you—well, I wouldn't be alive to-day. I know that."

Sadao bowed but he could not speak.

"Sure, I know that," Tom went on warmly. His big thin hands gripping a chair were white at the knuckles. "I guess if all the Japs were like you there wouldn't have been a war."

"Perhaps," Sadao said with difficulty. "And now I think you had better go back to bed."

He helped the boy back into bed and then bowed. "Good night," he said.

SADAO slept badly that night. Time and time again he woke, thinking he heard the rustling of footsteps, the sound of a twig broken or a stone displaced in the garden—a noise such as men might make who carried a burden.

The next morning he made the excuse to go first into the guest room. If the American were gone he then could simply tell Hana that so the General had directed. But when he opened the door he saw at once that it was not last night. There on the pillow was the shaggy blond head. He could hear the peaceful breathing of sleep and he closed the door again quietly.

"He is asleep," he told Hana. "He is almost well to sleep like that."

"What shall we do with him?" Hana whispered her old refrain.

Sadao shook his head. "I must decide in a day or two," he promised.

But certainly, he thought, the second night must be the night. There rose a wind that night, and he listened to the sounds of bending boughs and whistling partitions.

Hana woke too. "Ought we not to go and close the sick man's partition?" she asked.

"No," Sadao said. "He is able now to do it for himself."

But the next morning the American was still there.

Then the third night of course must be the night. The wind changed to quiet rain and the garden was full of the sound of dripping eaves and running springs. Sadao slept a little better, but he woke at the sound of a crash and leaped to his feet.

"What was that?" Hana cried. The baby woke at her voice and began to wail. "I must go and see."

But he held her and would not let her move.

"Sadao," she cried, "what is the matter with you?"

"Don't go," he muttered, "don't go!"

His terror infected her and she stood breathless, waiting. There was only silence. Together they crept back into the bed, the baby between them.

Yet when he opened the door of the guest room in the morning there was the young man. He was very gay and had already washed and was now on his feet. He had asked for a razor yesterday and had shaved himself and to-day there was a faint color in his cheeks.

"I am well," he said joyously.

Sadao drew his kimono round his weary body. He could not, he decided suddenly, go through another night. It was not that he cared for this young man's life. No, simply it was not worth the strain.

"You are well," Sadao agreed. He

lowered his voice. "You are so well that I think if I put my boat on the shore to-night, with food and extra clothing in it, you might be able to row to that little island not far from the coast. It is so near the coast that it has not been worth fortifying. Nobody lives on it because in storm it is submerged. But this is not the season of storm. You could live there until you saw a Korean fishing boat pass by. They pass quite near the island because the water is many fathoms deep there."

The young man stared at him, slowly comprehending. "Do I have to?" he asked.

"I think so," Sadao said gently. "You understand—it is not hidden that you are here."

The young man nodded in perfect comprehension. "Okay," he said simply.

Sadao did not see him again until evening. As soon as it was dark he had dragged the stout boat down to the shore and in it he put food and bottled water that he had bought secretly during the day, as well as two quilts he had bought at a pawnshop. The boat he tied to a post in the water, for the tide was high. There was no moon and he worked without a flashlight.

When he came to the house he entered as though he were just back from his work, and so Hana knew nothing. "Yumi was here to-day," she said as she served his supper. Though she was so modern, still she did not eat with him. "Yumi cried over the baby," she went on with a sigh. "She misses him so."

"The servants will come back as soon as the foreigner is gone," Sadao said.

He went into the guest room that night before he went to bed and himself checked carefully the American's temperature, the state of the wound, and his heart and pulse. The pulse was irregular but that was perhaps because of excitement. The young man's pale lips were pressed together and his eyes burned. Only the scars on his neck were red.

"I realize you are saving my life again," he told Sadao.

"Not at all," Sadao said. "It is only inconvenient to have you here any longer."

He had hesitated a good deal about giving the man a flashlight. But he had decided to give it to him after all. It was a small one, his own, which he used at night when he was called.

"If your food runs out before you catch a boat," he said, "signal me two flashes at the same instant the sun drops over the horizon. Do not signal in darkness, for it will be seen. If you are all right but still there, signal me once. You will find fish easy to catch but you must eat them raw. A fire would be seen."

"Okay," the young man breathed.

He was dressed now in the Japanese clothes which Sadao had given him, and at the last moment Sadao wrapped a black cloth about his blond head.

"Now," Sadao said.

The young American without a word shook Sadao's hand warmly, and then walked quite well across the floor and down the step into the darkness of the garden. Once—twice—Sadao saw his light flash to find his way. But that would not be suspected. He waited until from the shore there was one more flash. Then he closed the partition. That night he slept.

"YOU SAY the man escaped?" the General asked faintly. He had been operated upon a week before, an emergency operation to which Sadao had been called in the night. For twelve hours Sadao had not been sure the General would live. The gall bladder was much involved. Then the old man had begun to breathe deeply again and to demand food. Sadao had not been able to ask about the assassins. So far as he knew they had never come. The servants had returned and Yumi had cleaned the guest room thoroughly and had burned sulphur in it to get the white man's smell out of it. Nobody said anything. Only the gardener was cross be-

cause he had got behind with his chrysanthemums.

But after a week Sadao felt the General was well enough to be spoken to about the prisoner.

"Yes, Excellency, he escaped," Sadao now said. He coughed, signifying that he had not said all he might have said, but was unwilling to disturb the General farther. But the old man opened his eyes suddenly.

"That prisoner," he said with some energy, "did I not promise you I would kill him for you?"

"You did, Excellency," Sadao said.

"Well, well!" the old man said in a tone of amazement, "so I did! But you see, I was suffering a good deal. The truth is, I thought of nothing but myself. In short, I forgot my promise to you."

"I wondered, Your Excellency," Sadao murmured.

"It was certainly very careless of me," the General said. "But you understand it was not lack of patriotism or dereliction of duty." He looked anxiously at his doctor. "If the matter should come out you would understand that, wouldn't you?"

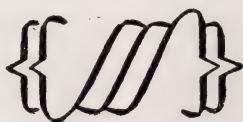
"Certainly, Your Excellency," Sadao said. He suddenly comprehended that the General was in the palm of his hand and that as a consequence he himself was perfectly safe. "I can swear to your loyalty, Excellency," he said to the old General, "and to your zeal against the enemy."

"You are a good man," the General murmured and closed his eyes. "You will be rewarded."

But Sadao, searching the spot of black in the twilighted sea that night, had his reward. There was no prick of light in the dusk. No one was on the island. His prisoner was gone—safe, doubtless, for he had warned him to wait only for a Korean fishing boat.

He stood for a moment on the veranda, gazing out to the sea from whence the young man had come that other night. And into his mind, although without reason, there came other white faces he had known—the professor at whose house he had met Hana, a dull man, and his wife had been a silly talkative woman, in spite of her wish to be kind. He remembered his old teacher of anatomy, who had been so insistent on mercy with the knife, and then he remembered the face of his fat and slatternly landlady. He had had great difficulty in finding a place to live in America because he was a Japanese. The Americans were full of prejudice and it had been bitter to live in it, knowing himself their superior. How he had despised the ignorant and dirty old woman who had at last consented to house him in her miserable home! He had once tried to be grateful to her because she had in his last year nursed him through influenza, but it was difficult, for she was no less repulsive to him in her kindness. But then, white people were repulsive of course. It was a relief to be openly at war with them at last. Now he remembered the youthful, haggard face of his prisoner—white and repulsive.

"Strange," he thought, "I wonder why I could not kill him?"



MR. JUSTICE HOLMES

Part II. The Justice in Spring—The Sedition Cases—At Ninety

FRANCIS BIDDLE



These glimpses of various phases of the life of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes are selected from a biography shortly to be published in book form.—The Editors

The Justice in Spring

HOLMES loved Washington, especially when the spring came on the very heels of winter, so that often not many weeks elapsed between a late November rose or the jasmine against a sunny January wall, and the first crocuses here and there in the grass that had stayed green, and the bloodroot in Rock Creek Park, and finally the cherry trees. The air of Georgetown in May was full of the smell of box and roses, and what his friend Bob Barlow had called the yelling of birds. He would plunge into his work so that, perhaps for a blessed week, his assignments would be finished, and he could work on the *certiorari* and read his brethren's opinions in the mornings, and take long walks with his secretary in the afternoons. Their opinions he thought almost always too long. They said in pages what should have gone into a sentence or two. They analyzed pleadings, drew on all the facts, when you needed only the salient points of the issue,

adorned their talk with the parade of precedent, a pale history of the past that was no part of the immediate need.

One afternoon in late March he had got his secretary out for a long walk along the towpath. It was good to feel as young as he felt at seventy-eight, to enjoy the sound and smell of the spring as he still enjoyed it. The secretary, he considered, as they walked together, looked very smart for a youngster who could have been saving a large part of his salary. Certainly he wasn't worth two thousand dollars a year—none of these young men were. He hinted that thrift was an admirable virtue; and the young man smiled with such pleasant tolerance that the justice liked him for the sense of resistance that youth sometimes gives to age, for the suggestion that perhaps extravagance had its points over thrift—which, of course, it hadn't. . . . Holmes talked of some of the women he had known. The fun of talking to women, he suggested, was that they carried you away, so that you could express your innards

with all the appropriate rapture, floating on the exquisite breath of your own egotism; reaching so far that suddenly you might look at her and say: "By the way, my dear, what is your name?"

They had tea that day with Mrs. Holmes—that is the secretary and Mrs. Holmes; the judge disliked what he called spoiling his dinner. He was inclined to talk of the Universe, and the secretary to listen. You can't know about it, said the judge, you can only bet on it, as a varying spontaneity taking an irrational pleasure in moments of apparently rational sequence. So he had termed himself a bettabilitarian. The only cosmic significance of man is that he is part of the Cosmos, but that is enough. The great act of faith is to decide that you are not God. Ethics are but a body of imperfect social generalizations expressed in terms of emotion. The truth is but the system of my own limitations. But even if I must leave absolutes to those who are better equipped for handling them, like Josiah Royce, I do not therefore have to sit still and let time run over me. For the mode in which the inevitable comes to pass is through effort. Functioning is all there is, most of it absorbed on the lower levels—victuals, procreation, rest, eternal terror. Cosmically considered, these may not be the lower levels, and an idea no more important than the bowels. One should accept the common lot, with an adequate vitality. . . .

The justice paused. "Talk, Mr. Justice," suggested the secretary, "a little more about your friend the Cosmos."

The justice stopped, eyeing him with suspicion. "Young man, I know that you are flippant, and I suspect that you are leading me on. . . . The Cosmos is everything I don't know, beyond my capacity to predicate, for remember my view that I am in its belly, not the Cosmos in mine. Those philosophic fellows are forever confusing themselves with the Universe. Royce cries out, 'I am the Absolute!' Then the silence of creation and the scurrying about of many little feet; and finally, from some far-off cor-

ner comes a feeble squeak—"Here I am, over in this corner, I the Absolute!" Bradley's Cosmos gets its tail in its mouth, and is as self-supporting as a row of men sitting in each other's laps in a circle. Bertrand Russell rebels against his Cosmos, which is but to damn the weather, evidence of the fellow's ill adjustment. But the systems disappear, and only their insights remain for the unknown multitudes. . . . For, after all, the business of philosophy is to show that we are not fools for doing what we want to do."

The judge looked at the secretary, who smiled.

Mrs. Holmes bit off a thread. She had been sewing. "Pass me the scissors, Wendell," she said.

He got up. "You see," he said to the secretary, "just as I told you, women are all alike. You pour out your heart, your very soul, in the best of talk to them, the whole exciting philosophy of your being. And what do they say—"Pass me the scissors, Wendell." Do you remember, my boy, the last act of 'Man and Superman,' when she's got him, and she throws the feather boa around his neck, and he gathers all his forces in protest, he's lost, his precious freedom is gone; and she smiles, as he talks, she doesn't dispute or argue, she smiles, and when he pauses for breath—"Go on talking, dear," she says, 'go on talking!'"

He had decided to hear Chaliapin sing next week. The price was beyond reason—five dollars a ticket. It couldn't be worth five dollars to hear Chaliapin. Mrs. Holmes thought that the secretary would like to go.

"He can't afford it," said the judge.

"I'm afraid not," agreed the secretary.

"We might treat him," suggested Mrs. Holmes.

The judge eyed the secretary. "I don't think it's worth five dollars," he said.

They discussed it for a moment, but the judge remained unconvinced.

Before dinner, in the library, he knit his brows over a long opinion of Bran-

deis, filled with economic data, that Holmes knew nothing about, decorated with concise footnotes referring to trade reports, to studies of committees, to tables of figures. Beautifully clear, though, and on the bull's-eye, thought Holmes, as he leaned back in his chair. He took the opinion and wrote on the margin:

"This afternoon I was walking on the towpath and saw a cardinal. It seemed to me to be the first sign of Spring. By the way, I concur."

After he had heard Chaliapin sing, the next week, he told the secretary that he had been right—it wasn't worth five dollars.

The Sedition Cases

THE war with Germany had been over for a year. But in the Court in Washington the remnants of the war thinking, of the war hysteria, still washed before the justices the flotsam and jetsam of the war cases. Holmes felt the anticlimax in dealing with convictions under the war statutes. The trial judges had lost their heads, he thought, imposing heavy sentences out of all proportion to the criminal acts—ten, fifteen, twenty years. It was not as if these wretched little figures had been tried for some tremendous treason, for passionate and violent protest, staking all and losing all, paying in full for their revolt against the country where they had been bred and which was at war, its life in peril. The country was no longer at war, and he could not understand why the Government should press these prosecutions against a few individuals, ill fed, ignorant, darkly disturbed little workmen, maladjusted, huddled about their wretched little printing presses in half-deserted houses in Chicago, in Philadelphia, in Boston. . . . These men were so anonymous, so unknown, so unimportant—little Socialists, ranting against society, stretching their feeble hands against the march of a fighting country. Of course, while the country was at war, it was inevitable, he supposed, that they should be dealt with, as

they had resisted the will to war. But they should have been given a few months, as they would have been in England.

He had sustained the Espionage Act of 1917, which made it a crime to resist the draft, to preach against the draft, for the words in question had a direct effect on the draft, and were intended to impede it; and when a country was at war even words could be prohibited, words that in ordinary times and places would have been innocent enough and would have been protected by the constitutional guaranty of freedom of speech. He was aware that the Chief Justice had picked him to voice their unanimous decision, the Chief knowing well his instinct for freedom of speech, a freedom bred in his very bone and blood. Below the instinct his brethren little suspected that even if he took the most extreme view in favor of free speech, on the plane of the abstract, he had no very enthusiastic belief in its effectiveness—though he hoped he would die for it. But war was war, the circumstances changed, not the principle.

The case involved the usual drivell of the ignorant and uneducated. "Assert . . . your rights . . . cunning politicians . . . a mercenary capitalist press . . . the rights of the people. . . ." He had sustained the right of his nation at war to punish such talk. That was inevitable. But he had tried to formulate a standard. "The question in every case," he wrote in this first test case sustaining the act, *Schenck v. United States*, "is whether the words used are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent." He felt the impact of the phrase, and, with an instinct against the closed door of too precise definition, added: "It is a question of proximity and degree."

When a nation is at war many things that might be said in time of peace are such a hindrance to its effort that their utterance will not be endured so long as men fight and that no

Court could regard them as protected by any constitutional right.

He knew that men would always fight; and that in battle the will to fight, the very basis of law and of national existence, could not be opposed. But the opposition must lead to clear and present danger before he would sanction its suppression, even in war.

The phrase has become famous, has been quoted constantly, is to-day a sort of liberal rudder to hold some direction of objective standard. Its implication has been endlessly discussed; and issues will rise again for further analysis of the authority of its formula. It is improbable that Holmes, who so greatly distrusted phrases and their use to displace the freer play of imaginative thinking, would have been much impressed by such a test as more than an instinctive guide, hardly accurate to chart proximity and degree. But surely it might serve, if not to define a legal principle, at least to suggest a standard of approach, cautious and realistic.

Schenck had been sentenced to six months. Frohwerk got ten years for distributing similar literature to obstruct the draft, soon after we had declared war against Germany, and Holmes was again chosen to write the opinion sustaining the conviction. Again it seemed to him a petty business for the nation to pick up and prosecute; but their decision, on appeal, could not be different. Free speech was no absolute right; the whole conception of absolute rights was alien to the balanced necessity of human society. A man may not falsely shout fire in a theater and cause a panic, he had said in the *Schenck* case; and added here that no competent person ever supposed that to make criminal the counseling of murder would be an unconstitutional interference with free speech. As usual in any case for nice decision the two opposing principles—here freedom of speech and the waging of war—expanded till the circles touched, and the tangent was exactly where you had to draw the line. There had been no

special effort to reach men subject to the draft, and the penalty had been very severe for the utterances of the usual ignorant commonplaces about a war of Wall Street to save rich men's sons. But it might be found that "the circulation of the paper was in quarters where a little breath would be enough to kindle a flame. . . ." He felt a distaste for the whole business, including his inevitable part in it.

But if the decision was distasteful it was not hard. It seemed to him obvious that words having as their natural tendency and reasonable effect to obstruct recruiting service could be made punishable in wartime; and he said so again in the third case under the Espionage Act, involving Eugene Debs, who had been sentenced to ten years for saying that all war, and that this war in particular, was inspired by capitalism, and that the master class declared wars which the subject class fought, and so on, the usual discourse. In writing the three opinions he detailed at length what the defendants urged, unlike his usual practice, which was to plunge into the heart of the issue with hardly more than a reference to the facts which supported it. The talk, thus spread out, seemed shabby enough, almost innocent in its pattern of mild cant phrases—but enough to support conviction. Whether it was enough to justify putting into motion the complicated wheels of government machinery, ah! that was a different question, but a question which his New England conscience, his sense of sane human justice, could not shrug away.

A year later came the *Abrams* case, and Holmes' famous dissent. It is obvious that he is moved by a deep sense of outrage, a feeling of shame that the surreptitious publishing of this silly leaflet by an unknown man, without more, should have been punished by twenty years in prison! The majority used language which seemed to him to have no application to what actually had been done, tall talk almost as futile and inappropriate as the condemned language before them,

out of which the majority was able to invoke a plan to excite "disaffection, sedition, riots, and . . . revolution, in this country for the purpose of embarrassing and if possible defeating the military plans of the Government in Europe."

American troops had been sent to Russia in 1917, after the revolution, and a few Russians met in the basement room of a shabby house in New York. They printed a few thousand leaflets of protest, scattered them from the roof, distributed them secretly. Four men and a girl were caught. Three were sentenced to twenty years each, one to fifteen years, and one to three years. One leaflet spoke of the President's cowardly silence about the intervention in Russia, the hypocrisy of the plutocratic gang in Washington, the "German militarism combined with allied capitalism to crush the Russian revolution." It ended with the usual: "Awake! Awake, you Workers of the World! Revolutionists." The other leaflet exhorted the Russian emigrants to spit in the face of false military propaganda; said the money they had lent would "make bullets not only for the Germans but also for the Workers Soviets of Russia . . . to murder not only the Germans, but also your dearest, best, who are in Russia and are fighting for freedom." The leaflet ended by suggesting that the reply to this "barbaric intervention" be a general strike. "Woe unto those who will be in the way of progress. Let solidarity live! The Rebels."

Of course, said Holmes, these pronouncements did urge the curtailment of production for the prosecution of the war within the meaning of the statute. But the statute required an "intent . . . to cripple or hinder the United States in the prosecution of the war"; and he could not find that the intent had been proved; that is, the intent in the strict and accurate sense in which he believed it was used—the aim or purpose to produce the consequence.

But the more important aspect of the case, he thought, was the First Amendment, forbidding the Congress to abridge

freedom of speech. In the *Schenck* and *Hohwerck* and *Debs* cases he had recognized that speech could be punished that produced clear and imminent danger; doubtless more readily in time of war. But even in war the principle is the same—the present danger of immediate evil. He could find no such danger to the Government.

Deeply he felt the profound injustice of the long sentences. He was disturbed that his country could have done publicly anything so ignoble.

In this case, [he wrote] sentences of twenty years' imprisonment have been imposed for the publishing of two leaflets that I believe the defendants had as much right to publish as the Government has to publish the Constitution of the United States now vainly invoked by them. Even if I am technically wrong and enough can be squeezed from these poor and puny anonymities to turn the color of legal litmus paper . . . the most nominal punishment seems to me all that possibly could be inflicted, unless the defendants are to be made to suffer not for what the indictment alleges but for the creed that they avow—a creed that I believe to be the creed of ignorance and immaturity when honestly held. . . .

Writing these words he felt his inadequacy to make them burn with the resentment and passionate conviction that he felt. The issue far transcended these three poor men, so unimportant, and the girl, the victims of the hysteria of a war that had now been fought. It touched and tested the very experiment of life on which the American way, for which he had fought, and which he loved, was founded. He wrote:

But when men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out. That at any rate is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment. Every year if not every day we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge. While that experiment is part of our system I think that we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of

opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country.

He sent a copy of the opinion to Pollock, who was surprised with the sentence. In England a few months would have been thought adequate.

I do not think the great dissent added anything to the "clear and present danger" test suggested in the *Schenck* case; nor indeed stated a constitutional view which later became the law, as with so many of Holmes' dissenting opinions. The point where expression of opinion becomes incitement cannot be tested only by the possibility of its success. But the splendid language of the great dissent may make it impossible, or at least difficult, for the clash of this new war to produce another *Abrams* case. And the dissent, if it has not made law, has added to our heritage a concept of freedom to speak that Americans will cherish as long as they cherish that freedom.

Benjamin Gitlow was convicted, a few years later, under a New York State statute for writing *The Left Wing Manifesto*, that advocated the Communist revolution, the class struggle, revolutionary mass action, and the dictatorship of the proletariat. The Supreme Court refused to hold that the statute unconstitutionally deprived Gitlow of his freedom of expression. The language, said the Court, was not mere abstract expression, but was direct incitement. Holmes, dissenting (with Brandeis), found the phrase unsatisfactory as a test. "Every idea," he said, "is an incitement. . . . The only difference between the expression of an opinion and an incitement in the narrower sense is the speaker's enthusiasm for the result. Eloquence may set fire to reason. But whatever may be thought of the redundant discourse before us it had no chance of starting a present conflagration." In a letter to Pollock he spoke of his dissent "in favor of the rights of an anarchist (so-called) to talk drool in favor of the proletarian

dictatorship. But the prevailing notion of free speech seems to be that you may say what you choose if you don't shock me."

Ten years after the war the intolerance that had been bred by the war had not disappeared. Rosika Schwimmer, an avowed pacifist, was denied citizenship because she said that in a war she would not bear arms, and was for that reason deemed not to be attached to the principles of the Constitution. Holmes dissented, with quiet irony. "So far as the adequacy of her oath is concerned I hardly can see how that is affected by the statement [of her views], inasmuch as she is a woman over fifty years of age, and would not be allowed to bear arms if she wanted to." She believed in organized government, and held "none of the now-dreaded creeds. . . . Surely it cannot show lack of attachment to the principles of the Constitution that she thinks that it can be improved." He did not share her optimism that war would disappear "and that the impending destiny of mankind is to unite in peaceful leagues." Yet her optimistic anticipations hardly showed that she would make a bad citizen.

Some of her answers might excite popular prejudice, but if there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate. . . . The Quakers have done their share to make the country what it is . . . and . . . I had not supposed hitherto that we regretted our inability to expel them because they believe more than some of us do in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount.

The opinion was designed, he told Owen Wister, to occasion discomfort in certain quarters.

At Ninety

THE day before his ninetieth birthday Holmes had been to the usual Saturday conference of the Court. The night of his birthday he was to speak on the radio from his library, and there were to be tributes from the Chief Justice, the Dean

of the Yale Law School, the President of the American Bar Association. He had never spoken on the air before, Fanny hadn't approved; she probably wouldn't approve now if she were here, but he thought it would be fun. They were putting on a good show. He liked a good show, he thought, chuckling, liked to have the butter spread on thick, and that was all right if you remembered all the time it *was* butter. But Fanny truly didn't like it, or like it for him.

He listened to the others before he spoke. The Chief Justice was speaking, in the rich tones he knew so well. "He has abundantly the zest of life," he heard the Chief say, "and his age crowns that eagerness and unflagging interest with the authority of experience and wisdom. . . . We bring to Mr. Justice Holmes our tribute of admiration and gratitude. We place upon his brow the laurel crown of the highest distinction. But this will not suffice us or him. We honor him, but, what is more, we love him. We give him to-night the homage of our hearts."

The old man was deeply moved, as those who listened to him knew. He paused for a moment, then spoke quietly, rather slowly. "In this symposium my part is only to sit in silence," he said. "To express one's feelings as the end draws near is too intimate a task."

He paused.

But I may mention [he continued] one thought which comes to me as a listener-in. The riders in a race do not stop short when they reach the goal. There is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill. There is time to hear the kind voice of friends and to say to one's self: "The work is done." But just as one says that, the answer comes: "The race is over, but the work never is done while the power to work remains." The canter that brings you to a standstill need not be only coming to rest. It cannot be while you still live. For to live is to function. That is all there is in living.

He paused again for a moment, and then—

And so I end with a line from a Latin poet who uttered the message more than fifteen hundred years ago: "Death plucks my ears and says, Live—I am coming."

He had a charming letter of congratulation from Countess Eleanor Palffy, whom he had driven out to Fort Stevens, many years before. "It is enchanting to get a letter from you," he promptly answered her.

Doubly enchanting to get *this* letter. When I am free to drive out in an automobile, I frequently go up through the Riverside, and return through Georgetown, and always think of your coming down the steps to come with me to Fort Stevens. You left such a vivid impression that, so long as it was possible, I always was hoping that you would come again. Great expectations, but circumstances prevented your coming. Your letter arrived this morning and it has made the day happy. One doesn't meet enchantresses every day, and old as I am I still can sit up and take notice.

He told her that the President had sent him a mass of newspaper clippings that it would be a task to read. "Such things generally make me reflect that they don't know anything about it, and I sadly meditate on what I don't know and can't do. But once in a while a word from a master really hits me where I live, and I think that now it is time for me to die. But I enjoy life still, and don't wish to hurry the marching orders, although I believe that I am ready for them." He copied out his radio speech for her. "I wish," he ended, "you had told me as much about yourself as I have told you about me, but you say adorable things. I kiss your hands. . . ."

The next week his secretaries came to see him, fifteen out of the twenty-six of them. They had lunched together first in a private room at the Mayflower Hotel, and had had their share of cocktails, and had swapped stories about the Judge. George L. Harrison, who was then president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, spoke for the rest. Would the Justice consent to sit for another portrait by Charles Hopkinson, to be presented by the secretaries to the Supreme Court and hung in the new building? The old gentleman looked at the secretaries, and rubbed his chin. He didn't know how to put it to them.

He muttered something about not liking them to fork up. But the secretaries assured him that they could afford it, they were doing pretty well. He liked the idea. Hopkinson's portrait at the Harvard Law School, painted a year before, had style. . . .

When they trooped out of the library he let his mind turn back ten years to the surprise dinner that Fanny had so skillfully managed for his eightieth birthday. . . . He could see Fanny jiggling the little red devil with the springy arms and legs that hung under the chandelier in his library, and saying, when he had vented his discouragement in pertinent phrases: "Cheer up, Wendell, it's going to be worse!" He could hear her voice again after one of those long, dreary official dinners in the early days, saying: "Washington is a city where dwell many of the first men of the land and the women they married when they were young. . . ."

A month after his ninetieth birthday he was writing to Pollock:

The apple trees around the Potomac basin are in full flower to-day and the place is packed with automobiles. It is a sight to come hundreds of miles to see. Also the magnolias are coming out and generally I wish the sitting of

our Court was at the devil. I want to idle and take in the Spring, but it may not be.

In November he wrote his final will. Edward J. Holmes, his nephew, should have all the editions of the works of his two grandfathers, of his father, and of himself; the pastel of his great-grandfather, Jonathan Jackson, by Copley; his grandfather's desk where he had habitually worked when sitting; the chair marked with the name of Tutor Flynt of Harvard College and that of succeeding owners; and, finally, "the red rug with which the front parlor of my house on Eye Street in Washington, D. C., is carpeted." To Edward and his cousins he bequeathed substantial cash legacies. To the Library of Congress went the rest of his library and his engravings, etchings, and lithographs. Harvard, "preferably for the benefit of the Law School," received \$25,000; and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the same amount. His sister-in-law, Mary Wigglesworth, was to have the rocking chair in his library marked "Nathaniel Bowditch," and the silver that had come from his wife. His servants were remembered in gifts that ranged from \$500 to \$10,000. The residue of his property he gave to the United States of America.



LULLABY WITH CRICKET OBBLIGATO

VIVIAN TAYLOR VOGT



LET us stay here forever.
Don't move, only lie still
So, your head half-turned, cheek to forearm.

Sleep:
The long cut grass is hay and sweet,
The wind is low,
The ivy hangs unmoving,
Not one leaf falls,
And on a yellowing stalk
A grasshopper chirrs,
His rose legs vibrant,
Himself the sounding board
Of his half-dizzy ecstasy.

The cricket chirps his metal song
Behind us near the wall.

Do sleep:
I am not tired.
I'll watch—the books—the Swedish leather case—
The pile of bright red leaves you called a bonfire
With one smooth tawny acorn at its heart.

Sleep:
Autumn is rich and full of peace,
The stalks of grain are heavy-headed,
The western houses pricked in gold
And lengthening shadows in the court.

Sleep:
Our net of peace is stretched against the future.
Sleep
Under the shelter of a cricket's wing.

THE DOCTOR SHORTAGE

And How To Meet It

MICHAEL M. DAVIS



BY THE time this article appears in print the American people will be sharply aware that there is a nationwide shortage of doctors. A good many people know it already. The 5,400 Americans who have moved to Valparaiso, Florida, since the war began, swelling the hamlet to ten times its former population, know it whenever any one of them needs a doctor. For there is none within twenty miles, and though State and Federal officials and the State medical society have known the situation for months, up to this writing no doctor has been brought to the town.

Three thousand miles away, on the other edge of the continent, 60,000 persons in Bremerton, Washington, have a hard time getting medical care from nineteen doctors. The war has brought 20,000 people to this shipbuilding center since 1940 and taken away nine of its former doctors for the Army.

Back on the East Coast, war industry in the outskirts of Baltimore has lifted the population of these suburbs from 155,000 a year ago to 220,000 to-day. Sixty-five thousand persons, war workers and their families, have poured in, and no doctors

came with them. Half a dozen physicians formerly served this suburban area. They can't handle the situation now. To get a doctor to come out from Baltimore means paying a mileage charge as well as a fee—a total of \$15 or \$20 for one visit.

What Valparaiso and Bremerton and Baltimore know now, the whole country will know by Christmas. At this writing no Federal agency has been given authority to deal with this critical situation. But the government knows about it and officers of the American Medical Association know about it. They know that many communities are faced with calamity in the event of an epidemic. They know that the War Production Board has told the war industries that "sick and injured war production workers lose six million working days a month." Ninety per cent of the lost work days are due to general illness, only ten per cent to accidents and diseases arising from the job. Action is needed, and action is still to come.

The principal reasons for the doctor shortage are (1) population shifts because of the attraction of war industry jobs, and

(2) the calling up of doctors for service in the armed forces.

In the county in which Pryor, Oklahoma, is situated, there are now 35,000 inhabitants; 13,000 have come in during the past year or so for war jobs. For these 35,000 there are eight physicians, five of them over 60 years of age—one doctor, able-bodied or otherwise, to about 4,300 people; about one-fifth the amount of medical service available to the average American community. A minimum of hospital provision for 35,000 people would be about 120 beds. Pryor has 40 hospital beds in two small institutions (both organized for profit). Only three of the eight physicians have been allowed to treat patients in them. When a tornado struck Pryor last spring, many of the victims had to be taken to hospitals 40 miles away. Suppose an epidemic strikes? Even with no epidemic, what will happen to production curves and to morale when even those who can afford to pay doctors must now wait in long lines to see them?

Valparaiso, Florida, grew from 600 to 6,000 people because a great Army cantonment came nearby, bringing the always accompanying stream of soldiers' families and incidental population. These 6,000 people are not like the war-industry workers, actively employed at good wages; many of them can afford to pay little, if anything, for medical care.

To keep men and officers well and provide good care when they are sick or stricken in conflict, the Army wants physicians in quantity—at the rate of six and one-half to every thousand soldiers. Altogether there are 176,000 physicians in this country, of whom over 15,000 have retired because of age; leaving 160,000 net. An Army of eight million and the Navy will take from 55,000 to 60,000 physicians, or *over one-third of all our active doctors and over two-thirds of all those under 45 years*. A few physicians over 45 will be used for specialist posts, but not many. Mostly men under 36 are wanted, and of these there are less than 43,000 all told. Before 1943 is over

the 125 million civilian men, women, and children of the United States will have only about 100,000 physicians, as against 160,000 before the war, and these 100,000 will include many who are old or partly incapacitated.

What will be the effect on the health of the people? There will be about one doctor to every 1,200 persons instead of about one to every 800 as in normal times. Even this big drop does not necessarily mean health disaster. The Scandinavian countries, for example, have all had fewer doctors than one to 1,300 of population—Sweden far fewer—and their health status has been as good as ours. An over-all shortage of doctors for a whole country means less to health than do two other factors: Are the doctors distributed geographically so as to be physically accessible to all the people? And are their services financially accessible to all? In Scandinavia an unsurpassed hospital system and widespread health insurance plans have made medical facilities and services almost universally available.

But our American physicians and hospitals have located themselves according to economic demand rather than medical need, their distribution among the 3,073 counties of the United States following closely the per capita wealth of the areas. In New York and Chicago and most large cities there has been about one physician to every 500 or 600 persons, whereas rural areas have commonly had fewer than one to 1,500, sometimes fewer than one to 3,000. In several entire States the ratio has been less than one to 1,200.

Now the war is making the situation worse. Some sections already low in doctors have been drained disproportionately by the Army. Physicians have been taken away from some war areas during the very months when masses of population were moving in. Paul V. McNutt said in June to the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association:

The plain fact and conclusion is simply this:

The Army and Navy and the war industry areas have not got the doctors they need.

II

DOCTORS have not been unwilling to serve. "Hundreds of us," said one physician on the Pacific Coast last summer, "have made all preparations to go, but waited all spring for the expected call."

The Procurement and Assignment Service for Physicians, Dentists, and Veterinarians was set up by Presidential order late in 1941, to "aid and control" the recruiting of these professionals by voluntary enlistment, but this body has been slow-moving and unequal to the task of control. An enormous amount of time was spent in obtaining professional and personal information about every physician in the United States, so as to be able to judge his usefulness for military or civilian work, but no effective organization was set up to deliver the goods. For the delay in recruiting sufficient doctors, confused instructions to physicians were largely responsible. For the uneven selection of doctors, the chief cause was failure to supply the State committees with quotas showing the number of physicians that might wisely be taken from each area. (Such quotas are based on ratios of physicians to population, as well as upon actual numbers of doctors; all the necessary data have been available for years.) A go-easy policy was pursued until months after Pearl Harbor. The Procurement and Assignment Service, suggested originally by the American Medical Association, has been practically a governmentally recognized arm of that body. Mr. McNutt in his June speech before the Association criticized the Service bluntly, and added: "The voluntary plan must work and work promptly—or some other more rigorous plan will have to be adopted."

Quotas were issued to the States within a month after that hint. Instructions to physicians were clarified. An increase in medical recruiting has followed. The

Army has also taken steps of its own which have expedited this, although they have aggravated the medical shortage in some places. But as this article is written, nothing has been done by the Procurement and Assignment Service to meet needs in the war-industrial areas. In a national broadcast in July, the secretary of the Service belittled the need for Federal action. The State and local committees, he said, could shift around doctors to localities which needed more physicians. Over a month later an official statement of the Service declared the matter to be "essentially a local problem." Some of the shrewder medical leaders recognize the urgency of the situation, but even they want to avoid or minimize Federal action for fear of an increase in "government medicine" which would persist after the war.

It is fair to say that those who planned the Procurement and Assignment Service a year ago were like many other Americans in failing to appreciate the size and pace of war's demands. Conversion of industry from "business as usual" has been slow too. But it is now clear that the placing of physicians in civilian areas should be in the hands of an administrative agency of the government, with the counsel of groups representing the organized professions. A big, swift job must be done. It must be done under a responsible executive officer, instead of by a committee which feels more responsibility to an outside organization than to the government of which it is nominally a part.

Furthermore, the task is a national task. Supplying doctors to war areas cannot be done by State committees, if only for the reason that some of the States low in doctors before the war are States which now include needy war areas. States, moreover, have provincial views. Public bodies in New York are already complaining of a medical "shortage," although in the national perspective New York is high in doctors and must be a source of supply for places elsewhere. State and local medical groups tend to

shun the introduction of doctors "from outside."

The need and the machinery for action have both been demonstrated. Under Surgeon General Thomas Parran the United States Public Health Service has found out the medical, sanitary, and hospital needs of war areas by first-hand field studies. Let us hope that, by the time this article is in print, the Public Health Service will have been given the long-delayed authority to act as well as study. Should governmental timidity permit a division of responsibility between the Public Health Service and the Procurement and Assignment Agency—a compromise toward which at this writing official medical pressures are exerted—the settlement will be only temporary because it will certainly be ineffective in handling the problem.

III

WHEN this Federal agency goes into action, it must realize the scope of its task. For the job is not merely to assemble a list of doctors who are not needed by the Army and are willing to go to new places, and then to let them pick from a list of places. A doctor who has been in practice in a community sacrifices much if he pulls up stakes. Civilian work, even if undertaken at government request, carries no such prestige as Army or Navy service. The war communities may be temporary and the doctor might become stranded. Some of the physicians already in war areas would extend no welcoming hand. Difficulty would often be found in getting a license to practice, for licenses are all under varying State laws which permit reciprocity in some cases but set up barriers in most.

The job does demand a list of doctors, a national medical pool for civilian service. But actual placement requires a national agency that will *arrange for the right number of doctors to go to each place under conditions which are fair to the doctors financially and which enable them to do good*

work professionally at the minimum expenditure of that very precious commodity, doctor-time.

Where several doctors are needed, there must be the right proportion of general physicians, surgeons, and other specialists, counting the men already in the area and the new ones together. The doctors must be given financial assurance for the duration, from the government or some other responsible source. There must be hospitals for the sick and a public health department to prevent sickness as much as possible. Hospitals can now be built in war areas with Federal aid or existing hospitals enlarged. Thus the task includes the organization of services as well as merely the provision of personnel.

In a poor area like the Florida town government salaries for doctors will be necessary. But in the industrial areas workers employed at fair wages can pay and wish to pay for their medical care. Prepayment plans financed by regular, voluntary payroll deductions can make medical care available to them and their families at an annual cost no greater than the average expense which they now incur. Through such plans the sick may seek physicians without the deterrent of a fee and hence obtain care in the early stages of illness, reducing lost working time; and the physicians can be assured of stable and adequate incomes. The expenses may be shared by employers or by government also. The prepayment method in war-industry areas will minimize government appropriations for medical care. The health-insurance principle is now familiar to millions of Americans through hospital and medical plans in communities and industries. The American Medical Association and many of its State societies approve health insurance in principle, and societies in Michigan, California, Oregon, New York, and other States are already participating in it.

It will not be enough, in the new war areas, for the employers to engage doctors who look after accidents and ill-

nesses arising within the plant, and who refer employees with all other illnesses to their "family doctor." In many of the new war areas this referral would be like the invitation to Alice at a famous occasion in Wonderland:

"Have some wine!" said the Mad Hatter:

"I don't see any wine," said Alice.

"There isn't any!" said the Hatter.

Workers as well as employers should be consulted concerning plans for bringing physicians to a locality and arranging for their services; for when the management of a plant has sole charge, the doctors often feel little responsibility to the workers and their families. The joint Labor-Management Committees now set up in many war industries provide machinery to work out satisfactory policies. The task is one in which the national government must have central responsibility, working in co-operation with the medical profession, industrial management, and organized labor.

Patterns of action along these lines have already been tested in practical operation in many parts of this country, in different forms, each adapted to certain local conditions. Thus, where only a few additional physicians are needed to supplement those already there, the plan could be set up so that every doctor would be entitled to serve if he wished and be paid from the prepayment fund. The Spaulding Industries and other concerns near Binghamton, New York, have been conducting plans of this sort for at least ten years. If the industries are located where good prepayment plans for physicians' services and hospitalization are already established, the employers and workers might utilize these plans. In Oregon the Kaiser shipbuilding company has arranged with the Physicians' Service established by the State Medical Society and the non-profit, Statewide hospital service plan, for "complete medical and hospital care" at a cost to each employee of 60 cents a week, \$30 annually. But the employee's wife and children are not covered, and under the

circumstances \$30 a year is a high rate.

Greater efficiency at much less cost can be had by organizing the medical services on the group-practice principle. In areas of medical shortage, doctors should co-operate, not compete; they should organize themselves to use office space, hospital facilities, technical personnel in common; they should correlate the work of the general practitioner with that of surgeons and other specialists. Well organized group practice can save 25 per cent of doctor time and yield a high quality of service. Many war industries are suited to just such plans because they are in places where only a few physicians are now available and where most must be imported. Here the prepayment fund would provide salaries for the new physicians, offer salaries on full or part time to those already in the locality, set up a central clinic or medical office building and a hospital if necessary. Several long-established industrial plans of this kind are furnishing complete care for from \$11 to \$25 per year per person.

At the Grand Coulee Dam, group-practice prepayment plans were organized for many thousand workers and their dependents during the peak of construction. Now most of the workers have gone to other industries, especially to the Pacific Coast shipyards. Said one of these men to a recent visitor: "At Grand Coulee we had first-rate medical care whenever we needed it. My wife had a baby while we were there, and it cost us our regular monthly payment, plus \$35 extra, for the whole business. Since we have come to the Coast, one of my mates had a baby in his family and it's cost him \$300. Why can't our shipyards work out something like the Grand Coulee scheme here?"

In some war areas employers and employees will work out their own answer to this question, but in all of the places near Army camps, and in very many of the new industrial sections, the national government must assume responsibilities which neither industries, unions, nor

local political units are in a position to assume by themselves. The Public Health Service is the permanent arm of the government having responsibility for national health. It has dealt chiefly with preventive service. Now its range should be widened to include responsibility for medical care in war areas. Its powers and its funds must be enlarged for the purpose.

In a great Naval station on the West Coast, the efficient Navy Medical Corps supplies complete medical and hospital service to the uniformed men whenever they need it. But thirty thousand "contract employees" have also congregated here; and for these workers and their families, doctoring is catch-as-catch-can. "And," said one of the doctors with an

office in the neighboring village, whose patients must often wait hours to see him, "we are over-worked and we can't do all we ought to do for the sick, even though most of the people are in the young and healthy years of life, and even while it's summer, the healthiest time of year. If something isn't done before winter, or if we should have an epidemic, conditions will be terrible."

It is time to get into action! The Army and Navy must have first call on the doctors they need. The rest of us, and particularly our war workers, should have the most that can be got by apportioning and organizing our health services. In this task our national government should be our servant and leader.



TALKING INTO THE WIND — A characteristic of the contemporary age has been an immense increase in printing and talking—in the wordiness, diffusiveness, and confusion of public and private discussions. Apparently all classes of persons who address their fellow-citizens have grown more windy with the passing years.

For comparison, turn to the writings of the great age which saw the American Revolution and the formation of the Constitution. The Declaration of Independence, including the names of all the signers, can easily be printed in four pages, and the original Constitution in twelve. Compare them with the daily output of the *Congressional Record* and the press releases of the war agencies in Washington.

Every great philosophy, if spun out to a thousand pages, rests, I am convinced, on a few simple propositions—usually obvious propositions, if they are any good. Every great case for this or that could be put simply and concisely in a few pages.

If it were possible to reform national habits in this respect, the great issues that engage and divide the public interest would be stated and defined in the fewest possible words, in language of the utmost conciseness and precision; the areas of dispute would be reduced in number and space, eliminating many useless brawls over illusory differences; and people could talk directly to the subject, to one another, instead of talking past one another into the wind. Two mottoes would appear in home, forum, and marketplace: "What are you talking about? How do you know the truth of what you are saying?"

But what a reformation of manners and powers we must all undergo before we can get down to the business of compressing our gaseous diffusiveness and saving the Republic! — Charles A. Beard

DON'T FORGET THE DIRIGIBLE!

C. LESTER WALKER



STANDING before a Senate investigating committee nine years ago, the late Brigadier General Billy Mitchell was queried by Senator William H. King of Utah:

"You think that we are wasting our money with battleships?"

"I do not think so," replied the General, "I know it."

Representative A. Piatt Andrew leaned forward and asked:

"In expressing the idea that surface craft are obsolete or obsolescent, do you include plane carriers?"

"Yes," the General replied.

Now the battles of Midway and the Coral Sea have set many to wondering whether the General spoke again with the tongue of the prophet. In both battles the surface fleets never saw each other. In the Coral Sea the Japanese lost three carriers. Our own *Lexington* suffered such damage that she was later sunk. At Midway, with fleets two hundred miles apart, not a naval gun was fired. Dive bombers and torpedo planes wreaked all the fatal destruction. As preferred targets both sides picked the opposing aircraft carriers. Apparently five Japanese carriers went into the battle; four were definitely sunk. Our big flat-top, the *Yorktown*,

was hit early and developed such a list that her flight deck was rendered useless for landings or take-offs. She withdrew, and was later torpedoed and sunk. The Japanese armada changed its course and fled; and the most significant shortcomings of our own carriers and planes then came to light. Parts of the Navy's official report suggest some of them:

"One group of carrier-based fighters and dive bombers searched . . . until shortage of gasoline forced them to abandon the search and go in to Midway. Some were forced down at sea when they ran out of gasoline." And again: "After June 6th repeated attempts were made to contact the remainder of the Japanese invasion fleet, but without success."

In other words, the enemy got away. Our carriers and planes apparently could not go fast enough or far enough to administer the knockout.

The two great battles have forced a re-evaluation of the strengths and weaknesses of the sea-borne plane carrier as nothing else could. The carrier's strengths were demonstrated by the victories and need no recounting. Its weaknesses, however, will bear recapitulation. Naval strategists are doubly aware these days that the carrier is, in a way, more

vulnerable than any other ship—because it has become, like the star halfback, the first in any scrimmage to be “taken out.” It can be sunk in four ways: by mines, by surface naval craft, by submarines, by planes. In addition, it is not the speediest ship afloat; and its carrier planes, as a matter of unavoidable engineering fact, are inferior to equivalent land-based planes. In battle a few bombs landed on the flight deck can render it useless; and in too rough weather it becomes almost a white elephant on the fleet’s hands, for then it cannot launch or land its planes.

In the face of these debits we are building a large number of new carriers. Perhaps rightly, but the question arises: “Too many eggs all in one basket? Is there nothing else we can do?”

The airship-minded men of the Navy are asking, “What about the dirigible?” Here is one weapon of great possible value which we seem to have half-forgotten. It will not do everything, its use must be properly co-ordinated with that of other weapons, but it has unique potentialities. So let us take a look at it.

II

THE Navy will tell you that every national commission appointed over the past fifteen years to inquire into the future of dirigibles—or airships, as the Navy prefers to call them—has reported favorably. In 1933 a joint committee of Congress, after weeks of investigating airship disasters, reported forthrightly: “The record sustains the recommendation that the operation, maintenance, and development of airships be continued.” Admiral William V. Pratt, who was Chief of Naval Operations in the '30's, and Admiral Ernest J. King, then Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, concurred in these recommendations. In 1935, Claude Swanson, Secretary of the Navy, requested a committee of eight scientists to investigate airships and report on them. The committee included Professors Hovgaard and de Forest of MIT, Mr. Kettering of General Motors, Pro-

fessor Millikan of California Tech. Two years later they recommended that the Navy continue with airship construction.

But the Navy couldn't. Congress wouldn't appropriate funds. One bill—introduced in 1937—would have provided funds for several airships each of which would carry 20 pursuit planes. Nothing came of it. In 1938 the Naval Appropriations Act authorized construction of an airship of 3,000,000 cubic feet, but sufficient funds were never appropriated. Even as recently as 1940 the Secretary of the Navy (Charles Edison then) made public a special statement, called “Report on Lighter-Than-Air,” which urged again that the United States “keep the very large airship (7,000,000 cubic feet) in the naval picture.” Nothing was done. So our rigid airship program was allowed to die.

The result is that we have not a great deal left in the lighter-than-air line-up. We do have a number of blimps but no rigid ships. The old German-built *Los Angeles* was dismantled, for economy, a few years ago, as was the smaller all-metal *ZMC-2*. Our base facilities for mooring and handling have not, however, completely deteriorated. Lakehurst, New Jersey, and Sunnyvale, California, can still handle large rigid airships. If we should want a fleet of plane-carrying dirigibles to-day we should have to start not exactly from scratch but close to it.

Do airships promise enough to warrant building them? The idea, some think, is by no means fantastic. And a number of people believe that, as a result of our geography—a land of great distances between two vast oceans—the airship may be the peculiarly American ace-in-the-hole which our naval and military experts are neglecting.

III

SAY “dirigible,” and the average layman immediately sees the *Hindenburg* plunging down in flames. He then recalls the *Akron* and the *Macon*. “They cracked up at sea, didn't they? And

look at the foreign ones. They broke in two, or caught fire and blew up. Dirigibles can't take it. That's why they were abandoned. In a battle a couple of bullets would let all the gas out of them, anyway." A legion of these old misconceptions linger on; and to give any kind of picture of the airship's potentialities in war one must wipe out the erroneous ideas first.

Many of us have forgotten in these days of bombing planes, fighters, and sky trucks, how large a role the lighter-than-air ship has played in the past. Before and after the First World War (up to the burning of the *Hindenburg* on May 6, 1937) regularly operated commercial airships (including blimps) made 114,723 scheduled flights, flew more than 4,400,000 miles, and carried 354,265 passengers without injury to a single one.

Altogether, 157 rigid fabric-covered airships have been built: 138 of them by Germany, 16 by England, and 3 by the United States. Most of them were built prior to or during the last war, but eleven (including the three American ships) were built after the Armistice. Of those eleven only the *Hindenburg* was lost in commercial service, and its loss was directly traceable to the inflammability of hydrogen. Had the ship been filled with helium the catastrophe, which killed 13 of her 36 passengers and 22 of the crew of 61, could not have occurred.

Five of the eleven post-war airships crashed, but six served out their terms without mishap until for one reason or another they were dismantled or decommissioned. But American experience has been particularly bitter, since all three of the fabric-covered ships built in this country came to grief. The *Shenandoah*—our first experiment with airship construction—and the *Macon* both failed structurally in flight, and the *Akron* was smashed into the Atlantic off Barnegat Light in 1933. Furthermore, it was at the naval air station at Lakehurst that the *Hindenburg* catastrophe occurred, right before the eyes of American newspaper reporters, cameramen, and a radio

announcer whose panic-stricken voice brought the horror of the scene into thousands of American homes.

Faced with these tragedies, the public overlooked the facts which lay behind them. Captain Rosendahl has made it clear that human fallibility rather than lack of knowledge of the mechanics of airship structures accounted for the *Macon's* crack-up; and experts agree that recent research and experiments provide the basis for greatly improved airship design. As for the weather conditions which contributed to the loss of the *Akron*, modern weather forecasting now approaches an exact science, and airships would now have the benefit of the excellent aviation weather services which have been developed by the government and by the commercial airlines.

Most people have pretty much forgotten about airships in recent years, but a small band of the faithful has continued to work and plan for bigger and more efficient ones. Scattered throughout the country—in the Navy, in the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation, and in various branches of the aviation and automobile industries—are men who believe the airship is a valuable military weapon and has excellent possibilities in postwar commerce.

Airships, these men point out, would be useful in a global war. A fleet of airships of 10,000,000 cubic feet (a third larger than the *Akron*), powered with eight or ten Diesel engines using much less dangerously combustible fuel than gasoline engines, would increase the effective range and speed of our defensive and offensive operations. The lifting gas in these ships would of course be helium, which has 93 per cent of the specific lift of hydrogen, and is noninflammable. Since the United States has a natural monopoly of helium, and since hydrogen has proved to be so dangerous that even the Zeppelin-minded Germans abandoned airship construction when we refused to sell them helium, it seems clear that the airship itself can be an exclusively American type.

Airships as large as these would cost our Navy several million dollars each; as aircraft carriers, they would be well worth it. The aircraft carrier *Lexington*, which we lost in the Coral Sea engagement, cost \$45,000,000 and carried a normal contingent of 80 planes. Six or eight airships carrying a total of 80 planes would cost about the same as one of our smaller surface carriers.

An airship's planes can fly farther than those from a sea-borne carrier. Having no deck to get up from, they can carry more gasoline. They are launched simply by being dropped from a trapeze slung from the airship's belly. On their return, they engage the trapeze bar with a hook, and an electric winch in the airship hoists them in. In the interior of the airship they are moved about the hangar space by means of overhead rails. The whole operation, which, incidentally, was performed hundreds of times without a hitch by the planes attached to the *Akron* and *Macon*, takes only a few minutes.

In terms of personnel too, these new airships can claim advantages. Each carries about a dozen officers, about 85 men. A cruiser of the fleet carries 50 to 60 officers and over 1,000 men; a small carrier like the *Ranger*, one-third the displacement of the *Lexington*, carries 160 officers, 1,650 men. If the sea-borne ship goes down with all hands the loss is disparately greater than if the airship is lost.

Airships are vulnerable to enemy airplane attack, not to submarines, mines, or surface forces. Loss of gas through bullet holes is slow. The helium is in cells, several of which, like the separate watertight compartments of a ship, can be punctured without destroying the vessel's buoyancy; and, as the World War hydrogen-filled Zeppelins proved, an airship can lose much of her gas and still be airworthy. An airship has returned safely to her base with over 250 bullet holes in her gas cells. Her vitally vulnerable target area is only about 20 per cent, anyway; only 10 per cent if attacked

directly from the side. I recently asked an engineer who had designed one of the biggest airships whether the ship could not be brought down by machine-gun fire. "Well, yes," he answered, "like any plane—but it would take *much* more doing."

Captain Charles E. Rosendahl, who commanded the *Akron*, has said that the airship fears only a considerable plane attack, and that in his opinion her greatest vulnerability would be from concentrated bombings. Against these she would pit her own fighter planes, her maneuverability (much greater than that of the sea-borne carrier, because she is maneuverable in three dimensions and at triple the surface carrier's speed), and her own batteries of guns. In wartime airships would be armor-plated in their vital parts and bristling with machine guns, anti-aircraft, and cannon. Their gunfire is more accurate than a plane's because the airship is a steadier, vibration-free gun platform. And bomb hits, Captain Rosendahl has said, would not necessarily be fatal. Even if two or three motors were torn away, an airship could still carry on with the remaining engines. All parts of an airship, moreover, in contrast to a plane, are accessible in flight. She can be repaired while under way.

IV

LET us suppose, for the moment, that six or eight airships like those we have described—of 10,000,000 cubic feet—have been added to the Pacific fleet. What can they do? In a battle like Midway, for instance, how could they be used?

On the day of battle our fleet, its squadron of airships on the scouting line, is searching for the Japanese. Finding them in the vast reaches of the Pacific is a scouting problem of the first magnitude; and here, in several operations, the airship would serve the Commander in Chief well. Jellicoe was one old sea dog who admitted this. "Zeppelins are bound to give better information," he

said, "as they can hover and observe closely."

The first enemy ships sighted this time are under water—a pack of submarines. The airships spot them. For this they have the advantage over planes, because they can slow down over any suspicious shadows on or under the sea. The airships track the subs and drop depth bombs. To hit the mark from such a steady perch is easy compared to doing it from a speeding plane.

Now the scout planes from the cruisers (two or three from each) and from the big plane carriers are searching the seas. The cruisers plow ahead at better than 25 knots, and the carriers follow to the rear of the battleship line. Well ahead of the line of cruisers, the airships are launching their scouting planes. If necessary, each one of these airships can cruise 8,000 miles before it needs to refuel, while a cruiser has to refuel after about 4,500 at moderate speeds. During the time that a cruiser, moving at 20 knots, is ranging over 1,000 sea miles, the airship is covering more than 2,500. It is not surprising that the airship's scouting planes are the first to sight the enemy fleet.

The airships do not rush to the attack. Like the sea-borne carriers', their job is to keep out of gun range and send out planes to locate the enemy. If there are low clouds the airships now go into them. If not, they can speed up and keep clear of the enemy, radioing the Commander in Chief. As at Midway, the surface fleets never meet. This time they get no nearer to each other than 300 miles. The tactics of Midway and the Coral Sea are repeated; the opposing planes go after one another's ships and carriers. Dive bombers from the airships, being earliest on the scene, get in the first blows. The Japanese pilots locate one of our surface plane carriers and put torpedoes into her. She goes down: one ship, 1,900 officers and men, 80 planes. To knock out that many airship-borne planes, the Jap bombers and fighters must pursue six or eight airships, widely

dispersed and harder to find than a surface carrier sitting on the sea.

For several days the battle continues to follow the pattern of Midway—our planes blasting Japanese carriers and accompanying craft, and the whole enemy armada fleeing. Then a storm, rolling mountainous seas down from the Aleutians, begins to pitch both fleets about. All surface-carrier planes on board are deck-bound; those in the air are unable to land and refuel. But the airships, aloft, continue to spill out their bombers and fighters. Day and night, wind or no wind, they retrieve their planes, refuel them, send them again after the fleeing enemy fleet. These planes pursue for days, the airships following after, out of the way, with stores of fuel and bombs. Unlike the Jap fleet at Midway, hardly any of this enemy fleet gets away.

Suppose that after the naval air engagement just described a fog settles down. Over thousands of square miles hangs a misty cloud layer several thousand feet thick. The admiral of the fleet decides to try what experts have long predicted would happen some day; he will send airships to bomb an enemy city. This time it will be Tokyo.

If fog blankets the sea, all planes in the area, whether carrier- or land-based, are immobilized—but not the airships. Fog is their pet element. They can work in it even in restricted space. One of their captains took the old *Akron* in a regular pea-soup through the mountain pass between Pecos, Texas, and Van Horn by dead reckoning one day, without seeing a thing. Captain Rosendahl testified before a Senate committee: "They can steal in under reduced visibility and deliver a cargo of bombs most effectively."

The B-17 Boeing Flying Fortress carries 3 tons of bombs 1,200 miles. The *Akron* could have taken 18 tons of bombs 9,000 miles. She was an airship of only 6,500,000 cubic feet, while each of our hypothetical modern airships tops 10,000,000. Their useful load will run, conservatively, to 220,000 pounds apiece.

V

IF you want less spectacular uses, airship advocates can readily cite you some. Admiral William V. Pratt says they could carry 1,000 paratroops at a time. Captain Rosendahl has declared that unheard, from high altitudes, they could deliver quantities of vital matériel by means of parachutes to invasion troops or paratroops behind the enemy front lines. They could tow acoustical devices slowly along the surface of the sea—sensitive detectors of submarines. They could assure that our lines of communication over the water, for supplies and troops, would not be interfered with. They would be invaluable, say many, in any defense of Panama.

"If we had some airships now, we could use them all right," an authority on their design and use said to me recently.

"Could we build them?"

It was his opinion that we could, and it seems to be that of others. The materials, the technicians, and the plants are still here. The backbone of any program—if for construction of fabric-covered ships—would be the Goodyear plant at Akron, Ohio. It is reported intact, even enlarged—to manufacture airplane wings.

The metal-clad airship should be seriously considered. This ship is *all* metal, even her envelope, from bow to stern. Such an airship is not a mere Jules Verne dream. The Navy had one for a number of years—the *ZMC-2*—and she gave excellent service. She was small, for she was built as an experiment, but the engineers say that the type can go to any size. Carl B. Fritsche, founder of the company which built the ship, said to a committee of Congress that the all-metal craft could be built "much larger and faster than the *Akron* or the *Macon*." The Special Committee on Airships, of the National Academy of Sciences' experts, reported in 1937 that there was no limit in theory to the metal-clad's increase in size, and recommended building a bigger one. Dr.

William Hovgaard, MIT's former lighter-than-air expert, has called the type "in a class by itself, superior in strength and stiffness to all former rigid and non-rigid airships." Sponsors of the metal ship and directors of the original company (Aircraft Development Corporation of Detroit) included Ralph Upson, the inventor, William B. Stout, the designer, Edsel Ford, and C. F. Kettering. The company wanted to build a second and larger ship for the Navy eight or nine years ago, but the idea failed of Congressional approval.

The claims for this type of all-metal ship were tremendously impressive. Structurally—that is, internally—she was like the Zeppelins: a succession of main transverse frames connected by longitudinals; but the likeness practically ended there. She was duralumin throughout, except for some wires which were aircraft steel, and the ballonets, or helium cells, which were of doped rubberized cloth. Her skin was sheet aluminum alloy 8/1000 of an inch thick, the plates sewn together by automatic riveting machines. It is claimed that this material would not tear, soak up rain water, or catch on fire as fabric will; and its use, curiously enough, made the all-metal dirigible, size for size, lighter than the cloth-clad. This is because the fabric ship's external covering merely resists the outer air pressure and performs no strengthening function at all. Under the fabric it is necessary to put an elaborate system of metal wiring, netting, and cordage. This, all heavy stuff, takes care of the gas cells, the pressure, and the stress factor known as shear. In the metal-clad the aluminum envelope is claimed to carry the tensile and shear stresses itself, supporting and reinforcing the members of the frame. It thus reduces the necessary extra inner strengthening to practically nothing.

At high speeds an internal pressure is created inside the hull of the metal-skinned ship which just overbalances the air-push pressure on the outside, keeping the metal skin smooth and unrippled at

all speeds. A system of scoops did this job in the *ZMC-2*, forcing air into balloons within the hull while the ship was under way. In larger ships it would be done by power blowers under automatic control. And if the system ever fails, the metal-clad, it is said, can go along all right without it by merely reducing her speed.

Experts on the metal-clad airship foresee ships over 900 feet long, with a gross lift of 600,000 pounds (*Akron's* was 400,000) and carrying many planes. Carl Fritsche has predicted: "The super-airship of the future will be able to land, on its own power, on any protected harbor of size, with its own crew."

Could we build such airships to-day? Almost surely we could. But should we? Is it prudent to expend our resources on innovations in the middle of a war? Aren't mooring and basing requirements still too complicated to be met overnight? Don't our carriers and our long-range land-based planes serve well enough? Do we want to divert materials—especially aluminum alloys—from our plane-building program, and have we got the necessary materials anyway?

The believers in airships may counter-question: "Did England innovate the *tank* in peacetime?" The airship can do things which our long-range Army planes can never accomplish. Major de Seversky and other experts already claim our sea-borne carriers obsolete in waters covered by enemy planes based on shore. As for mooring and basing, Captain Rosendahl has stated that the rigid airships need one main base on each coast and several mooring masts here and there. A hangar is necessary only for

extensive overhauling—like a drydock for ships of the sea. The airship can remain at its mast and be serviced. The British based an airship on a mooring mast continuously for over six months. One of their rigids, while mast-moored, rode out an 82-mile-an-hour gale. For short visits the airship can use an expeditionary mooring mast which can be erected quickly anywhere it is wanted. And as for materials: when Henry J. Kaiser, the wizard shipbuilder, offered not long ago to make 5,000 cargo planes in his shipyards, the same cry arose—"Materials." Kaiser threw it out: "This country has plenty of them. The only problem is to find them."

Probably the key question is: "How many years is this war going to last?"

If only one or two more, then very likely our present surface carriers and planes can do the job.

But if those who should know think it will last much longer, then any instrument with the potentialities of the rigid airship should not be too lightly overlooked. Our new aircraft carrier, the *Essex*, took fifteen months just to her launching; the airship builders freely predict that the big rigids, once under way, could be put together in less than a year. In the last war the Zeppelin company produced a rigid airship every fourteen days! If this war is to drag on for five or six years more and sea-borne carriers are to continue as vulnerable as they now are, it might be astute of us to get moving on a building program for carrier airships. It is something for the experts to decide—realizing as they must that no one weapon will magically win the war for us, but that no weapon which can play a vital part in it should be neglected.



One Man's Meat *E. B. White*



THIS month an event is scheduled to take place here which is the culmination of four years of preparation. I am going to get a cow. Perhaps I should put it the other way round—a cow is going to get me. (I suspect I am regarded hereabouts as something of a catch.)

To establish a herd, even to establish a herd of one, is a responsibility which I do not lightly assume. For me this is a solemn moment, tinged with pure eagerness. I have waited a long time for this cow, this fateful female whom I have yet to meet. Mine has been a novitiate in which I have groomed myself faithfully and well for the duties of a husbandryman; I feel that now, at the end of these years, I have something to offer a cow.

Of course I could have got a cow immediately on arriving here in the country. There is no law against a man getting a cow before he, or she, is ready. I see by *Life* magazine that Chic Johnson, the Hellzapoppin farmer of Putnam County, N. Y., established his herd by "buying the World's Fair Borden Exhibit." This struck me as a rather clearcut case of a man who was perhaps not ready for his cows. He probably had not even had himself tested for Bangs. "At the dairy," said the article, describing a party the actor was throwing, "cows were milked and ridden bareback." Mr. Johnson was photographed in the act of trying to strike up an acquaintance with one of his own cows, but I noticed she had averted her gaze. He

was wearing shorts and a jockey cap. From the photograph I judged that the cows were in clean, modern quarters, and there seemed to be a great many of them (I counted forty cows and ten milkmaids—enough to keep an actor in cream); but I think probably it will suit me better to have one cow with whom I am well acquainted than a barnful of comparative strangers in all stages of lactation.

I knew from the very first that some day there would be a cow here. One of the first things that turned up when we bought the place was a milking stool, an old one, handmade, smooth with the wax finish which only the seat of an honest man's breeches can give to wood. A piece of equipment like that kicking around the barn is impossible to put out of one's mind completely. I never mentioned the name "cow" in those early days, but I knew that the ownership of a milking stool was like any other infection—there would be the period of incubation and then the trouble itself. The stool made me feel almost wholly equipped—all I needed was the new plank floor under the cow, the new stanchion, the platform, the curb, the gutter, the top rail, the litter alley, the sawdust, the manger, the barn broom, the halter, the watering pail, the milk pail, the milk cans, the brushes, the separator, the churn, the cow, and the ability to milk the cow.

And there was the barn itself, egging me on. There it stood, with the old

tie-ups intact. Every morning the sun rose, climbed, and shone through the south windows into the deserted stalls, scarred and pitted from bygone hooves. I tried not to look. But every time I walked past I admired the ingenious construction of the homemade stanchions, set in a solid wooden curb and locked with pegs and tumblers, everything handhewn by a man who had fashioned, with ax and chisel, whatever he had needed for himself and his creatures. Men familiar with the habits and desires of cows have advised me to take those old stanchions out because of their rigidity, which is too confining for a cow, and I have already begun the work, but not without many misgivings and a feeling of guilt. The urge to remodel, the spirit of demolition, are in the blood of all city people who move to the country, and must be constantly guarded against. I have seen too many cases of farmhouses being torn limb from limb by a newly arrived owner, as though in fright or in anger.

THERE is something bumptious in the common assumption that an old house or an old barn must be hacked to pieces before it is a fit place in which to settle. The city man coming suddenly to the country customarily begins his new life by insulting someone else's old one; he knocks blazes out of his dwelling house, despite its having served former owners well for a hundred years or more. My own house is about a hundred and forty years old—three times my age—yet I, a mere upstart, approached it as though it didn't know its business and weren't quite fit for me the way it was, when the truth, as I now see it, was that I was not quite fit for it. Quite aside from the expense and inconvenience of razing one's newly acquired home, there is a subtle insult in the maneuver, the unmistakable implication that the former inhabitants lived either in squalor or in innocence, and that one's neighbors, in houses of similar design and appointments, are also living in squalor or innocence.

Neither is true. But the demolition goes right ahead. The place of a newly arriving city man always looks more like a battleground than a home: earthworks are thrown up around the foundation wall, chimneys are reduced to rubble, and on the front lawn a cement mixer appears, with its little wheels and big round abdomen. It would be a comical sight if it were not so dispiriting.

I don't know why people act in this panicky way. I do know for a fact that a man can't know the quality of his home until he has lived in it a year or two; and until he knows its good and bad qualities how can he presume to go about remodeling it? In the frenzy of resettlement one often does queer things and lives to regret his mistakes. When I go into my neighbors' "unimproved" houses in the dead of winter and feel how comfortable they are and cheerful, the sills banked with spruce boughs, the little heating stoves standing in candid warmth in the middle of the room, the geraniums and flowering maples blazing away in tin cans on the sunny shelf above the sink, with no pipes to freeze under the floors and no furnace around which huddle full ash cans like gloomy children, I always chuckle over the commotion city people make in their determination that their farmhouse shall be "livable." They have no idea how livable a farmhouse can be if you let it alone. We have too many preconceptions, anyway, about life and living. There is nothing so expensive really as a big, well-developed, full-bodied preconception.

But as far as my cow was concerned, it was not so much any hesitancy at ripping things up and changing things around, not so much a matter of equipment and housing; it was simply that I felt the need of a personal probationary period. If a man expects his cow to have freshened before he gets her she has a right to expect that some important change will have been worked in him too. I didn't want a cow until I could meet her on her own ground, until I was ready, until I knew almost as much about the country as she

did—otherwise it would embarrass me to be in her presence. I began this probation in 1938. For more than a year I kept my cow in the hindmost region of my thoughts. It was almost two years before I even allowed myself to dwell on her form and face. Then I began to lay the groundwork of my herd.

MY FIRST move was to purchase fifteen sheep and a case of dynamite. The sheep, I figured, would improve my pasture, and the dynamite would keep me out of mischief in the meantime. Before they were done, the sheep managed to serve another useful purpose: I had no desire to have a cow on the place until I had learned how an udder worked, and my first lambing time taught me a lot about that. The way to learn to sail a big boat is first to sail a little one, because the little one is so much harder to manage. The same is true of udders. I can milk a sheep now, with her small cleverly concealed udder, and so I have no hesitancy about going on to a larger and more forthright bag. The dynamite also turned out to have a second purpose—it had the advantage of letting people know something was going on around here.

That fall when we dynamited for my cow was a great time. I set out to revive a run-out hayfield, and while I was at it I thought I would remove the rocks. I hadn't the slightest notion of what I was getting into, except that I knew I was establishing a cow, and, true to form, thought first of demolition. The rocks didn't look like much when I made my preliminary survey, but I discovered as time went on that a rock is much like an iceberg—most of it is down-under. A very great deal of spadework had to be done around the horse-size rocks before you could hook on to them with the team, and of course the others had to be drilled before they could be exploded. Hand drilling is tedious business, but I didn't have sense enough to charter an air-drill, which I learned later I could have done. The cow receded. There

were days when I almost forgot her, so engrossed did I become in the amazing turn which my probation had taken. It was the end of summer; the days were hot and bright. Across the broad field, newly plowed, would come the exultant warning cry of "Fie-ah!" Then the breathless pause, then the blast, and the dunnage and rock fragments flying into the sun, then another pause and the sound of falling wreckage.

Although the field had been turned over by the plow, the fragmentation from the blasting left it looking more like a gravel pit than a seedbed. There was a tremendous lot of work to be done just hauling away the debris after the bombing was over. The plowman hooked his team to the drag and I borrowed a tractor and another drag from a neighbor, and together we went at it. Day after day we loaded the drags, hauled them to the edge of the woods, and tossed the rocks off, creating a kind of hit and miss stone wall. I learned to throw the chain over a big rock with a "rolling halt," back the tractor up to it, and ease the rock on to the drag by giving it a nudge of power. The cow seemed a long way off, but I held her firmly in my thoughts, as a soldier holds the vision of home and peace through a long campaign in a foreign land. Rivers of sweat flowed into the dry, chewed-up soil, mountains of granite slogged along the dragways, all to achieve, in some remote time, the blade of new grass, the tiny jet of yellow milk. The whole thing seemed like a strangely tangential episode, as if I had wandered off on an idiot's holiday.

And after the rocks had been torn from the earth and removed, then there was the matter of dressing the field. Having no cow, I had no dressing, except a small amount of sheep manure and hen manure which would be needed for the gardens. The field would need thirty or forty spreader loads. After much exploring, some dressing was located in a barn cellar within reasonable trucking distance, and for some days I lived close to

a dung fork. This phase of the work had a cow smell and seemed somehow closer to the main issue.

All winter the land and I lay waiting. In spring the frost opened cracks and seams in the field to receive the seed. I marked out courses with guide stakes and sowed the long lanes, working on a windless morning. The rains of spring never descended that year, and summer ushered in one of the most blistering droughts on record. The new grass drooped, the weeds jumped up and sang. The result of a year's labor seemed meager, doubtful. But it turned out that there was established in spite of the dry season what a farmer calls a good bottom. As soon as it got half a chance the field picked up miraculously. This summer, under benign rains, it has become a sweetly rolling green, like something Grant Wood might have sent me.

Meantime the sheep had been at work in the pasture, quietly, with no dynamite. Their golden hooves had channeled among the rocks and ferns, and they had fertilized easily as they went. The time was approaching when I might take unto myself a cow. I began to see her as a living being who was growing closer to me, whose path and mine were soon to cross. I began having the sort of daydreams I used to have at fifteen: somewhere in the world (I would think) is the girl who is some day to be my wife. What is she doing? Where is she? What is she like?

OF COURSE there was still the matter of the barn—a fit place for this dream creature to spend her winter nights. The thought of a concrete floor flashed through my mind, and was quickly gone. I had invested in one concrete floor when I built my henhouse; and one concrete floor is enough for any man's lifetime. The sensible thing would be to lay a good smooth plank floor, with a six-inch platform, and perhaps a gutter. I turned, as one always does turn in any

critical time, to the mail order catalogue and began a study of floor plans—stalls and gutters and curbs and stanchions and rails and partitions. I learned about stanchions, stanchion anchors, alignment devices; I began to pit the high curb against the low curb, the single post stall against the double. One evening after dark I went to the barn with a two-foot rule and a flashlight and measured up the job, working carefully and late, in pitch black except for the concentrated beam of the flash—an odd tryst, as I think back on it, but part of my beautiful romance. When I returned to the house I made a plan, drawn to scale, showing a maternity pen, three stalls, a raised platform, an eleven-inch curb hollowed out to six inches at the anchor point, and a gate, everything worked out to the inch. The platform is to be cut on the bias—a long stall (4 foot 10) at one end, in case my lovely girl turns out to be an Amazon, a medium-size stall (4 foot 4) for a medium-size bride, and a short stall (3 foot 8) for the heifer which will inevitably bless this marriage.

There have been setbacks and reverses. Priorities worked against me and I soon found out that barn furnishings were almost unobtainable. I sent to Sears for their Russet Cow Halter, 32D449, the one with the adjustable crown and the brown hardware to match her eyes and hair, but they returned the money, with a grim note, Form Number 7, rubber stamped. Where they got the rubber for the stamp I have no idea.

To-morrow the carpenter arrives to start tearing out the old floor. When the last stanchion is anchored and the last brushful of whitewash has been applied to wall and rafter, I shall anoint myself and go forth to seek my love. This much I know, when the great day comes and she and I come marching home and pause for a moment in the barnyard before the freshly whitened door, *she's* got to carry *me* across the threshold. I'm tired.

THE WIND THAT SWEEPED MEXICO

Part I. Fall of a Dictator

ANITA BRENNER



TO KNOW Mexico in our time, to get a picture from the jigsaw of the news, to find the outlines of what may be foreshadowed—so vital now when all can see that our futures are connected—there is a key, and this key is the Mexican revolution. The story begins in 1910, goes through ten years of civil carnage, twenty-two years of further struggle, and projects itself into the future. It has been a cumulative struggle, which continues and runs like a live current through everything public and personal too: politics and art and business and thought and production, and now war. The phrase, *La Revolución*, invoked so often by two generations of Mexicans, so common a part of the national mood and vocabulary, even among the children, has many meanings. One has to get inside it through the story.

In the year 1910 there was a Strong Man of the Americas advertised in all the world, and his name was Porfirio Diaz of Mexico. Each time he reassumed his dictatorial position the Kaiser, the Mikado, all important potentates flashed messages of joy. Financiers, industrialists, illustrious public men con-

gratulated the Mexican people regularly on his existence. Elihu Root advised them to render Don Porfirio reverence. Writers and speakers multilingually raised him up as the salvation of his country, the stern wise parent of his people. A genius. A colossus. Inscrutable. Incomparable. Irreplaceable.

The aged man had been sitting for thirty-four years—with one brief interim—in the presidential chair. Round him, like cherubim and seraphim in a religious picture, there was a group of courtly elderly men who had long since done away with politics, devoting themselves to nourishing business. At his right hand—pale, scrupulous, and faultless as a tailor's dream—hovered Don José Ives Limantour, primate of the holy of holies, Secretary of Finance. Respectfully close to the chair there knelt, bringing gifts and testimonials, a select little group of men of affairs, named the Circle of Friends of Porfirio Diaz. Near Limantour there was another little group, select too, consisting chiefly of foreigners, and nicknamed by Americans The Full Car. Beyond, on all sides, landowners, high Church dignitaries, heads of foreign

houses, concessionaires and their prosperous Mexican advocates praised without end the blessings that flowed from *La Paz Porfiriana*—the Porfirian Peace.

The revolutions that had boiled for three-quarters of a century (since 1810, when Mexicans declared their independence from Spain) and that had wasted the country's substance needlessly (said the Porfirian intellectuals), were now entombed in historical volumes, printed on fine paper at the government's expense. The army's old Spanish custom of plotting to change the government had only one successful living exponent, General Díaz himself, who had practiced it on Juárez. The last try against Díaz, made in the eighties, had been picked off when the General sent a list of names to the commanding officer, wiring, "Catch in the act, kill on the spot." Thrift too had clipped the military talons. Limantour controlled expenditures for arms and munitions strictly, these being expensive imports. Army bigwigs, except of course General Díaz, had been edged to the fringes of state business. As for the soldiers, they were peasants, thinking little, wanting less, living on minimal wages, and why give them more to waste on drink? Many had been recruited on personal word of the authorities—by seizure at night. Troublemakers, safely and cheaply garrisoned.

The perfect formula for the perfect stability that money seeks had been found. It was a Strong Man with a constellation of grayed experts in business and finance, revolving around Limantour, and governing according to the maxim, "Little politics, much administration." The bankers had confidence in Limantour. From time to time in arranging loans they had stipulated that he remain in place, as guarantor of the status quo. The Limantour group, known as *Los Científicos* and in that name execrated by everybody locked out of the profitable circuit, had a doctrine, "Let us be scientific, let us be realistic." It was ground out solemnly in the academies, the University, the

press, raised with scholarly arguments quoted from the French physiocrats and positivists, in French of course. It was taught in practice to the bright apprentices being groomed against the day when time, alas, should foreclose on General Díaz, and Science would inherit full control. Democracy, the official philosophers recited, was a utopian dream, an anachronism, a plaything for rich countries. "Its bad government," Limantour remarked of the United States, "is the best proof of its greatness."

But in a land where not even fifteen per cent could read, how absurd to spend money on open elections! How visionary among a people more than ninety per cent mixed breed, dominantly Indian, racially inferior! The Conquerors had indeed made a mistake—influenced by religious sentimentalisms—in allowing the creatures to live and propagate. They should have been handled as in the United States. It was now Mexico's misfortune to try to progress with such a burden upon it: more than three-fourths of the population nearly pure Indian, practically subhuman, degenerate, apathetic, irresponsible, lazy, treacherous, superstitious—destined to be a slave race. Such beings could never perform, surely could not claim, participation in the acts of government. Let them work, and keep the peace. For them the standard, *pan y palo*—Bread and Club. The government must be an aristocracy, an aristocracy of brains, technicians, wise and upright elders, scientists.

Since the intricacies of financial arithmetic were beyond Díaz, he left all that to Limantour, and himself ran the political machinery. He chose the governors, each one of whom—usually the biggest landowner or business man, or an old military friend from the Juárez days—enjoyed dictatorial powers. Each one, like Díaz, had his right-hand man, the chief of police, whose organization worked smoothly toward the disappearance of malcontents and people suspected of dangerous thoughts. The methods:

pan—a job, a few pesos, social advantages; *palo*—blackmail; and the final alternative of the *ley fuga* (fugitive law)—“shot while attempting to escape.” A lower hierarchy, the *jefes políticos* (political chiefs) ruled the small towns. They were chosen by the governors and okayed by Diaz, and their job was to guide the municipal authorities, operate the elections, co-operate with the secret police, and nudge the courts.

It was a safe land in which to do business. Justice was carried out according to an unwritten, unbreakable law which required that a case be settled in rigid observance of who the attorney was, who the client. Cases involving a foreigner against a Mexican were decided according to the principle that the foreigner must be right, unless word came from Don Porfirio, exceptionally, to discover otherwise. In the remotest places judges understood the fine points of these usages, and could interpret skilfully the precept taught by the U. S. State Department, that Americans were guests and must be spared the judicial annoyances unavoidable to Mexicans; that every American living and working in Mexico, from plant manager to gang foreman and oil driller, and every company that had American money in it—even if it were only one red cent, said the Embassy—had the right to this same kind of extra-territorial immunity.

Order reigned. Bullion could be transported with dozing guards, and travelers could jog along through the sun-drenched landscape, fearing no disturbance of their right-of-way. The peasants abased themselves before men on horseback, murmuring, hat in hand, “Go with God.” The roads were patrolled by *rurales*, well-mounted active men in dove-gray uniforms, tightly buttoned with silver. They knew the trails and hideouts as well as the Indians, for many had been smugglers and ambushers, and had been persuaded into the handsome uniform by exercise of the Diaz methods. Plantation owners and the prosperous people in small communi-

ties loved them as Texas does its Rangers and Canada its Mounties; village and hacienda workers had other emotions, since it was the *rurales* who hustled recruits for the army, or tied suitable prospects into the gangs shipped to the tropics—where labor was short-lived and plantation owners were willing to pay for able-bodied men at twenty-five pesos a head—or dispensed justice among the cacti according to the precepts laid down in Diaz’ famous telegram.

II

THERE was music on the plazas in the evenings, and the small-townners came out to sit among the palms and listen to the waltzes and military airs. The young people promenaded, males clockwise, females in pastel muslins counterclockwise, exchanging at the intersections meaningful silences and wadded notes of undying love. One of the benches on the plaza was always occupied by the municipal president, the judge, and the *jefe político*. As a rule he was also the local money-lender, only source of credit for small farmers, at twelve per cent and up. Most of the marketable corn and beans accumulated in his warehouse, and in combination with other *acaparadores* (monopolizers, their name in common usage) he kept supply, demand, and prices under comfortable control. This little group of solid men were sometimes joined by the parish priest, and perhaps too by a neighboring *hacendado*, who might take the pleasant occasion to transact some little business, while they sat in the incense of good cigars, and smoothed their mustaches grown plump and pointed in the Diaz fashion.

On the opposite side of the plaza there was another bench occupied by the heterodox: the doctor, the pharmacist, a lawyer maybe, the newspaper editor if there was one, the schoolteacher if any, the local telegrapher, and perhaps the barber. In some towns the priest might be the kind of man who gravitated in their direction too. Not usually, how-

ever, as it was taken for granted that these were the town's Freemasons, as well as its dreamers and odd fellows, collectors of botanical specimens and curious rocks, delvers in old papers, mouchers of obsolescent political ideas. People of no importance visited their bench. One-horse ranchers, marginal miners, shopkeepers pushed by the big-store Spaniards, ex-artisans ousted by factory goods, and spindly boys who had studied in the capital. There they sat, talking low, the old ones chewing over the Juárez days, the young ones repeating futilities heard from their fathers and teachers: democracy, free elections, municipal self-rule, lay education, independent courts, equal opportunities, citizens' rights. . . . It was evident from the way they dressed, in severe worn black, that such preoccupations led nowhere. For it was unthinkable to anybody except these talkers in low key that the country would ever again hear the word Revolution, once its most common noun. Revolutions, it had been announced by Francisco Bulnes, the brilliant orator and intellectual Cagliostro of the regime, "occur according to natural social law. And that law is that governments break down when they cannot pay their bills."

Of this condition there was not the slightest portent. The Treasury had a surplus of 62,483,119 pesos gold. Revenues were comfortably over expenditures. From the time the Treasury had come into his hands, fourteen years earlier, Limantour had administered it like a business in receivership, which essentially it then was. The army appropriations had been whittled; interest payments on the foreign debt came first. Many measures had been taken to free business from feudalistic and other restraints. Internal customs were abolished, taxes reapportioned. The currency, to benefit the export trade, had been put on a gold basis. The national credit was such that smiles flowered on the faces of bankers floating new bonds. Through Limantour and his friend Hugo

Scherer and their mutual friends in German and other European banks, Mexico had been encouraged to borrow on better and better terms. The debt had rolled from eighty million pesos to four hundred and forty million, held chiefly in Germany, and about to be consolidated at four per cent, as the crowning achievement of Limantour's career.

Railroads, to which Juárez (and Díaz when he had been a Juárez general) had once objected, fearing easy invasion from the United States, now cut important export routes, carrying ore and other raw materials free from interstate tolls. Built with government subsidies, perennially unprofitable because they served so little of the national market, the main lines had been merged through a Limantour maneuver into a national company, stock-controlled by the government, run by American management. And other industries, subsidized too, had developed by leaps and bounds. In every money market of the world investors were accustomed to regard Mexico as a bonanza land.

A dazzling future was prophesied, a golden era had arrived already, and the stock phrase was that Mexico had abandoned her turbulent unproductive past and begun to take her rightful place among the sisterhood of modern industrial nations. Gentlefolk lived fittingly, in stone mansions, lace-hung and furnished in Louis Quinze or Directoire. They relaxed abroad in fashionable resorts; visited, with gay exquisitely dressed parties of friends, their immense haciendas, where the manor house surrounded perhaps a half-acre of polished corridors and patios blooming with Castilian roses. Their families were intermarried with the nobilities of France and Spain. Their finances were integrated with the enterprises of German, French, British, American concerns. Their transactions were carried on elegantly, over long lunches prepared by French chefs, consummated with Rhine wines, Havana cigars, Napoleon brandy, accompanied by light Italian operatic airs.

Foreign investors, the Aladdins of expanding industry—from which would emanate all the benefits of modern civilization—were cherished. Their capital, secured by the gold standard and multiplied by government-stabilized rates of exchange, enjoyed every guarantee: tax-free concessions for ample years; customs-free machinery and supplies; subsidies; right of way in the courts; useful laws, such as those suspending the Constitutional provisions (inherited from colonial days and from the Juárez charter) that had reserved subsoil resources to the nation; and above all the essential, the quintessential guarantee, cheap and docile labor.

These were the achievements that the government of General Porfirio Díaz prepared to celebrate in the fall of 1910, as a patriotic apotheosis of one hundred years of national independence. The whole month of September was set aside as a holiday, and provision was made in the budget to make the days and nights a blazing processional of gaiety. The Plaza of the Constitution, the Cathedral, the National Palace, the avenues and boulevards were radiantly illuminated. Little girls strewed flowers in the streets, floats rolled conveying damsels in Greek draperies, holding scrolled wonderful words: *patria, progreso, industria, ciencia*. Indians, peasants, and beggars were forbidden access to the city thoroughfares. The waiters who served the banquets were Europeans, or hand-picked Mexicans who could be taken for foreigners. The loveliest women were brought in from the provinces. Champagne by the carload was imported for the President's Ball alone, which seven thousand guests attended.

All the evidences of culture and prosperity were displayed: the monster drainage tunnel that had freed the capital of valley floods, at enormous cost in pesos and uncounted Indian lives . . . the Renaissance post office and many other imposing government buildings . . . the electric lights in the principal cities . . . the streetcars, the telephones, the na-

tional telegraph system, the punctual railways . . . the four ports dredged and fitted up for maritime commerce . . . the industries—textiles, smelters, steel, paper . . . the Italian marble opera house begun to commemorate this anniversary, with its fabulous spun-glass curtain already in place, a curtain made by Tiffany at the cost of—but why count the cost? . . . Envoys presented trophies, the American Ambassador unveiled a pedestal for a statue of George Washington, counseling the Mexicans there assembled to respect and admire his spirit. But the peak—the golden brooch, as society reporters said in Spanish—of the public solemnities was the inauguration of three superb buildings, three models of Porfirian progress: a hospital, a jail, and an insane asylum.

It was a cumulative picture, dramatically unrolled, to give to foreign eyes a splendid panorama. Land of promise, exploding in bloom wherever water reached it. Land where men of imagination and money could be as Midas, and live in a paradise of natural beauties. Behold the works of some pioneers. There was the Englishman Weetman Pearson who had connected the two oceans, amply helped by the government; had built the railway tying the capital to the coast, had dredged the ports, had secured the drainage-tunnel concession, and was enjoying and carrying out many other contracts. He had found oil and signed a concession, in generous partnership with the government, over the vastest rich deposits—and was now Lord Cowdray. And there was the Spaniard Romero Rubio, in railroads too, and a power in metropolitan real estate, and *hacendado* on the best tableland; he was a friend of the archbishop, and was father-in-law of The Old Man himself. And there was the German Hugo Scherer, close friend of Limantour, connected with money in many countries, through whose hands had passed much of the European capital that had gone into government loans (Church money, some believed, directed

from Germany through its powerful Catholic Party, with the encouragement of the Kaiser, and funneled into Mexico for reasons of *realpolitik*).

As for Americans, the invasion dreams of the 19th century were no longer necessary, for American industrial and agricultural enterprises were spread peacefully over the whole north and ran deep southward along both coasts. The golden tide and appetites of the eighties had jumped the Rio Grande. Guggenheim and U. S. Smelting dominated the mines, holding over ninety per cent of Mexico's most important industry. In railroads, American money far outcounted any other, and American management ran all lines except Pearson's and a few unimportant narrow-gauge concerns. Doheny, helped by the railroaders, had energetically ridden through jungles looking for fuel, and had found it, and now Waters-Pierce and Standard Oil were second only to Cowdray's Dutch Shell-Eagle Oil combine. Indeed, though European money was still first in public finance and the retail trade, the dollar had long since submerged the pound and franc and peseta. The value of American holdings, virtually nothing in 1877, was gauged at \$500,000,000 in 1902, and had tripled by 1910.

Limantour, it was true, was none too friendly to the march of the dollar, and followed a calculated policy of checks and balances, whereby dollars invested were offset by better concessions for Europeans. But Limantour was a sound man, a gilded guarantor of the *status quo*, and some of his best friends and even business partners were Americans, who in turn were friends of the new Ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, who in turn had friends and relatives in the Guggenheim, Rockefeller, and Aldrich interests. President Taft's brother was the counsel for, and a director of, the Cowdray oil concern.

On the whole it was a cozy little *status quo*. There was only one flaw in it. Diaz was eighty years old, and not immortal.

III

IN THE year of the Centennial an omen appeared in the heavens. People who could read learned that it was Halley's Comet and that there was nothing to fear. The scientists understood it, everything was under control. But in the villages, where the glare destroyed the peace of the night and made even the cattle uneasy, it was an announcement. The young were told by the old that it meant war, death, famine, plague.

This was confirmed by word of a man named Madero, who was coming to deliver the poor and give them the land. It was understood that he lived in the capital or some such distant foreign place, and was married to a probably divine creature called the Constitution. Clearly he was not the same as other city people, whom it was always best to avoid mentioning. The world of Tata Porfirio and of Doña Carmencita, who some said was his wife (and others said nonsense, rulers do not have wives, but consorts), was coming to an end. It was best to confess and commune, for the Day of Judgment was at hand. In the center of the land roarings were heard and ashes rained from the clouds over hundreds of miles, darkening the sky for days. Near Tampico a pillar of fire had been seen, smoke by day, flame by night, moving among the foreigners who said they were digging wells.

There were old people who could remember what life had been like before Porfirio. Many wars. There had been a great war in which the Americans—or was it the English?—had come down from the north and, aided by the devil, for they were Protestants and Moors, had overrun many lands. A river had been put in, and some guards. You crossed by marking a paper saying you were going to work. In that land on the other side there was much wealth: cheap soap, many varieties of muslin. And there had been another war—or was it the same one?—when Maximilian rode in a golden coach with Mama Carlota,

and wore a crown: But Benito, an Indian with a mission, had ordered them to be killed. For they were not meant to rule in this land.

In those days there had been much corn, and prices had been half of what things cost now. Wages had been the same of course—they never change; but people had had real silver money and could buy in the market, instead of getting everything out of a book at the hacienda store. In those days many people had had their own corn patches. But engineers had come and measured them, and it had been ruled that all the earths for which there was not the right paper must belong to the haciendas. So now the rich owned the waters and the lands, for they had sold themselves to the devil and the world was in their hands. The Lord had promised to send Somebody to do His work, and the powerful Old Ones, and Malinche, would come out then and sweep the wicked away. This was announced. Now, as could be read in the heavens, it was here.

The *Científicos* were enlightened men who did not believe in omens, and were protected from this word of doom that ran among the eighty-five per cent whom they knew only as soft-footed, silent labor. But other portents were being weighed uneasily by them. In 1908 a prominent American writer, James Creelman, had asked Don Porfirio a question no one in Mexico would have dared utter: What provision was he making for the coming years? Democracy, Diaz answered. The country had been made ready for it. He would be happy to retire at last. He would welcome real opposition in the presidential elections of 1910. It was a sensational interview. Not because of Diaz' words—that was a stock speech of Latin-American rulers to the American press—but because the question had been asked, and from the United States. Political prophets moistened a finger and held it to the wind. Was it beginning to blow from the north?

It was said, among those supposed to

know, that Cowdray's American competitors, particularly Pierce, were irked, and that their powerful spokesmen in the U. S. government would be prepared to help usher in a change of . . . policy. Harriman also was said to be most annoyed, because the railroad merger plan had been his, appropriated by Limantour for other beneficiaries. The Guggenheims too were said to feel badly treated by Limantour. The State Department, it was significantly murmured, was not pleased by the increasing signs of affection between Diaz and Japan. And, like every other government whose nationals had a heavy stake in Mexico, Washington was concerned above all with the problem of the presidential succession.

Soon after the Creelman interview there appeared a book called *La Sucesión Presidencial—The Presidential Succession—* by Francisco I. Madero. It dealt with effective suffrage, no re-election, the Constitution—mostly things that had been said before, once upon a time, by Diaz himself. But the author was a Madero, a younger grandson of the rich northern family whose one hundred and seventy-two male members enjoyably increased the fortune founded by the patriarch, Don Evaristo: some million and a half acres in cotton, lumber, rubber, cattle; besides mines and smelters competing with the Guggenheims; besides wine and brandy distilleries, mortgages and real estate, and provincial banks. The Maderos were friends of Limantour, friends too of the anti-*Científico* northern business men whose hope for the future was handsome, dashing General Bernardo Reyes. And they had friends in the proper places over the border, particularly among the Cowdray competitors and in railroad and banking circles.

Francisco himself, a small quick-moving lawyer with kind eyes, had his portion of the Madero estates, which he seemed to be dissipating in benevolent experiments. He was a vegetarian, an ascetic, a man whose heart was wrung

by the condition of the Mexican people. The remedy, he had come to believe, was political—the freest free democracy. Years ago he had been a charter member, with a group of radicals, of a Liberal Party long since apparently scattered. To his family and friends he was, tolerantly, “Panchito,” an idealist, an innocent. The Ouija board had told him, “Francisco, one day you will be President of Mexico.” He moved to fulfill the mandate of destiny.

The presidential term expired in 1910; the new term would begin in October of that year. In addition to Diaz himself, the perpetual candidate, there were three aspirants. The first was Limantour, long the heir-apparent, who had been eliminated, presumably, years ago by a legal decision disqualifying him because of his birth in France (moreover of debated parentage). The second was Reyes, long the hope of all the outs who had political weight: the military, the Mexican business men not in the charmed circles, the foreign promoters without access to the Full Car, the large number of professionals without good jobs, the remainder of the old-time Juárez liberals, the University students. The third perennial candidate was old “General” Zúñiga y Miranda, who in every campaign, dressed in full *Científico* regalia—top hat, tails, spiked collar, a row of medals—rode the boulevards in a polished hack and, opening his arms to the people, propounded dazzling presidential programs, with the wonderful logic of a wit—or a madman. And now Madero too prepared to campaign, apparently expecting to arrive at an arrangement whereby he and his would get a portion of the Diaz government and be in line for the succession; or, if he was blocked, to make the traditional gesture of armed rebellion.

Because of the Creelman interview and the limelight of the approaching Centennial, the friends of Diaz, while attending competently to the re-election machinery, felt called upon to go through more elaborate motions. Speakers toured the

principal cities. Stooge oppositions were rigged. There were mass meetings, debates in the papers, oratory in Congress. What astonished all the politicians, even Madero, was the number and energy of the Maderistas. *Jefes políticos* raised their hands bewildered, watching the parades, hearing the inflammatory speeches, seeing the identity of the leaders—birds of ill repute and omen in their sight. But orders were orders, so Fuentes the Nobody scandalized placid Aguascalientes campaigning for the governorship; and Álvaro Obregón, the ex-mechanic and small-time rancher, stirred up Huatabampo, Sonora; and the sullen wild-tempered peasant Emiliano Zapata brought alarmed laughter to the sugar *hacendados* of Morelos; and thus everywhere the plaza benches of the heterodox swarmed into activity like busy anthills in April.

The real question among the powerful was: Once Diaz was re-elected, who would be vice-president? Speculation fitted the halo to many eminent heads, but Diaz, watching ambitions come out into the open, was affably inscrutable. For days and hours, up to the last few minutes, the official nominating convention waited for the Diaz message—the Name. It came, and was voted in numbly: Ramón Corral, who could have won the vote by acclamation as most hated man in Mexico. Corral was known as the money-maker in the Indian slave trade to the tropics, as king of another kind of slave-trade in the capital, and himself its victim, with his disease so far advanced he had at most two years to live. “Diaz and Death”—this was the muttered name of the ticket. And the final dose, the last intolerable swallowed grievance, was that the one newspaper that received the choice with praise—the only one—was the American daily. Limantour packed up and went to live in Paris . . . to consolidate the debt. All through the Centennial dinners his official chair sat enigmatically vacant. Reyes too went off, or was sent, on a mission to study military affairs in Europe.

Toward Madero, Diaz smilingly took routine precautions. Publications were suppressed, key men were jailed, Madero himself was imprisoned in a small city where, through the word of an archbishop, he was let out on bail, and escaped to the United States in the grimy costume of a brakeman. Finis. And to insure Centennial quiet, an embargo was laid on all Madero properties. Not one peso could move. The clan appealed frantically to Limantour. Other members, particularly elder brother Gustavo, took a sporting chance to stave off family ruin. He threw himself into organizing Panchito's revolution.

IV

OF THE forthcoming cataclysm there was one omen, live and menacing as smoldering Popocatepetl, and yet perceived by only a few. This was the fact that all the productive wealth of the country, the sources and the fruits, were now concentrated in a very few hands—fewer even than when the Colonial regime cracked, when the Church held half the wealth and the Crown had a monopoly on trade and a twenty per cent lien on all production. Now, one hundred years after the revolution which had attacked those conditions, all but a fraction of the total wealth was held by about three per cent of the people. The bulk of it was held by less than one per cent; and most of that was in absentee foreign hands. The economic pump was making wealth flow outward, leaving behind a sediment only; and what came in, to multiply, again flowed outward.

No one in the government saw any cause for alarm in the narrowing ring of monopoly, except perhaps in the overwhelming American hold on Mexican business (but this, it was assumed, Limantour could handle). Industry, continuing its colonial pattern, was directed toward the extraction of raw materials for export, particularly metals, primarily silver; and silver loomed so large that the ups and downs of its market menaced all business and finance. Agriculture had

rapidly taken the same course toward export, and the chronic shortages of staples—due to overworked land, lack of water, sprawling holdings primitively worked, and many other wastages—had now become so acute that in a land of corn and beans, corn and beans were imported. All this was known to Diaz' scientists, and they had diffidently suggested remedies, which were applauded and tabled. In the long run, it was thought, industry would solve everything. By its mere existence it would create national prosperity that would sift down to the middle class, that is, the ten or fifteen per cent who were considered really people. Work would accrue to the rest, and thus the golden cycle would remain continually in motion.

But the process by which wealth was to sift down, reversing its ancient habits of traveling up, had not yet occurred. Instead another process had been going on—a process of suction. Through it, the peasants—more than three-fourths of the population—had been stripped of land by laws which gave the *hacendados* more leeway for expansion, more water, more cheap labor. The peasants had then been fastened to the haciendas by the peonage system which insured perpetual labor for perpetual debt; and had been held in place by sermons, by the tight rein of the *jefes políticos*, and by the *rurales*. The details of that peaceful misery come out sharply in statistics published later—an infant mortality, for instance, of more than twenty-five per cent.

One step above, the peasant-traders and artisans had also been dislocated. The weavers had been displaced by mills; the shoemakers had been left with only the sandal trade at peasant prices; the potters were now supplying the penny markets; the pack drivers, once numbered by the thousands and the backbone of the transportation system, had been decimated. They peddled along the trails with one or two burros now, getting hardly enough to feed even the burros except with the aid of a little

nocturnal enterprise, as practiced by Pancho Villa and many another future revolutionary. Men drifted into the industrial centers from lost lands, lost occupations, and were there hired, and were caught in the price-rise squeeze that had come with cheapened pesos. Mexican labor, considered inferior biologically, had its wages fixed accordingly. And, though a Mexican might learn from Americans how to run a locomotive or handle smelting or oil machinery, he could never hope for more than a semi-skilled position, because of the mere fact that he was a Mexican.

In other lands the middle class had been swelled and benefited by the coming of industry. Here the producers and traders for the internal market lost ground as their reservoir of purchasers became steadily impoverished. The independent farmers—the *rancheros*—tough and enterprising men risen from the peasantry—competed with the great plantations, which paid scaled-down taxes and employed the cheapest peon labor. The erratic Mexican climate, which makes farm credit a matter of life and death, kept the *rancheros* mortgaged to the money-lenders. Small miners, small manufacturers, small storekeepers faced similar conditions. Transportation was dear, tapping only the great industrial and agricultural centers. Materials were virtually inaccessible. Machinery was imported at expensive foreign prices. The tax load was weighted by innumerable petty tolls. No credit was available. . . .

The sons of this penurious class might, through desperate family economy, manage to study law, engineering, medicine, education, art. Once graduated, to what could they look forward? In private business only the third-rate jobs were open to Mexicans, even the educated, even the bluebloods. In the government there was a decrepit bureaucracy, and room was made for only the few who could wedge in by exercise of constant servility and ruthlessness. Even the professionals who got to the top by sheer

brilliance were locked out—if they were honest men, or merely humane, or merely self-respecting—from everything connected with public administration; and everything was. The political face of monopoly—dictatorship—meant for those who lived by their brains few and fewer bottlenecked jobs.

All this had been described with cold meticulous rage in a book called *Los Grandes Problemas Nacionales*, published in 1909, written by a scholar named Andrés Molina Enriquez. It became to the Mexican revolution what Rousseau's *Contrat Social* was to the French, and more. It became the gospel of thousands upon thousands of people who never heard of it, could not have read its simplest words. The book was read by scholars, professional men, students. It created a kind of intellectual climate, and provided a sympathetic grasp of the things that were exciting ranchers and Indian "bad men" and labor agitators. Thus it bridged separated worlds. It lined up, on the same side, men such as the wealthy liberals and the Flores Magón brothers, sons of an Indian officer of Juárez days, now exiles in St. Louis, agitating the smelters and railroads and mills of their country through blurred smuggled little sheets (irregularly published because the editors were often in jails along with their I.W.W. friends).

Three occupations, Molina Enriquez had observed tartly, were open to educated mestizos: government employment, the professions, and—revolution. The obvious conclusion was drawn. Men of tougher political constitutions and better brains than Madero grouped themselves around him, the first man of substantial name to make an open rebellious move. There were for instance the Vázquez Gomez brothers, one a prominent lawyer, the other a doctor who had the Diaz family among his patients. There was Luis Cabrera, a lawyer and political scientist of Jacobin temper and the friend of Venustiano Carranza, ex-senator, unsuccessful bidder for the governorship of his state. They had their counterparts

in each small town. It was not realized then by anyone how deep and far the anger burned. For, as always when regimes collapse, the fissure showed first very close to the top.

V

PORFIRIO DIAZ became President of Mexico for the eighth time on October 4, 1910. It was remarked how well he was looking. His brown pouchy face was reassuring as ever behind his brushed snow-white mustache. The shoulders martially square. Not a tremor in the Iron Hand. Six weeks later he was cabling Limantour urgently to come home, and small bands of guerrillas were playing tag with the Federal soldiers in the north. A few weeks after that the police machine-gunned crowds in the Plaza of the Constitution, and Diaz lay in his house in the Street of the Chains, guarded by cannon, hearing, through narcotics taken for an infected jaw, yells: "Down with Diaz! Resign! Death to Corral! Death to the *Científicos*!"

Limantour, hurrying home via New York, stopped there to confer with three Maderos—Francisco's brothers Gustavo and Ernesto, and their father. The situation did not seem too desperate to him. Limantour knew how much money Gustavo Madero had managed to get his hands on—about a half-million pesos advanced by a European concern for a railroad concession. At least a third of that had gone for headquarters in the United States and to pay American lawyers. At most fifty thousand pesos—twenty-five thousand dollars—for munitions and guns. How much revolution could that produce, against the government's sixty-two-million surplus in gold, and its incomparable credit? The Maderos were panicky, anxious to come to some arrangement with him; held back from almost full surrender—and forgiveness—by Dr. Vázquez Gomez, who wanted none of that. They made a tentative agreement nevertheless, and Limantour went back to receive full

emergency powers from Diaz, with a secret code for the Maderos in his pocket.

Conferences were arranged near Ciudad Juárez, over the border from El Paso. On hand, besides Madero kin and friends, were the Vázquez Gomez and Carranza groups, insisting on their minimum program: Diaz out, the *Científicos* out, and the right to keep their boys on a military footing. "Revolutions that compromise," said Carranza stubbornly, "are revolutions lost." The conferences dragged along, Madero pleading almost in tears with Vázquez Gomez, saying his papa had promised Limantour that . . . And meanwhile the guerrillas upset all calculations. They attacked and kept on attacking. Little squads and bigger ones took garrisons and railroad junctions, and after each attack the troops snowballed in size. Cavalcades rode dustily into each captured town, headed usually by some *ranchero*, and introduced themselves to the guerrilla leaders, and joined. Some brought along their women, to take care of the wounded, and cook and forage. The dove-gray uniforms of the *rurales* began to disappear on mountain trails, and the riders with their good horses and guns appeared in Maderista hideouts. Civilians in each Maderista nucleus were fast outnumbered by men who could neither read nor write, but could ride and shoot and knew every twist of the terrain.

They had no supply line, no generals, no strategy, no organization. They just attacked, providing themselves with guns from raided stores or garrisons, or from the proceeds of looted plantations. Each leader gave his own battle orders, yelling, "*Viva Madero! Viva La Revolución!*" and in the battle the boys were on their own. Federal soldiers went through the motions of firing back, then melted away, some retreating forward and taking guns along to help the boys. Against Madero orders, a fairly large conglomeration led by Pascual Orozco and Pancho Villa attacked their first big objective, and took it. It was Ciudad Juárez. American soldiers were deployed menacingly

along the border. Diaz messengers hurried with orders to make a deal, any deal, the best deal possible to prevent trouble with the United States and the flight of frightened capital. The jockeying began again, and the final agreement was: Diaz out. Corral out. A provisional government headed by Francisco de la Barra, Washington's man, the Mexican Ambassador to Washington. His cabinet would be partly Maderista, partly Diaz men. They would remain about a year, call for and carry out elections, pacify the country, and . . . demobilize the revolutionary boys.

Diaz started for the coast and the German boat *Ypiranga*, waiting to carry him away. Madero started for the capital. His train took four days and nights to make a trip that normally averages thirty hours. At each station, every siding, all along the tracks, the shabby ragged people of Mexico waited to hear him, see him, perhaps touch him. Mothers fought forward with their babies, aged and sick limped over cobblestones to the tracks, *rancheros* and peons trotted in from miles away. On the morning the train was due in Mexico City, at dawn, there was an earthquake. For the first time in generations, the spongy ground did not absorb the shock. Walls cracked, buildings crumpled, the crowds that jammed the windows and packed the roofs ran praying in the streets. An omen. To Madero surely, signifying the end of a wicked era. The revolution was over. But to many others it meant the revolution had begun.

VI

THE de la Barra cabinet, one of those "governments of national unity" that in so many lands have prefaced disaster, coasted through its allotted months. Gustavo Madero in his Ministry worked like a beaver to salvage the old machinery and get it working just as good as new. Ernesmo Madero held the Treasury with Limantour's aides and staff, and postponed the investigations and judgments

that were to have made the world of business rock. In Agriculture a Maderista of good will studied projects to parcel haciendas on easy payments attractive to the *hacendados*. The Vázquez Gomez brothers—until forced out by Gustavo—conducted the demobilization of the revolutionaries, arranging as agreed to get the guns turned in to what was left of the Federal Army, but passing out other instructions and facilities privately.

In the first free elections ever held in Mexico Francisco Madero and his running mate José María Pino Suárez were elected President and Vice-President of Mexico. Congress was turned inside out, filled with a Maderista majority and a strong Catholic bloc. In every town and village government Maderistas swept in. There was no time—though Gustavo tried—to set up a duplicate set of *jefes políticos*. The municipalities were free, the press ungagged. One could sing the national anthem and not go to jail for it. Democracy had come. And the struggles that had been going on under cover came out—and cycloned round Madero's head.

Zapata and his boys in Morelos, having been demobilized, were waiting, somehow still armed, for the distribution of lands—now. The sugar planters called mass meetings in the capital, picturing anarchy and terror in their state. Mexico was rent with feuds, rebellions, counter-rebellions. Ambassador Wilson cabled Washington, "There is no peace, there is no confidence, this government cannot last, the man is mad." He dined every day with the Foreign Minister and saw Madero constantly, pressing claims, demanding damages. American troops deployed along the border. Madero said piteously to an American newspaperman, "Why does your government persecute me? Why does it set its heel upon me, and grind me down like a worm?"

Victoriano Huerta, a tough old Indian-killer, begged for and took command of the campaign against Pascual Orozco, a rebel in the north, and pushed Orozco's

forces back and scattered them. The gentlefolk smiled and breathed more freely. A Strong Man had arisen. It was only necessary now for the generals to get together with the right *políticos*, and solidify with the proper foreign support. Absurd, said Madero when the plans and lists of those involved in the new plot—most of the army heads—were brought to him, just fifteen months after he had become President. Ridiculous. What could a few reactionaries do to him, the choice and symbol of the people?

The army in the city garrison attacked, and ten days of battle—*la decena trágica*—followed. There was truce in the evenings, when the city got its food and buried its dead, mostly civilians. Huerta was in charge of defense. Madero hurried to Morelos to get Zapata to promise he would not interfere. Zapata promised, and he hurried back, and listened to Ambassador Wilson ordering him to have this carnage, this disorder, cease at once. The Embassy car circulated in the city on errands of mercy; its occupant talked here and there with the Senate leaders of the Catholic bloc; with the aides of Huerta. A secret printing press, that the diplomatic corps thought was in the cellar of the Embassy, issued leaflets urging support for the attacking generals.

On the tenth night one of Huerta's friends, General Blanquet, entered the Palace and made President Madero his prisoner. Huerta was supping with Gustavo Madero; from that supper Gustavo was taken to the Ciudadela where at dawn, together with the chief of the Palace guards, he was drunkenly lynched. Ambassador Wilson that same night called the diplomats together in the Embassy and read them the list of the new government, which had been arranged in a nearby room. Huerta would be provisional president, and the ministers would be such people as Jorge Vera Estañol, attorney for over forty important American firms and other interests. The Ambassador embraced Huerta and proposed a toast to the new government of law and order. Church bells

clamored, ringing joyfully in all the spires. Te Deums were ordered sung.

And what, asked the Cuban envoy, Manuel Márquez Sterling, would happen to Madero? The Ambassador shrugged. After all, it must be remembered he was the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, he said, and could not meddle in internal Mexican affairs. The envoy from Chile hurried to the Palace and there found Madero, and the Vice-President, and one loyal general, Felipe Angeles, under armed guard. A proposal arrived from Huerta: if Madero and Pino Suarez resigned their lives would be spared. The resignation was written and sent, and the Chilean diplomat waited for the escort that was to take Madero to his train. It did not come. Rolled up in a blanket and stretched out on two chairs, the Chilean diplomat went to sleep; and in the morning, still no escort came. Madero's wife begged Ambassador Wilson to send a message to President Taft, asking for sanctuary. No answer ever came. In Texas the legislature rushed petitions to Washington, to get President Taft to do something to save Madero's life, saying he was a humane and democratic man, much misunderstood.

On the night of Washington's birthday, three days after the Pact of the Embassy, Madero and Pino Suarez were removed from the Palace and taken somewhere—to the stables, said one of the police gang later—and there "shot while attempting to escape." Their bodies were found dumped outside the walls of the model penitentiary.

The revolution, Ambassador Wilson advised Secretary Knox, was finished. Huerta was being installed with all due process of law by the Senate, and the leading foreign governments, the Germans, the British, the Spanish, had quickly recognized his rule. He requested that his own pledge be officially corroborated. But, since the Taft Administration had only two weeks left, the problem was nervously left to Woodrow Wilson and his incoming Democrats. The Ambassador worked meanwhile to

stabilize the new regime. He wired all American consuls in Mexico asking them to use their influence to persuade local authorities to submit to Huerta, telling them that all other governors and municipal bodies had already done so.

The message was not in every case convincing. Some of the boys, undemobilized, had a wild-throated, baying answer: "Viva Madero! . . . Muera Huerta! . . . *Mueran los gringos!* . . . *Viva la Revolución!* . . ."

[Part II of "*The Wind That Swept Mexico*" will appear next month.—The Editors]



THOSE RADIO ANNOUNCERS — Radio announcers are causing so much acute suffering among listeners that something is going to have to be done.

No one else talks as they do. Indeed, no one that a listener could get at would be permitted to talk that way. Those cozy, tonsiled tones and lilting, sugary inflections would bar the person who used them from all normal human relationships.

But not all the distress caused by announcers comes from their affectations of voice and manner. They have developed a pompous lingo, a preference for long, roundabout expressions. Washington is usually called not Washington but "the nation's capital"; and the President is at least half the time referred to as "the chief executive." What would you think of a man if in everyday affairs he remarked: "I'm going to the nation's capital where I hope to see the chief executive"? Last night I heard this: "President Franklin Delano Roosevelt now has been endowed with war powers even greater than those that were conferred upon Woodrow Wilson, who, it will be remembered, occupied the place of chief executive of our nation during the period of the First World War."

For some reason, radio announcers seem to think it is not quite decent to repeat an important word in a single paragraph and we hear such monkey business as this: "The Japanese have attempted to land troops and according to a communiqué received from the British capital [not just London, of course] the Nipponese [not the Japanese, or even *they*] have been successful."

Any word which makes the sentence longer is prized by the radio lads. The word "definitely" is one of their favorites. A report is not only true; it is definitely true. What, one wonders, is the difference between truth and definite truth?

With all this exhibitionism on the air, is it any wonder that those few commentators who behave naturally soon endear themselves to the public? What a relief it was to hear Elmer Davis speaking plain, everyday American, just as you felt sure he would if he fell into conversation in a smoking car! — Fred C. Kelly

WASHBOARD WEEPERS

A Small Case for Radio

MAX WYLIE



RADIO is accused of a multitude of sins, by a multitude of persons. Senators, cranks, and congressmen attack it. Lawyers, psychiatrists, doctors, educators, editors, and clergymen all take swipes at it. Many of these people are important and their views are often given wide publicity. Many of these people are brave and unselfish and really believe what they say. Many, alas, are neither informed nor fair.

By far the greatest amount of abuse—and some of the least justified—is directed at the lowly serials, better known as soap operas or washboard weepers. This is not surprising, since there are so many of them; many more than enough in the opinion of radio's critics. I have been up to my ears in these weird wonders for quite a time, and I believe I can set down a fair statement of what we in radio think is behind them and why we believe there is justification for their more or less dismal continuance. These super-hardy sunflowers of backyard fiction have crowded the daylight radio hours on weekdays for more than ten years. At night they crawl back in the ditto machines; on week-ends they relax entirely after a flamboyant Friday out-

burst; and many of them estivate all summer. They can be moved from the Red Network to the Blue without turning purple, often without knowing they were transplanted. They can go unnourished for weeks without losing their Hooper. They can stick their roots in a bar of soap and bloom as if it were Wheaties. Aspirin revives them. So does anything in a tube. As flowers go, they are tough babies, but if they are hard to classify, they are harder to kill.

Strangely enough, most of the arguments against daytime serials are based on charges that are entirely justified. Here are the charges: the stories are depressing; the stories are badly written; the stories drag; one story follows another in weary and continuous sequence; one network does what the other does; serial stories dominate program schedules all day for most of the week; the stories, most of them, are dreadful and some are salacious.

The argument then proceeds to tell us that these shows are detrimental to listeners; that they are undermining the American home; that they are thereby undermining America; and that they should therefore be stopped.

Broadcasters do not see it this way. In general they admit the charges. They knew all about it first; they knew about it before the facts became charges. But they flatly deny two things: first, that the charges constitute an argument, and second, that there is any validity in the conclusion.

Broadcasters not only deny that the shows are detrimental to listeners. They insist that they are necessary to them, that they have been constructed for them, and that they would not be on the air unless audience response demanded it. To a very generous extent I share this opinion because I can see nothing wrong in the reasoning. I have been more hotly pursued by backstage wives, orphans of divorce, and women in white than most men. I have made my living from these forlorn females. In some cases I have even determined when and whom they should marry and when they should cease to be married, and I once had the problem of supervising a case of literary parthenogenesis on sixty-eight stations for a large coast-to-coast network. I can modestly say that I know what some of these girls are up to, and some of the writers who put them up to it.

Four characteristics are present in nearly all the criticisms of daytime radio that broadcasters have to contend with. Here they are:

Most of those who criticize daytime radio do so because they can find there no entertainment values *for themselves*.

Most of those who sit down to the task of preparing statements that will improve radio end up by scolding radio. They are on a hunt for evil and they immediately find evil.

Most of those who criticize daytime shows either do not listen to enough shows, or do not listen to any given show long enough, to arrive at any constructive opinion as to what the serials may be doing culturally or psychologically to the listener who follows them all the time.

Few of the critics are steady listeners

or general listeners. The great majority are most casual in their listening habits, and some even advise us in their opening sentence that they never listen at all. They tell us they "gave up."

Concluding paragraphs of their attacks usually wind up in a shell-burst of challenge and dismay. "Why aren't there shows about happy homes and happy people?" they ask. "Where are the great American themes?" "With the world afire, why can't writers find inspiration in the courageous performance of our soldiers?" "Is Democracy so sick it can get nourishment from this sort of hokum?"

II

WE may as well take care of the primary complaint right away—"Why don't you have shows about happy homes and happy people?"

We have a few—a very few—and they are comedy shows. Most of the shows are about unhappy homes and unhappy people. The main reason of course why radio has so many stories about trouble-ridden families is that the picture of the well-adjusted family presents no problem and hence no story. It is a well-adjusted, comfortable American family, minding its own business, paying its rent, sending its normal children to normal school, going to church, and living at all times, despite the day's weather or the year's season, at room temperature. A writer would lose interest in it in a day's visit, and a listener in a single show. That is the flat answer to a question that any man or woman could answer for himself if he considered it for long. But this is only half of radio's reasoning. Radio knows a handful of sociological verities so unpleasant that the critics hesitate to mention them. Radio not only mentions them. It buys them and sells them and insists upon them, and puts them on live networks so that they can be heard all over the country and then puts them on acetate recordings so that they can be heard

in New Zealand and Hawaii. It even translates them so that they can be heard in Polish, Yiddish, Portuguese, and Italian.

What are these verities, if verities they be? They are more fundamental than the adage about misery loving company. They actually presume that most people are more preoccupied with the unhappy aspects of their present lives and past recollections, and more preoccupied about the uncertainty of their futures, than they are with the endurable or, in rare cases, the downright happy *status quo* of the moment. They presuppose that not only the secret and subconscious mind of womankind, but the conscious mind itself, is packed with more memories of loneliness and frustration and unrealized romantic reverie than memories of past delight or present fulfillment. They presuppose that the great mass of all mankind—with the women worse off than the men—is cramped and poor and troubled and tired; ungifted, without a future, and insecure; adventuresome, vain, and seeking.

Women of the daytime audiences are having physical and psychic problems that they themselves cannot understand, that they cannot solve. Being physical, they feel the thrust of these problems. Being poor, they cannot buy remedies in the form of doctors, new clothes, or deciduous coiffures; being unanalytical, they cannot figure out what is really the matter with them; and being inarticulate, they cannot explain their problem even if they know what it is. "There isn't anything the matter with me that a million dollars wouldn't cure" is no passing gag, and no sincere psychiatrist will call it a gag.

Radio doesn't think it's a gag either and does one of two things. It takes them into their own problems or into problems worse than their own (which is the same thing, only better). Or it takes them away from their problems. It gives listeners two constant and frequently simultaneous choices—participation or escape. Both work.

III

RADIO's critics like to think of themselves as the true and suitable norm, and in all the arts save radio this is not only a safe presumption; it is a necessary one. The book critic talks to book readers and book lovers. In so far as he can, he reads and criticizes what his instinct and past experience tell him is the most important or most significant or most promising book in any given day or week. He writes for people who read books or who wish to seem to have read them.

The same holds true for the critic of art exhibits, the dance, serious music, statuary, drama, architecture, poetry, epicureanism, flower arrangement, landscape gardening, and street planning. All such critics must concentrate on a field whose limits are pretty well known and accepted. As specialists, they have less to cover and fewer to cover for. Chotzinoff does not have to know what Fadiman knows and he is not expected to. Richard Watts does not have to know much of what Fadiman knows, and nothing at all of what Chotzinoff knows. But the radio critic should know what all these men know. And in addition to this he must be an expert in forensics, elocution, debate, and psychology, and he must also be a sound newspaperman. A radio critic would have to be omniscient.

That is why radio is almost without competent critics. That is why it has had to be its own critic. That is why it is vulnerable to criticism from any outsider who wants to come in with criticism. That is why it cannot protect itself from these outsiders, and therefore why outsiders proliferate without disturbance.

For mass-consumption purposes, in order to carry a case against daytime radio, it would seem to be necessary for the critics to demonstrate that these shows are worse than other avenues of mass entertainment in the matter of violence, or misery, or vulgarity, or in their suggestion and intention.

Let us set up an average man of twenty and see what he has read, heard, and looked at in the course of a normal American education. Before he learned how to read he could recite thirty or forty Mother Goose rhymes. He knew "Goosey, Goosey, Gander," in which he found an old man who wouldn't say his prayers, and being a correct young man of four, he did the only thing possible. He took that old man by his left leg and threw him down the stairs. He saw a spider frighten a Miss Muffett off her tuffet. He saw a farm woman cut off the tails of three blind mice with a carving knife. He saw London Bridge fall and Scotland burn. He knew a kid named Simon who couldn't buy anything from a piaman because he was flat broke. He knew a girl with bonny brown hair who was being stood up for the first time because a fellow named Johnny didn't come home from the fair. Our young friend is now sophisticated enough to know some babes. These seemed to be lost in a wood. Nothing happened to them except that they sobbed and they cried and they lay down and died. And he was the intimate of the children who got spanked soundly and sent to bed because their old lady didn't know what else to do, living in a shoe the way she did.

Except for a merry old soul who liked fiddle players, our young friend has seen little enough that is pleasant. It looks like a troubled world to him, full of lost and impoverished youngsters, homeless and whimpering in the dark; a world of homely parents, most of whom are ancient and cruel; a place of shadows, ridiculous economic structures, and cows with crumpled horns. This wearies him a great deal and he goes to bed in a tree top comforted by the news that the whole works is likely to come crashing to earth any minute.

Presently he learns how to read, and his storybooks introduce him to a man who hangs his wives to rafters by their hair; to a little match girl freezing in the snow; to a boy bumping around

Germany in the fire box of a big stove; to a boy who kills giants with a pickax; to wolves, devils, pirates, kidnappers, and people who can unscrew their eyes. Children disappear into a mountain cleft and never come back to Hamelin. Children disappear into a Crusade and never come back to England. A boy gets shot out of a tree and falls dead before Garibaldi. A boy gets his legs shot off, hangs his drum to a bough, and beats the charge till his blood runs out. A French maiden is burned alive. A queen is beheaded.

Comic strips begin to feature more prominently in his development, and he devours panel after panel of the fastest-moving four-color melodrama that man's ingenuity can devise. He does this, it is to be presumed, to relax from the urbane suavity of Poe, the eupeptic exuberance of Hawthorne, the Thomas Hardy's irrepressible wise-cracking, and the glyptic inertias of Jack London, Ambrose Bierce, and Bret Harte; Conrad, Wells, Kipling, Scott, and Dickens—all of whom he has been reading in small daily doses for a year or two because they were part of his syllabus. When he is only sixteen our young student is obliged to memorize great sections of a story which when slightly compressed and rephrased might read like this:

Joe's girl, a gun moll, suspects that he's too soft for the killings he's got to undertake. So the next night she pours liquor into the victim's bodyguards, gets them drunk, takes their guns, gives them to Joe, and tells him to go in and do the killing—which he does. But the next night there is good reason to kill the gang leader's lieutenant, and Joe is so scared that he pays a couple of local boys to do the job with clubs. By this time Joe keeps seeing the lieutenant, probably because he isn't there. His nerves are shot. He decides that if he doesn't kill everybody in his way, they'll kill him. But the mob turns on him, kills him, and cuts his head off to make sure.

There is no sex in this story at all. It

is the sort of story that you have read in the newspapers in one form or another, and it will be going on in the papers as long as there are men living who do not have what they want, or who do not have what their wives want, which is usually more newsworthy.

I have paraphrased the story just recounted because I wished to conceal its authorship. I think it is a story of violence, a yarn not far removed in many of its features from the very sort of story that has been lambasted all over the four networks. (In May of this year five daytime shows on the Red Network alone were dealing with murder.)

Nobody knows who wrote this story. Some say Holinshed and some say George Buchanan. It doesn't matter in the least. What does matter is that an alert and busy Englishman stumbled upon it, was fascinated by it, rewrote it, and called it "Macbeth."

I do not see any reason to go on with this. The point is clear. All our childhoods were sadistic. Our formative years were explosive, reckless, and packed with excitement. Lyricism, if any, we managed to catch on the fly. By the time the normal American is eighteen he has seen men killed every way it can be done. By the time he is twenty there is almost nothing in the category of classical misconduct he doesn't know. Much of this he has learned by reading, and much of it by reading what was put into his hands by those responsible for his education. I grant of course that he has also read much that was light and easy on the nerves, but his reading thrills were thrilling because they treated of violence or of a promise of violence. (We won't even mention the movies.)

Critics of radio will insist that these stories of exalted adventure are classic stories and therefore improving. This is true. But radio answers this by pointing out that less than one per cent have gone on reading the classics after their limited compulsory exposure to them in school.

That is the thing radio men know. They know other things. They know that most members of American radio homes don't give a hoot for a symphony. Only about six and a half million individual listeners really enjoy symphonic music. About twice this many may pretend to like it, which splits the normal symphony audience into two parts, at a ratio of two fakers for every fan. Culturally this may not be flattering, but factually, though it may be of no interest to critics, it is of compelling interest to broadcasters. It limits the amount of good music this country shall hear. But radio has more harrowing evidence than this. Radio is in 14 million homes where there are no magazines. It is in 8 million homes where there are no cars. It is in 13 million homes where there are no telephones. It is in 6 million homes where there are no bathtubs. These are the homes of America's poor.

Radio believes that these people are limited in a way not understood by radio critics, or it would have been mentioned by them. The critics have criticized radio because there are major aspects of radio they do not like *for themselves*. It is they themselves who do not like soap operas. Wittingly or not, they all speak for themselves or for a plane of privilege and discrimination and social criteria totally unknown to the multitudes. They would exchange the bad taste of these multitudes for their personal idea of good taste. This might get better programs on the air and poor programs off the air, but it would sink radio inside of a year. It would pull the sea-cocks out of her, and she would subside in a wail of woodwinds, bow-heavy with artistic mash, logy with prose.

IV

HERE is the fatal flaw running through all the criticism of radio to date, irrespective of source, corrective, or intention. Radio, to be free, must be radio *for all the people*. That is why it is so strong and open-throated in America.

Everybody has a piece of it here. That is why it is dead in Europe. It doesn't belong to the listeners.

To-day radio is being badgered and squeezed by the neck. Its eyes are beginning to start. It needs help. Up to now it has handled its fights by itself. Alone it cannot win them all and has already lost some big ones. It has consistently refused to pre-empt its own power to win any converts to its cause, for radio really believes that American broadcasting is owned and operated by its public.

You are its public, and if you like

radio stick up for it. If you don't like it complain about it. But complain in the charitable terms that bespeak your recognition of the tastes and the rights of others.

No man in American radio has ever said that everything in radio is right, and no radio man ever will. But they will all tell you this: if you make radio a public issue, radio will bring it to the public. Broadcasters have never flinched from a public issue and as long as democracy exists they never will.

Public trust is radio's only security, public response its mold.



THE DEADLY PARALLEL — It is evident that the Government now stands before the bar of public opinion as never before. Never before in our national experience have such enormous trusts been committed to an Administration. . . . It was supposed that the Government would be in advance of the people, and that a stubborn individualism . . . and a democratic self-conceit would tempt us to carp at every public measure that demanded the least obedience or sacrifice. Quite the contrary: the people have been in advance of the Government, and have shown their loyalty not only in providing the most ample means, but by patience under reverses. Instead of making the worst, we have made the best of the sad blunders of leaders, and we have reason to marvel at our own good nature. . . .

We are asking not to be cajoled, petted, indulged by our rulers, but to have the truth plainly spoken and the issue distinctly put. The Government have not begun to appreciate the earnestness and honesty of the people, and seem to resort to concealment and artifice when openness and confidence would be far more politic as well as conciliating. . . .

We are sometimes pained that this feeling is not always appreciated at the seat of government, and that generally Washington is the last place for a patriot to deepen his convictions or confirm his enthusiasm. . . . It is refreshing to turn to the great heart of the people, and to find it so true, so loyal, so strong, so self-sacrificing. . . . — From "The Editor's Table," in Harper's Magazine, November, 1862—exactly eighty years ago.

THE POLAR ROUTE TO VICTORY

EARL PARKER HANSON



ARE you aware that investigations by competent engineers and explorers over a period of many years have shown that the Arctic route is not only the shortest but in many ways the most practicable air route between the United States and Russia and Siberia? The flying distance from north Greenland across the Arctic Sea to Murmansk is only about thirteen hundred miles. Compare this with the flying distance between Newfoundland and Ireland—two thousand miles!

The Arctic route is completely protected and is not threatened by the Axis, unless possibly from Spitsbergen—of which more later. Sir Hubert Wilkins proved that a light plane—and the Russians proved that heavy freight planes—can land and take off successfully from moving polar ice. It has also been proved that “ground” organization for air transport can be maintained on the ice. It was known long ago that landing fields could be constructed on the northern tip of Greenland and elsewhere in the Arctic and that the Greenland ice cap is one vast natural landing field. “The Arctic Sea,” says Captain Ashley McKinley of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, “is the only sea left on earth of which the United Nations still have complete

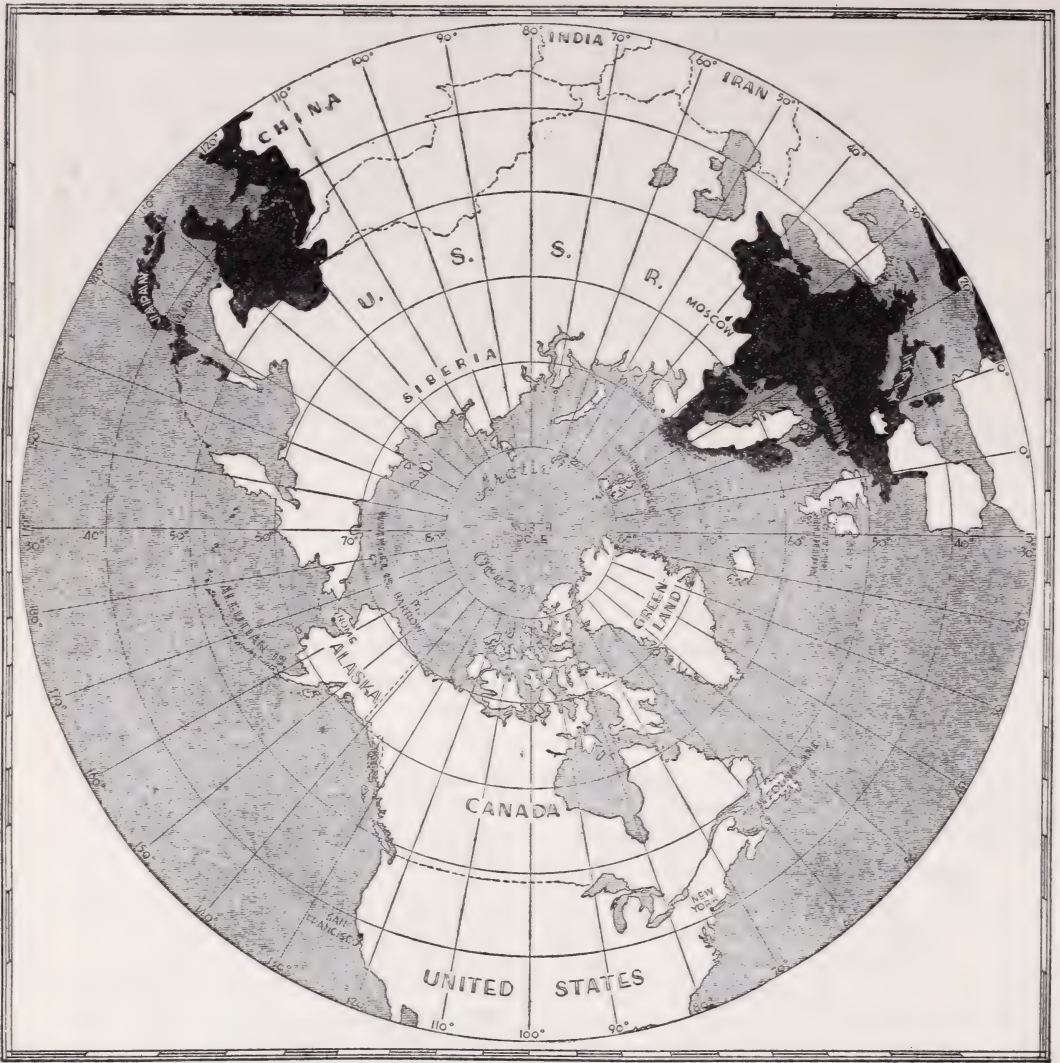
and unchallenged control; it is too bad that we are not doing anything about using it.”

If all these things are true, why isn't this Arctic shortcut extensively used?

1. Because only a handful of men in our Army and Navy seem fully aware of these facts. (A high Admiral is reported to have written within the year that ships must not be used in the Arctic if they are needed for war work!) This attitude springs, in turn, from

2. Distorted teaching of geography in our schools. Children are taught that the earth is round, but their knowledge of geography comes almost entirely from the distorted Mercator Projection, used in school texts, which depicts the world as a cylinder, cut open along one meridian and spread out flat. Millions of Americans and citizens of other nations have been schooled in the false perspective of this map, an invention of the 16th century and still used in a supposedly scientific age! Few children, or grown people for that matter, know how to use a globe. Another reason for ignorance about the Arctic is

3. The belief, fostered for a hundred years by explorers in their books, lectures, and films, that the Arctic is a frozen, desolate land of the dead. Thirty years ago Vilhjalmur Stefansson and others began the labor of breaking down this belief in order to show that *by adapting oneself to Arctic conditions one could live there with ease*. Stefansson did this by living for eleven years with the Eskimos, by living for months on the ice pack and feeding himself by hunting and fishing. Through these years a great quantity of practical information on weather, food, and



living conditions has been accumulated. In addition to these reasons, there is always

4. The dead weight of habit and inertia, the dislike of using a new way, even though the new way lies straight and clear ahead. "It was never done that way before."

The map that accompanies this article, known as a Polar Equidistant Projection, shows the Northern Hemisphere, down to the 30th Parallel. It is drawn as though the reader were looking straight down at the Pole. This map has its distortions also—south of 60° the areas are stretched in an east-west direction—but it is sufficiently accurate to demonstrate the availability of the Arctic routes.

Study this map and you will see that Germany, Italy, and Japan are at the

edge of the earth, separated by a great swath that reaches clear across the world. This swath is the territory of the United Nations. It begins on one side with China, India, and Iran, moves north through Russia and Siberia, over the Arctic Sea—our own Mediterranean—and south through Alaska and Canada to the United States and Mexico. Only the edges of this gigantic territory have been penetrated so far, except at one point—Norway.

The ice of this polar Mediterranean is, to be sure, a barrier to surface transport, but the Russians—using ice breakers, adequate meteorological service, and scouting planes along Siberia's north

coast—have shown that the ice is not nearly as much of a barrier as was believed. Fringe navigation by steamer, carrying munitions, from Nome through Bering Strait direct to Soviet Arctic ports is perfectly feasible now for two or three summer months of the year. The completion of the Alaskan highway will make such a connection even easier. Air freight from the United States to Alaska is another way of making such a connection. Recently a twenty-four-bed demountable hospital with all its equipment was air-freighted to Alaska in thirty-six hours.

The survey of the Arctic by Americans for practical occupational purposes goes back at least seventy-five years to 1867, when Seward, wanting to acquire Greenland, had information on the big island gathered and published in a State Department report. The record in recent years includes the following:

- 1925-28 Amundsen, Byrd and Nobile all flew over the Pole.
- 1927 Wilkins demonstrated the feasibility of airplane landings on polar ice.
- 1928 Wilkins made his survey flight from Point Barrow to Spitsbergen.
- 1932 Beginning in this year, Pan American Airways sent four land expeditions to Greenland to lay out an air route. Lindbergh flew this route for Pan American Airways. Juan Trippe of Pan American said in 1937 that "it isn't because of anything found along the route that we aren't flying it today." The implication was that actual use of the route was prevented by the world politics of those days.
- 1937 The Russians landed a party on the ice at the Pole to make observations. The party stayed on a drifting floe for eight months, doing invaluable scientific work, and finally emerged in the open sea off N.E. Greenland.
- 1937 Russians made two non-stop flights from Moscow to California via the North Pole.
- 1937 Wilkins proved, in the search for Levanevsky, that flying conditions by full moon in the "long dark winter night" are better than in the constant daylight of the summer.

In addition to all this, Wilkins has shown that submarines in the Arctic Sea never have to dive deeper than fifteen

feet or travel submerged for more than fifty miles from one lead to another. There are no icebergs in the Arctic Sea. The ones that harass Atlantic shipping break off the Greenland glaciers, drift south, and never touch the Arctic Sea. It is now known that the Arctic Sea is one of the calmest large areas on earth and is far warmer than is generally supposed.

The tremendous importance of Spitsbergen becomes clear from the map. It is the half-way point between Greenland and Murmansk. For the most part Spitsbergen is mountainous. But we know that in 1926 Byrd took off his heavily loaded plane from King's Bay. In 1928 Wilkins, arriving from Alaska, made a blind landing on uninhabited Dead Man's Island and later put his plane down at King's Bay. The attitude of the United Nations, as reported in the papers, is a baffling mystery to civilian observers. At this writing the United Nations have only raided—not occupied—the islands. At the time of this raid the Axis did not occupy this highly strategic position, but friendly Norwegian and Russian coal miners did. The raiders took these miners away and destroyed the coal that might have had great value in operations in the Arctic Sea or on the now-traveled route to Murmansk. As far as can be told from the newspapers, nobody now knows for certain whether the Germans are occupying Spitsbergen or not, though it is believed at this writing that they are not there. Wrangel Island is straight over the Pole from Spitsbergen. Wrangel has fully developed aviation facilities, excellent meteorological services, and is tied by the Soviet transportation system to Vladivostok and all the rest of the Soviet Union.

From New York to Vladivostok by way of San Francisco is about 8,000 miles, and about 5,000 of those miles are across the enemy-infested Pacific. But from New York to Vladivostok by way of either north Greenland or Spitsbergen and Wrangel Island is about 6,000 miles.

Use the Arctic route!

DUNKIRK NIGHT

LOUIS ARAGON

Translated by ROLFE HUMPHRIES



FRANCE, underfoot like a worn-out carpet spread,
Shrinks from the constant pressure of our tread.

In the sea the dead men float with other scraps,
Boats turned over to look like bishops' caps;

A hundred thousand men for bivouac go
Where sky meets sea in the harbor of Malo;

Rotting horses reek to the evening sky
As the sound of the great stampede comes trampling by.

The level crossing lifts its arms in the air,
We find in ourselves the hearts that were lost somewhere;

In the hearts of a hundred thousand landless men
The loves may never utter a sound again.

O, sharers of St. Sebastian's agony,
How much you are like me, how much like me.

I shall not be understood by those who found
The heart was always stronger than the wound.

But cry aloud this anguish, this desire,
Night makes more visible the flowers of fire

Till those who walk in their sleep come staggering down
From the burning roofs all over the burning town.

Cry my love like the man who used to go
Calling *Knives to grind!* in the streets below;

Cry and cry O where have you gone, my love,
Light of my eyes, my lark, my little dove;

Cry more loud than the noise when the shells come down
On the wounded men and those who will not drown;

Cry no flagon has ever poured out wine
As rich and sweet as the taste of your mouth on mine.

Your arms, like ivy, keep me fastened here:
I cannot die. The dead forget, my dear.

I remember their eyes when the ships began to move:
Can Dunkirk make a man forget his love?

I cannot sleep: the rockets burst and flare;
What drink can make a man forget his care?

The soldiers have scooped out their one-man caves
And seem to test the shadow of their graves.

Faces like flint, demented attitudes
Over whose slumber grim foreboding broods.

No springtime fragrance drifts across this land;
Here May is dying on the dunes of sand.



THE FUTURE OF THE CORPORATION

PETER F. DRUCKER



THE industrial plant, especially the large-scale automatic mass-production plant, has become the basic social unit of our industrial society. The fight for the control and organization of this central institution is at the core of the social crisis of our generation. For an ever-increasing number of our citizens the industrial plant furnishes both the livelihood and the social environment in which they spend most of their waking hours. All of us are dependent upon the goods which industry produces—in war even more than in peace. And the decisions of the managers of industry on prices and wages, production and purchasing affect the lives of more people—and affect them more directly—than the decisions of most of the political authorities proper, such as State or city governments. Whoever controls the industrial plant holds the decisive power in our society.

To-day this power seems about to fall completely into the hands of a centralized bureaucratic government. It has become very popular to talk about the "Managerial Revolution"—the silent and automatic transfer of power to the administrative officers of the business corporation. But in every industrial country the transition from a peace to a total

war economy means the eclipse of the authority and control of the corporation managements. The managers are being dethroned. In a total war economy they are not much more than technical experts. Like the "specialists" of early Communism, they are entrusted with the technical problems of production; but the political and social decisions of economic life are being taken over rapidly by the government. It is the government which decides what to produce, how much, at what price, whom to hire, and at what wage. What is going on to-day is not the beginning but the liquidation of the Managerial Society.

This process did not originate in the United States; it is common to all belligerent countries. But in this country centralized government control of industry has been developing at a more rapid pace than in any other. In nine months of war the American corporation executive has been deprived of a larger share of his social power and independence than the English industrialist has lost in three years of war. This is important not only because the outcome of the war depends upon America's industry, but because the structure of the post-war world too will be decided by the political and social forms in which the United States will

organize its industrial system. If this country adopts central government control and bureaucratic planning as the permanent institutional form of industrial life, every other nation will follow suit. For after the fighting is over in this war the United States will not only be the major military and economic power of the world but its political and social leader as well.

The neo-Marxists such as Mr. James Burnham, who coined the phrase "Managerial Revolution," pretend that the corporation executives themselves are the driving force and the beneficiaries of bureaucratic centralization. The managers, according to this theory, are conquering the state for their own benefit. Mr. Burnham even goes so far as to interpret Nazism, Stalinism, and the New Deal as fundamentally identical and as facets of the same conquest of political power by the industrial managers. To the corporation vice-president who is caught in the maze of regulations and restrictions issuing from Washington this makes about as much sense as the statement that the fly "conquers" the spider's web. He needs no sociologist to tell him that he is not gaining power but losing it fast. And the new masters are not ruling in the interest of the "managerial class." It is obvious that their purposes and objectives during total war have nothing to do with the purposes for which the corporation management exercised its power. And if the centralized bureaucracy should remain in control after the war, their aims in peace would continue to be as different from "managerial" aims as they were in war.

The process of centralization and of bureaucratic unification of total economic control, which seems to be the inevitable result of this war, is not just a change of the forms in which managerial rule is exercised. It is a complete shift in social control away from the managers to a new bureaucratic "élite." In magnitude and importance this development can be compared to the "breaking" of the feudal barons and independent towns

by the centralized bureaucracy of the new national states in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century continental Europe. And it might be well to remember that it was not freedom but "Enlightened Despotism" that issued from that centralization of three hundred years ago.

In no Western country is the majority of the people in favor of the permanent transfer of industrial power and control to the central government. There is a wide divergence of opinion regarding the political limitations of private initiative; but there is near-unanimity that complete government control is undesirable. On economic grounds the case for independent industrial management is overwhelmingly strong. There is simply no doubt that private initiative is economically the most efficient, and centralized bureaucracy the most inefficient form of industrial management.

This is true even in a total war economy. The greatest economic achievement of this war—America's production effort in the months since Pearl Harbor—rests squarely upon the individual initiative and ingenuity of local plant managers, engineers, and workers who found the way to reach the goals set by the central authority. And the worst obstacles to full war efficiency in all belligerent countries are over-centralization, lack of a clear definition of functions and responsibilities, red tape, and the other inevitable concomitants of bureaucratic management.

Yet neither the arguments of economic rationality nor the hostility of the bulk of the people toward bureaucratic management have been able to prevent the demotion of the independent corporation manager. For the drive against him rests on political arguments which override economic or technical efficiency. The corporation executive is being deprived of his social control because we do not consider him rightfully entitled to social power. It is not the efficiency, it is the authority of managerial rule that is questioned in the first place. For it has lost its original justification in the indi-

vidual property rights of the stockholders from which it derived its recognized claim to social power: the power within the corporation over workers, the power over society through wage, price, and output decisions.

To the charge that management power is not legitimate or responsible power, the claim that it is efficient, honest, and well-trained is simply no answer. The demand that managerial power be handed over to the central government—however questionable this change may be from the point of view of economic efficiency and progress—is a political demand. It is based on an accepted principle of legitimate power in our society: popular government. The advocates of complete government control, whether they call themselves totalitarians or liberal planners, assert that the government is the legitimate heir to the powers which the individual property owner has vacated.

II

THAT managerial control and legal ownership have become separated in the modern corporation has been a commonplace ever since the pioneering study of Berle and Means more than ten years ago. We all know that in legal fiction the corporation is nothing but the representative of the individual property rights of the individual stockholders. Legally, management is only the employee, the agent of the stockholders, appointed by them, removable by them at will, controlled by them, and responsible to them. But we know also that in reality the corporation has become autonomous. The stockholders are only one special group of outsiders with a claim to profits. They neither control nor run the property of the corporation; they know nothing about it in most cases. Management is autonomous too. It appoints its own successors without even consulting the stockholders. It is rarely removed by the stockholders except after a catastrophe such as bankruptcy. In the larger corporations with widely distrib-

uted stock ownership it would be impossible for the stockholders to try to control or to oust the corporation executives, even if they wanted to. Management is thus neither controlled by the legal owners of the properties nor responsible to them.

It is not only that the stockholder has ceased to look upon stock ownership as property and has come to regard it as an "investment"—that is, merely as a claim to dividends and as a chance for capital gains. In the large, well-established corporation the shareholder fulfils hardly any function which could not be performed more cheaply and more efficiently without him. The hearings of the TNEC (Temporary National Economic Committee), which were reviewed in detail in this magazine two years ago, showed conclusively that the large and powerful companies have financed their expansion mainly out of reserves and plowed-back earnings. They did not have to sell stock during the past decade. If they had required capital it would have been easier and cheaper under the market conditions of the 'thirties to borrow from the banks or to sell bonds. The shareholder is still essential for a company in its development stage. But a company in the development stage is precisely the type of business in which the average investor does not and cannot invest. The only shares that answer his purposes are those of firmly established companies with a fair earnings record, financial stability, and popular appeal. And such companies do not need his money.

Altogether, our economic system has split into two parts during the past fifty years: a "real" economy of mills and plants, and a "symbol" economy of negotiable securities like stocks and bonds. Practically all our industry is organized under this dualism. The symbols carry the legal property rights, but the physical control lies with the managers of the "real" economy. The symbols are volatile and impersonal, the controls permanent and personal. The symbols give

wealth but no power. Control of the "real" economy may not give more than a good income, but it gives socially decisive power. And outside of legal fiction there is very little connection between these two economies; they have largely become independent of each other.

During the past decade this situation has even found legal expression. No legal reform went so far as Owen D. Young's proposal of more than ten years ago which would have vested legal ownership of the corporation in the management and would have confined the shareholder to a limited share in the profits. But the abortive NRA codes—the high-water mark of managerial power in the United States—intended to confer the legal power over industry to the managers of compulsory industry-wide cartels who would not have been responsible even in legal fiction to the shareholders of the individual member-firms of the cartel. And under the wartime system of excess profits taxes the stockholders' claim to a participation in the profits has been limited as drastically as under Owen D. Young's original plan. With excess profits taxes taking all income above a fixed return, it is the U. S. Treasury which alone stands to benefit from an increase in earnings. And it is also the Treasury which is the main loser if corporate income goes down.

As far as economic efficiency is concerned, the divorce of the symbols of property from the power of control in the modern corporation may have been all to the good. There has never been a more capable, more honest, and better-trained group of business executives than the professional managers of the American corporation to-day. And the stockholder has never had a squarer deal than in the ten years between the Depression and America's entry into the war, when managerial power was at its peak. It is not management that has snatched away the control from the defenseless stockholders, but the stockholders that have abandoned it to management.

Many of the corporation executives I know would gladly hand back the responsibility to the stockholders. But the individual share-owner does not want it. He invests in shares largely because he thus escapes the worries and responsibilities of business. He has abdicated voluntarily and cannot be induced to reassume a power which is legally his but the exercise of which would be against his self-interest.

However justifiable the separation of ownership and control may be from the economic point of view, politically it has deprived corporate management of its title to the social power which it exercised. Capability and honesty are sufficient qualifications for purely technical decisions. But the managerial decisions are social and political decisions. And a social power needs a political justification; otherwise it is illegitimate power. It needs political limitations lest it become absolute power. It must be politically controlled and responsible or it is tyrannical power. The justification of managerial power used to lie in the individual property rights of the shareholders. It was limited by its responsibility to the legal owners by whom it was controlled. With the abdication of the stockholder, corporation management lost therefore its original justification, its original limitations, and its original responsibility.

Individual property rights have been considered a good claim to legitimate power ever since Western society emerged from feudalism. The powers and institutions built on them constitute the bulk of what we know as our social environment. To balance individual property rights against the other legitimate basis of power in our society—the consent of the majority—and to limit and control the one through the other, was the nineteenth century's formula for a free society—the most successful formula the world has known so far.

Our society has not given up the belief that individual property rights entitle to power and control in social life.

On the contrary, it can be argued that the belief is as strong as ever.* To-day, however, the representatives of capital talk no longer of the "system of private property" but of the "private enterprise system" or of "private initiative and efficiency." They have forgotten the first rule of political life—that social power can never be justified by mere function but must have an ethical basis. Property rights were such a basis; to Locke, on whose philosophy our social beliefs are so largely based, property was the means to the realization of the "good life." Divorced from this basis, however, managerial power becomes unjustified power.

A few years ago—even perhaps a few months ago—no group in our society seemed more firmly entrenched and better organized than the corporation managers. To-day no group seems more likely to lose permanently all political and social power. The corporation managers have been dethroned without even a real fight. Not only did they have no popular support—like all social powers that are not justified or that are not legitimate, they had nothing to fight for, no battle cry to which to rally, no issue on which to take a stand. The demand that the central government take over the social control of industry is not really a popular demand. But the corporation managers had nothing to set against it; thus the bureaucracy has been assuming power by default. And the temporary eclipse of private initiative and private enterprise in the war economy will become a permanent one unless we recreate a legitimate basis for independent power in the corporation.

III

EVEN if centralized bureaucratic government control should prove a great deal more efficient than we have any

reason to expect, freedom could hardly be maintained under it. Whatever the constitutional safeguards and legal controls, a central omnipotent bureaucracy must very soon become a tyranny. It is not only unrealistic to assume that the electorate could control or limit an administrative bureaucracy any better than the stockholders can control and limit a corporation president; it is also certain that no society can remain free unless there is a functional separation between political government and social rule. It was the absence of this separation which led to the collapse of all earlier democracies—those of Greece as well as those of the Middle Ages. And it was the dualism, the basic juxtaposition between a government based on majority consent and a society based on individual property rights which made freedom in the modern world possible, durable, and strong.

The monist centralized state may be efficient, honest, benevolent, and popular; but it could not long be free. On the other hand, society cannot function under an illegitimate rule which must breed anarchy. Is there no alternative?

There is one very popular panacea to-day which promises a way out of this dilemma. Unionism, usually called "Industrial Democracy," is guaranteed by its advocates to give us a legitimate and yet independent and efficient organization of industrial power and decision. The trade unions, under leaders elected by the majority of the workers, are held out as the proper successors to corporation management. Under the unionist scheme management would continue in the same purely technical capacity in which it serves in a war economy. But instead of the central government, the representatives of the union would be entrusted with the fundamental social decisions on labor and wage policy, output and prices.

There is probably no greater illusion than this mirage of "Industrial Democracy." That trade union leaders derive their authority from the union members,

* Impressive evidence for the attitude of the people toward corporate property, for their acceptance of individual property rights as a basis of social control, and their halting attempts to justify managerial power is to be found in A. W. Jones, *Life, Liberty and Property* (New York, 1941), a book which has not received the attention it deserves.

that they are appointed and controlled by them and responsible to them, is as much of a legal sham as that corporation executives are appointed, controlled, and limited by the stockholders. Even if we regard the racketeer-infested unions as unrepresentative of unionism—just as the few crooked managements are unrepresentative of the modern corporation—none of the larger unions is self-governing. The leadership may be completely honest, efficient, and sincere—it is all of this in most cases. But it is not appointed by, or responsible to, the members, who are as unable to control their union as shareholders are to run their corporation.

As in the corporation, the autonomy of the leaders of the union is not the result of a conspiracy but reflects the character of the modern union. A trade union must be nationwide; it cannot be local. It is by necessity far too complex an organization for the individual worker to oversee. To participate actively or intelligently in the management of any large union would take far more time than the individual member could possibly spare. And one of the greatest attractions of the union from the point of view of the individual worker is precisely that it relieves him of the need to make decisions himself. The same reasons which made corporation executives autonomous made union leadership uncontrolled. Both are managerial powers which, from being agents, have become principals.

To change from the managerial rule of the corporation executives to the managerial rule of the union leaders would not replace illegitimate social power by legitimate rule. One might even question whether it would be more than a change of names. Actually, union leadership and corporation management today resemble each other very closely. They have very much the same approach to economic and social problems and the same managerial philosophy. They are like the white and red figures in a chess set, working for identical purposes under

identical rules though always on opposite sides.

It is no accident that the resemblance extends also to personal characteristics. Samuel Gompers and William Green came out of the same mold as the conservative banker-lawyer management of the 1910 corporation. The next generation of union leaders, who came to the fore in the early years of the Depression, resembled the tycoons of the 'twenties who set up the pyramided holding companies and jerry-built utility empires. And we have now a new type of union executive who could hardly be distinguished from the new type of corporation executive: professional careermen and efficiency engineers. Incidentally, the same correlation between business management and union management can be seen in every other industrial country. It showed clearly in pre-Hitler Germany. And in England only the managers and secretaries of the industrial federations and industrial cartels—the real rulers of England's corporations—show quite the same mixture of managerial efficiency and bureaucratic unimaginativeness which is so typical of the Trades Union Congress.

Taken altogether, Unionism is not a force of the future but of the past. It is not the successor to corporation management but its shadow. It was never meant to be anything but a critique of, and a protection against, the power of the managers. Unions are a perpetual opposition, and it is opposition alone for which they are fit. In an industrial system in which the corporation managers have the final decisions trade unions fulfil important, necessary, and beneficial functions. It was one of the great mistakes of corporation executives not to realize that the unions are a natural complement to management which should have been used for the benefit of the business. But outside of protection, criticism, and opposition, trade unions have nothing to do. Should management power disappear, union power would disappear with it. Certainly a centralized

government in command of industry would not allow trade unions except perhaps as administrative organs of the government.

Actually, the power of the trade unions is already declining. They have been so successful that there is not much more for them to do. Like every opposition, unionism can be strong politically only as long as it struggles against heavy odds. If the bulk of the workers is organized, and the majority of businesses are under union contract, and the closed shop is fairly general, trade unions cease to be the sacred cause of the workers and become routine machines. It is no accident that the totalitarian dictators found nothing easier than the abolition and destruction of the unions. The German, Italian, and French trade unions could be dissolved by decree; and that there was no opposition was precisely due to the fact that the labor movements in these countries had been so successful that they had neither fighting strength nor function left.

IV

SINCE the unionist's "Industrial Democracy" is a mirage, there is only one way in which there can be a free and functioning industrial society: the industrial plant itself must become a truly self-governing community. The independent plant under independent management must be maintained. But it can be maintained only if it is given the autonomous political basis which it lacks at present. And just as the development of local self-governing communities was the means by which the centralized bureaucratic absolutism of the "Enlightened Despots" was overcome in the English Settlement of 1688 and in the American Revolution of 1776, so to-day the threat of bureaucratic despotism can be overcome only by the development of the industrial plant into a responsible self-government.

That the industrial corporation has a responsibility toward the worker is nothing new. That it owes him not only a

living wage but also working conditions which respect the dignity and sacredness of the human person is a commonplace. No one would want to sacrifice the tremendous improvement in the conditions of the industrial worker which we have witnessed in our generation. On the contrary, much must be done and can be done. But responsibility to the worker is not the whole answer. What we need is the responsibility of the worker.

The most ideal care for the worker, the highest wages, cannot give the individual member of the industrial plant the sense of belonging to a community, the personal responsibility for its actions and its future, the identification with his fellow-workers as with members of the same social group, without which the autonomous plant is impossible. This has been proved conclusively by the failure of industrial paternalism. Only a part of the company-sponsored unions and employee associations were "yellow unions" set up to exploit the workers and to perpetuate absolute managerial control. A good many—perhaps the majority—grew out of the honest desire of the management to build up a plant community for the benefit of the workers. Yet almost none succeeded. Model houses, baseball teams, skating rinks, even top wages and pension plans are no substitute for the one genuine basis of community life—a share in responsibility and the satisfaction of individual achievement in the group that goes with it.

It is not even sufficient to give the worker an interest in his individual work. The famous experiments carried out some ten years ago in the Western Electric plant near Chicago showed that the monotony and fatigue of mechanized industrial work can be offset only if the worker believes that his labor matters; as long as the worker was made to feel important, productivity increased and fatigue decreased, almost regardless of improvement or deterioration in his actual physical conditions of work. By supplying psychological satisfactions we might thus get a contented and even a

happy worker. But we shall never by such means alone get a responsible citizen of a free industrial society. And unless we succeed in this political task we shall not be able to overcome the threat of an industrial despotism which will be no less unfree for being benevolent, scientific, and enlightened.

The industrial corporation of the future should still owe to its shareholders a return on their invested capital. It should still be responsible to the consumer. Consumer acceptance of its product will continue to be the final condition for the survival of the business. And the protection of the consumer against monopolies and fraud should remain a legitimate interest of the central government.

The industrial corporation of the future should also continue to have an independent management. Technical or commercial decisions cannot be made by a workers' committee any better than by a stockholders' meeting. But if we are to have an independent management—indeed, if we are to have an independent corporation—the corporation executives must be the instrument of the responsible self-government of the *social* institution of the plant by the workers, just as these executives used to be the instrument of the self-government of the *economic* institution of the corporation by the shareholders. The workers will have to be responsible for the internal organization of the mill: its working conditions, its labor efficiency, its hiring and firing policies, its social life. Neither the business agent of a union nor the personnel expert of the corporation can relieve them of this responsibility—which is a basically political and social responsibility—if the plant is to be an independent community.

This war offers us the greatest oppor-

tunity to create the free and functioning industrial community. That every industrial country must adopt a centralized "totalitarian" economy during modern war seems to be accepted as a dogma today; it is nevertheless nothing but a superstition. It rests only on the fallacious argument that we must copy Hitler in order to be as efficient as the Nazis. But Hitler suppressed individual initiative and local self-government not for reasons of efficiency but because he cannot allow any freedom without risking a revolution. We, on the other hand, will be the stronger—and the more efficient—the more we utilize the initiative and responsibility of free men.

To-day management and labor for the first time in decades are united in a common purpose: to produce for victory. The problems of merchandising and profits which had prevented their collaboration in peacetime have been suspended for the duration. On the other hand, there are new problems which can be solved efficiently neither by the experts in Washington nor by the corporation executives. How can we best organize our labor power so that the right people stay at the machines? How can we utilize our machines so that each plant turns out the product to which it can be converted most efficiently? And how can production be speeded up?

For reasons of wartime efficiency alone, these vital problems must be tackled by management and labor acting together. All over the nation there are already joint councils of executives and workers trying to find a common answer to a common challenge. We must attempt during the war to build from these beginnings of local industrial self-government so that we may have really autonomous and responsible industrial communities when peace comes.



SCIENTISTS ARE LONELY MEN

OLIVER LA FARGE



IT is not so long ago that, even in my dilettante study of the science of ethnology, I corresponded with men in Ireland, Sweden, Germany, France, and Yucatán, and had some discussion with a Chinese. One by one these interchanges were cut off; in some countries the concept of science is dead, and even in the free strongholds of Britain and the Americas pure science is being—must be—set aside in favor of what is immediately useful and urgently needed. It must hibernate now; for a while all it means is likely to be forgotten.

It has never been well understood. Scientists have never been good at explaining themselves and, frustrated by this, they tend to withdraw into the esoteric, refer to the public as “laymen,” and develop incomprehensible vocabularies from which they draw a naïve, secret-society feeling of superiority.

What is the special nature of a scientist as distinguished from a soda-jerker? Not just the externals such as his trick vocabulary, but the human formation within the man? Most of what is written about him is rot; but there is stuff there which a writer can get his teeth into, and it has its vivid, direct relation to all that we are fighting for.

The inner nature of science within the scientist is both emotional and intellectual. The emotional element must not be overlooked, for without it there is no sound research on however odd and dull-seeming a subject. As is true of all of us, an emotion shapes and informs the scientist's life; at the same time an intellectual discipline molds his thinking, stamping him with a character as marked as a seaman's although much less widely understood.

To an outsider who does not know of this emotion, the scientist suggests an ant, putting forth great efforts to lug one insignificant and apparently unimportant grain of sand to be added to a pile, and much of the time his struggle seems as pointless as an ant's. I can try to explain why he does it and what the long-term purpose is behind it through an example from my own work. Remember that in this I am not thinking of the rare, fortunate geniuses like the Curies, Darwin, or Newton, who by their own talents and the apex of accumulated thought at which they stood were knowingly in pursuit of great, major discoveries. This is the average scientist, one among thousands, obscure, unimportant, toilsome.

I have put in a good many months of hard work, which ought by usual standards to have been dull but was not, on an investigation as yet unfinished to prove that Kanhobal, spoken by certain Indians in Guatemala, is not a dialect of Jacalteca, but that, on the contrary, Jacalteca is a dialect of Kanhobal. Ridiculous, isn't it? Yet to me the matter is not only serious but exciting. Why?

There is an item of glory. There are half a dozen or so men now living (some now, unfortunately, our enemies) who will pay me attention and respect if I prove my thesis. A slightly larger number, less interested in the details of my work, will give credit to La Farge for having added to the linguistic map of Central America the name of a hitherto unnoted dialect. But not until I have told a good deal more can I explain—as I shall presently—why the notice of so few individuals can constitute a valid glory.

There's the nature of the initial work. I have spent hours, deadly, difficult hours, extracting lists of words, paradigms of verbs, constructions, idioms, and the rest from native informants, often at night in over-ventilated huts while my hands turned blue with cold. (Those mountains are far from tropical.) An illiterate Indian tires quickly when giving linguistic information. He is not accustomed to thinking of words in terms of other words; his command of Spanish is so poor that again and again you labor over misunderstandings; he does not think in our categories of words. Take any schoolchild and ask him how you say, "I go." Then ask him in turn, "Thou goest, he goes, we go." Even the most elementary schooling has taught him, if only from the force of staring resentfully at the printed page, to think in terms of the present tense of a single verb—that is, to conjugate. He will give you, in Spanish for instance, "*Me voy, te vas, se va, nos vamos*," all in order. Try this on an illiterate Indian. He gives you his equivalent of "I go," follows it perhaps with "thou goest," but

the next question reminds him of his son's departure that morning for Ixtatán, so he answers "he sets out," and from that by another mental leap produces "we are traveling." This presents the investigator with a magnificently irregular verb. He starts checking back, and the Indian's mind being set in the new channel, he now gets "I travel" instead of "I go."

There follows an exhausting process of inserting an alien concept into the mind of a man with whom you are communicating tenuously in a language which you speak only pretty well and he quite badly.

Then of course you come to a verb which really is irregular and you mistrust it. Both of you become tired, frustrated, upset. At the end of an hour or so the Indian is worn out, his friendship for you has materially decreased, and you yourself are glad to quit.

Hours and days of this, and it's not enough. I have put my finger upon the village of Santa Eulalia and said, "Here is the true, the classic Kanhobal from which the other dialects diverge." Then I must sample the others; there are at least eight villages which must yield me up fairly complete word-lists and two from which my material should be as complete as from Santa Eulalia. More hours and more days, long horseback trips across the mountains to enter strange, suspicious settlements, sleep on the dirt floor of the schoolhouse, and persuade the astonished yokelry that it is a good idea, a delightful idea, that you should put "The Tongue" into writing. Bad food, a bout of malaria, and the early-morning horror of seeing your beloved horse's neck running blood from vampire bats ("Oh, but, yes, señor, everyone knows that here are very troublesome the vampire bats"), to get the raw material for proving that Jacalteca is a dialect of Kanhobal instead of . . .

You bring your hard-won data back to the States and you follow up with a sort of detective-quest for obscure publications and old manuscripts which may

show a couple of words of the language as it was spoken a few centuries ago, so that you can get a line on its evolution. With great labor you unearth and read the very little that has been written bearing upon this particular problem.

By now the sheer force of effort expended gives your enterprise value in your own eyes. And you still have a year's work to put all your data in shape, test your conclusions, and demonstrate your proof.

Yet the real emotional drive goes beyond all this. Suppose I complete my work and prove, in fact, that Kanhobal as spoken in Santa Eulalia is a language in its own right and the classic tongue from which Jacalteca has diverged under alien influences, and that, further, I show just where the gradations of speech in the intervening villages fit in. Dear God, what a small, dull grain of sand!

But follow the matter a little farther. Jacalteca being relatively well-known (I can, offhand, name four men who have given it some study), from it it has been deduced that this whole group of dialects is most closely related to the languages spoken south and east of these mountains. If my theory is correct, the reverse is true—the group belongs to the Northern Division of the Mayan Family. This fact, taken along with others regarding physical appearance, ancient remains, and present culture, leads to a new conclusion about the direction from which these tribes came into the mountains: a fragment of the ancient history of what was once a great, civilized people comes into view. So now my tiny contribution begins to be of help to men working in other branches of anthropology than my own, particularly to the archaeologists; it begins to help toward an eventual understanding of the whole picture in this area: the important question of, not what these people are to-day, but how they got that way and what we can learn from that about all human behavior including our own.

Even carrying the line of research as far as this assumes that my results have

been exploited by men of greater attainments than I. Sticking to the linguistic line, an error has been cleared away, an advance has been made in our understanding of the layout and interrelationship of the many languages making up the Mayan Family. With this we come a step nearer to working out the processes by which these languages became different from one another and hence to determining the archaic, ancestral roots of the whole group.

So far as we know at present, there are not less than eight completely unrelated language families in America north of Panama. This is unreasonable: there are hardly that many families among all the peoples of the Old World. Twenty years ago we recognized not eight, but forty. Some day perhaps we shall cut the total to four. The understanding of the Mayan process is a step toward that day; it is unlikely that Mayan will remain an isolated way of speech unconnected with any other. We know now that certain tribes in Wyoming speak languages akin to those of others in Panama; we have charted the big masses and islands of that group of tongues and from the chart begin to see the outlines of great movements and crashing historical events in the dim past. If we should similarly develop a relationship between Mayan and, let's say, the languages of the Mississippi Valley, again we should offer something provocative to the archaeologist, the historian, the student of mankind. Some day we shall show an unquestionable kinship between some of these families and certain languages of the Old World and with it cast a new light on the dim subject of the peopling of the Americas, something to guide our minds back past the Arctic to dark tribes moving blindly from the high plateaus of Asia.

My petty detail has its place in a long project carried out by many men which will serve not only the history of language but the broad scope of history itself. It goes farther than that. The humble Pah-Utes of Nevada speak a tongue re-

lated to that which the subtle Montezuma used, the one narrow in scope, evolved only to meet the needs of a primitive people, the other sophisticated, a capable instrument for poetry, for an advanced governmental system, and for philosophical speculation. Men's thoughts make language and their languages make thought. When the matter of the speech of mankind is fully known and laid side by side with all the other knowledges, the philosophers, the men who stand at the gathering-together point of science, will have the means to make man understand himself at last.

Of course no scientist can be continuously aware of such remote possible consequences of his labors; in fact the long goal is so remote that if he kept his eyes on it he would become hopelessly discouraged over the half inch of progress his own life's work will represent. But it was the vision of this which first made him choose his curious career, and it is an emotional sense of the great structure of scientific knowledge to which his little grain will be added which drives him along.

II

I SPOKE of the item of glory, the half dozen colleagues who will appreciate one's work. To understand that one must first understand the *isolation* of research, a factor which has profound effects upon the scientist's psyche.

The most obvious statement of this is in the public attitude and folk-literature about "professors." The titles and subjects of Ph.D. theses have long been sources of exasperated humor among us; we are all familiar with the writer's device which ascribes to a professorial character an intense interest in some such matter as the development of the molars in pre-Aurignacian man or the religious sanctions of the Levirate in northeastern Australia, the writer's intention being that the reader shall say "Oh God!", smile slightly, and pigeonhole the character. But what do you suppose is the effect of the quite natural public attitude

behind these devices upon the man who is excitedly interested in pre-Aurignacian molars and who knows that this is a study of key value in tracing the evolution of *Homo sapiens*?

Occasionally some line of research is taken up and made clear, even fascinating, to the general public, as in Zinsser's *Rats, Lice and History*, or De Kruif's rather Sunday-supplement writings. Usually, as in these cases, they deal with medicine or some other line of work directly resulting in findings of vital interest to the public. Then the ordinary man will consent to understand, if not the steps of the research itself, at least its importance, will grant the excitement, and honor the researcher. When we read Eve Curie's great biography of her parents our approach to it is colored by our knowledge, forty years later, of the importance of their discovery to every one of us. It would have been quite possible at the time for a malicious or merely ignorant writer to have presented that couple as archetypes of the "professor," performing incomprehensible acts of self-immolation in pursuit of an astronomically unimportant what's-it.

Diving to my own experience like a Stuka with a broken wing, I continue to take my examples from my rather shallow linguistic studies because, in its very nature, the kind of thing a linguist studies is so beautifully calculated to arouse the "Oh God!" emotion.

It happened that at the suggestion of my betters I embarked upon an ambitious, general comparative study of the whole Mayan Family. The farther in I got the farther there was to go and the more absorbed I became. Puzzle piled upon puzzle to be worked out and the solution used for getting after the next one, the beginning of order in chaos, the glimpse of understanding at the far end. Memory, reasoning faculties, realism, and imagination were all on the stretch; I was discovering the full reach of whatever mental powers I had. When I say that I became absorbed I mean absorbed; the only way to do such research

is to roll in it, become soaked in it, live it, breathe it, have your system so thoroughly permeated with it that at the half glimpse of a fugitive possibility everything you have learned so far and everything you have been holding in suspension is in order and ready to prove or disprove that point. You do not only think about your subject while the documents are spread before you; everyone knows that some of our best reasoning is done when the surface of the mind is occupied with something else and the deep machinery of the brain is free to work unhampered.

One day I was getting aboard a trolley car in New Orleans on my way to Tulane University. As I stepped up I saw that if it were possible to prove that a prefixed *s-* could change into a prefixed *y-* a whole series of troublesome phenomena would fall into order. The transition must come through *u-* and, thought I with a sudden lift of excitement, there may be a breathing associated with *u-* and that may make the whole thing possible. As I paid the conductor I thought that the evidence I needed might exist in Totonac and Tarascan, non-Mayan languages with which I was not familiar. The possibilities were so tremendous that my heart pounded and I was so preoccupied that I nearly went to sit in the Jim Crow section. Speculation was useless until I could reach the University and dig out the books, so after a while I calmed myself and settled to my morning ration of Popeye, who was then a new discovery too. As a matter of fact, the idea was no good, but the incident is a perfect example of the "professor mind."

Of course, if as I stepped on to the car it had dawned upon me that the reason my girl's behavior last evening had seemed odd was that she had fallen for the Englishman we had met, the incident would not have seemed so funny, although the nature of the absorption, subconscious thinking, and realization would have been the same in both cases.

I lived for a month with the letter *k*. If we have three words in Quiché, one of

the major Mayan languages, beginning with *k*, in Kanhobal we are likely to find that one of these begins with *ch*. Moving farther west and north, in Tzeltal one is likely to begin with *k*, one with *ch*, and the one which began with *ch* in Kanhobal to begin with *ts*. In Huasteca, at the extreme northwest, they begin with *k*, *ts*, and plain *s* respectively. Why don't they all change alike? Which is the original form? Which way do these changes run, or from which point do they run both ways? Until those questions can be answered we cannot even guess at the form of the mother tongue from which these languages diverged, and at that point all investigation halts. Are these *k*'s in Quiché pronounced even faintly unlike? I noticed no difference between the two in Kanhobal, but then I wasn't listening for it. I wished someone properly equipped would go and listen to the Quiché Indians, and wondered if I could talk the University into giving me money enough to do so.

This is enough to give some idea of the nature of my work, and its uselessness for general conversation. My colleagues at Tulane were archaeologists. Shortly after I got up steam they warned me frankly that I had to stop trying to tell them about the variability of *k*, the history of Puctun *ʔ*, or any similar matter. If I produced any results that they could apply, I could tell them about it; but apart from that I could keep my damned sound-shifts and intransitive infixes to myself; I was driving them nuts. My other friends on the faculty were a philosopher and two English professors; I was pursuing two girls at the time but had not been drawn to either because of intellectual interests in common; my closest friends were two painters and a sculptor. The only person I could talk to was myself.

The cumulative effect of this non-communication was terrific. A strange, mute work, a thing crying aloud for discussion, emotional expression, the check and reassurance of another's point of view, turned in upon myself to boil and

fume, throwing upon me the responsibility of being my own sole check, my own impersonal, external critic. When finally I came to New York on vacation I went to see my Uncle John. He doesn't know Indian languages but he is a student of linguistics, and I shall never forget the relief, the reveling pleasure, of pouring my work out to him.

Thus at the vital point of his life-work the scientist is cut off from communication with his fellow-men. Instead, he has the society of two, six, or twenty men and women who are working in his specialty, with whom he corresponds, whose letters he receives like a lover, with whom when he meets them he wallows in an orgy of talk, in the keen pleasure of conclusions and findings compared, matched, checked against one another—the pure joy of being really understood.

The praise and understanding of those two or six become for him the equivalent of public recognition. Around these few close colleagues is the larger group of workers in the same general field. They do not share with one in the steps of one's research, but they can read the results, tell in a general way if they have been soundly reached, and profit by them. To them McGarnigle "has shown" that there are traces of an ancient, dolichocephalic strain among the skeletal remains from Pusilhá, which is something they can use. Largely on the strength of his close colleagues' judgment of him, the word gets round that McGarnigle is a sound man. You can trust his work. He's the fellow you want to have analyze the material if you turn up an interesting bunch of skulls. All told, including men in allied fields who use his findings, some fifty scientists praise him; before them he has achieved international reputation. He will receive honors. It is even remotely possible that he might get a raise in salary.

McGarnigle disinters himself from a sort of fortress made of boxes full of skeletons in the cellar of Podunk University's Hall of Science, and emerges into the light of day to attend a Congress.

At the Congress he delivers a paper entitled *Additional Evidence of Dolichocephaly among the Eighth Cycle Maya* before the Section on Physical Anthropology. In the audience are six archaeologists specializing in the Maya field, to whom these findings have a special importance, and twelve physical anthropologists including Gruenwald of Eastern California, who is the only other man working on Maya remains.

After McGarnigle's paper comes Gruenwald's turn. Three other physical anthropologists, engaged in the study of the Greenland Eskimo, the Coastal Chinese, and the Pleistocene Man of Lake Mojave respectively, come in. They slipped out for a quick one while McGarnigle was speaking because his Maya work is not particularly useful to them and they can read the paper later; what is coming next, with its important bearing on method and theory, they would hate to miss.

Gruenwald is presenting a perfectly horrible algebraic formula and a diagram beyond Rube Goldberg's wildest dream, showing *A Formula for Approximating the Original Indices of Artificially Deformed Crania*. (These titles are not mere parodies; they are entirely possible.) The archaeologists depart hastily to hear a paper in their own section on *Indications of an Early Quinary System at Uaxactún*. The formula is intensely exciting to McGarnigle because it was the custom of the ancient Mayas to remodel the heads of their children into shapes which they (erroneously) deemed handsomer than nature's. He and Gruenwald have been corresponding about this; at one point Gruenwald will speak of his colleague's experience in testing the formula; he has been looking forward to this moment for months.

After the day's sessions are over will come something else he has been looking forward to. He and Gruenwald, who have not seen each other in two years, go out and get drunk together. It is not that they never get drunk at home, but that now when in their cups they can be

uninhibited, they can talk their own, private, treble-esoteric shop. It is an orgy of release.

III

IN THE course of their drinking it is likely—if an archaeologist or two from the area joins them it is certain—that the talk will veer from femoral pilasters and alveolar prognathism to personal experiences in remote sections of the Petén jungle. For in my science and a number of others there is yet another frustration.

We go into the field and there we have interesting experiences. The word "adventure" is taboo and "explore" is used very gingerly. But the public mind has been so poisoned by the outpourings of bogus explorers that it is laden with claptrap about big expeditions, dangers, hardships, hostile tribes, the lighting of red flares around the camp to keep the savages at bay, and God knows what rot. (I can speak freely about this because my own expeditions have been so unambitious and in such easy country that I don't come into the subject.) As a matter of fact it is generally true that *for a scientist on an expedition to have an adventure is evidence of a fault in his technique.* He is sent out to gather information, and he has no business getting into "a brush with the natives."

The red-flare, into-the-unknown, hardship-and-danger boys, who manage to find a tribe of pink-and-green Indians, a lost city, or the original, handpainted descendants of the royal Incas every time they go out, usually succeed in so riling the natives and local whites upon whom scientists must depend if they are to live in the country as to make work in the zones they contaminate difficult for years afterward. The business of their adventures and discoveries is sickening.

I have sat squirming through a lecture in which the lecturer told how he barely escaped with his life after desperate adventures among the Jivaro Indians of Peru, while (a) he showed excellently taken moving pictures of the said adventures, (b) I had recently finished cata-

loguing a very nice collection of their material brought us by a man who happened, quite casually, to pass through their territory, and (c) three of my friends, boys in their early twenties, were just back from spending their summer vacation among those friendly, kindly warriors.

I have read a thrilling account of an "explorer's" hardships in fighting his way upriver in the jungle, the threat of disease, battles with lianas and thorny bushes, alligators, lions, and jaguars on the banks, deadly snakes in the underbrush, and hostile natives peering menacingly from behind the trees. He embarked upon this wild adventure in order to find a lost city of which he had heard a rumor. He heard his rumor from an archaeologist who had dug there and published an account of it twenty years earlier; maps of the city were already available and specimens from it were on exhibition at Harvard. It lies within one day's travel of the capital of British Honduras, the upriver trip takes four hours in a motor boat, and the few inhabitants of that section are peaceful Negroes who are proud of being British subjects.

The public, innocently, laps up the stuff, and so if one mentions work in the field one meets an expectation which requires that he lie like Munchausen or take a back seat. The men whom I honor myself by calling my colleagues go out alone or in pairs, sometimes in larger groups, not because "there is a blank space on the map which must be filled in" or because "the little we could learn about the Poopidoopi River and its dark inhabitants presented an irresistible challenge and a mystery," but because the logic of their research calls for investigations in a given place, which may be five miles from a resort hotel or five hundred from the nearest human being. Year after year they go out, usually on a shoestring (I have been handed thirteen hundred dollars on which to buy all equipment, get myself from New York to Guatemala, live six months, and return),

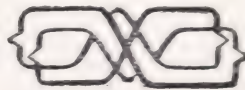
and they come back with *data*. They suffer from chronic tropical diseases; they occasionally encounter something vaguely resembling a romance; now and then they prevent "a brush with the natives" from arising by mother-wit, tact, and a round of drinks; they carry out careful, exact work while malaria racks them; they suffer from hells of loneliness; and they experience peace and unflawed beauty.

These men by training express themselves in factual, "extensional" terms, which don't make for good adventure stories. They understandably lean over backward to avoid sounding even remotely like the frauds, the "explorers." And then what they have seen and done lacks validity to them if it cannot be told in relation to the purpose and dominant emotion which sent them there. McGarnigle went among the independent Indians of Icaiché because he had heard of a skull kept in one of their temples which, from a crude description, seemed to have certain important characteristics. All his risks and his maneuverings with those tough, explosive Indians centered around the problem of gaining access to that skull. When he tries to tell an attractive girl about his experiences he not only understates, but can't keep from stressing the significance of a skull with a healed, clover-leaf trepan. The girl gladly leaves him for the nearest broker.

The man is isolated all the way round. The snuffy fellow who gives a couple of unlikely courses in the Winter Semester

leaves every midyear to spend the next six months in a fabulous wilderness where he is intensely happy. There he is a person of eminence and authority among wild, hardy people; he is a great man, well proven. He knows intimately a world so unlike ours that it seems almost as if he had left this planet when he enters it. There and at home he exercises his mental faculties triumphantly on matters which he knows are important. But he can't make any of this known to anyone outside his own guild. It is small wonder then that he develops a special attitude toward people in general and seems somewhat peculiar. In the face of the evidence, the remarkable thing is that I have found most of my colleagues in my own, small field to be gentlemen and delightful companions.

It is too bad both for the scientists and the public that they are so cut off from each other. The world needs now not the mere knowledges of science, but the way of thought and the discipline. It is the essence of what Hitler has set out to destroy; against it he has waged total war within his own domain. It is more than skepticism, the weighing of evidence, more even than the love of truth. It is the devotion of oneself to an end which is far more important than the individual, the certainty that that end is absolutely good, not only for oneself but for all mankind, and the character to set personal advantage, comfort, and glory aside in the devoted effort to make even a little progress toward it.



THE JAPANESE MIND IS A DARK CORNER

GUSTAV ECKSTEIN



THERE is always the danger in war-time of making an enemy more mysterious than he is. As a war goes along, as the wall between you and the enemy grows higher and heavier, everything on the other side of that wall gets to be a mystery. To make too much of the mystery is a danger. But it is also a danger, I think an even greater one, not to remember daily, hourly, in all the sudden and varying perplexities of war, that the psychology of your enemy may be as important to know as his factories and fortifications.

The Japanese mind is a dark corner. Interpreter after interpreter is saying that quick victory depends on outsmarting that mind. And lasting peace no doubt will depend for a long period on out-thinking it. I happened to reach Japan for my first visit on the July day the American Exclusion Act went into effect. The Japanese resented the Exclusion Act, said it insulted them. That whole visit was under a strain, yet on no later visit did I see as sharply or see as many significant moments. Recently I have been trying to piece together those moments, with the following result.

Their Sense of Humor

Most commentators are agreed that the Japanese have no sense of humor. Possibly. But an appetite for a practical joke they do have, and that is a mental quality worth examining, because practical joking and cruelty are close, an itch for the one usually carrying along a streak of the other. Practical joking is an interest in upset, and when that interest gets high enough it induces the upset, and that is cruelty. Cruelty makes war easier.

I had been advised to bring certain foods, had fitted the bottom of one of my trunks with a row of cans containing flour, sugar, coffee, salt, allspice, and above the cans had hung two hams and a bacon. A committee of doctors met me at the pier, assured me that I need not bother to go through the customs with the trunks, that they would arrive safely at the hotel. They did. The salt was mixed with the flour, the sugar with the coffee, everything spilled out, thrown together, neatly poured back. I swallowed the explanation that some idiot customs officer had not known one Occidental food from another. But when

my hams and bacon, hung under the eaves of a Tokyo house to keep them cool, were represented after a few hours by three strings with pieces of skin attached, and it was explained that hungry dogs had come and eaten the meat, I knew the doctors lied. Nevertheless, it took me till December 7th, another seventeen years, to realize that the hams and bacon had been hung low—carried deliberately to the low side of the house—to make what was going to happen to them seem credible. It was a practical joke on an American on a day when you were not particularly liking Americans, and the whole thing was planned in detail like a piece of strategy.

I remembered my hams and bacon when I saw the press pictures of Kurusu and Nomura leaving the Department of State after their Sunday afternoon talk with Secretary Hull, was quite certain that I could see in their faces the tremendous satisfaction, not only in the way they had succeeded, but in the historic practical joke they had played.

Used to Disaster

I mean in what follows to emphasize our disadvantages, and I do that deliberately. We know our advantages. We do not need the comfort of having them repeated to us. What we lacked six months ago was a full recognition of our danger. We have that now. We shall shorten the war just in so far as we do not get discouraged, but keep looking at the debit side of our ledger, material, moral, mental.

From the pier on that July morning I went by ricksha—an American invention—to the automobile that took me the twenty-five miles from Yokohama to Tokyo. This was in 1924—exactly ten months to the day after the great earthquake. Thousands of lives had been lost, billions of yen in property values destroyed. It was a sunny morning, everywhere stacks of fresh-cut boards and noisy hammers.

I had my first look at the Japanese house. We all know the style, yet do

not fully realize how simple a structure it is. In metropolitan areas many houses are now two-storeyed, entirely wood, sometimes with a frosting of stucco. The more typical house, however, is one-storeyed, no foundation, no solid walls. By night rough slides of board are drawn around. The partitions between the rooms are portable—several rooms within a minute made into one—and constructed largely of opaque paper. The floors also are portable, straw mats fitted into six-by-three wood frames. To us the house is the mere skeleton of a house. Rice paper still serves widely for glass panes. In the country when the weather is warm the rooms may stand open all day, and even near to a big city you continue to see thatched roofs, though most now are tile.

On that morning the reason for that simple structure seemed obvious to me. Earthquake is always striking somewhere in the islands. Typhoons visit every part of them at least once in every year. Rough seas leave their wake. The Japanese must be able to replace his house rapidly, must expect to do it repeatedly, must not be overwhelmed by the cost. His long experience in this direction ought now to be of value to him. It is my opinion that he may not be too easily discouraged as we substitute bombs for typhoons, that natural calamity may have prepared him for the dreary repetition of bombing.

I was in a village, sitting in the dim light of a house, when the Buddhist temple gong boomed. After an interval it boomed again and again and again. I got up, walked into the street. That street was so narrow you and your neighbor could have shaken hands without either of you stepping off your floor. In the Tokyo area such a street is called a lane—we should call it an alley, and a dirty alley because on one side runs the trench of an open sewer, and your neighbors' offal idles past you all day long. People were standing, mostly silently, gazing toward the left, where a few miles away smoke was rising. A fire.

of July, stifling. The policemen wore white uniforms and had small daggers on their hips. The doctor watched not only over my life but over my stomach, for he fed me the first food I had relished since I had left the ship, *sukiyaki*—this Japanese stew is also an American invention, much fed to Americans as publicity. I had there that evening my first experience of eating squatting on a straw-matted floor. No Japanese sits with grace but they squat expertly. The doctor was a Shintoist. The Shintoists look different, more boiling, more dangerous, more self-contained. Shinto is the native religion, the worship of ancestors. Hirohito is a Shintoist. All with strong national feeling are. The one opposite me had a powerful body, head cropped so close it looked naked. From where he squatted he said to me, quietly and point-blank, at this our first friendly supper, that he wished his country would immediately wipe off the insult, declare war on mine. He nodded while he said it, like something in a light wind. It was somehow an unreal remark that evening.

Later we went to visit a museum half-way up a hill at the side of the town, dedicated to the thick-necked Takamori Saigo, and there among objects all Japanese, suddenly a violently contrasting photograph, signed: "To the Museum of the Hero of Kagoshima with Profound Admiration—Mussolini."

The Family Unit

The next fourteen days I passed in a country house on a mountain. The mountain was called Kirishima, meaning "island in fog." And well named. Only once did the fog break. This was late at night, the curtains drew apart, and far out at sea were the lanterns of a hundred fishing boats. I mention this because it stays with me, reminds me what a long fourteen days it was, and convinces me of what an anger was over the whole of Japan, keeping me in a state to notice everything. But what I would like to point to on that mountain is not the

scenery—it is the Japanese family. This one was on vacation.

There were children in the house; though I hardly noticed them. A good way to see how Japanese children behave is to compare them with Japanese-American children visiting Japan for the first time. The Japanese-Americans are so "bad" and free, the Japanese so "good" and suppressed. The disciplining is inconspicuous. One of the children, the littlest, would emit a cry of pain, a thin high-pitched tone, that the child itself immediately soft-pedaled. I heard the cry, looked quickly, saw nothing. Then, about the third day, I caught the mother as she reached suddenly sidewise, pinched the child in the buttocks, and brought back her hand so fast it seemed on a spring. This was punishment for some small disobedience. After that I caught the mother often, but she appeared not to notice me. A number of times I have heard it carefully described how if a child is especially bad a bit of dry weed is rolled into a cone and placed on the child's abdomen, and the weed set fire to.

That mother was remarkably soft-looking in that fog-soaked house. She wore a drooping edgeless kimono. There was never a new expression on her face. She had a languid way of moving. Nights when the mosquitoes came in—and they came by billions on a July night—she would set to work, noiselessly pitch the mosquito-net tent that was as big as the room, light the incense that stood here and there in porcelain burners, and, her work done, drop like a heap of silk to the straw-matted floor and fish mosquitoes out of the air. That last was a curious performance. She would reach, with unfailing skill catch the mosquito between the tips of her pointed long fingers, then push it down into the red-hot charcoal where the men lighted their pipes. Mosquito after mosquito, night after night, always that skillful silent movement, and every mosquito executed singly. The woman was a daughter-in-law, therefore spoke little. In the intervals between mosquito-

catching she kept busy at some handiwork.

Then there was the daughter. The daughter worked from early morning till late into the night, in a kitchen that had an earth floor with a well in it, prepared the rice, the raw fish, the eternal tea. She was also the one would murmur thanks at the beginning of a meal, murmur thanks at the end; but the meal itself was eaten in silence, or nearly.

Next were the men, hairy, middle-aged. Many hours of the day and night they played a game, an ordinary game rendered extraordinary by the quiet. The first made a move, the second made a move, the third made a move. Gambling in quiet is like drinking whiskey alone.

Then there was the grandmother. It was she did most of the talking, as in that other house the day of the flood. I have often thought that if I had to be anyone in Japan I should prefer to be an old woman; for the old women have the power—iron hand over the wives of the sons, iron hand over the daughters, the sons coming for advice on the smallest matters, the whole village coming for advice. This one looked and walked like a wrinkled queen.

What an unrelenting pyramid such a family is. The disciplined children below. Over them the dominant mother. Over the mother the husband—son of the house. Over the sons the dominant grandmother. And over the millions of such pyramids the Emperor, whom every Japanese knows to be divine. This is mentioned in a tone as matter-of-fact as you use in speaking of a date on your calendar. What material for a fanatic nationalism. What material for an army. Obedience is an instinct. Submission is nature. Death is half desirable. And all of this backed by centuries of isolation. I am not one of those who think the long feudal background of Japan is its weakness. I think it is its strength, and by far our greatest problem. I think that new Japan to-day is spending what old Japan saved. I also do not think that the Japanese

people are merely driven by their military leaders. Their military leaders are as powerful as they are because they are close to the individual citizen, and to the Emperor. It would be harder in Japan to cut between rulers and people than in any other country in the world. To attempt that kind of propaganda is a waste of time, which we do not have to spare. Emperor, military leaders, and people will rise or go down to defeat together. Even the most pacific Japanese has always seemed to me not far from the attacking center of his nation. For that reason also the common people of Japan seem to me more responsible for what happens than the common people of other countries. All this we had better take fully into our calculations.

Wives Stay at Home

From the mountain I went to address a meeting of doctors. The meeting was in a geisha house. Reporters say that the geisha system has been on the decline in the past few years, but that can only mean that the Japanese were denying themselves expensive pleasure in favor of preparation for war, as they have been saving rice by diluting it with more potato.

The geisha system supplements the family system. It is a union of the males of the nation by still another bond. It is closely knit, closely controlled. There are high geisha houses, there are low geisha houses, but they are all essentially the same, like nothing else on this earth, cementing into one the whole male recreation life of the nation. They are the place of hot talk stimulated by flirtation, of the preparation for hot deeds. They may make the male more male, may make him coarser, more vigorous, freer of his home, more swashbuckling, and they certainly make the Japanese mind more devious for us to understand.

Business men transact business in a geisha house. In a town you meet there the doctor, the mayor, the Buddhist priest. Prince Ito wrote the constitution of

of July, stifling. The policemen wore white uniforms and had small daggers on their hips. The doctor watched not only over my life but over my stomach, for he fed me the first food I had relished since I had left the ship, *sukiyaki*—this Japanese stew is also an American invention, much fed to Americans as publicity. I had there that evening my first experience of eating squatting on a straw-matted floor. No Japanese sits with grace but they squat expertly. The doctor was a Shintoist. The Shintoists look different, more boiling, more dangerous, more self-contained. Shinto is the native religion, the worship of ancestors. Hirohito is a Shintoist. All with strong national feeling are. The one opposite me had a powerful body, head cropped so close it looked naked. From where he squatted he said to me, quietly and point-blank, at this our first friendly supper, that he wished his country would immediately wipe off the insult, declare war on mine. He nodded while he said it, like something in a light wind. It was somehow an unreal remark that evening.

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Then there was the daughter. The daughter worked from early morning till late into the night, in a kitchen that had an earth floor with a well in it, prepared the rice, the raw fish, the eternal tea. She was also the one would murmur thanks at the beginning of a meal, murmur thanks at the end; but the meal itself was eaten in silence, or nearly.

Next were the men, hairy, middle-aged. Many hours of the day and night they played a game, an ordinary game rendered extraordinary by the quiet. The first made a move, the second made a move, the third made a move. Gambling in quiet is like drinking whiskey alone.

Then there was the grandmother. It was she did most of the talking, as in that other house the day of the flood. I have often thought that if I had to be anyone in Japan I should prefer to be an old woman; for the old women have the power—iron hand over the wives of the sons, iron hand over the daughters, the sons coming for advice on the smallest matters, the whole village coming for advice. This one looked and walked like a wrinkled queen.

What an unrelenting pyramid such a family is. The disciplined children below. Over them the dominant mother. Over the mother the husband—son of the house. Over the sons the dominant grandmother. And over the millions of such pyramids the Emperor, whom every Japanese knows to be divine. This is mentioned in a tone as matter-of-fact as you use in speaking of a date on your calendar. What material for a fanatic nationalism. What material for an army. Obedience is an instinct. Submission is nature. Death is half desirable. And all of this backed by centuries of isolation. I am not one of those who think the long feudal background of Japan is its weakness. I think it is its strength, and by far our greatest problem. I think that new Japan to-day is spending what old Japan saved. I also do not think that the Japanese

people are merely driven by their military leaders. Their military leaders are as powerful as they are because they are close to the individual citizen, and to the Emperor. It would be harder in Japan to cut between rulers and people than in any other country in the world. To attempt that kind of propaganda is a waste of time, which we do not have to spare. Emperor, military leaders, and people will rise or go down to defeat together. Even the most pacific Japanese has always seemed to me not far from the attacking center of his nation. For that reason also the common people of Japan seem to me more responsible for what happens than the common people of other countries. All this we had better take fully into our calculations.

Wives Stay at Home

From the mountain I went to address a meeting of doctors. The meeting was in a geisha house. Reporters say that the geisha system has been on the decline in the past few years, but that can only mean that the Japanese were denying themselves expensive pleasure in favor of preparation for war, as they have been saving rice by diluting it with more potato.

The geisha system supplements the family system. It is a union of the males of the nation by still another bond. It is closely knit, closely controlled. There are high geisha houses, there are low geisha houses, but they are all essentially the same, like nothing else on this earth, cementing into one the whole male recreation life of the nation. They are the place of hot talk stimulated by flirtation, of the preparation for hot deeds. They may make the male more male, may make him coarser, more vigorous, freer of his home, more swashbuckling, and they certainly make the Japanese mind more devious for us to understand.

Business men transact business in a geisha house. In a town you meet there the doctor, the mayor, the Buddhist priest. Prince Ito wrote the constitution of

Japan in the house (some say, in the lap) of a geisha. The Japanese takes his foreign guest to a geisha house. If he takes you instead to his home you probably will not see his wife. She may come a moment into the open space outside the room and bow several times, and you and the man not necessarily pay any attention to her. She will hardly eat with you. The family life of a man is one thing, his social life another. There are no man-woman parties. There could be no fathers' night at a P.T.A. But a man may also spend the evening in a geisha house by himself, squat in a small partitioned room, the geisha come and go or squat across from him and gossip interminably. Once on a rainy night I listened to a very old man and a very young geisha talk hour after hour. He had chronic bronchitis that kept him nervous, and he was nervous also because he did not want to oversleep, a fact that he told her again and again. He must be awake at 4 A.M. because he was making a pilgrimage to a shrine, toward which he had already been walking the last three days. The geisha helped him pass the long night.

The geisha takes to the life for reasons that seem sham to us. The family property is mortgaged, and she sells herself to free it. She has a brother who shows promise, ought to go to the university, and she sells herself to get the money. The greatest curse is that she cannot buy her way back into the free world. She must be bought. So the system is essentially slavery.

Add to this that the Japanese does not think of sexual intercourse as we do. He thinks more biologically. I spoke once to the eminent Kitasato of the Institute of Infectious Diseases. He had had a student who had also attained eminence, and, as was well known, had let that student slip through his fingers. I reminded him of this. He admitted it freely. "I knew he had talent. But I would not have anyone that irregular in my laboratory. I would not have anyone come and hang his hat, then go

and stay three weeks." I suggested that a Japanese student might live a more active sexual life than an American student was apt to have the opportunity or inclination to live, and Kitasato absent-mindedly agreed, but then conclusively corrected: "As to that, that makes no difference. I was interested only in his irregular hours."

In Japan they are always careful to tell you that the geisha system is not harlotry, and this is true, though it does inevitably reach down to that indefinite line where harlotry begins. I once saw a chalk-water sign written on the wall of a small-town employment bureau. It read:

WANTED

One first-class geisha
Three second-class geisha
Two prostitutes
Three maidservants

Add to that list, *One wife*, and you have pretty well covered the feminine range.

Three Doctors

I have known many Japanese doctors. I am selecting three. I am not at all meaning to suggest that these three are a cross-section of Japanese medicine. Human beings are everywhere of every kind. I select the three to point into one more dark corner of the Japanese mind, because with each of the three I had an oddly similar experience.

The first doctor I met in Sendai at a science meeting. He was a physiologist, like myself, sat across from me at table, invited me to visit his laboratory in Fukuoka. Afterward he wrote me and telegraphed several times. Fukuoka seemed out of the way, but I felt obligated and went. I arrived at eleven at night, was met by the Professor and his assistant, and taken to the Professor's house. The Professor was in frock. He apologized that his wife was not able to be there to bow to me. The night was warm and the house smelled of wet wood. The toilets of most Japanese houses are primitive but satisfactorily disguised

from the sense most concerned. This one was not. The Professor apologized several times more that his wife was not able to be there to meet me—but would I hear his two sons play the piano? He brought them in. They were eleven and thirteen, wore military-looking school uniforms. The piano was a second-hand Baldwin—that is, born in Cincinnati, played to death there, shipped across the country, then across the ocean, then several hundred miles from Yokohama to this house. It was out of tune. Furthermore, Japanese feeling for Occidental music is at the worst wretched, and at the best unnatural. The boys went to the piano, sat stiffly, played as under the spell of a drum-major a Mozart duet. This was about midnight. It was in all ways an extraordinary performance. The father's professorial face grew redder and redder with feeling, as when a Japanese drinks *sake*, and when the boys were through their tremendous and futile effort I praised them exorbitantly.

Perhaps because of the praise the Professor led me round his house. He apologized again that his wife was not able to be there to meet me. He showed me the common treasures of the Japanese house. He pushed over one of the wood partitions. There was a shelf behind it. On the shelf in a soldierly row stood a display of shiny Occidental toys. This was strange, because the toys were for a very young child and must have been kept in that excellent preservation since the boys were babies. Queer to prize them in the way the old Professor so plainly did.

Later he spread a quilt on the straw-matted floor and there I was to sleep. That was next the garden, which lay in darkness. A turtle would walk to the edge of the pool, flop in. Then another turtle. This parade kept up. It was all like the third act of an Ibsen drama, had that neurotic quality. I could not sleep. I kept seeing that row of shiny toys.

In the morning the Professor took me around the town, which stood up over

the sea, showed me where the Chinese had attempted an invasion six hundred years before and failed. This pleased him. About four in the afternoon he put me with his assistant on a train, the assistant to go along as far as the next station, so that I should not get lost. The assistant knew a little English and kept practicing it on me. But then, abruptly, in the midst of his dreary talk, and in the same dreary tone, he let fall: "The Professor, his baby, the beloved, the one they waited for so long, died yesterday before you came, of diphtheria." It was like a dash of cold water. It explained everything. It was why the wife was not there to meet me. It was the reason for the row of shiny toys. It accounted for the strong feeling at the piano playing. But why had the old man not just told me, especially when he was so pointedly showing me the toys and so repeatedly apologizing for the absence of his wife? I understood everything, and I understood nothing.

The second doctor I met in Tokyo. It was on my third visit to Japan, and I was there to gather material for the writing of a biography of the Japanese bacteriologist of the Rockefeller Institute, Noguchi. I was admitted into an Occidental waiting room. Many houses in Tokyo are Occidental in front, Oriental behind. This was after office hours and there were no patients, but the doctor and three men were in earnest talk round a table. The doctor beckoned me to a chair, asked me to rest there a few moments, and the talk with the three went on. Evidently something grave. Finally the three left. The doctor had a maid-servant bring in cocoa and cakes, sat himself opposite me, began to talk to me in German. But he did not know German. He tried heroically. His voice kept rising. What he was wanting to pound into me were certain details, utterly useless to me, of a meeting that he had had with the subject of my biography, twelve years before, in a hotel, in a back room in Vienna. A sweaty, gasping, meaningless monologue,

his finger always irritatingly in my face. Suddenly he stopped. I got to my feet and to the door. Then, just as I was passing through, I turned and asked him—I do not know why I did—who the three men were. "They? Those three? Physicians. Specialists. We were in consultation over my wife, who is mortally ill." Mortally ill, and he had talked to me passionately for two and one-half hours. Again I understood everything, and understood nothing.

The third doctor I had met previously in America. He was physician to the Emperor, a distinguished man, a fastidious man, would put on his gray silk glove each time before he touched a doorknob. He was one of a committee that had been paid with American money to come and see whatever there was to see of American institutions. I arrived at his Tokyo house in the early afternoon. He showed me etchings, then Japanese prints, then amateur paintings that he had exchanged with amateur doctor painters all over the world. This took hours. It got to be half past five in the afternoon. He put aside the last painting. He said: "I am taking you out to dinner. I would be having you here in my house, but my wife is back there dying of cancer."

He pointed as he spoke to the Oriental rear of the house. He spoke English, spoke quietly and, I thought, casually. To any national of any other country I should certainly have answered: "You will not take me to dinner. You will go now to your wife. I deeply regret that I did not know." Instead I did not so much as say I was sorry, his way of speaking having completely excluded me. What we did was start for Yeno Park, where we ate an Occidental dinner of many courses, listened to the music, then walked and talked in the amusement places till midnight. I remember what we talked about last. We had both been to Geneva, so we talked of Dalcroze eurythmics—dancing. That doctor's wife died the very next day.

What is it? Is it callousness? Or just calm? Is it capacity to cover pain? Or just incapacity to suffer pain? I do not feel sure that I know—and it is perhaps not any one of these qualities altogether. What I do feel is that we have here an attitude toward mental pain which when it exists in an enemy—by nature, or so bred into him as to make it indistinguishable from nature—becomes a force bound steadily to affect the course of war.



THE Easy Chair *Bernard DeVoto*



SOME months ago the Easy Chair remarked that if people were denied information about the war they would fill the vacuum with phantasies of victory or phantasies of defeat, and that both kinds of phantasy were dangerous. We begin with some examples of phantasy-making observed by the Easy Chair. Wherever you live you will be able to provide similar ones.

First, the highest level of information. Call him John Doe; he is a leading newspaperman, long experienced in gathering and appraising news, and a close student of the war. His "connections" in Washington are excellent; his integrity is absolute. Most of the examples of the working of our military censorship which he recently gave the Easy Chair cannot be mentioned here, but it seems proper to describe two others. According to John Doe, then, the Navy muffed one of the best chances it has had to enhance public morale when (six weeks late) it issued a brief outline of a naval action on the Atlantic front. That action, John Doe says, was a small but brilliant victory for the Navy. It occasioned one of the few effective surprises which our enemy has had from us, and it contained details of Allied ingenuity, courage, and gusto that must inevitably have inspired the public if they had been made known. Immediately following this action, German propaganda broadcasts began putting a wholly false version of it on the air. Portions and variants of this version soon appeared in the American press, and

these false fragments began to be accepted by the public. (Yes, in one instance: the Easy Chair had accepted one of them.) By the time our Navy said anything at all it was too late to nullify the widespread belief that we had taken another licking, if only a small one. There was still a chance, however, to do something with those details of ingenuity, courage, and gusto, if only the Navy had revealed them. It did not. It issued a summary of results so brief that it was almost misleading. That summary left out the guts of the action and appeared so long afterward that only a careful student would connect it with anything else he knew about the war. . . . Well, the Easy Chair asked, in what John Doe had pieced together was there anything which regard for "aid and comfort" should have withheld? John Doe said no—profanely.

Again, John Doe said, it seems certain that, a long time back, the Japanese actually sank a certain American ship where and when they claimed to have sunk it. But when John Doe talked to me the Navy had not publicly admitted the loss. Is that loss, the Easy Chair asked, certainly known to the Japanese? It is, John Doe said, and furthermore it is known to one of our Allies, and he gave his reasons for thinking so. But the point is that whatever excellent reasons may have existed for withholding the news had later been nullified here at home. For lay circles in Washington and New York knew about it and all kinds of ru-

mors, partly true or wholly false, had worked out into the country at large, without any objective check or control. . . . The Easy Chair can again confirm John Doe, for that ship had been sunk by name in idle conversations in Cambridge, Massachusetts. There were just two ways in which the story could have got to Cambridge. It could have got here by the grapevine which John Doe mentions. Or it could have got here by way of Japanese reports aimed at the United States.

The Easy Chair points out that it does not know whether its friend's two stories are true or false—and points out that it has no way of knowing. In the absence of some reliable means of checking, one of the best-informed laymen in the United States believed that they are true and that fact shows that a dangerous situation exists. It exists for one reason only: those in control of war information have not issued sufficient information for even an expert to understand the facts. They permitted a vacuum to develop. It filled with phantasy.

At a lower level of information, take a village on the New England coast which the Easy Chair periodically visits on business. Any visitor can see that routine military measures have been taken. The beach is patrolled; troops are quartered near by; a dimout is enforced, and the activity of boat owners has been restricted; military planes and blimps, presumably on patrol, go by overhead. So far as the Easy Chair can determine by a prolonged search for eyewitnesses, repeated consultation with newspapermen, and obstinate attempts to pump men who know *ex officio*, no evidence of submarine activity off that stretch of coast has ever been found. No oil has ever stained the beach, no wreckage has drifted in, no corpses have been found, no signs of submarines or of action against them have ever been seen, and a glance at a map suggests that none is ever likely to be. Nevertheless, a great many inhabitants of the village live in a sustained phantasy. In that phantasy, saboteurs regularly land in rubber boats on the

village beach and make their way inland. Enemy spies regularly communicate with submarines and are as regularly detected by the authorities. Depth bombs explode whenever a window rattles. The corpses of drowned Germans drift in (somehow, always in pairs) and are whisked away before anyone except your friend's most intimate friend sees them. Submarines have been captured just off the point and their crews have been imprisoned in a neighboring schoolhouse. Many others have been sunk a little farther out to sea. Still others regularly lie all day long on the bottom of a harbor a few miles away. Neither A nor B has ever seen any of this, but both have friends who were on the spot when the thing happened. . . . This has gone on for months.

The state of mind of these villagers (who angrily repudiate anyone's skepticism and are affronted if you look for a single dead fish on the beach) is a highly dangerous state of mind. Add to it all the other villages on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and in the interior where the same vacuum has filled with similar phantasies, and you get an ominous total. A single flat statement by any qualified official would kill the phantasy in thirty seconds, and periodic repetitions would prevent the fragments from fertilizing others. No such statement has been made. The Navy has sound reasons for regarding the figures of submarines actually destroyed as its most sacred secret. But it defeats its own purpose when it extends the same secrecy to highly publicized but wholly imaginary attacks by submarines and victories over them. Every blank wall bears a poster deploring the circulation of rumors. The vacuum created by the Navy's silence is the best medium for the propagation and circulation of rumors.

Finally, take an actual sinking off the New England coast. A species of osmotic social pressure finally forced the authorities to say something about it, and Boston newspapers, by the use of ellipses and circumlocutions, were finally

able to publish with a clear conscience a vague account of the incident, about which the most amazing phantasies were circulating. The official account established the number of killed (less than a hundred) and the newspaper stories narrowed the possible locality to something under two hundred miles of coast-line. But the time lag was so great and the information eventually released was so meager that the phantasies were not scotched. Anywhere within two hundred miles imaginary corpses to a total of four thousand (in accounts personally heard by the Easy Chair) drifted in with the tide. Anywhere on that coast as many eyewitnesses of the torpedoing (which occurred far out of sight) as you might care to interview could be located without effort. Now mark the sequel. Some time later, in plain view of thousands of people, a slight interruption of coastwise traffic occurred as the result of wholly unmilitary events. The Easy Chair knows one man who saw a ship torpedoed to cause that interruption, knows another one who saw a ship hit a mine and sink, and has listed accounts by many others who saw other imaginary disasters and are talking about them still. . . . This on one small stretch of coast, following the suppression of news about an actual event. All along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts the same state of mind must have followed other actual events, and the phantasies so begotten must have multiplied beyond all hope of killing them. That state of mind is dangerous. It is due to one cause only: ill-considered military censorship.

As this is written, early in September, the Navy has at last covered the early actions in the Solomon Islands in a series of brief but comprehensive communiqués. Its outline suggests no reasons why many of the things now told could not have been told in the early days of the action, when they would have allayed much of the terrible anxiety felt by everyone. But it does cover the situation so that a student who has a military background and knows how to use maps

can get what he needs to know, and such students can interpret matters in the press to less well-prepared people without being forced into phantasy. It does not, however, explain the incongruities between what the communiqués say about those battles and what various Australian sources were permitted to say about them while they were going on. It does not explain the more serious variations which British correspondents were able to publish and does not counteract the wild rumors which the press of all nations, including ours, has been publishing. Finally, later communiqués dealing with subsequent actions in that area have seemed contradictory and have been so brief that the most uncontrolled phantasies have blossomed in their path.

The totalitarian countries tell the public no news as such but inculcate phantasies officially. Here our policy is to tell too little and to tell it too late. There is no official inculcation of phantasies. But there are phantasies.

Mr. Elmer Davis was called to head the Office of War Information in order to put an end to these conditions, which had already become intolerable. He had and has the complete respect and confidence of the public, who were heartened by his appointment, regarding it as a war development as important as a large-scale victory in the field. He had hardly got to Washington when the military appear to have forced an issue, one in which they had aces back to back and neither Mr. Davis nor the public he represents could possibly win. In the trial of the saboteurs all tenable reasons for secrecy were concentrated. The concessions which Mr. Davis was able to win, a parade of observers through the courtroom with all action stopped and a daily military bulletin which said nothing whatever, merely served to highlight the absoluteness of military censorship. The aces then held back to back are still winning. The best efforts of Mr. Davis, which embody the will of the American people, appear unable to modify the military control of news sufficiently to

satisfy the clearest and deepest public need.

That control is stupid, shortsighted, and dangerous. It enables our enemies to lie profitably about every action and to reap all the results of skillful propaganda without interference. It astronomically increases public confusion, bewilderment, doubt, and discouragement, and so works directly against us and directly for our enemies. It denies the civilian population their proper share in the war, diminishes their incentives, increases their resentment, and works in the direction of cynicism and despair. It is a daily affront to the families of men who have died, are dying, and will die in battle. It is our most serious weakness; for if the military could conceivably lose the war in battle they could also lose it at home by denying us the news we must have. It is intolerable and it must be stopped. The military must be induced to modify it or it must be broken by the pressure of public demand.

The harried public goes on making suggestions. Many of them are absurd but nearly all of them would produce an improvement. It does not matter what restrictions are put on the issuance of information to the public—provided information is issued as promptly and as copiously as possible. The essential requirement is for prompt, regular, specific information to be released by the military through the OWI to the public—by radio or the newspapers directly, or by whatever less direct use of official channels may prove desirable. This does not mean, as the military apparently understand it to mean, that the OWI must be directed to say, "Five hundred thousand American troops, including the 107th Combat Division and Willie Smith of South Bend, are going to begin invading

France at 11:15 A.M. on November 6th, at a point just six and a quarter miles east of Dieppe." It does not mean that Mr. Davis or an assistant must take to the microphone with a flash telling us that the light cruiser *Podunk* is even now sinking forty miles to the south of Port Moresby, having been struck by two bombs and a torpedo half an hour ago. It does not mean that the success of any military operation has to be jeopardized by permitting the enemy to acquire useful information from our news.

But it does mean that, because we as well as our enemies are in the war, our military leaders have got to change their conception of what jeopardy and usefulness are. It means that we have got to have regular reports on what is going on, dependable reports, authoritative reports—overall reports on the progress of the war in general, with due explanations of reasons and intents, and specific reports on the progress of local actions in it, whether those actions are being won, lost, or drawn. It means that these reports have got to be much prompter, much more specific than they have been so far or show any current signs of becoming. It means that a people who are fighting and supporting a war must be told in detail what is going on in that war. It means that if telling them what is going on involves telling more than the military find comfortable, they have got to accept their discomfort as one more fixed risk to which they must accommodate their plans. It means that generals and admirals are agents of a democracy and must accept the conditions in order to win their war.

It probably means also that, in order to make the point clear to generals and admirals, Mr. Davis has got to be given Cabinet rank. Well, why not?

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see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages**

